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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY  
REVIEW. AP  
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EDITED BY  
W. L. COURTNEY.

VOL. LXXVIII. NEW SERIES.  
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1905.  
(VOL. LXXXIV. OLD SERIES.)

*LONDON:*  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED,  
11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

*NEW YORK:*  
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY  
7 & 9, WARREN STREET.

1905.

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RICHARD CLAY AND SONS, LIMITED,  
BREAD STREET HILL, E.C., AND  
BUNGAY, SUFFOLK

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCCCLXIII. NEW SERIES, JULY 1, 1905.

AUTOCRACY AND WAR.

FROM the firing of the first shot on the banks of the Sha-ho the fate of *the* great battle of this war hung in the balance for more than a fortnight. The famous three-day battles, for which history has reserved the recognition of special pages, sink into insignificance before the struggles in Manchuria engaging half a million men on fronts of sixty miles, struggles lasting for weeks, flaming up fiercely and dying away from sheer exhaustion, to flame up again in a desperate persistence, and end—as we have seen them more than once—not from the victor obtaining a crushing advantage, but through the mortal weariness of the combatants.

We have seen these things, though we have seen them only in the cold, silent, colourless print of books and newspapers. In stigmatising the printed world as cold, silent, and colourless, I have no intention of putting a slight upon the fidelity and the talents of men who have provided us with words to read about the battles in Manchuria. I only wished to suggest that from the nature of things the war in the Far East has been made known to us, so far, in a pale and grey reflection of its terrible and monotonous phases of pain, death, sickness; a reflection seen in the perspective of thousands of miles, in the dim atmosphere of official reticence, through the veil of inadequate words. Inadequate, I say, because what had to be reproduced is beyond the common experience of war, and our imagination, luckily for our peace of mind, has remained a slumbering faculty, notwithstanding the din of humanitarian talk and the real progress of humanitarian ideas. Direct vision of the fact, or the stimulus of a great art, can alone make it turn and open its eyes heavy with blessed sleep; and even there, as against the testimony of the senses and the stirring up of emotion, that saving callousness which reconciles us to the conditions of our existence, will assert itself under the guise of assent to fatal necessity or in the enthusiasm of a purely esthetic admiration of the rendering. In this age of knowledge our sympathetic imagination, to which alone we can look for the

ultimate triumph of concord and justice, remains strangely impervious to information, however correctly and even picturesquely conveyed. As to the vaunted eloquence of a serried array of figures, it has all the futility of precision without force. It is the exploded superstition of enthusiastic statisticians. An over-worked horse falling in front of our windows, a man writhing under a cart-wheel in the street, awaken more genuine emotion, more horror, pity, and indignation, than the stream of reports, appalling in their monotony, of tens of thousands of decaying bodies tainting the air of the Manchurian plains, of other tens of thousands of maimed bodies groaning in ditches, crawling on the frozen ground, filling the field hospitals; of the hundreds of thousands of survivors no less pathetic and even more tragic in being left alive by fate to the pitiable exhaustion of their pitiful toil.

An early Victorian, or perhaps a pre-Victorian, sentimentalist, looking out of an upstairs window, I believe, at a street—perhaps Fleet-street itself—full of people, is reported, by an admiring friend, to have wept for joy at seeing so much life. These arcadian tears, this facile emotion worthy of the golden age, comes to us from the past, with solemn approval, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, and before the series of sanguinary surprises held in reserve by the nineteenth century for our hopeful grandfathers. We may well envy them their optimism of which this anecdote of an amiable wit and sentimentalist presents an extreme instance, but still, a true instance, and worthy of regard in the spontaneous testimony to that trust in the life of the Earth, triumphant at last in the felicity of her children. Moreover, the psychology of individuals, even in the most extreme instances, reflects the general effect of the fears and hopes of its time. Wept for joy! I should think that now after eighty years the emotion would be of a sterner sort. One could not imagine anybody shedding tears of joy at the sight of much life in a street, unless, perhaps, he were an enthusiastic officer of a general staff or a popular politician, with its career yet to make. And hardly even that. In the case of the first tears would be unprofessional, and a stern repression of all signs of joy at the provision of so much food for powder more in accord with the rules of prudence: the joy of the second would be checked before it found issue in weeping by anxious doubts as to the soundness of these electors' views upon the question of the hour, and the fear of missing the consensus of their votes.

No! It seems that such a tender joy would be misplaced now as much as ever during the last hundred years, to go no further back. The end of the eighteenth century was, too, a time of

optimism and of desperate mediocrity in which the French Revolution exploded like a bomb-shell. In its lurid blaze the insufficiency of Europe, the inferiority of minds, of military and administrative systems, stood exposed with pitiless vividness. And there is but little courage in saying at this time of the day that the glorified French Revolution itself, except for its destructive force, was in essentials a mediocre phenomenon. The parentage of that great social and political upheaval was intellectual, the idea was elevated: but it is the bitter fate of the idea to lose its royal form and power, to lose its "virtue" the moment it descends from its solitary throne to work its will amongst the people. It is a king whose destiny is never to know the obedience of his subjects except at the cost of degradation. The degradation of the ideas of freedom and justice at the root of the French Revolution is made manifest in the person of its heir; a personality without law or faith, whom it has been the fashion to represent as an eagle, but who was, in truth, much more like a sort of vulture preying upon the body of a Europe which did, indeed, for some dozen of years resemble very much a corpse. The subtle and manifold influence for evil of the Napoleonic episode as a school of violence, as a sower of national hatreds, as the direct provocator of obscurantism and reaction, of political tyranny and injustice, can not well be exaggerated.

The nineteenth century began with wars which were the issue of a corrupted revolution. It may be said that the twentieth begins with a war which is like the explosive ferment of a moral grave, whence may yet emerge a new political organism to take the place of a gigantic and dreaded phantom. For a hundred years the ghost of Russian might overshadowing with its fantastic bulk the councils of central and western Europe sat upon the gravestone of autocracy, cutting off from air, from light, from all knowledge of themselves and of the world, the buried millions of Russian people. Not the most determined cockney sentimentalist could have had the heart to weep for joy at the thought of its teeming numbers! And yet they were living, they are alive yet, since through the mist of print we have seen their blood freezing crimson upon the snow of the squares and streets of St. Petersburg, since their generations born in the grave are yet alive enough to fill the ditches and cover the fields of Manchuria with their torn limbs, their maimed trunks, to send up from the frozen ground of battle-fields a chorus of groans calling for vengeance from Heaven, to kill and retreat, or kill and advance, without intermission or rest, for twenty hours, for fifty hours, for whole days, for whole weeks of fatigue, hunger, cold, and murder—till their ghastly labour worthy of a place amongst the

punishments of Dante's Inferno, passing through the stages of courage, of fury, of hopelessness, sinks into the night of crazy despair.

It seems that in both armies many men are driven beyond the bounds of sanity by the stress of moral and physical misery. Great numbers of soldiers and regimental officers go mad as if by way of protest against the peculiar sanity of a state of war : mostly amongst the Russians, of course. The Japanese have in their favour the tonic effect of success ; and the innate gentleness of their character stands them in good stead. But the Japanese Grand Army has yet another advantage in this nerve-destroying contest, which for endless, arduous, toil of killing surpasses all the wars of history. It has a base for its operations ; a base of a nature beyond the concern of the many books written upon the so-called art of war, which, considered by itself, purely as an exercise of human ingenuity, is at best only a thing of well-worn, simple artifices. The Japanese Army has for its base a reasoned conviction ; it has behind it the profound belief in the right of a logical necessity to be appeased at the cost of so much blood and treasure. And in that belief, whether well or ill founded, that army stands on the high ground of conscious assent, shouldering deliberately the burden of a long-tried faithfulness. The other people (since each people is an army nowadays), torn out from a miserable quietude resembling death itself, hurled across space, amazed, without starting point of its own or knowledge of the aim, can feel nothing but the horror-stricken consciousness of having mysteriously become the plaything of a black and merciless fate.

The profound, the instructive nature of this war is resumed by the memorable difference in the spiritual state of the two armies : the one forlorn and dazed on being driven out from an abyss of mental darkness into the red light of a conflagration, the other with the full knowledge of its past and its future, " finding itself " as it were at every step of the trying war before the eyes of an astonished world. The greatness of the lesson has been dwarfed for most of us by an often half-unconscious prejudice of race-difference. The West having managed to lodge its hasty foot on the neck of the East is prone to forget that it is from the East that the wonders of patience and wisdom have come to a world of men who set the value of life in the power to act rather than in the faculty of meditation. It has been dwarfed by this, and it has been obscured by a cloud of considerations with whose shaping wisdom and meditation had little or nothing to do ; by the weary platitudes on the military situation which (apart from geographical conditions) is the same everlasting situation that has prevailed since the times of Hannibal and Scipio, and further back yet,

since the beginning of historical record—since prehistoric times, for that matter; by the conventional expressions of horror at the tale of maiming and killing; by the rumours of peace with guesses more or less plausible as to its conditions. All this is made legitimate by the consecrated custom of writers in such time as this—the time of a great war. More legitimate in view of the situation created in Europe are the speculations as to the course of events after the war. More legitimate, but hardly more wise than the irresponsible talk of strategy that never changes, and of terms of peace that do not matter.

And above it all, unaccountably persistent—unaccountably, unless on the theory that there is no evidence-subduing awe like the fear inspired by the appearances of brute force—the decrepit, old, hundred years old, spectre of Russia's might still faces Europe from above the teeming grave of Russian people. This dreaded and strange apparition, bristling with bayonets, armed with chains, hung over with holy images, that something not of this world, partaking of a ravenous Ghoul, of a blind Djinn grown up from a cloud, and of the Old Man of the Sea, still faces us with its old stupidity, with its strange mystical arrogance, stamping its shadowy feet upon the gravestone of autocracy, already cracked beyond repair by the torpedoes of Togo's fleet and the guns of Oyama, already heaving in the blood-soaked ground with the first stirrings of a resurrection.

Never before had the Western world the opportunity to look so deep into the black abyss which separates a soulless autocracy posing as, and even believing itself to be, the arbiter of Europe, from the benighted, starved souls of its people. This is the real object-lesson of this war, its unforgettable information. And this war's true mission, disengaged from the economic origins of that contest, from doors open or shut, from the fields of Korea for Russian wheat or Japanese rice, from the ownership of ice-free ports and the command of the waters of the East—its true mission was to lay a ghost. It has accomplished it. Whether Kuropatkin was incapable or unlucky, whether or not Russia issuing next year, or the year after next, from behind a rampart of piled-up corpses will win or lose a fresh campaign—are minor considerations. The task of Japan is done; the mission accomplished; the ghost of Russian might is laid. Only Europe, accustomed so long to the presence of that portent, seems unable to comprehend that, as in the fables of our childhood, the twelve strokes of the hour have rung, the cock has crowed, the apparition has vanished—never to haunt again this world which has been used to gaze at it with vague dread and many misgivings.

It was a fascination. And the hallucination still lasts as inexplicable in its persistence as in its duration. It seems so unaccountable, that the doubt arises as to the sincerity of all that talk as to what Russia will or will not do, whether it will raise or not another army, whether it will bury the Japanese in Manchuria under seventy millions of sacrificed peasants' caps (as her Press boasted a little more than a year ago) or give up to them that jewel of her crown, Saghalien, together with some other things; whether, perchance, as an interesting alternative, it will make peace on the Amur in order to make war beyond the Oxus.

All these speculations (with many others) have appeared gravely in print; and if they have been gravely considered by only one reader out of each hundred, there must be something subtly noxious to the human brain in the composition of newspaper ink; or else it is that the large page, the columns of words, the leaded headings, exalt the mind into a state of feverish credulity. The printed voice of the Press makes a sort of still uproar, taking from men both the power to reflect and the faculty of genuine feeling; leaving them only the artificially created need of having something exciting to talk about.

The truth is that the Russia of our fathers, of our childhood, of our middle-age; the testamentary Russia of Peter the Great—who imagined that all the nations were delivered into the hand of Tsardom—can do nothing. It can do nothing because it does not exist. It has vanished for ever at last, and as yet there is no new Russia to take the place of that ill-omened creation, which, being a fantasy of a madman's brain, could in reality be nothing else than a figure out of a nightmare seated upon a monument of fear and oppression.

The true greatness of a State does not spring from such a contemptible source. It is a matter of logical growth, of faith and courage. Its inspiration springs from the constructive instinct of the people, governed by the strong hand of a collective conscience and voiced in the wisdom and counsel of men who seldom reap the reward of gratitude. Many States have been powerful, but, perhaps, none have been really great—as yet. That the position of a State in reference to the moral methods of its development can be seen only historically, is true. Perhaps mankind has not lived long enough for a comprehensive view of any particular case. Perhaps no one will ever live long enough; and perhaps this earth shared out amongst our clashing ambitions by the anxious arrangements of statesmen shall come to an end before we attain the felicity of greeting with unanimous applause the perfect fruition of a great State. It is even possible that we are destined for another sort of bliss altogether: that sort which

consists in being perpetually duped by false appearances. But whatever political illusion the future may hold out to our fear or our admiration, there will be none, it is safe to say, which in the magnitude of anti-humanitarian effect will equal that phantom now driven off the world by the thunder of thousands of guns, none that in its retreat will cling with an equally shameless sincerity to more unworthy supports, to the moral corruption and mental darkness of slavery, to the mere brute force of numbers.

This very ignominy of infatuation should make clear to men's feelings and reason that the downfall of Russia's might is unavoidable. Spectral it lived and spectral it disappears without leaving the memory of a single generous deed, of a single service rendered—even involuntarily—to the polity of nations. Other despotisms there have been, but none whose origin was so grimly fantastic in its baseness, and the beginning of whose end was so gruesomely ignoble. What is amazing is the myth of its irresistible strength which is dying so hard.

Considered historically, Russia's influence in Europe seems the most baseless thing in the world; a sort of convention invented by diplomatists for some dark purpose of their own, one would suspect, if the lack of grasp upon the realities of any given situation were not a characteristic in the management of international relations. A glance back at the last hundred years shows the invariable, one may say the logical, powerlessness of Russia. As a military power it has never achieved by itself a single great thing. It has been indeed able to repel an ill-considered invasion, but only by having recourse to the extreme methods of desperation. In its attacks upon its specially-selected victim this giant always struck as if with a withered right hand. All the Turkish campaigns prove that, from Potemkin's time to the last Eastern war in 1878, entered upon with every advantage that a well-nursed prestige and a carefully fostered fanaticism can give. Even the half-armed were always too much for the might of Russia, or, rather, of the Tsardom. It was victorious only against the practically disarmed, as, in regard to its ideal of territorial expansion, a glance at a map will prove sufficiently. As an ally Russia has been always unprofitable, taking her share in the defeats rather than in the victories of her friends, but always pushing her own claims with the arrogance of an arbiter of military success. She has been unable to help to any purpose a single principle to hold its own, not even the principle of authority and legitimacy which Nicholas the First had declared so haughtily to rest under his especial protection; just as Nicholas the Second has tried to make the maintenance of peace on earth his own exclusive affair. And the first Nicholas was a good Russian; he

held the belief in the sacredness of his realm with such an intensity of faith that he could not survive the first shock of doubt. Rightly envisaged, the Crimean war was the end of what remained of absolutism and legitimism in Europe. It threw the way open for the liberation of Italy. The war in Manchuria makes an end of absolutism in Russia, whoever has got to perish from the shock behind a rampart of dead ukases, manifestoes, and rescripts. In the space of a short fifty years the self-appointed Apostle of Absolutism and the self-appointed Apostle of Peace, the Augustus and the Augustulus of the *régime* that was wont to speak contemptuously to European Foreign Offices in the beautiful French phrases of Prince Gorchakov, have fallen victims, each after his kind, to their shadowy and dreadful familiar, to the phantom, part Ghoul, part Djinn, part Old Man of the Sea, with beak and claws and a double head, looking greedily both East and West on the confines of two continents.

That nobody through all that time penetrated the true nature of the monster it is impossible to believe. But of the many who must have seen, all were either too modest, too cautious, perhaps too discreet, to speak; or else were too insignificant to be heard or believed. Yet not all.

In the very early 'sixties Prince Bismarck, then about to leave his post of Prussian Minister in St. Petersburg, called—so the story goes—upon another distinguished diplomatist. After some talk upon the general situation, the future Chancellor of the German Empire remarked that it was his practice to resume the impressions he carried out of every country where he had made a long stay, in a short sentence, which he caused to be engraved upon some trinket. "I am leaving this country now and this is what I bring away from it," he continued, taking off his finger a new ring to show his colleague the inscription inside: "*La Russie c'est le néant.*"

Prince Bismarck had the truth of the matter, and was neither too modest nor too discreet not to speak out. Certainly he was not afraid of not being believed. Yet he did not shout his knowledge from the house-tops. He meant to have the phantom for his accomplice in an enterprise which has set the clock of peace back for many a year.

He had his way. The German Empire has been an accomplished fact for more than the third part of a century—a great and solid legacy left to the world by the ill-omened phantom of Russia's might.

It is that last that is disappearing now—unexpectedly, astonishingly, as if by a touch of that wonderful magic for which the East has always been famous. The pretence of belief in its



existence will no longer answer anybody's purposes (now Prince Bismarck is dead) unless the purposes of the writers of sensational paragraphs as to this *Néant* making an armed descent upon the plains of India. That sort of folly would be beneath notice if it did not distract attention from the real problem created for Europe by the war in the Far East.

For good or evil in the working-out of her destiny, Russia is bound to remain a *Néant* for many long years, in a more even than the Bismarckian sense. The very fear of this spectre being gone it behoves us to consider its legacy—the fact (no phantom that) accomplished in Central Europe by its help and connivance.

The German Empire may feel at bottom the loss of an old accomplice always amenable to confidential whispers of a bargain ; but in the first instance it cannot but rejoice at the fundamental weakening of a possible obstacle to its instincts of territorial expansion. There is a removal of that latent feeling of restraint which the presence of a powerful neighbour, however implicated with you in a sense of common guilt, is bound to inspire. The common guilt of the two Empires is defined precisely by their frontier line running through the Polish provinces. Without indulging in excessive feelings of indignation at that country's partition, or going so far as to believe—with a late French politician—in the "immanent justice of things," it is clear that a material situation, based upon an essentially immoral transaction, contains the germ of fatal differences in the temperament of the two partners in iniquity—whatever it is. Germany has been the evil counsellor of Russia on all the questions of her Polish problem. Always urging the adoption of the most repressive measures with a perfectly logical duplicity, Prince Bismarck's Empire has taken care to couple the neighbourly offers of military assistance with its merciless advice. The thought of the Polish provinces accepting a frank reconciliation with a humanised Russia and bringing the weight of homogeneous loyalty to within a few score of miles of Berlin has been always intensely distasteful to the arrogant Germanising tendencies of the other partner in iniquity. And, besides, the way to the Baltic provinces leads over the Niemen and over the Vistula.

And now, when there is a possibility of serious internal disturbances destroying the sort of order autocracy has kept in Russia, the road over these rivers is seen wearing a more inviting aspect. At any moment the pretext of armed intervention may be found in a revolutionary outbreak provoked by socialists, perhaps—but at any rate by the political immaturity of the enlightened classes and by the political barbarism of the Russian people. The throes of Russian resurrection will be long and

painful. This is not the place to speculate upon the nature of these convulsions; but there must be some violent break-up of the lamentable tradition, a shattering of the social, of the administrative—perhaps of the territorial—unity.

Voices have been heard saying that the time for reforms in Russia is already past. This is the superficial view of a more profound truth that for Russia there has never been such a time within the memory of mankind. It is impossible to initiate any sort of reform upon a phase of blind absolutism, and in Russia there has never been anything else to which the faintest tradition could, after ages of error, go back as to a parting of the ways.

In Europe the monarchical principle stands justified in its struggle with the growth of political liberty by the evolution of the idea of nationality as we see it concreted at the present time, by the inception of that wider solidarity grouping together around the standard of absolute power these larger agglomerations of mankind. This service of unification, creating close-knit communities possessing the ability, the will, and the power to pursue a common ideal, has prepared the ground for the advent of a still larger understanding: for the solidarity of Europeanism, which must be the next step towards the advent of Concord and Justice; an advent that, however delayed by the cowardly worship of force and the evil passions of national selfishness, has been, and remains, the only possible goal of our progress.

The conceptions of legality, of larger patriotism, of national duties and aspirations have grown under the shadow of the unlimited monarchies of Europe, which were the creations of historical necessity. There were seeds of wisdom in their very violences and abuses. They had a past and a future; they were human. But under the shadow of Russian autocracy nothing could grow. Russian autocracy succeeded to nothing; it had no historical past, and it cannot hope for a historical future. It can only end. By no industry of investigation, by no fantastic stretch of benevolence, can it be presented as a phase of development through which a society, a State, must pass on the way to the full consciousness of its destiny. It lies outside the stream of progress. This despotism has been utterly un-European. And neither has it been Asiatic in its nature. Oriental despotisms belong to the history of mankind; they have left their trace on our minds and our imagination by their splendour, by their culture, by their art, by the exploits of great conquerors. The record of their rise and decay has an intellectual value; they are in their origins and their course the manifestations of human needs, the instruments of racial temperament, of conquering force, of faith and fanaticism. The Russian autocracy as we see it now is a thing apart. It is im-

possible to assign to it any rational origin in the vices, the misfortunes, the necessities, or the passions of mankind. This despotism has neither an European nor an Oriental parentage; more, it seems to have no root either in the institutions or the follies of this earth. What strikes one with a sort of awe is just this something inhuman in its character. It is like a visitation, like a curse from Heaven falling in the darkness of ages upon the immense plains of forest and steppe lying dumbly on the confines of two continents: a true desert harbouring no spirit either of the East or of the West.

This pitiful fate of a country held by an evil spell, suffering from an awful visitation for which the responsibility cannot be traced either to her sins or her follies, has made Russia as a nation so difficult to understand by Europe. From the very first ghastly dawn of her existence as a State she had to breathe the atmosphere of despotism; she found nothing but the arbitrary will of an obscure autocrat at the beginning and end of her organisation. Hence arises her impenetrability to whatever is true in Western thought. Western thought, when it crosses her frontier, falls under the spell of her autocracy and becomes a noxious parody of itself. Hence the contradictions, the riddles of her national life, which are looked upon with such curiosity by the rest of the world. The curse had entered her very soul; autocracy, and nothing else in the world, has moulded her institutions, and with the poison of slavery drugged the national temperament into the apathy of a hopeless fatalism. It seems to have gone into the blood, tainting every mental activity in its source by a half-mystical, insensate, fascinating assertion of purity and holiness. The Government of Holy Russia, arrogating to itself the supreme power to torment and slaughter the bodies of its subjects like a God-sent scourge, has been most cruel to those whom it allowed to live under the shadow of its dispensation. The worst crime against humanity of that system we behold now crouching at bay behind vast heaps of mangled corpses is the ruthless destruction of innumerable minds. The greatest horror of the world—madness—walked faithfully in its train. Some of the best intellects of Russia, after struggling in vain against the spell, ended by throwing themselves at the feet of that hopeless despotism as a giddy man leaps into an abyss. An attentive survey of Russia's literature, of her church, of her administration, and the cross-currents of her thought, must end in the verdict that the Russia of to-day has not the right to give her voice on a single question touching the future of humanity, because from the very inception of her being the brutal destruction of dignity, of truth, of rectitude, of all that is fruitful in human nature has been made the imperative condition of her existence. The great governmental secret of that imperium which Prince Bismarck had the

insight and the courage to call *Le Néant*, has been the extirpation of every intellectual hope. To pronounce in the face of such a past the word Evolution, which is precisely the expression of the highest intellectual hope, is a gruesome pleasantry. There can be no evolution out of a grave. Another word of less scientific sound has been very much pronounced of late in connection with Russia's future, a word of more vague import, a word of dread as much as of hope—Revolution.

In the face of the events of the last four months, this word has sprung instinctively, as it were, on grave lips, and has been heard with solemn forebodings. More or less consciously Europe is preparing herself for a spectacle of much violence and perhaps of an inspiring nobility of greatness. And there will be nothing of what she expects. She will see neither the anticipated character of the violence nor yet any signs of generous greatness. Her expectations, more or less vaguely expressed, give the measure of her ignorance of that *Néant* which for so many years had remained hidden behind the phantom of invincible armies.

*Néant!* In a way, yes! And yet perhaps Prince Bismarck has let himself be led away by the seduction of a good phrase into the use of an inexact term. The form of his judgment had to be pithy, striking, engraved within a ring. If he erred, then, no doubt, he erred deliberately. The saying was near enough the truth to serve, and perhaps he did not want to destroy utterly by a more severe definition the prestige of the sham that could not deceive his genius. Prince Bismarck has been really complimentary to the useful phantom of the autocratic might. There is an awe-inspiring idea of infinity conveyed in the word *Néant*—and in Russia there is no idea. She is not a *Néant*; she is and has been simply the negation of everything worth living for. She is not an empty void, she is a yawning chasm open between East and West; a bottomless abyss that has swallowed up every hope of mercy, every aspiration towards personal dignity, towards freedom, towards knowledge; every ennobling desire of the heart, every redeeming whisper of conscience. Those that have peered into that abyss, where the dreams of Pan Slavism, of universal conquest, mingled with the hate and contempt for Western ideas, drifted impotently like shapes of mist, know well that it is bottomless; that there is in it no ground for anything that could in the remotest degree serve even the lowest interests of mankind—and certainly no ground ready for a revolution.

The sin of the old European Monarchies was not the absolutism inherent in every form of government; it was the inability to alter the forms of their legality, grown narrow and oppressive with the march of time. Every form of legality is bound to degenerate into oppression, and the legality in the forms of monarchical institu-

tions sooner, perhaps, than any other. It has not been the business of monarchies to be adaptive from within. With the mission of uniting and consolidating the particular ambitions and interests of feudalism in favour of a larger conception of a State, of giving self-consciousness, force, and nationality to the scattered energies of thought and action, they were fated to lag behind the march of ideas they had themselves set in motion in a direction they could neither understand nor approve. Yet, for all that, the thrones still remain, and what is more significant, perhaps, many of the dynasties, too, have survived. The revolutions of European States have never been in the nature of absolute protests *en masse* against the monarchical principle: they were the uprising of the people against the oppressive degeneration of legality. But there never has been any legality in Russia; she is a negation of that as of everything else having its root in reason or conscience. The ground of every revolution had to be intellectually prepared. A revolution is a short cut in the rational development of national needs in response to the growth of world-wide ideals. It is conceivably possible for a monarch of genius to put himself at the head of a revolution without ceasing to be the king of his people. For the autocracy of Holy Russia the only conceivable self-reform is—suicide.

The same relentless fate holds in its grip the all-powerful ruler and his helpless people. Wielders of a power purchased by an unspeakable baseness of subjection to the Khans of the Tartar horde, the Princes of Russia who, in their heart of hearts, had come in time to regard themselves as superior to every monarch of Europe, have never risen to be the chiefs of a nation. Their authority has never been sanctioned by popular tradition, by ideas of intelligent loyalty, of devotion, of political necessity, of simple expediency, or even by the power of the sword. Its only sanction has been the fear of the lash. Thus debarred from attaining to the dignity of chiefs, they have remained mere owners of slaves, asserting with half-mystical vanity the divine origin of the evil thing which had made them and their people its own. In whatever form of upheaval Autocratic Russia is to find her end, it can never be a revolution fruitful of moral consequences to mankind. It can not be anything else but a rising of slaves. It is a tragic circumstance that the only thing one can wish to that people who had never seen face to face either law, order, justice, right, truth about itself or the rest of the world, who had known nothing outside the capricious will of its irresponsible masters, is that it should find in the approaching hour of need, not an organiser or a law-giver with the wisdom of a Lycurgus or a Solon for their service, but at least the force of energy and desperation in some as yet unknown Spartacus.

A brand of hopeless moral and mental inferiority is set upon Russian achievements; and the coming events of her internal changes, however appalling they may be in their magnitude, will be nothing more impressive than the convulsions of a colossal body. As her boasted military force that, corrupt in its origin, has ever struck no other but faltering blows, so her soul, kept benumbed by her temporal and spiritual master with the poison of tyranny and superstition, will find itself on awakening possessed of no language, a monstrous full-grown child having first to learn the ways of living thought and articulate speech. It is safe to say that tyranny assuming a thousand protean shapes will remain clinging to her struggles for a long time before her blind multitudes succeed at last in trampling her out of existence under their million bare feet.

That would be the beginning. What is to come after? The conquest of freedom to call your soul your own is only the first step on the road to excellence. We, in Europe, having gone a step or two further, have had the time to forget how little that freedom means. To Russia it must seem everything. A prisoner shut up in a noisome dungeon concentrates all his hope and desire on the moment of stepping out beyond the gates. It appears to him pregnant with an immense and final importance; whereas what is important is the spirit in which he will draw the first breath of freedom, the counsels he will hear, the hands he may find extended, the endless days of toil that must follow, wherein he will have to build his future with no other material but what he can find within himself.

It would be vain for Russia to hope for the support and counsel of collective wisdom. Since 1870 (as a distinguished statesman of the old tradition disconsolately exclaimed): "*Il n'y a plus d'Europe!*" There is, indeed, no Europe. The idea of a Europe united in the solidarity of her dynasties, which for a moment seemed to dawn on the horizon of the Vienna Congress through the subsiding dust of Napoleonic alarms and excursions, has been extinguished by the larger glamour of less restraining ideals. Instead of the doctrine of solidarity it was the doctrine of nationalities much more favourable to spoliations that came to the front, and since its greatest triumphs at Sadowa and Sedan there is no Europe. Meanwhile, till the time comes when there will be no frontiers, there are alliances so shamelessly based upon the exigencies of suspicion and mistrust that their cohesive force waxes and wanes with every year, almost with the event of every passing month. This is the atmosphere Russia will find when the last rampart of tyranny has been beaten down. But what hands, what voices will she find on coming out into the light of day? An ally she has yet who more than any other of Russia's allies has found

that she had parted with lots of solid substance in exchange for a shadow. It is true that the shadow was indeed the mightiest, the darkest that the modern world had ever known—and the most overbearing. But it is fading now, and the tone of truest anxiety as to what is to take its place will come, no doubt, from that and no other direction; and no doubt, also, it will have that note of generosity which even in the moments of greatest aberration is seldom wanting in the voice of the French people.

Two neighbours Russia will find at her door. Austria, traditionally unaggressive whenever her hand is not forced, ruled by a dynasty of uncertain future, weakened by her duality, can only speak to her in an uncertain, bi-lingual phrase. Prussia, grown in something like sixty years from an almost pitiful dependant into a bullying friend and evil-counsellor of Russia's masters, may, indeed, hasten to extend a strong hand to the weakness of her exhausted body, but, if so, it will be only with the intention of tearing away the long-coveted part of her substance.

Pangermanism is by no means a shape of mists, and Germany is anything but a *Néant* where thought and effort are likely to lose themselves without sound or trace. It is a powerful and voracious organism, full of unscrupulous self-confidence, whose appetite for aggrandisement will only be limited by the power of helping itself to the severed members of its friends and neighbours. The era of wars so eloquently denounced by the old Republicans as the peculiar blood-guilt of dynastic ambitions is by no means over yet. They will be fought out differently, with lesser frequency, with an increased bitterness and the savage tooth-and-claw obstinacy of a struggle for existence. They will make us regret the time of dynastic ambitions, with their human absurdity moderated by prudence and even by shame, by the fear of personal responsibility and the regard paid to certain forms of conventional decency. For, if the monarchs of Europe have been derided for addressing each other as "brother" in autograph communications, that relationship was at least as effective as any form of brotherhood likely to be established between the rival nations of this continent, which, we are assured on all hands, is the heritage of democracy. In the ceremonial brotherhood of monarchs the reality of blood ties entered often for what little it is worth as a drag on unscrupulous desires of glory or greed. Besides, there was always the common danger of exasperated peoples, and some respect for each other's divine right. No leader of a democracy without other ancestry but the sudden shout of a multitude, and debarred by the very condition of his power from even thinking of a direct heir, will have any interest in calling brother the leader of another democracy—a chief as fatherless and heirless as himself.

The war of 1870, brought about by the Third Napoleon's half-generous, half-selfish adoption of the principle of nationalities, was the first war characterised by a special intensity of hate, by a new note in the tune of an old song for which we may thank the Teutonic thoroughness. Was it not that excellent *bourgeoise*, Princess Bismarck (to keep only to great examples), who was so righteously anxious to see men, women, and children—emphatically the children, too—of the abominable French nation massacred off the face of the earth? This illustration of the new war-temper is artlessly revealed in the prattle of the amiable Busch, the Chancellor's pet "reptile" of the Press. And this was supposed to be a war for an idea! Too much, however, should not be made of that good wife's and mother's sentiments any more than of the good First Emperor William's tears, shed so abundantly after every battle, by letter, telegram, and otherwise, during the course of the same war, before a dumb and shame-faced continent. These were merely the expressions of the simplicity of a nation which more than any other has a tendency to run into the grotesque. There is worse to come.

To-day, in the fierce grapple of two nations of different race, the short era of national wars seems about to close. No war will be waged for an idea. The "noxious idle aristocracies" of yesterday fought without malice for an occupation, for the honour, for the fun of the thing. The virtuous, industrious democratic States of to-morrow may yet be reduced to fighting for a crust of dry bread, with all the hate, ferocity and fury that must attach to the vital importance of such an issue. The dreams of sanguine humanitarians raised almost to ecstasy about the year 'fifty of the last century by the moving sight of the Crystal Palace—crammed full with that variegated rubbish which it seems to be the bizarre fate of humanity to produce for the benefit of a few employers of labour—have vanished as quickly as they had arisen. The golden hopes of peace have in a single night turned to dead leaves in every drawer of every benevolent theorist's writing-table. A swift disenchantment overtook the incredible infatuation which could put its trust in the peaceful nature of industrial and commercial competition.

Industrialism and commercialism—wearing high-sounding names in many languages (*Welt-Politik* may serve for one instance), picking up coins behind the severe and disdainful figure of science whose giant strides have widened for us the horizon of the universe by some few inches—stand ready, almost eager, to appeal to the sword as soon as the globe of the earth has shrunk beneath our growing numbers by another ell or so. And democracy, which has elected to pin its faith to the supremacy of material interests, will have to fight their battles to the bitter end,



on a mere pittance—unless, indeed, some statesman of exceptional ability and overwhelming prestige succeeds in carrying through an international understanding for the delimitation of spheres of trade all over the earth, on the model of the territorial spheres of influence marked in Africa to keep the competitors for the privilege of improving the nigger (as a buying machine) from flying prematurely at each other's throats.

This seems the only expedient at hand for the temporary maintenance of European peace, with its alliances based on mutual distrust, the preparedness for war as its ideal, and the fear of wounds, luckily stronger, so far, than the pinch of hunger, for its only guarantee. The true peace of the world will be a place of refuge much less like a beleaguered fortress and more, let us hope, in the nature of an inviolable temple. It will be built on less perishable foundations than those of material interests. But it must be confessed that the architectural aspect of the universal city remains as yet inconceivable—that the very ground of its erection has not been cleared of the jungle.

Never before in history has the right of war been more fully admitted in the rounded periods of public speeches, in books, in public prints, in all the public works of peace, culminating in the establishment of the Hague Tribunal—that solemnly official recognition of the Earth as a House of Strife. To him whose indignation is qualified by a measure of hope and affection, the efforts of mankind to work its own salvation present a sight of disarming comicality. After clinging for ages to the steps of the heavenly throne, they are now, without modifying much their attitude, trying with touching ingenuity to steal one by one the thunderbolts of their Jupiter. They have removed war from the list of heaven-sent visitations that could only be prayed against; they have erased its name from the supplication against the wrath of war, pestilence and famine, as it is found in the litanies of the Roman Church; they have dragged the scourge down from the skies and have made it into a calm and regulated institution. At first sight the change does not seem for the better. Jove's thunderbolt looks a most dangerous plaything in the hands of the people. But a solemnly established institution begins to grow old at once in the discussion, abuse, worship, and execration of men. It grows obsolete, odious, and intolerable; it stands fatally condemned to an unhonoured old age.

Therein lies the best hope of advanced thought, and the best way to help its prospects is to provide in the fullest, frankest way for the conditions of the present day. War is one of its conditions; it is its principal condition. It lies at the heart of every question agitating the fears and hopes of a humanity divided against itself. The succeeding ages have changed nothing except

the watchwords of the armies. The intellectual stage of mankind being as yet in its infancy, and States, like most individuals, having but a feeble and imperfect consciousness of the worth and force of the inner life, the need of making their existence manifest to themselves is determined in the direction of physical activity. The idea of ceasing to grow in territory, in strength, in wealth, in influence—in anything but wisdom and self-knowledge—is odious to them as an omen of the end. Action, in which is to be found the illusion of a mastered destiny, can alone satisfy our uneasy vanity and lay to rest the haunting fear of the future—a sentiment concealed, indeed, but proving its existence by the force it has, when invoked, to stir the passions of a nation. It will be long before we have learned that in the great darkness before us there is nothing that we need fear. Let us act lest we perish—is the cry. And the only form of action open to a State can be of no other than aggressive nature.

There are many kinds of aggressions, though the sanction of them all is one and the same—the magazine rifle of the latest pattern. In preparation for or against such a form of action the States of Europe are spending now such moments of uneasy leisure as they can snatch from the labours of factory and counting-house.

Never before had war received so much homage at the lips of men, never has it reigned with less undisputed sway in their minds. It has harnessed science to its gun-carriages; it has enriched a few respectable manufacturers, scattered doles of food and raiment amongst a few thousand skilled workmen, devoured the first youth of whole generations, and reaped its harvest of countless corpses. It has perverted the intelligence of men, women, and children, and has made the speeches of Emperors, Kings, Presidents, and Ministers monotonous with ardent protestations of fidelity to peace. Indeed, it has made peace altogether its own—it has modelled it on its own image: a martial, overbearing, war-lord sort of peace, with a mailed fist, and turned-up moustaches, ringing with the din of grand manœuvres, eloquent with allusions to glorious feats of arms; it has made it so magnificent as to be almost as expensive to keep up as itself. And it has taken even more upon itself. As if it were the prophet of a new faith it has sent out apostles of its own, who at one time went about (mostly in newspapers) preaching the gospel of the mystic sanctity of its sacrifices, and the regenerating power of spilt blood, to the poor in mind—whose name is legion.

It has been observed that in the course of earthly greatness such a day of culminating triumph is often paid by a morrow of sudden extinction. Let us hope so. Yet the dawn of that day of retribution may be a long time breaking above a dark horizon. War

is with us now ; and, whether this one ends soon or late, war will be with us again. And it is the way of true wisdom for men and States to take account of things as they are.

Civilisation has done its little best by our sensibilities for whose growth it is responsible. It has managed to remove the sights and sounds of battlefields away from our doorsteps. But it cannot be expected to achieve the feat always and under every variety of circumstance. Some day it must fail. Then we shall have a wealth of appallingly unpleasant sensations brought home to us with painful intimacy, while the apostles of war's sanctity will crawl away swiftly into the holes where they belong, somewhere in the yellow basements of newspaper offices. It is not absurd to suppose that whatever war comes to us next it will not be a distant war of *retanche* waged by Russia either beyond the Amur or beyond the Oxus.

The Japanese armies have laid that ghost for many a year. They have laid it for ever, because the Russia of the future will not, for the reasons explained above, be the Russia of to-day. It will have not the same thoughts, resentments, or aims. It is even a question whether it will preserve its gigantic frame unaltered and unbroken. All speculation loses itself in the magnitude of the events made possible by the defeat of an Autocracy whose only shadow of a title to existence was the invincible power of military conquest. That it will have a miserable end in harmony with its base origin and inglorious life does not seem open to doubt. The problem of the immediate future is posed not by the eventual manner but by the approaching fact of its disappearance.

The Japanese armies, in laying the oppressive ghost, have not only accomplished what will be recognised historically as an important mission in the world's struggle against all forms of evil, they have also created a situation. They have created a situation in the East which they are competent to manage by themselves ; and in doing this they have brought about a change in the condition of the West with which Europe is not well prepared to deal. The common ground of concord, good faith and justice is not sufficient to establish an action upon ; since the conscience of but very few men amongst us, and that of no single Western nation as yet, will brook the restraint of abstract ideas as against the fascination of a material advantage. And eagle-eyed wisdom alone cannot take the lead of human action, which in its nature must for ever remain short-sighted. The trouble of the civilised world is the want of a common conservative principle abstract enough to give the impulse, practical enough to form the rallying point of international action tending towards the restraint of particular ambitions. Peace tribunals instituted for the greater glory of war

will not replace it. Whether such a principle exists—who can say? If it does not then it ought to be invented. A sage with a sense of humour and a heart of compassion should set about it without loss of time, and a solemn prophet full of words and fire ought to be given the task of preparing the minds. So far there is no trace of such a principle anywhere in sight; even its plausible imitations (never very effective) have disappeared long ago before the doctrine of national aspirations. *Il n'y a plus d'Europe*—there is only an armed and trading continent, the home of slowly maturing economical contests for life and death, and of loudly-proclaimed world-wide ambitions. There are also other ambitions not so loud, but deeply rooted in the envious acquisitive temperament of the last comer amongst the great Powers of the continent, whose feet are not exactly in the ocean—not yet—and whose head is very high up—in Pomerania, the breeding-place of such precious Grenadiers that Prince Bismarck (whom it is a pleasure to quote) would not have given the bones of one of them for the settlement of the old Eastern Question. But times have changed, since, by way of keeping up, I suppose, some old barbaric German rite, the faithful servant of the Hohenzollerns was buried alive to celebrate the accession of a new Emperor.

Already the voice of surmises has been heard hinting tentatively at a possible re-grouping of European Powers. The alliance of the three Empires is supposed possible. And it may be possible. The myth of Russia's power is dying very hard—hard enough for that combination to take place—such is the fascination that a discredited show of numbers will still exercise upon the imagination of a people trained to the worship of force. Germany may be willing to lend its support to a tottering autocracy for the sake of an undisputed first place in such a combination—and of a preponderating voice in the settlement of every question in that south-east of Europe which merges into Asia. No principle being involved in such an alliance of mere expediency, it would never be allowed to stand in the way of Germany's other ambitions. The fall of autocracy would bring its restraint automatically to an end. Thus it may be believed that the support Russian despotism may get from its once humble friend and client will not be stamped by that thoroughness which is supposed to be the mark of German superiority. Russia weakened down to the second place, or Russia eclipsed altogether during the throes of her regeneration, will answer equally well the plans of German policy—which are many and various and often incredible, though the aim of them all is the same: aggrandisement of territory and influence, with no regard to right and justice, either in the East or in the West; for that and no other is the true note of your *Welt-politik* which desires to live.

The German eagle with a Prussian head looks all round the horizon not so much for something to do that would count for good in the records of the earth, as simply for something good to get. He gazes upon the land and upon the sea with the same covetous steadiness, for he has become of late a maritime eagle, and has learned to box the compass. He gazes north and south, and east and west, and is inclined to look intemperately upon the waters of the Mediterranean when they are blue. The disappearance of the Russian phantom has given a foreboding of unwonted freedom to the *Welt-politik*. According to the national tendency this assumption of Imperial impulses would run into the grotesque were it not for the spikes of the pickelhaubes peeping out grimly from behind. Germany's attitude proves that no peace for the earth can be found in the expansion of material interests which she seems to have adopted exclusively as her only aim, ideal, and watchword. For the use of those who gaze half-unbelieving at the passing away of the Russian phantom, part Ghoul, part Djinn, part Old Man of the Sea, and wait half-doubting for the birth of a nation's soul in this age which knows no miracles, the once famous saying of poor Gambetta, tribune of the people (who was simple and believed in the "immanent justice of things") may be adapted in the shape of a warning that, so far as a future of liberty, concord and justice is concerned: "*Le Prussianisme—voilà l'ennemi!*"

JOSEPH CONRAD.

## THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN.

To the British people the achievement of the Japanese Fleet in the great battle in the Sea of Japan is of peculiar and intimate interest. An admiral who received his early professional training in England, and who served afloat in British men-of-war, has won the greatest naval victory in history—not excepting Trafalgar—with men-of-war constructed almost exclusively in British shipyards, and using as weapons of offence guns and torpedoes similar to those employed by the British fleets and squadrons. Admiral Togo's chief of staff, Captain Shimamura, like many of his colleagues, served in the British Fleet, and he had the good fortune to be one of Rear-Admiral Percy Scott's pupils in gunnery. Years ago, when Japan was adopting Western methods, she was the pupil in naval matters of Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, now Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, who was director of the Imperial Naval College at Yeddo, and had round him a devoted band of British naval officers and men. In later years, in fact almost down to the opening of the war with China, Rear-Admiral John Ingles was lent by the Admiralty to the Japanese Government as naval adviser. While the Japanese authorities were shaping their systems of training and administration on British models, orders were despatched to British shipbuilding yards for men-of-war, and in every respect the young Navy was given the hall-mark "made in Great Britain." The triumph of the Mikado's Fleet—small, but homogeneous—surely reflects some lustre upon the British Fleet.

Admiral Togo handled his ships in the Sea of Japan with such complete success that what the best opinion thought would be a hard-fought battle resolved itself into a battue. In the long story of sea warfare there is no parallel to the series of events which culminated in this fight. With a fleet far inferior in battleships, but with a superiority in armoured cruisers and torpedo craft, the Japanese swept practically out of existence, in a period of about forty hours, the forces under the control of the Russian Commander-in-Chief. In thirty-seven minutes, Admiral Togo tells us, the issue was decided, and the remainder of the time was devoted to "rounding off" the victory. If any importance could be attached to those elaborate "paper comparisons" which are used to indicate the standard of strength of the great naval Powers, the result of the action of May 27-28th

should have been a draw, with the advantage slightly in favour of Admiral Togo. The history of the naval struggle since the dramatic opening of February 28th of last year has served to completely unmask the virtue of those mechanical comparisons between the strength of rival fleets which it is so easy to make and which events are so swift to expose. Russia began the war with a fleet thrice as strong as that of Japan, but it was widely distributed, while Japan's forces were concentrated. On the eve of the war the present writer, examining the basis on which Russian naval prestige rested, concluded that "under the circumstances in which the Russian Fleet has been created, there is consequently good cause to wonder whether it will prove in action as formidable as it appears on paper."<sup>1</sup> This scepticism has been more than completely justified, although eighteen months ago those who held that the Japanese Navy could sweep the Russian Fleet off the seas were very few in number, and most observers pointed to the "might of Russia" which was in reserve. Public opinion had been impressed by the measures taken by Russia to increase the number of her ships in the Pacific, and had failed to divine the essential truth that with the advance in the application of science to naval warfare the personal element, instead of being eliminated, has gained added importance. Neither battleship, cruiser, nor torpedo vessel is an automatic machine for dealing out death or destruction. Naval power does not consist in the mere investment of treasure in mobile sea fortresses, and victory at sea does not necessarily lie with the country which has the longest purse, the greatest number of able-bodied males in the population, or even the highest financial credit. Sea power is a delicate combination of forces which cannot be purchased with money alone; it consists in the provision of the best-ried weapons, and the patient training in their efficient use of officers and men who have the three essential characteristics—the fighting edge, an aptitude for technique, and the sea habit.

Japan entered upon this war with one of the smallest fleets in the world. At no time has Admiral Togo had at his command half as many battleships as answer to the slightest word of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson in the English Channel, nor as many as are under Vice-Admiral Sir W. H. May with his Atlantic Fleet based upon Gibraltar, or Lord Charles Beresford with his two squadrons of battleships in the Mediterranean. Japan began the struggle with a fleet about one-fourth the size of the navy of Italy, and ridiculously small in comparison with the navies of France, Russia, and Germany. With six battleships and eight armoured cruisers the officers and men of the Japanese Fleet, supported by torpedo

(1) *Cassier's Magazine*, February, 1904.

craft and scouts, have swept from off the Far Eastern seas every single vessel flying the Russian ensign. It was Nelson's dictum that "numbers only can annihilate." These words were written in the old sailing days, when ships fought side by side, and the crews engaged in hand-to-hand contests; and if there is one moral more than another to be drawn from the great victories won by the Japanese, it is that this saying of the great British sea captain is no longer applicable to modern conditions. If numbers could have annihilated, Japan at this moment should be under the heel of the Tsar.

The battle of the Sea of Japan, as Admiral Togo has officially styled it, occurred after a period of many months of anticipation and speculation. From August 14th, when Admiral Rojdestvensky hoisted his flag in the *Kniaz Suvaroff*, down to the opening of the fight in the Tsushima Straits, the progress of his squadron from the Far West to the Far East fascinated the world. It straggled out in detachments, and when, early in May, the last instalment of the outgoing fleet, under Admiral Niebogotoff, effected its junction with the main body under Admiral Rojdestvensky off the coast of Indo-China, naval opinion, irrespective of its sympathies with the one or the other belligerent, acclaimed in terms of high praise the achievement of the Russian Admiral in taking his great heterogeneous and unruly armada within strategical touch of the Japanese forces. Never had an admiral been entrusted with a task of the kind fraught with so many difficulties, and whatever epitaph history may write on the Russian admiral as a war commander, nothing can rob him of the credit due to his unparalleled success as a leader of men and a resourceful and dogged sailor. Attended by nearly fifty steamships, including an immense number of transports and other auxiliaries, and a curious assortment of obsolescent and obsolete men-of-war, Admiral Rojdestvensky steamed past Formosa to a point not far distant from Shanghai, where he detached a portion of his auxiliaries, and in high hope of victory because he had the "numbers" with which to "annihilate," turned to make a dash for Vladivostock through the Straits of Tsushima. He may or may not have known that Admiral Togo had lost one of his best battleships a year previously, and that the number of units of this class at his command was only four in addition to eight armoured cruisers. It is certain that the Russian admiral over-estimated the fighting value of the *materiel* which constituted his fleet, and failed to understand the subtle combination of the human element and the gun and torpedo which constitutes naval power. There seems no doubt that Admiral Rojdestvensky and his officers entered on the final contest with high hopes. He made the fatal mistake of valuing too highly his



own strength in ships and under-estimating the strength of his foe, and he appears to have attributed to Admiral Togo the false strategy of dividing his force so as to guard the other straits through the Japanese archipelago leading to Vladivostock. As the Japanese had the interior line it was unnecessary for Admiral Togo to change the disposition he had already made until by the actual movements of the enemy he was assured that Admiral Rojdestvensky had decided not to take the short cut to Vladivostock by way of the Tsushima Straits.

The story of the battle is incomplete in some details, but the main outline has been revealed in Admiral Togo's despatches, supplemented as these have been by the unique series of graphic reports cabled immediately after the battle to the *Daily Telegraph* by its correspondents in Japan; by Admiral Enquist's story of the fight, and by an excellent message received by the *Times* from its Tokio correspondent on June 10th. Early on the morning of Saturday, May 27th, the Russian Fleet approached the Straits of Tsushima, lying between Korea and the island of Kiusiu. Admiral Rojdestvensky was still under the impression that Admiral Togo had so divided his forces that only a small squadron would be on guard at this point. He seems to have sent out no scouts to "feel" for the enemy, but steamed ahead in two columns, his cruisers on the right and his battleships on the left, with his auxiliaries between and tailing off in the rear. He had got his head well into the danger zone before he realised his mistake. A small force of Japanese cruisers appeared ahead of him, and opened the fight with a desultory fire, and apparently the Russian admiral believed that this small decoy force comprised the only Japanese men-of-war in the vicinity. Undismayed, he pressed forward, the Japanese cruisers flying before him. Meantime Admiral Togo, with the main fleets, lay hidden from view among the islands which bestrew the Korean littoral. His whereabouts were not known even to most of the officers in the subsidiary squadrons, much less to the people of Japan. In Japan, at least, it is recognised that a surprise is the essential factor in success, and that, therefore, success depends on secrecy. Admiral Togo had issued his orders to his subordinate admirals, and kept in wireless communication with them, but his exact place of hiding was known, outside the main fleets, to only a small circle of officers. When the Russians had entered the battle zone which he had prepared for them with such patience and self-constraint in the weary months of waiting; the scheme was dramatically developed. The whole fleet of Japan, as though by the ringing up of a curtain, revealed itself in fighting trim, and the greatest sea battle ever fought had commenced. When the Russians

were well in the Channel between Tsushima Island and Japan, with the "decoy" squadron ahead, Admiral Togo, with four battleships and two armoured cruisers, appeared round the northern end of the island followed by Admiral Kamimura with the other six armoured cruisers. After a feint, the whole twelve armoured ships steered diagonally across the face of the enemy so as to bring their broadside to bear in a concentrated fire on the leading Russian ships. When by this manœuvre the preliminary demoralisation had been produced—the Russian battleship *Oslavia* taking fire—Admiral Kamimura raced to the rear of the enemy, while three light cruiser divisions worried his flanks, and in a special degree attacked the transports. Thus were the Russians hemmed in owing to Admiral Togo's bold tactics—"Demoralisation and then destruction," might have been the Japanese motto. They were determined to have a fight to a finish, and they acted on Nelson's dictum, "out-manœuvre a Russian."

In this wise did the battle open. Could Admiral Togo win? Those who care to read again the anticipations of qualified writers may see that even to the last it was held that though the odds were in favour of Admiral Togo the outcome of a set battle was uncertain to this extent, that the fighting might prove so desperate, the losses on both sides be so great, that the victor, to whichever side the laurels fell, would be so shattered and even decimated that he might emerge from the conflict with a fleet only in a complimentary sense ruling the Far Eastern seas. Assessed by every tangible fighting asset the comparative strength of the two fleets approached something of an equality. In guns and torpedo equipment they contrasted thus:—

Calibre of guns.	Number of guns.	
	Russian.	Japanese.
12 in.....	26	23
10 in.....	7	3
9 in.....	12	4
8 in.....	13	34
6 in.....	147	196
Number of torpedo tubes (about) .....	124	200

Judged on this basis, there was no reason why the two fleets should not emerge in something of the condition of the Kilkenny cats after their famous encounter. How completely were all prognostications falsified in a matter of thirty-seven fateful minutes. While still about eight miles distant, the Russian ships opened a quite ineffective fire. The Japanese waited in patience. At a range of three and three-quarter miles, so as to give full play to the main armaments of his battleships and armoured cruisers, Admiral Togo began a terrific cannonade and rained shells with

diabolic accuracy upon the leading ships of the Russian Fleet. Suddenly brought face to face with the enemy in full power, Admiral Rojdestvensky hesitated, his fleet became confused, Admiral Kamimura raced to cut off his retreat, and the issue was decided. "The enemy," says Admiral Togo, "opened fire at 2.8," and later on in his despatch he records that "the result of the battle was decided at 2.45"—thirty-seven minutes. What followed was merely a battue.

The fight began at Okinoshima and continued over a width of seventy miles for a distance of two hundred and thirty miles before the destruction was complete. The Russian gunners forming the crews of the 6-inch guns could do nothing at so great a distance, under the rain of shells which fell upon them, and the efficiency of the men who manned the 10-, 12-, and 8-inch weapons of the Russian ships was also unequal to engaging in battle with rough seas causing their vessels to pitch and roll. The gunner's difficulty in a long-range sea fight is not direction, but elevation, and only those who have watched manœuvring fleets firing in a heavy sea-way can fully appreciate the immense difficulties which naval seamen must combat in their attempts to fire accurately as well as straight. Not until the Japanese were satisfied that the long-range fire had reduced the Russian Fleet to a disordered mass did their men-of-war draw in to a shorter range. The gateway by which the foe had entered the stage prepared by Admiral Togo had been sealed owing to the superior speed of Admiral Kamimura's armoured cruisers. "At twilight," Admiral Togo states, "our destroyer and torpedo flotillas gradually closed in upon the enemy from east, north, and south, and let loose their horde of torpedoes." Little of the Russian Fleet survived this terrible night's work.

Thanks to the better steaming ability of his ships, the Japanese admiral was able to send forward a strong squadron to get across the face of the Russian Fleet. The *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent states: "Now the superior speed of the Japanese Fleet proved a tremendous factor. With every ship doing her best, Admiral Togo went full speed ahead. It was a short, but exciting race. When the Japanese had obtained a sufficient lead they turned, and formed a barrier right in front of Admiral Rojdestvensky, whose position from this moment onwards was hopeless. This new Japanese formation was like a crescent, or nearly a half circle, and pressing down from the north it formed an impassable barrier on the road to Vladivostock." Admiral Enquist again records: "The enemy's tactics were directed to preventing us from getting through to Vladivostock. Every time our squadron attempted to steer northwards the Japanese, thanks

to their superior speed, headed off our columns, their battleships concentrating their fire on our leading battleship." Again, describing the manner in which the Japanese encircled them, the Russian admiral says: "Owing to the low speed of our ships it was difficult to escape from this position."

Of the great armada which Russia had fitted out with so much boasting and parade there remained by Monday morning only four cruisers and two destroyers which escaped, apart from the two battleships and the two coast defence ships which were forthwith taken to Japanese ports as prizes. It is calculated that in the battle about 14,000 Russians were drowned, and Admiral Togo claims to have secured over 3,000 prisoners. Admiral Togo's tactics were marvellously successful. In achieving his great task of wiping the Russian Fleet off Far Eastern seas he lost only three torpedo boats, while the casualties in the whole of his fleet were merely 113 officers and men killed, and 424 officers and men wounded.

Apart from the important lesson which the destruction of the Russian Fleet supplies—that paper estimates of materiel strength are no true guide to fighting power—can any other deductions be drawn from this complete annihilation of Admiral Rojdestvsky's force? Without embarking on matters of detail, even at this early date it is possible to draw profitable conclusions on broad lines from the battle.

#### (1) THE "LLAMAS" IN BATTLE.

What did it profit Admiral Rojdestvsky that he had at his command a large number of obsolescent and obsolete men-of-war? In face of the bold elimination from the British war fleet of vessels of small or minus fighting value, a great deal has been heard of the probability that in time of war officers would take to sea "anything on which they could fly the ensign." This sounds heroic, but is really imbecility. Every ship in the fleet which is not of real fighting value is an embarrassment to an admiral and not an acquisition of strength. Coal strategy in these days governs the movements of men-of-war, and as a rule it is true that the older the ship the more coal she consumes, and consequently the supply of fuel available for veritable men-of-war is depleted. Admiral Rojdestvsky had under his command a wonderful assortment of ships similar in characteristics to those which in the British Navy have been relegated to the "llama" list or the "obsolete" list. He appreciated so little the truth which underlies the policy of the British Admiralty that he waited in order that Admiral Niebogoff might join him off the Cochin

China coast. This officer had with him the second-class battleship *Nicholas I.*, an old armoured cruiser, the *Vladimir Monomach*, and the three coast defence ships *Admiral Seniavin*, *Admiral Oushakoff*, and *Admiral Aprazine*. These last four vessels were so old, so unsuited to the battle line in all respects, that in the great struggle they could neither fight effectively nor run away; two of them were sunk and the other two, with the *Nicholas I.*, surrendered. When we get the full story of the battle it will probably be found that these vessels, owing to their poverty in fighting power and in mobility, not only added nothing to the strength of the Russian Fleet, but contributed materially to the disorder and demoralisation. He will be indeed a courageous critic of Admiralty policy who will now join Sir William White in defence of the obsolete and inefficient, or express agreement with the anonymous writer in *Blackwood* in the claim "that the work (of the Fleet) will be so multifarious that place will always be found for every ship which carries a gun." In judging the efficiency of this mythical and typical ship we should want to know something of the "gun" and its power, of the engines and boilers, and the quality of the armour, if it has any. The British men-of-war which have been struck off the "war list" have been weighed in this way, one by one, and condemned, and the lesson which Admiral Rojdestvensky's debacle conveys is that in this policy the Admiralty have been right. We cannot afford to send British officers and men, highly trained at great expense, and therefore valuable national assets, to sea in a ship the only justification for which is that it "carries a gun." Such action would be inhuman, apart from its imbecility.

## (2) THE VALUE OF SPEED.

What advantage did Japan gain from the possession of superior speed? Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge and Rear-Admiral Sir R. N. Custance have no belief in speed. In the *Naval Annual* for the present year, the former Commander-in-Chief of the British China Squadron condemns the big armoured cruiser, holding that "a true conception of cruiser tactics indicates that multiplicity rather than a small number of powerful individual ships would be needed." Again, "that no great value as a factor in tactics could be assigned to speed superiority had long been suspected by officers who had made a close study of tactical questions." And Sir Cyprian even minimises the strategical importance of high speed; he holds that "speed is of small tactical or strategical value." No one can read the story of the battle of the Sea of Japan and fail to recognise how completely Sir Cyprian Bridge's conclusions

have been belied by events. When the Japanese set themselves to create a navy they attached the greatest importance to speed, far greater than was attributed to it by any of the great Powers. This conclusion led them to the creation of a navy which in its main fighting units was swifter than that of any other nation. They built six battleships ranging in speed from eighteen to nineteen knots, and a similar number of armoured cruisers able to steam at from twenty to twenty-three knots. No other navy contained at that time anything approaching this proportion of armoured cruisers to battleships, for, in agreement with Sir Cyprian Bridge, the naval authorities of the world believed in "multiplicity" of weak ships. At a time when the British Admiralty was still building slow ships without armoured belts, Japan led the way in the construction of big cruisers with thick belts, a heavy armament of guns, and great speed—in fact, vessels such as are now being added to the British Fleet by the present Board, which, we are told, is a "retrograde Admiralty." So far as the result of gun fire was concerned in the late action the victory lay with the Japanese because they possessed these swift ships of great offensive power, and Admiral Togo was able to pursue the successful tactics already revealed in broad outline because he had under his command a fleet immensely superior to that of Russia in speed. Owing to their superior speed the Japanese, to use a colloquialism, were able to make rings round the Russians, and almost completely to cut off the avenues of escape. If the Russians had had the advantage of speed, the action would have been indecisive, and they might have got through with a considerable portion of the armada.

### (3) THE RÔLE OF THE TORPEDO.

What part in the battle did the torpedo take? The most casual observer of the trend of naval policy in Great Britain must have observed that increased importance has been given to the torpedo as an offensive and defensive arm. According to Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, again writing on the naval actions of the war, "perhaps nothing stands out more clearly in the campaign than the insignificance of the results effected by the locomotive torpedo. . . . The conclusion should be that it is a weapon of limited efficiency to be depended upon only in special circumstances of infrequent occurrence." The facts prior to the last battle do not support Admiral Bridge's conclusion as to the inefficiency of the torpedo. It was owing to the effective use of this weapon and not to the gun that the Japanese first crippled the Russians off Port Arthur in February, 1904. Admiral Togo was acting

under exceptional limitations in that he was not permitted to risk any of his big ships. He relied in the initial attacks upon the Russian Fleet almost entirely upon torpedo craft supported by cruisers. His first operations were so completely successful that from the date of his first attack by torpedoes the Russian Fleet was demoralised, and so seriously crippled that it was practically useless. Far from the torpedo having proved inefficient, three of the main ships of the Russian squadron were seriously damaged even while anchored under the shore guns at Port Arthur, and would probably have been completely destroyed but for the protection afforded by the land defences and the close proximity of the harbour of Port Arthur, into which they were able to limp for repairs. So long as the Port Arthur squadron was a fleet in being, it was the torpedo, adequately supported by the gun, which rendered it ineffective. That the Russian ships injured by torpedo attack were patched up, thanks to the resourcefulness of a Scotsman, and were able subsequently to put to sea was merely due to the good fortune which enabled them to creep into the neighbouring port. The Russian squadron in Port Arthur, however, never recovered in *moral* the effects of the torpedo attacks. The battle of the Sea of Japan supplies even more conclusive evidence as to the falseness of the conclusion that the torpedo is ineffective. The battle was opened by long-range firing by the Japanese which seems to have completely unnerved the Russian sailors. Then as darkness fell the torpedo craft, again supported by the gun-ships, well in the rear, swarmed round the disordered fleet, and practically completed its destruction. How many ships were actually sunk by the action of the torpedo we do not know, but the inference to be drawn from Admiral Togo's despatches and other information is that this weapon was responsible for the sinking of several of the battleships and cruisers. One morai to be drawn from the battle is that the policy of the Admiralty in regarding the gun and torpedo as complementary weapons, each having its place in the battle tactics of a fleet, is well founded. If the Japanese had accepted Admiral Bridge's conclusion that the torpedo is a weapon of limited usefulness and only to be infrequently employed, they would not have provided themselves with one hundred torpedo craft, and the battle of the Sea of Japan would have had quite another ending.

#### (4) THE IMPORTANCE OF GUNNERY.

A feature of the fight which stands out in the most striking manner is the accuracy with which the Japanese gunners must have shot. A man-of-war is not a yacht, and the Japanese, while

attaching due importance to cleanliness and order on board ship. have never made paint and polish their idol. The Japanese ships were built to fight, and the main preoccupation of officers and men has been persistent training in the use of the gun as well as the torpedo. The manner in which both these weapons were employed points to long and persistent training in which officers and men profited by all the assistance to be obtained from the mechanical contrivances of Rear-Admiral Percy Scott; they adopted the "spotter," the loading-tray, and other appliances before even the British Admiralty had done so. They have their reward in the most complete naval victory recorded in history. This unique success was achieved by the use of instruments made in England on the same principles as those mounted in the British Fleet, and, in view of the recent "scare" as to British guns, the battle of the Sea of Japan must be consolatory to the British public. The Japanese by their triumph have given a testimonial to the heavy guns of the British Fleet which should set at rest any fears which may have been aroused.

#### (5) THE PERSONAL ELEMENT.

The completeness of the Japanese victory may be traced in large measure to the different characters of the crews of the two fleets. If we read between the lines of the story of the battle it will be realised that the Russians were demoralised almost from the first brush with the enemy. Brave though they are in close contests, they seem to have lost all ability to defend themselves when fired at by a determined foe three or four miles away, and to have been reduced to human pulp—without power of thought, initiative, or action. Only on this assumption can the extraordinary absence of Japanese casualties be explained, for Russian sailors, however deficient their war training, have never lacked courage—a courage without intelligence, such as a bull shows when he is at bay in the ring after the matador has driven him to frenzy. Courage of this character in the hand-to-hand fighting of the old sailing days was an asset of immense value as ships lay broadside to broadside, and the men swarmed over the bulwarks and fought hand-to-hand. But to-day the fight is between weapons which operate at a distance, and the destruction which they can effect depends not on brute courage, but on a clear eye, steady hand, and cool head trained to act in mechanical unison. The modern sailor who loses his nerve is a danger to his country, because "jumpiness" spreads like an infection. The Russian sailors had the guns, but we cannot doubt that they lost the coolness requisite to their use even had they been adequately trained. Indeed, the armament of the "lost fleet" was in no way incomparable to that mounted in the Japanese ships, because at least half a dozen of the Russian vessels



carried guns of the very latest types, while most of the Japanese weapons were of older design. The essential difference between the fleets did not lie in the gun or torpedo equipment, nor in any numerical deficiencies to be discovered by "paper" contrasts, but it lay mainly in the crews—in the training which the Japanese had undergone under fair and foul weather conditions, and in the absence of training in the poor fellows who were sent, willy-nilly, to the Russian ships; many of them were dragged from the plough in inland provinces and ordered to become naval gunners and torpedo men. Even an autocrat cannot work miracles, and the Tsar and his advisers failed.

## THE JAPANESE NAVY AFTER THE WAR.

Japan entered upon this war as the smallest of the seven naval Powers of the world, and she will emerge with a naval force which will be well able to dictate peace in Far Eastern waters. Her navy on the day when peace is signed will in any event be nearly twice as powerful as that with which she began the struggle. Never did any nation in modern warfare acquire such valuable prizes as have fallen to Admiral Togo and his colleagues. In the course of the fifteen months he has lost two battleships—though efforts to raise the *Yashima* are being made, it is said—and two effective cruisers, besides a few torpedo craft and many merchant ships. This is one side of the account, and on the other we have a long list of trophies, even if we exclude for the moment the Russian vessels which have been interned. The credit side of the Japanese war ledger, showing the Russian men-of-war which she has actually obtained already, reads as follows:—

## BATTLESHIPS.

	Displacement. Tons.	Port.	Remarks.
Orel .....	13,560	Taken to Maisuru	Captured on May 28.
Nicolas I. ....	9,700	Taken to Sasebo..	Captured on May 28.
Peresviet.....	12,674	} Port Arthur .....	{ Both these ships, which were sunk in shallow water, are being raised.
Poltava .....	10,950		
Retvizan.....	12,700	} Port Arthur .....	{ These two vessels, it is feared, cannot be salvaged; they are, at least, doubtful.
Pobieda .....	12,674		

## COAST DEFENCE SHIPS.

Gen. Adm. Apraxine } Adm. Seniavin .....	4,126	Taken to Sasebo..	Captured on May 28.
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## CRUISERS.

Bayan (armoured).....	7,800	Port Arthur .....	{ Sunk in shallow water, and will be salvaged.
Varyag.....	6,500	Chemulpo .....	
Pallada .....	6,630	Port Arthur .....	This swift ship is being salvaged.

## DESTROYER.

Bedovy .....	300	Sasebo .....	Captured on May 29.
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Japan, consequently, has every prospect, even if we eliminate such doubtful ships as the *Retvizan* and *Pobieda*, which were very badly damaged, of repairing and adding to her fighting fleet four battleships, two coast defence ships, and three cruisers.

Then there are the interned ships of the Russian Fleet. They are under the shelter of neutral flags, and when the war closes will, in ordinary circumstances, be handed back to the Tsar's Government, but under the treaty of peace the Japanese may insist on these men-of-war being ceded to them, since they escaped Admiral Togo's meshes only by flying within the sanctuary of neutral waters. These vessels, therefore, may possibly be added to the Mikado's Fleet. They include the following men-of-war:—

Type.	Name.	Displacement.	Port of internment.
Battleship .....	Tzarevitch .....	13,100	Kiao-chau.
Cruiser .....	Askold ..	6,500	Shanghai.
" .....	Diana .....	6,630	Saigon.
" .....	Aurora .....	6,630	Manila.
" .....	Oleg .....	6,675	"
" .....	Jemchug .....	3,100	"
Gunboat .....	Mandjour .....	1,416	Shanghai.
Destroyers .. .....	{ Smely, Boiki, Bespochtchadni, } Beschumni, Bestrachtzni .....	240 to 300	Kiao-chau.
" .....	Grosvoiv .....	—	Shanghai.
" .....	Skory, Stratni, Serdity, Vlastni...	—	Chefoo.

But the story of Japan's Fleet as it will exist after peace is declared is not fully revealed. While war has been in progress she has been busy fortifying herself to protect all she may gain by the strength of her arms. Apart from a large number of torpedo craft, which have been built in native yards since the war commenced, she has under construction, and approaching completion, the following powerful ships:—

	Displacement in tons.	Where building.
Battleship <i>Kashima</i> .....	16,400 .....	Elswick.
" <i>Katori</i> .....	15,940 .....	Barrow.
Two armoured cruisers...	13,500 .....	Kuré (Japan).

Both the armoured cruisers building in Japan have been launched, and on one the armour belt has been placed. Russia emerges from the war practically without a fleet, while, deducting the *Hatsuse* and *Yashima*, lost at sea, but including the interned ships and those now building, Japan will be stronger by five battleships, two coast defence ships, three armoured cruisers (including the *Bayan*), seven protected cruisers, a gunboat, and eleven destroyers. Such a triumph is the most extraordinary in the world's history.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

## A MORNING IN THE GALLERIES.

### IN DIALOGUE.

Now that I have retired to a quiet life in a beautiful country I am occupied with Nature more than with Art; and it is only with a wrench that I can leave the roses, rhododendrons, and lilacs for the smoke of town. But, as I do not wish to fall quite out of the modern movement, I take a look in now and then at the May shows, and had asked my friend Van Dyke, one of the young lions of the New Gallery, to point out what was best to be seen. He took me straight up to the *Lycidas*, the great sensation of the year. "There," said he, eagerly, "there is true Art. What a noble form! What a grand pose! What subtle grace in those curves of the leg! What dignity in those uplifted arms! It might be the young athlete who sat to Phidias for the Parthenon metopes. And those old Philistines at Burlington House made a 'record' in stupidity when they rejected—actually rejected—one of the purest masterpieces of our time!"

"But is it beautiful?" I asked in my innocence.

"Beautiful?" he said quite warmly, "we don't go in for beauty nowadays. We want truth, not beauty. Art has nothing to do with beauty. The aim of Art is to be real. If you want to see a real spinal column, an honest iliac muscle, a genuine biceps, and all ten tendons of the extensor frankly displayed, there you have them."

"Well!" I said, humbly, "I am no anatomist, and I daresay this is all as it looks on the dissecting table. But what puzzles me are those ten fingers all held up in a row. What does it mean? Is *Lycidas* a Neapolitan lazzarone playing at *mora*? What is the story?"

"Oh!" said he, "a great piece of truth in Art does not need any story. It is its own meaning. Perhaps *Lycidas* is what the Boers call a *Hands-upper*; he seems to be saying 'Don't shoot, I give in.' He looks rather down on his luck, as if he has had enough. But see how truly Greek is the vitality of those limbs! How daring is the realism of those tendons! How defiant of conventions is the frankness of the pose!"

"Thank you," I said, "for your lesson in Art. If I had come here alone I should have taken it for a scraggy youth in an ungainly attitude—a sort of naked man 'Friday,' startled by the footprints of cannibals on the shore."

As I spoke we were joined by an old friend of my own, a certain

Sir Visto, rather a testy amateur of the old school, who had seen all the galleries in Europe and often dined with the R.A.'s.

"You call that scare-crow Art?" he said. "Why, it is a mere cast from a very ill-shapen pugilist. And the attitude is only fit for a Fiji Islander's wooden idol."

"My young friend here," I said, "has been telling me of the magnificent modelling of the back, the ribs, and the thighs. Isn't there great merit in the way these muscles stand out clean and taut?"

"Well?" said Visto, "I grant him there is good modelling in the trunk. The pectoral muscles are well marked, and the scapula shows power, crude as it looks. But just look at those saucers above the collar bones. The arms are those of an Egyptian mummy, and can anything be more spidery than those skinny thighs and calves?"

"Truth, fact, realism," cried Van Dyke with warmth. "*Lycidas* is not intended to be pretty. He is not one of your androgynous hermaphrodites, but a man in fighting condition, trained to the last ounce, and no girls' fancy man."

"Oh! I grant you he is a man, plain enough and no mistake; he would serve on a stand for a lesson in anatomy at a hospital."

"Is not that the highest praise?", asked Van Dyke. "He is meant to teach, to display, to exhibit fact, not to be a type of prettiness."

"Oh! dear no!, he is a type of ugliness. He is a mere cast, or facsimile, of an emaciated bruiser, with his four limbs stuck apart like a child's doll undressed. Look at his flat splay feet, the corns on his long toes, and the bunion of the right foot joint. Look at him from behind, and you will see a big letter W stuck upon a pair of tongs."

"Well!", said Van Dyke rather peevishly, "we have happily got rid of the conventional Pyramid in a work of sculpture, and all the stale nonsense about symmetry in composition, a right arm to balance a left leg, and the centre of gravity to fall in the middle of the base."

"I grant you," said Visto, "there is neither symmetry, nor balance, nor centre of gravity about *Lycidas*. I was always taught that the first condition of a statue is, that it has to be viewed all round in every position. It should have at least eight characteristic points of view—and all eight ought to be at once impressive and graceful. But in *Lycidas* all points of view are equally ugly, ungainly, and unmeaning."

"Ugly, ungainly, as you please," cried Van Dyke, "but true to fact. Art needs no meaning. It does not mean anything, except '*So it is—I see it so!*'"

“Ho? ho?”, laughed Visto,—“truth, fact, realism! How does *Lycidas* stand? You know, dear boy, that it is only a doll, a wax model, with wooden supports inside. *Lycidas* could not be executed in marble, or even in bronze, or any permanent material. It is only that it is a patchwork of wood and wax, that he can stand steady on his big feet. I suppose that is why they are made so long and ugly. Show me a work of Phidias, Polyclitus, Lysippus, Fraxiteles, or Agasias—marble or bronze—where a whole figure stands unsupported on its feet alone. Look at any Apollo, Aphrodite, Hermes, the Diadumenos, Doryphoros, Apoxyomenos, Niobid, Artemis, Satyr, Antinous, Heracles—they all have leg supports, or they would not stand. Why, even the ‘Borghese warrior’ of the Louvre, with its outstretched legs apart, has to rest upon a tree stump. Your *Lycidas* may look more natural, just because it is a doll—a toy. Talk about truth. It is a fraud; a thing stuck together to look like bronze, when we all know it could not be really made in bronze at all.”

But here I thought the discussion was getting rather warm, for this sally had knocked Van Dyke out of time. So I proposed that we should all walk round to Piccadilly and see what the R.A.’s had to show us.

“We have got rid of all these antiquated conventions about Greek types,” muttered Van Dyke doggedly; “what matters what Lysippus and Praxiteles did? Art is free, and makes its own laws as it grows with new ideas and younger men.”

“Stay for five minutes,” cried Visto, “and have a look at a bit of real Art, in that group named *Venus at her Toilette, with Cupid*. Now there is beauty, grace, symmetry, truth all together. It has the subtle secret of the Renaissance, the joy of life, ideal charm!”

“Ah!”, I said, “by the Grand Old Man of Italian art, who has done more to keep alive the flame of Tuscan glory than any living amateur. It is a wonderful *tour de force*; but Michael Angelo and Titian continued to work to an even greater age. Art is the most vivifying force in Nature, and makes the healthy and the happy old ever young!”

“Yes!”, said Visto, “my old friend, Wemyss, I remember, was the contemporary of John Ruskin at Christ Church, and he is still carrying on some of the best traditions of art judgment, which Ruskin has long ceased to inspire. But let me tell you that the *Venus* here is not only an astonishing *tour de force*, but is in itself a fine, pure, and original composition, harmoniously conceived; lovely in all its parts, and as a whole.”

“Oh! I grant you it is pretty, refined, well—say, beautiful, if you like,” grumbled Van Dyke, “for those who care for beauty in

Art. I daresay it reminds people of the old artists' idea about grace and that sort of thing."

"Can anything be more useful to-day than such a reminder?", asked Visto.

"Come to Burlington House," said I, "and as we walk along, Van Dyke shall tell us why these young fellows make such a dead set at Beauty, and why they will have it that the business of Art is to hold up the mirror to ugliness, to pourtray nothing that is not common, queer, or even grotesque."

"Why!", broke out Van Dyke, "we are all sick of these teatray prettinesses of "The Thames at Dawn," "Pine woods at Sunset," "Meadows in May," "June Blossoms," and all the namby-pamby goddesses, nymphs, "blue eyes," and "golden locks," which are very well on a bon-bon box for a girl, but disgust grown men in a picture gallery. Art should be real, not conventional; and of all things the most fatal to Art is that which pleases the eye. The painter has to show people what they never saw and never could see—what he sees, and as he sees it. It does not matter what it is—a brick wall, a blind beggar, a hog, a dung-hill—all are equally the subject of Art, when the artist has looked at them till his soul has grown into them, and they have grown into his soul. The new rule is—Paint just what you see, but take care that it is what nobody sees but yourself, and what nobody could like if he did see it. The business of Art is to shake up your Philistines, your Bottles, and Mrs. Grundys, out of their hum-drum lives, to teach them how queer and how nasty the world can be, and often is."

"You want us all to go 'slumming' in a picture gallery?", said Visto, "you can't all be Bernard Shaws, my dear boy, and paint paradoxes and cranks all day long. Is there no alternative between weak prettiness and coarse realism? Because some painters are finikin, some babyish, and some academic, is High Art to be limited to ditchwater and rags? If we are sick of strawberry cream and truffles, we don't want to be stuffed with garlic and tripe."

"It does not matter *what* you paint," said Van Dyke, "the only thing that matters is, *how* you paint. A picture is not intended to *please*—ought not to *please* the person looking at it. It is intended to show what clever things the painter could do with his brush. Brush-work is the beginning, middle and end of a picture. If a picture interests the public by its subject, or is beautiful as an object to view, so far it draws off attention from the cleverness of the painter, and thereby ceases to be sincere Art."

"One would think a painter was an acrobat," said Visto, "and

his only aim was to show you what astonishing tricks he could play with his fingers. For my part, I don't care, as the old Duke used to say, 'a twopenny d---n' for a painter's tricks. What I want is a beautiful work and fine imagination."

"Imagination!", said Van Dyke. "We don't want to *imagine* things. We want to *reproduce* them—show them just as we see them. Imagination is the ruin of Art! We painters have to make things look just as they are."

"Why, that is what photographers have to do! And they beat you realists hollow at it! Is a Kodak snap-shot of a kitchenmaid taken in my backyard, Art? It certainly reproduces faithfully the look of a very commonplace object."

"It would be Art if the painter could make the backyard as absolutely true to fact as the photograph, adding colour, chiaroscuro, and tone. Let him get his 'values' right—and all is right!"

"Surely," I murmured, "it would be a dull piece to hang over one's dinner-table."

"This cursed photography," Sir Visto broke in, "has been the death of Art. It has shown artists how infinitely subtle and various are the facts in the simplest and commonest object. A bootmaker puts his own ugly mug on his trade card. Soaps, cigars, whiskies, and corsets, drench us with photographs till life has become a sort of revolving panorama of commonplace, crudely realised in all its naked vulgarity and dullness. We live in a photographic *inferno*; and now Art thinks it *chic* to be equally literal and tedious."

By this time we had reached Burlington House, and I hoped to have a less lively debate. Sir Visto took us straight into the large room and stood before *The Finding of Moses*, by Sir L. Alma-Tadema. "There," said he, "is a fine subject finely treated. We want no catalogue to tell us what it represents. Anyone who has ever read or heard of the delightful idyll in second of Exodus sees at once that it is Pharaoh's daughter returning from the bath, and bringing the baby in his ark. The composition, the local colouring, the archaic 'properties' and costumes, are all those of a master. How ridiculous it was of Ruskin to tell us Alma-Tadema always painted twilight! Is not this sunlight, and sunlight in Egypt? A fine picture! a fine conception!"

"It has too much beauty, elegance, and harmony for me," growled Van Dyke. "Why are all the girls so pretty, and so fair of skin? There is nothing pre-historic, barbaric, cruel, ghastly about the scene—nothing to remind you of the ferocious edict of Pharaoh and the leader who was one day to drown him in the Red Sea. I admit it is beautiful, if that is what you want. It is too smooth, too refined, too idyllic for me."

"Well!", I said, "the story is an Idyll, you know. Pharaoh's daughter was a gracious Princess, not a bloodthirsty tyrant, and Moses at four months had not grown to be the Prophet of Israel. The Plagues of Egypt had not yet begun. And we may imagine an Idyll if we please by way of contrast."

"Imagination is the foe of truth," said he.

Sir Visto then led us up to the President's *Cup of Tantalus*, which he called on us to admire. "Poynter," he said, "is always graceful, learned, correct, classical——"

"Conventional——" interrupted Van Dyke.

"See how thoughtfully every detail is studied," said Visto, not noticing his young friend, "the drawing firm, true, natural; the composition subtle; the whole atmosphere one of harmony and charm?"

"Why does the child in the transparent shift stretch up on her toes when it is plain she can't reach the other's hand by twelve inches at least? And why doesn't the long girl, in the dark robe with a palm-branch fan, step down to the fountain herself?" grumbled Van Dyke.

"My dear boy," said I, "you might as well ask why did Keats see charm in a 'Grecian urn,' you don't forget how it ends, do you?—"

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

"I can see neither beauty nor truth," said the painter, "in these Hebes, Ariadnes, Nymphs, Sapphos, Pindars, and other machine-made Hellenisms which the Academy seems to encourage. They are crude 'academies,' as the French say, and the local colour and staging is cheap enough."

"Good work too often leads to poor imitation," I suggested, "as we saw with Raphael himself; but weak copies do not spoil the value of a true master's work."

"This is what the 'Ideal' lands us in," said the painter, with a chuckle, as he pointed to Frank Dicksee's picture in Room I. "Is there anything ideal in those ten fingers stuck out like a *Lycidas* No. 2, reaching after a sort of ballet-girl seen through a gauze screen?"

"Ten fingers poked in the air seem all the rage this year," said Visto, "but at any rate this fellow's thighs are not quite such starved sticks as those in the wax-work in Regent Street."

"Come, now, let us look at the portraits," said I, "we shall not be troubled about ideals there."

"I don't know that," said Van Dyke; "some of these smart women look as if their portraits had been commissioned not by



their husbands, but by their dressmakers as trade advertisements to puff their 'creations.'"

"There is a portrait, indeed," cried Sir Visto with enthusiasm, taking us to Sargent's *Signior Garcia*, "power, truth, character, in every line. That is a portrait which Velasquez might have owned."

"Agreed, agreed, we shan't quarrel over that," said Van Dyke; "Sargent is the one man to-day who dominates both Academy and New Gallery at once, the man who unites mastery of his brush to originality of conception—for sheer skill of hand he is matchless and unerring."

"A really great painter," said Visto, "when he chooses, and does not play tricks, or is not poking fun at his sitters."

"When does he not choose?", asked the painter.

"When he dashes off a satin gown in an hour, and flings in a lace furbelow with three dabs of his brush."

"And if he does," retorted the painter, "who could do it as well in a week's work? Besides, the gown and the furbelow have to be looked at at least fifty feet away."

"That is scene-painting, not portraiture," said Visto; "I quite agree that he has a marvellous gift of *technique*, but why does he dab his shadows in with vermilion, and why are his women rouged on the lips? Hung on a gallery wall twenty yards off, the effect is brilliant, but I call it a trick, when you look close into the handling."

"You don't mean to say that he makes game of his own sitter?", I asked quite simply.

"Well!", said Visto, "you remember the old dealer with the thick red lips and the dog putting out his tongue to mimic his master. And see how he bedizens his other multi-millionaire sitters as if he said with his tongue in his cheek—what figures of fun they are! But just come across to the grand Blenheim group."

"Surely," I said, "that is a superb piece for a great historic palace. It reminds me of the Vandykes at Genoa. What a grandiose group! The mighty Marlbrook, with the conquered banners of lilies and his descendants to the tenth generation. What life in the two boys, in the spaniels, what *bravura* in the whole composition!"

"Oh! *bravura* indeed," said Van Dyke, "perhaps a trifle overdone, rather too pompously majestic."

"Why do you say making game of his sitters?", I asked simply.

"Well," said Sir Visto, "you see that, by the artifice of placing the Duchess on the step and the Duke below it, the impression is

produced that she is about ten inches taller than her husband. I have not the honour of their acquaintance, but I doubt if the difference is as much as that. The Duke seems rather embarrassed by the weight of his robes, and the beautiful head of her Grace is stuck upon an elongated neck which reminds one of the new saurian, *Diplodocus Carnegii*."

"Yes!", said Van Dyke, "he has the defects of his qualities. He can't resist a sensation; and the millionaires with their big prices are leading him to scamp it. But when he tries his best, as in his *Mrs. Raphael*, he is as serious as Rembrandt himself."

"It's a fatal snare to a painter to become the rage in the smart world," said I, "especially when the smart world is vulgar and tasteless. Even Vandyke and Reynolds had too many sitters, though their sitters had beauty, manners, and refinement."

"The worst of it is," said Visto, "that Sargent, like every man of original genius and splendid success, is teaching two or three other good men to imitate his *bravura* and his scene-painting legerdemain. Sargent can make a satin gown dazzling bright with fifteen sweeps of a thick brush. But when other men try to do it, they seem to be using a mop or a broom."

"He is the greatest master of portrait we have had since Millais stormed the town," said Van Dyke, "and has an even subtler eye for character."

"Yes!", said Visto, "but the genius he has for characteristic points is so keen that it betrays him now and then to make an actual caricature—I daresay quite unconsciously. He sees a trait in a sitter's face or figure, and in his eagerness to catch it he makes it almost ridiculous."

"Come and look at the *Burghers of Landsberg*," said I; "there is a solid piece of work indeed. Look at it across the Central Hall, and you might fancy at a first glance the R.A.'s were sitting in council. One feels that there are the very Bavarian citizens, simple, serious, thoughtful men of business—full of character, and composed with skill and truth. It is no bad revival of the old Dutch Corporation groups to be seen at Haarlem, the Hague, and Amsterdam. It is a real success in a difficult subject."

"Not much of the ideal, not quite high art," said the Connoisseur.

"The ideal be d—d," laughed the painter; "the Von has scored this time. All his portraits are first-rate. A good many of the old gang seem to have been waked up. Why, old Leader has broken out in a new place; and, after fifty years of Surrey pinewoods and commons, silvery Thames, and such serenities, he has found his way to the coast and the crags of the Cornish bays."

"A very good way it is," I added, "I know the cove well; and

it has never been painted with greater truth and force. I rejoice to see a veteran, who has been too often undervalued, turn in his old age to a grand subject like the cliffs of Cornwall in a breezy sea."

And so we wandered through the galleries, each of us throwing in a word from time to time.

"How tedious it must be for those poor royalties," I said, "to have to stand year after year for official portraits whilst the artist is piling on velvet robes, gold lace, ribbons, garters, crosses, sword-tassels, and jack-boots! It's just making tailor's dummies and modistes' blocks of the poor things. How they must hate it!—but *royauté oblige*."

"There's a fine thing, indeed," said Visto, "what life, manliness, vigour, and breezy air," taking us up to Furse's cub-hunting group; "what a loss to art!"

Heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,  
Tu Marcellus eris!

"Yes! indeed, a cruel loss," we all said.

"There are some good portraits, too, as well as Sargent's!," said Visto, "Oules, Shannon, Cope, Solomon, Fildes, Dicksee, and other less-known men. But the only man who can hold it with the great Frenchmen of to-day is plainly Sargent, and let us trust he will not spoil the rest."

"He won't spoil Oules," said I; "he is as steady, and solid, and thorough as ever."

Nor did we neglect the ladies. Lady Butler, as true and vigorous as ever; Lucy Kemp-Welch, with her inimitable feeling for a horse, and the rest.

"One of the most striking facts in modern art," I said, "is the immense addition of women as painters. I can remember in the 'forties, or even in the 'fifties, no woman exhibited an oil picture. You will now see every third name is that of a woman, and in the water-colours they have it all to themselves. Why is Lady Butler not R.A., I wonder!"

"Perhaps she declines the honour," said the young rebel.

Some of us lingered beside the Peter Grahams, the David Murrays, the H. W. B. Davis, MacWhirters, Arnesly Browns, Alfred Easts, and the quiet English rural bits which are not behind their usual form. But Van Dyke was all for Stanhope Forbes, La Thangue, and Clausen.

"All good men, and sound, pure, manly work," said Visto; "but you need not suppose that this is the last word in modern art, dear boy. A picture has not only to be painted well, it must be a thing that is worth painting—interesting, original, beautiful,

imaginative. As Tennyson said, you might write a very correct Wordsworthian line—A Mister Wilkinson, a clergyman—but this is not poetry. An old man with sticks, a sailor boy in a boat, a girl feeding a bird, are honest facts, which you may honestly paint—but they don't make a picture. Millet's *Angelus* has gone round the world, because it is more than an old peasant and his wife. It is a solemn and pathetic poem. To make a work of art something more than 'values' is wanted."

"It seems to me that the essential point to insist upon nowadays is the subject of a work of art," said I. "Many of these subjects that one can see on a road or a farm any day may be worth painting in small, on a canvas 16 × 10 inches. When it comes to life-size, on a canvas 60 × 48 inches, as a great gallery work, it is taking it all too seriously. Everything you see, painted as you see it, true to nature in lights, values, and surfaces, may be an honest piece of handiwork, but it is not art. Your 'Mister Wilkinsons,' in or out of the pulpit, bore us. Your beggar-boys, and sheep-cots, and sandhills may be perfectly true, but utterly tedious. Unless you can show us some memorable thing, some impressive trait in your beggar, your sheep, or your sand, we do not want you to labour the matter further. And then, how sadly the habit of exhibitions reacts upon the painter. He thinks what will amuse the summer visitor, not what will rejoice the heart to be upon our walls. One of the cleverest pictures of the year, which attracts a crowd all day by its admirable life, its ingenious telling of a complex story, by its intense 'modernity,' as the slang goes, would hardly be a pleasant work to hang over one's dinner-table, on so large a scale, to be looked at day after day, day and night. One's guests would ask, as they sat down to dinner—'Well! who is she?' And there would be whispers all round. The curse of exhibitions is that they encourage painters to labour out silly japes of their own, incidents picked out of *Tit-bits*, to attract manmas by some baby nonsense, and to attract girls by mawkish sentiment. There will always be a lot of poor stuff whilst painters think only of their palettes, and not of their minds; whilst they get their ideas out of trashy novels, comic plays, and watery poems. Painters want cultivated brains as well as nimble fingers. Come, let us walk round the National Gallery before we go to luncheon."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

## HOW IT STRUCK A CONTEMPORARY.

IN a previous number of this REVIEW, I attempted a brief analysis of predictions concerning the course of domestic politics made by certain eminent writers during the early 'sixties. A comparison of these with the actual course of events suggested a few reflections upon the pitfalls which await those who prophesy on public affairs. The object of the present article is—very tentatively—to apply a similar method to certain leading questions of foreign politics. Approximately the same date may be taken as the starting-point, for it happens to be just anterior to the striking series of events which, in 1870, were to complete the organisation of Europe, as we now know it. The material available is so abundant that only a very small part of it can be passed under review; but special attention may fairly be given to the *Essays on Foreign Politics*<sup>1</sup> by the late Lord Salisbury recently published. The profound interest of these is that they furnish a brilliant contemporary comment, unrevised at any subsequent date, upon the beginning of the great movement which eight years later was to culminate in the establishment of the modern German Empire.

As a preliminary to this study, let us endeavour to reconstruct the picture of Europe as it appeared to a statesman living in the early 'sixties. The memory of the revolutions of 1848—1849 was still sufficiently in men's minds to create a suspicion of democracy and a sense of the instability of existing institutions. Italy was still in the making, but securely on the way to do for herself what Napoleon III. had left undone at the Peace of Villafranca. The Bourbons had finally been driven from Naples and South Italy (March, 1861), and though the Austrians were still in Venetia, and the Pope still ruler of Rome, the final issue was scarcely in doubt. Hopelessly weakened in Italy, Austria was engaged in a confused struggle with others of her nominal subjects, of whom the Hungarians, under Deak, were shortly to win a final victory over the Germanisers and to emerge as an autonomous nation. She still, however, held the acknowledged hegemony of the German States and cherished the dream that the unity of the thirty-eight sovereignties which composed the German Confederation would eventually be accomplished by her.

(1) *Essays*, by Robert Marquess of Salisbury, 1861-1864. Vol. II. *Foreign Politics*. London: John Murray.

The part to be played by Prussia was as yet obscure. Bismarck, though approaching the most critical moment of his career, was scarcely known in Europe, or, if known, was regarded as a perverse kind of reactionary, more dangerous to his own country than to its neighbours. The opposition of the Prussian Parliament to his scheme for reorganising the army was publicly in evidence, but not the stubborn will which was to suppress the Parliament and prepare Prussia for her rôle of blood and iron. In France Napoleon III. was at the height of his prosperity, and to English observers the future of Europe seemed to hang upon his obscure intentions. The near Eastern question had temporarily been settled by the Crimean War, and Russia was occupied in the emancipation of the Serfs and the suppression of the Poles. Across the Atlantic the American Civil War had just broken out.

The European question in which England was chiefly interested at this moment was that of Schleswig-Holstein, and the controversy which had arisen between Denmark on the one hand, and Austria and Prussia on the other, as to the fate of these two Duchies. I need not weary the reader with the complications of this affair. It was the kind of quarrel which historians are accustomed to call inevitable. On the map the Duchies are an integral part of the Danish Peninsula, and their sovereign was the King of Denmark; by race and custom they were predominantly German, and looked to the German diet to protect them from the "Danification" which would have destroyed their German character and separate political existence. In 1850 there was a conflict between the Danes and the Prussians, in which the former were victorious. Then came the diplomatic patch-up by the Powers called the Treaty of London (1852), Prussia for the time giving way, but inwardly protesting. For the next few years the King of Denmark pursued his policy of "Danification," thinking to protect himself against a renewal of the German attack, but in reality providing the case which his opponents were shortly to use against him. The affair was precisely one of those about which the opposing parties might hold contradictory opinions without departing from the truth. The Danes naturally wished the Duchies to be Danish, the Germans not less naturally claimed that they ought to be German. The Danes in "Danifying" violated the rights of the Duchies; the Prussians in desiring to annex them, threatened the rights of the Danish sovereign. The sympathies of England were wholly with the Danes, and Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell had gone far in speeches and despatches to create the impression that, if they followed the advice of the British Government, they would, in case of attack, be

defended by the armed forces of this country. Lord Palmerston said in the House of Commons that "if any violent attempt were made to overthrow their rights and interfere with their independence, those who made the attempt would find in the result that it would not be with Denmark alone with which they would have to contend." Only one interpretation could fairly be placed on those words, but, nevertheless, when Austria and Prussia made their joint attack in 1864, it was with Denmark alone that the issue was fought out, and except in one unimportant sea-fight, the Danes were utterly worsted. England was now out of the affair, and in a peace concluded at Berlin, the Danes surrendered the Duchies into the hands of the allies. The cession of Holstein to Austria provided—and was no doubt intended to provide—the ground for the quarrel between Prussia and Austria, which was the next of Bismarck's remorseless designs.

The second volume of Lord Salisbury's *Essays* is mainly occupied with this question. It is the chief theme of two of the essays, the third deals with the cognate question of Poland, which had exercised Europe during the previous year, and in which also Great Britain had played the part of ineffective remonstrant. Lord Salisbury's argument takes the form of a controversial dilemma, and is driven home with unsparing logic. Either Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell should not have used the language of menace to Prussia and Austria, or they should have made good their words when Prussia and Austria defied them. Either they should not have led Denmark to expect assistance, or they should have stood by her when she was attacked. Whether Lord Salisbury himself was in favour of armed intervention, has been debated since these *Essays* appeared, but the natural inference from the closing passage of the Essay entitled *The Danish Duchies* is certainly that he was.<sup>1</sup> That, however, is immaterial for present purposes. His argument, as it stands, is unanswerable. There is no defence for the diplomacy which threatens without counting the cost, and though his invective is fiercer than the manner of these times, and could hardly have been agreeable reading to those of his contemporaries who cherished illusions about their country, yet its effect is salutary, and it clears the ground for a new departure in British policy. From henceforth Great Britain was not to interfere in the politics of Western Europe, but to devote her whole energy to sea-power, and to expansion over-sea.

For the purposes of current controversy, nothing could have been more effective than Lord Salisbury's line of argument. Yet, in looking back on it, we are struck with the limitations in the

(1) *Essays*, II., 148.

point of view. The relation of the affair to the national politics of Germany, and the seeds which it contained of the subsequent quarrel between Austria and Prussia, escaped Lord Salisbury, as indeed, it escaped Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell. We look in vain for the name of Bismarck either in these Essays or in any contemporary English comment. To Lord Salisbury the attitude of the Germans is a piece of the "German madness" and he warns them accordingly :—

There is so far method in the German madness that the excitement is wildest in some of the smaller States, which are tolerably safe from punishment. Their wisdom in trying to precipitate a conflict in which, individually, they can hardly lose, and may possibly gain, may perhaps be justified by the event. Saxony, for instance, will probably in any case reverse the fate of Francis I., and escape with everything except her honour. But it is not easy to understand how any reflecting men in the larger States can blind themselves to the danger upon which they are rushing. Germany has no friend on any frontier. All around her are lying enemies covetous of some possession that belongs to a German crown, and only waiting for an opportune moment to attack. The first sign that the lengthy Danish controversy was drawing towards actual war has brought out a proclamation from Garibaldi to the Italians, and from Kossuth to the Hungarians. Russia is probably in no mood to forgive Austria the base of operations which the Poles have found upon the Galician frontier; and the Servians will have little affection for the staunch upholders of the Ottoman Empire. The hardihood of an Austrian statesman, who is eager to bring on war upon the Eyder, has something in it of antique grandeur.

But Austria will not be the only sufferer. On the left bank of the Rhine lie provinces of Bavaria and of Prussia, which for half a century have been at once a temptation and a reproach to France. They offer a prize to ambition, and at the same time they suggest memories of humiliation and hopes of revenge. The sovereign who should reunite them to the French Empire would build his dynasty upon a foundation which neither Liberal nor Legitimist could shake. They are already half French in laws, and more than half French in sympathy. They would be easy for the French to conquer; and the barrier of the Rhine would make it difficult for the Germans to regain them.<sup>1</sup>

Germany in this connection must be read as including Austria, and, so far as she was concerned, there was reason in the warning. Austria, indeed, was to pay heavily for her part in this enterprise, but in a manner quite unforeseen by the author of this article. But, as regards Prussia, advice and warning were wholly superfluous. Never was a policy undertaken with such precise appreciation of its consequences, or with a more dogged determination to make it serve an ulterior purpose as yet unavowed. If there were any "reflecting men in the larger States" who

(1) *Essays*, II., 140-2.



doubted the wisdom of the course on which Prussia was bent, Bismarck was ready for them, as he showed two years later, when he occupied Hanover, Dresden, and Cassel as a preliminary to his attack upon Austria. Opinions may differ about the morality of Prussian policy at this period. One recent writer speaks of the Danish campaign as a triumph of Bismarck's, because it was the deeply thought out manœuvre of how to embroil and compromise Austria and so bring about the second war."<sup>1</sup> Another remarks that for "complete and absolute cynicism his (Bismarck's) proceedings at this time are not surpassed even in his own career."<sup>2</sup> But, whatever may be the moralities of the matter, there is not the slightest doubt that from 1864 onwards to 1870, Bismarck was engaged in the deep-laid continuous scheme by which he was to divide and conquer the various rivals and neighbours, who stood between Prussia and her ambition to unite the German States under her leadership.

All this is a mere commonplace of history on looking back, yet at the time it was hidden alike from Austria, France, and Great Britain. Austria entered unsuspectingly into the affair of the Duchies; Napoleon III. was completely hoodwinked by Bismarck at the Biarritz interview; Great Britain remained in the dark until the last moment before the Franco-German war. Within three weeks of the outbreak of that war, the chief of the permanent staff of the Foreign Office informed Lord Granville that "he had never known foreign affairs in a more tranquil condition," and in France the unhappy M. Ollivier was of the same opinion. In an admirable passage in these Essays Lord Salisbury demonstrates the immense importance of the harbours of Schleswig and Holstein to a nation with "a future on the sea," and here, indeed, he is abundantly justified by the development of Kiel and the construction of the great canal which now connects the North Sea with the Baltic. Yet at the same time he denounces the desire to possess these harbours as not merely immoral, which perhaps it was, but as a fantastic and dangerous ambition of the irresponsible national party. Germany to him seems a dangerous chaos of illusions and ambitions. "No one," he writes, "would have ventured to predict that the ambition of a United Germany might be as dangerous to the peace of Europe as the ambition of France or Russia. Unhappily this movement for national unity did not fall into the hands of the more sober part of the community. It was closely linked with the secret propaganda of those wild democratic theories which the Revolution had left as its legacy to Europe. The Democratic and the National Party grew up side

(1) *Foundations of Modern Europe*, by Emil Reich (Geo. Bell), p. 200.

(2) *A History of Modern England*, by Herbert Paul (Macmillan). Vol. III., 43.

by side in an alliance so close that they could barely be distinguished from each other. In such companionship it was not likely that the designs of the National Party would be marked by a spirit of moderation, or a respect for the rights of others; moderation, especially in the matter of territory, has never been characteristic of democracy. Whenever it has had free play, in the ancient world or the modern, in the old hemisphere or the new, a thirst for empire and a readiness for aggressive war has always marked it."<sup>1</sup> This was a favourite theme of Lord Salisbury's to the end of his life, and though he was responsible for adding more territory to the British Empire than any other Prime Minister of modern times, he seldom missed an opportunity of telling the public that the quarrelsomeness of the nations, and their thirst for empire, were an excess of the democratic spirit which had swamped the old-fashioned sober statesmanship of kings and chancellors.

Whatever truth there may be in this generalisation it certainly did not apply to the situation in Prussia in 1863. For King William I. and Bismarck were in that year riding rough-shod over the Prussian constitution and the will of the democracy as expressed by the Lower Chamber, in their effort to create the army which was to be the instrument of the policy of blood and iron. The minority, which meant the King and Bismarck, had proposed a scheme which more than doubled the number of the troops and greatly increased their efficiency, but the democracy, so far from encouraging the military spirit or showing "a readiness for aggressive war," regarded the project as a scheme for arming the crown against the people. The Lower Chamber first amended the Bill out of recognition, and then rejected it altogether. Bismarck thereupon advised the King to prorogue the Chamber, silence the Press, and proceed with the Bill in defiance of Parliament and the constitution. This advice was followed, and if now we turn from Lord Salisbury's essay to Bismarck's autobiography, and to his correspondence with the King and other Ministers at this time, we get a complete inversion of the view which Lord Salisbury was impressing on the readers of the *Quarterly Review*. Bismarck relates how he went to see the King at Babelsberg on September 22nd, 1862, and found him in the act of abdicating, the instrument for that purpose having been actually drawn up and laid on the table before them.<sup>2</sup> He persuaded him to continue, however, and promised to join the Ministry for the express purpose of defying the Parliament.<sup>3</sup> A month later the King was again in the deepest dejection, and Bismarck went to meet him at Juterbogk on his

(1) *Essays*, Vol. II., 68.

(2) *Bismarck Reflections and Reminiscences*. Vol. I., 291.

(3) *Ibidem*, 310-13.

return from Baden-Baden, and they talked in the railway carriage on the way to Berlin. "I can perfectly well see where all this will end," said the King; "over there in front of the Opera House, under my windows they will cut off your head, and mine a little while afterwards." "*Et après, Sire,*" answered Bismarck. "*Après?* indeed we shall be dead," replied the King. "Yes," continued Bismarck, "we shall be dead; but we must all die sooner or later, and can we perish more honourably?" Bismarck goes on to tell us how the King recovered himself as the talk proceeded, and "assumed the part of an officer fighting for kingdom and fatherland," an officer "who has orders to hold a certain position to the death, no matter whether he perishes in the task or not." And thus, when they arrived at Berlin he received the ministers and officials who awaited him with a "joyous and combative" disposition.<sup>1</sup> In the correspondence we have the frankest avowal of the aims of these autocratic personages. "Therefore, my noble bear-hunter," writes von Roon, in January, 1869, "be coolly calm and keep the aim—preservation from democratic anarchy—in view: away with fretful agitation!"<sup>2</sup> The Crown Prince vehemently took the other view and got himself into a sad scrape in consequence. "I will tell you," he writes to Bismarck on June 30th, 1863, "what results of your policy I foresee: You will tamper with the constitution until it loses its value in the people's eyes, and in this way you will incite anarchist endeavours which go beyond the constitution. You will also be driven, whether you wish it or not, from one venturesome interpretation to another, until finally the naked, undisguised breach of the constitution is recommended."<sup>3</sup> The Prince accurately reflected the views of German Liberals and Democrats, who regarded the military movement as hostile to German unity, and many of whom actively opposed the invasion of the Duchies in the belief that Bismarck's intention was to expel Prince Frederick of Augustenburg, and to hand back Schleswig to Christian IX. of Denmark.

There could scarcely be a more instructive study of opinion than is furnished by a comparison of Lord Salisbury's Essays with the Bismarck letters and reminiscences of this period. The first give us the contemporary European view; the second show the real design and intention as it was actually carried out. To Lord Salisbury German politics seemed hopelessly chaotic. "It is, of course, not possible," he writes, in 1863, "to forecast the political form into which the seething mass of German populations will ultimately crystallise. But one of two alternatives may safely be

(1) *Bismarck Reflections and Reminiscences.* Vol. I., 310-13.

(2) *The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck.* Vol. II., 112.

(3) *Ibid.*, 107.

predicted of the destiny of Germany as a European Power. Either the present subdivision which neutralises her natural resources will cease and she will become one of the most powerful Empires in the world; or else—a far likelier issue—the present enthusiasm will exhaust the energies of a people so unpractical, without leading to any definite result, and Germany will fall back into her old condition, more divided, more stagnant, more impotent than before, and more helplessly the slave of Russia.”<sup>1</sup> “I had indicated plainly enough the direction in which I was going,” says Bismarck of his action in 1862. “Prussia—such was the point of my speech (to the Budget Commission on September 30th, 1862)—as a glance at the map will show, could no longer wear unaided on its long, narrow figure the panoply which Germany required for its security; that must be equally distributed over all German peoples. We should get no nearer the goal by speeches, associations, decisions of majorities; we should be unable to avoid a serious contest, a contest which could only be settled by blood and iron. In order to secure our success in this, the deputies must place the greatest possible weight of blood and iron in the hands of the King of Prussia, in order that, according to his judgment, he might throw it into one scale or the other.”<sup>2</sup> And in another passage he speaks of the King being “helped across the bridge of the Danish question to the point of view of 1866, i.e., from speaking to doing, from phrase to action.” The “far likelier issue,” as Lord Salisbury calls it, “that Germany would fall back into her old condition,” had at that very moment become the least probable, and the “seething mass of German populations” were from henceforth in the grip of the most masterful statesman of the nineteenth century. And the wars which followed, so far from being the random outbreaks of democratic passion, were each in turn engineered by one man, who with consummate skill and foresight imposed his master-plan upon King and people. “The zeal for German nationality,” writes Lord Salisbury, “if it appears to us hot, is at least invariably safe. Once convince them that the raid on Denmark is not safe, and the excitement will subside with a marvellous rapidity. . . . Let Germany see distinctly that war with Denmark means war with England, and the Governments that are now weakly yielding will draw courage to free their subjects from the imminence of a greater danger.” That, it must be said, with all respect, is a disastrous passage. We are uncomfortably struck in reading the Bismarck letters to find how little weight was attached at Berlin to the threat from England. There is a curious letter from Bismarck to the King,

(1) *Essays*, 11., 143.

(2) *Bismarck Reflections and Reminiscences*. Vol. I., 309. *Ibid.*, Vol. I., 308.

dated December 11th, 1863—eleven days before Holstein was occupied by German troops—in which he “begs most respectfully that your Majesty will be gracious enough to receive Lord Wodehouse” (on his way from Copenhagen, where he had been sent to offer good advice to King Christian), “so as not at once to deprive him of the hopes set by England on the result of the Copenhagen negotiations.”<sup>1</sup> Prussia, in other words, had made up her mind to act, whatever England might say or do, though it was more convenient not to disclose her intention until the allied troops were actually in possession of the Duchies. It must by this time have been as clear to Bismarck, as it was a fortnight later to our own Government, that England could not act single-handed, nor obtain the assistance either of Russia or France, except on terms which it was impossible for her to accept. The Prussian Minister never missed a point in the European game, and he was well aware of the estrangement which had arisen between England and France from the coolness of Lord Palmerston towards the Emperor’s grandiose project of a European Congress and from the fiasco of the joint remonstrance of the two Powers against the Russian treatment of Poland. This extraordinary man at all times in his career knew twice as much about the affairs of his neighbours as any of them knew about the designs of Germany, and it must have been plain to him at this moment that England never was in a worse position to gain European assistance.

Lord Salisbury was wrong in yet another respect. It did not dispose of the question of the Duchies to speak of it as a German “raid on Denmark.” Though Prussia had tied herself in a knot by her adhesion to the Treaty of London—that “terrible treaty,” as the Prussian King kept calling it—which guaranteed the succession of Christian IX. and his suzerainty over the Duchies, the German Confederation which forced the question was not bound by that treaty, and the Federal Diet had always protested against the Danish constitution of 1855 (which incorporated the Duchies with Denmark) as an infraction of its rights. More than this, Holstein had always been a part of Germany, and the inhabitants, even of Schleswig, were to a large extent German-speaking. These circumstances may, or may not, have justified Prussia in picking holes in the Treaty of London, but they explain the excitement in Germany and the strong exception taken by Germans to the “Danification” of the Duchies. It was a mistake to interpret these feelings as the aimless excitement of a democracy bent on aggression which could be checked by plain speaking on the part of the British Government. At the same time, a contemporary observer had every excuse for misreading the signs of the times in the early

(1) *The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck.* Vol. I., 37.

'sixties. Germany had certainly during the previous years been in a ferment of confused policies and combinations. The previous twelve years had witnessed the revolutions of 1848, the abortive experiment of the national Parliament, the refusal of the King of Prussia to accept the imperial dignity, the re-establishment of the Confederation, and the overthrow of the Liberals, and much vague and apparently purposeless agitation on the part of National Unions and Reform Unions. So far as the outward seeming went, Lord Salisbury had every warrant for speaking of the "seething mass of German populations," and their unpractical energies. What he missed, and what all foreign observers missed, was the strong creative impulse which was at work beneath these agitations on the surface, and which, directed by a statesman of genius, was to weld the fluid material into one of the most powerful Empires in the world. The affair of the Duchies was the beginning of this final consolidation, and it restored to Prussia the opportunity which she had thrown away when King Frederick William refused the leadership offered him in 1849 by the national Parliament.

Let us turn now for one moment to the final part which the British Government played in this affair. It was not heroic, and it fairly lies open to the censure which Lord Salisbury passes on it. The Danish Government had strictly followed the advice which the British Cabinet offered to it, and in so doing had actually furnished Prussia with the handle that she desired for forcible interference. The details are too complicated to enter into at this moment, but Lord Salisbury's analysis of them is searching and just.<sup>1</sup> Yet in the last resort the Danish Government found itself single-handed in presence of Austria and Prussia. It was not that Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell disagreed with Lord Salisbury about the merits of the case. They shared his views about the "raid on Denmark," as is shown in a multitude of speeches and despatches; they considered the conduct of Austria and Prussia to be "discreditably bad."<sup>2</sup> But at the critical moment they were without allies, and intervention to any purpose was a physical impossibility. It has been said in subsequent times that they were beaten in the Cabinet, and—as an alternative explanation—that the Queen forbade the war. Lord Palmerston's letters do, indeed, furnish evidence of dissensions in the Cabinet, and the Queen, no doubt, was personally averse from war with Prussia, but the decisive fact was that the Government was without the force for this enterprise. Lord Palmerston himself avows as much in his letters to Lord John Russell. "The truth is," he writes on February 13th, 1864, "that to enter into a military

(1) *Essays*. Vol. II., 213.

(2) See *Life of Lord Palmerston*, by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley. Vol. II., 430.

conflict with all Germany on continental ground would be a serious undertaking. If Sweden and Denmark were actively cooperating with us, our 20,000 men might do a good deal; but Austria and Prussia could bring 200,000 or 300,000 into the field, and would be joined by the smaller German States." So it appears that when the moment for action came the British War Office were only prepared with an expeditionary force of 20,000 men. Lord Malmesbury, who was responsible for the Treaty of London, and who moved and carried the vote of censure on Lord Palmerston's Government in the House of Lords, appends this instructive footnote to the passage in his memoirs in which he records (under date January 29th, 1864) that "the Queen will not hear of going to war with Germany." "It is perhaps well that we did not enter into this contest, as our army was not armed at that time, like the Prussians, with the breechloader, and we should probably have suffered in consequence the same disaster as the Austrians did two years later."<sup>1</sup> It is at least to Lord Palmerston's credit that his miscalculation of the forces at work did not involve us in the fate of those who tested the military strength of Prussia during the next ten years. The legal maxim, *nemo ultra posse*, came into play at this point.

We have seen that Lord Salisbury, in 1863, considered it to be "the far likelier issue" that Germany would "fall back into her old condition, more divided, more stagnant, more impotent than before and more helplessly the slave of Russia." This appears to have been the view of both political parties in this country. In Lord Palmerston's view the danger to be apprehended from Prussia was not that she would be too strong, but rather that she would be not strong enough to play her part in Europe. We find him comforting himself about the Duchies in 1865 by saying that "it is better that they should go to increase the power of Prussia than that they should form another little State to be added to the cluster of small bodies politic which encumber Germany, and render it of less force than it ought to be in the general balance of power in the world." "Prussia," he continues, "is too weak as she now is ever to be honest or independent in her action; and with a view to the future, it is desirable that Germany in the aggregate should be strong, in order to control those two ambitious and aggressive Powers, France and Russia, that press upon her west and east."<sup>2</sup> It was, in fact, not Germany, but France, which at this time ranked as the menacing and aggressive Power. In a passage of forcible rhetoric Lord Salisbury warns the Germans that when they have plunged into war and "renounced the protection of public

(1) *Memoirs of an Ex-Minister*. Vol. II., 315.

(2) *Life of Lord Palmerston*. Vol. II., 446.

law, by shamelessly breaking it themselves," the time of the French Emperor will have come—the Emperor who was awaiting his opportunity "to wipe out the memory of Mexico" by seizing the provinces on the left bank of the Rhine "which for half a century have been at once a temptation and a reproach to France."<sup>1</sup> These provinces "would be easy for the French to conquer, and the barrier of the Rhine would make it difficult for the Germans to regain them." In the famous correspondence in which Lord Palmerston rebuked Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden<sup>2</sup> for desiring to reduce expenditure on armaments, it is to the ambitions of France that he appeals as justifying a high degree of military and naval efficiency on our part. "We have on the other side of the Channel a people who, say what they may, hate us as a nation from the bottom of their hearts, and would make any sacrifice to inflict a deep humiliation upon England. It is natural that this should be. They are eminently vain, and their passion is glory in war. They cannot forget or forgive Aboukir, Trafalgar, the Peninsular, Waterloo, and St. Helena." This fear of France powerfully possessed Lord Palmerston during the last four years of his life, and was, in effect, fatal to the intervention that he desired in the affair of the Duchies. For how could he expect the French to support him, if he desired, at the same time, to block the most cherished projects of the French Emperor (*e.g.*, his European Congress in 1863) and to deprive him of all possible means of benefiting himself which might arise out of the joint adventure? Louis Napoleon, as he had shown in 1859, did not belong to the class of men who "serve God for nought." Lord Palmerston had to make his choice between the aggrandisement of France and the aggrandisement of Prussia, and, with whatever lamentations over the fate of Denmark or protests against the discreditable conduct of the Germans, he preferred the second alternative when it came to action. "It might, of course, have been very different," is the remark of Lord Palmerston's biographer about the upshot of this affair, "could England have consented to French conquest on the Rhine as the price to be paid for French assistance."

What emerges from this analysis is that the leading features of the second greatest formative period of the last century—the features which have all the obviousness of the inevitable on looking back—were mostly hidden from the contemporary observer. Lord Salisbury and Lord Palmerston looked out upon the ferment of the German States and saw neither purpose nor principle in their excited movements. They supposed the invasion of the Duchies

(1) *Essays*. Vol. II., 142.

(2) *Life of Lord Palmerston*. Vol. II., 446.



to be the random act of democracies bent on aggression, whereas in reality it was the first act in a deliberate policy imposed by the despotic will of one man. They were seemingly unaware of the existence of Bismarck, and had missed the significance of the constitutional struggle between him and the Prussian Assembly in regard to his openly avowed policy of "blood and iron." Lord Palmerston supposed Prussia to be too weak to maintain her proper place in Europe, whereas she was shortly to prove herself the most formidable of military Powers. On the other hand, he believed France to be a growing menace to her neighbours, and especially to Great Britain, whereas, in reality, she had exhausted the energies which the second Empire had brought into being, and had definitely entered upon the period of decline which led to the catastrophe of 1870. All these misconceptions were shared in Austria and France, and with disastrous consequences to both Powers. Austria looked on complacently while reorganisation and rearmament proceeded in Prussia, and remained content with her old-patterned muzzle-loader. The result was seen at Königgratz. France also remained invincibly convinced of her superiority to all-comers, and the warning despatches of her military *attaché* at Berlin were found unopened in the bureau of her Emperor after the disaster of Sedan. Lord Granville, as we have seen, was assured by his Permanent Secretary at the Foreign Office within a few days of the outbreak of the Franco-German war, that he had never known foreign affairs in a more tranquil position.

It is intelligible enough that the first steps in this continuous policy should have been misunderstood, but almost inconceivable that the intention should not have been perceived after the first and second warnings. Bismarck's diplomacy was open and unashamed. He entrapped Austria after the Danish war by a device so simple that one would have supposed it could scarcely deceive a child. His manner of settling with Austria after the six weeks' war, and his forbearance towards the southern States which had sided with Austria, looks in retrospect like an open advertisement that he was preparing for another war. Why were these signs not perceived by his contemporaries? We can only say that the idea of a new Power is one of the hardest for the official mind to entertain. And what was Prussia or these German States and petty Principalities, with their sham royalties and absurd courts, their impracticable metaphysicians, turbulent socialists and pedantic professors, that they should presume to challenge their great neighbours and break in upon the ordered solemnities of Europe as decreed by the acknowledged Potentates? Diplomatic theory knew nothing of these upstarts.

. . . . .

It was not only in European affairs that the statesmen of this period showed their ignorance of the future. The American Civil War was raging, and that also presented an inscrutable problem to English public men. In the year 1862 Mr. Gladstone had made his disastrous declaration—for which afterwards he made such ample reparation—that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. It is unnecessary to dwell on the notorious fact that English sympathies were mainly with the South during this struggle; what concerns us here is that to the most expert observers the cause of the North looked hopeless at this period, and the disruption of the United States inevitable. In the autumn of 1862, Lord Russell circulated a memorandum to the British Cabinet in which he came to the emphatic conclusion that it had now become a question for the Great Powers of Europe whether it was not their duty "to ask both parties to agree to a suspension of arms for the purpose of weighing calmly the advantages of peace." A peaceful separation between North and South seemed to Cornwall Lewis the best solution for the North, though on other grounds he objected to the proposed intervention.<sup>1</sup> Lord Palmerston seems to have been torn between two emotions, one "a desire for severance as a diminution of a dangerous Power,"<sup>2</sup> the other a desire "not to mix ourselves up with the acknowledgment of slavery."<sup>3</sup> In those circumstances he "prudently held his tongue," but he, too, appears to have been of opinion that the cause of the North was desperate. Some of the enthusiasm for the South was tempered by the fear that the North, if beaten, would still be "left with a fine army, which they might use in attempting the conquest of Canada, a country difficult to defend."<sup>4</sup> It is unnecessary to multiply quotations; the simple fact that concerns us is that all the estimates of the situation which found favour in official and unofficial quarters were disastrously wrong. From de Tocqueville's prediction that the United States would be a land of moderate fortunes evenly distributed, down to Mr. Gladstone's assertion that Jefferson Davis had made a nation, prophecy about America had proved a particularly slippery business.

And finally we come down to quite modern times, and see the history of the great miscalculation about Germany repeating itself with astonishing fidelity in the Far East—in the long, skilful, and determined diplomacy of Japan and her persistent, unobserved preparations, and in the conviction of Russia that she had only to march through Manchuria and dictate her own terms at Tokio.

(1) See Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. Vol. II., 84.

(2) *Ibid.*, Vol. II., 82. (Mr. Gladstone's memorandum, written in 1896.)

(3) See *Life of Lord Palmerston*. Vol. II., 405. Letter to Mr. Edward Ellice.

(4) *Malmesbury Memoirs*. Vol. II., 261.

The warning which France had in the Austrian campaign of 1866 was duly given to Russia in the Japanese and Chinese war of 1895, and went similarly unheeded. Historical experience seems, indeed, to count for nothing in the business of international statesmanship. Looking round the world at the present time, one can but ask rather anxiously whether there is any other ferment going on, any other statesman or nation working silently towards an unexpected crisis which is similarly hidden from the eyes of contemporaries.

That is too difficult a speculation to enter upon at the fag-end of this article, but let me add, to prevent misunderstanding, that the object of this analysis is not to encourage scepticism about the part which statesmen and statesmanship play in the world. I can imagine someone asking why, if the wisest of men are thus shown to have walked in darkness about the most conspicuous affairs, we should not close our Foreign Offices and let the inscrutable forces which determine human destiny carry us whither they will. The answer is twofold : first, that if some statesmen appear to be blind, others are seen shaping events with indomitable will and courage, and bringing great movements to their predetermined issue ; secondly, that though the errors of statesmen are conspicuously recorded in history, they generally get less credit than is their due for the avoidance of disasters which might have happened but for their foresight and prudence. If historians recorded not only what happened, but what might have happened but for the saving hand at critical moments, some reputations, now rather low, would be handsomely re-established. Lord Salisbury himself certainly would not lose by this negative estimate. But when all is said, the history of the last forty years does reveal repeated failures to perceive what a subsequent judgment declares to have been the obvious course of events. Some of these failures might, one would suppose, have been averted by mere mechanical precautions, such as the existence of efficient intelligence departments, and the habit of diligently digesting their reports, but others, and the more important, are failures in the judgment of human nature, failures to appraise the value of moral causes, and of the hopes, ambitions, and ideals which govern men of other races. We are, perhaps, in rather special need of being reminded of this source of error at a time when nations are peculiarly in the habit of weighing each other according to the number of men they can put in the field or the number of ships they can launch against a possible enemy.

J. A. SPENDER.

## THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

I CANNOT hope within the narrow limits of a magazine article to do justice to the career of a statesman whose public services, rendered almost continuously and in both hemispheres, have extended, up to the present time, over a period of no fewer than thirty-five years. I think, nevertheless, that it would be a matter of profound regret, and almost a national loss, if a survey, albeit brief and incomplete, of Lord Lansdowne's splendid public services were postponed until he should retire from public life, or they should become the subject of an obituary notice. The memory of the public is proverbially short. It is occupied only with the affairs of the moment. Its outlook is prospective rather than retrospective. Hence too often in the past the stature of great men has received but scanty recognition until too late. Distance, apparently, was necessary to secure accuracy of perspective. Giotto's Tower and the Duomo seem most imposing from Fiesole. The old Campanile of St. Mark's was most impressive, viewed from the deck of the Chioggia steamer. When beheld from the Villa d'Este, or Tivoli, silhouetted against a westering sun, the colossal proportions of St. Peter's are best realised. It is none the less desirable from time to time to make a comprehensive survey of the public services rendered by our statesmen, so that the electors who are not blind to all save party interests may be in a position to judge how far it is desirable, or even safe, to entrust them with the further conduct of public affairs.

That Lord Lansdowne stands a valuable asset to the credit of the Unionist Party goes without saying. In the light of recent events he cannot fail to be appraised at an enhanced value in the searching political audit to be holden in the constituencies at no distant date. Lord Lansdowne is more, however, than a mere party property that serves to maintain Unionist credit at a high pitch. His ripe experience, sound judgment, and patriotism, are ever at the service of the State. They constitute a national resource upon which the country can draw to meet any liability, whether the Unionist Party be in power or not. He is a striking example of the advantage derived by the British Empire from the old nobility participating in its public affairs. Possessed of leisure and affluence, they can devote themselves very early in life to the public weal. Their social influence can secure for them minor offices which furnish abundant opportunities for the demonstration of their capacity to the leaders of party. At an

age when the successful lawyer, *savant*, or merchant, enters the political nursery, they are found fully equipped to administer the highest offices of State. Furthermore, their presence in politics is disinterested. If one excludes the laudable ambition to serve one's country by becoming a great statesman, a scion of the old nobility has nothing to gain by adopting a political career. Least of all Lord Lansdowne. Called to the House of Lords on the attainment of his majority he succeeded to an ancient title and great wealth, his Irish property alone totalling to more than one hundred and twenty thousand acres with a rent-roll of £32,000 per annum. In his twenty-fourth year he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's second administration. His speech introducing his first measure, the Newspapers, &c., Bill, a complicated scheme of reform, gave an earnest of his remarkable sagacity. Having served an apprenticeship of three years in the National Counting House, representing it in the Upper Chamber during that period, he was appointed Under-Secretary for War, and he assisted Mr. Cardwell to administer the Army until the Liberal *débâcle* of 1874. For the next six years he was a spectator rather than a combatant in the political arena; but when Mr. Gladstone returned to office in 1880 Lord Lansdowne accepted the Under-Secretaryship for India under the Marquis of Hartington. An Under-Secretary is at best a subordinate official. Though his advice and assistance may have been invaluable, it is his official chief who gains the *kudos* of every departmental success. The services of a capable Under-Secretary, however, are rarely forgotten. In due season promotion comes to the meritorious.

It came to Lord Lansdowne in 1883 when he accepted the Governor-Generalship of Canada. In appointing him Mr. Gladstone did a generous act, for it must not be forgotten Lord Lansdowne had denounced the proposed precipitate abandonment of Candahar. In 1881 he and the late Duke of Argyll furnished instances of patriotism triumphing over party when they seceded from the Liberal Government, rather than be parties to the Irish Land Bill proposed by their chief.

Lord Lansdowne's opposition to the Land Bill drew on him bitter personal attacks in the Irish Nationalist Press. A recrudescence of abuse broke out on his appointment to Canada, and he was promised the uncompromising hostility of the Irish in the Dominion. It was stated that he had received many letters threatening him with personal violence. Dynamite plots, too, were mooted, in consequence of which extra precautions were taken to ensure the safety of H.M. ships in Canadian waters.<sup>1</sup>

(1) *Times*, October 26th, 1883.

But the new Governor-General regarded not these signs of the times, which might have shaken the resolution of a less determined man. Sailing from Merville in an Allan liner, accompanied by Lady Lansdowne, he arrived at Quebec on the 23rd of October, 1883. His official entry on the day following was attended by great public enthusiasm and afforded an early opportunity for the exercise of a diplomatic temperament. In replying to the address of welcome, tendered by the Quebec Corporation, Lord Lansdowne spoke in French. That delicate compliment touched a chord in the hearts of his sensitive French-Canadian audience. A member of the staff informed me that no words could adequately describe the wild enthusiasm the speech evoked. The significance of his use of the language of the French-Canadian will appear more clearly from a brief survey of the history of Canada.

In 1525 the French took possession of the land discovered by Sebastian Cabot twenty-eight years previously. General Wolfe's troops, scaling the heights of Abraham, captured Quebec in 1763, and by the Treaty of Paris concluded that year, the remainder of Canada was ceded to Great Britain. The Imperial Act 31 George III. c. 31, divided the country into Upper Canada or Ontario, and Lower Canada or Quebec. These two provinces, however, were re-united by Lord John Russell, the Colonial Secretary, in 1840,<sup>1</sup> under the name of the Province of Canada. That proved to be a most impolitic measure. Prior to the cession Lower Canada was governed by French law, and the Roman Catholic religion was its established faith. After the cession the *lex loci* prevailed, and the already established religion received statutory confirmation. In Upper Canada it was not so, and the two Canadas found it impossible, owing to religious and racial jealousies and strife, to live peaceably under one government. In short, the Act of 1840 failed because it sought to combine the federal principle with unity of action in local affairs. To remedy this state of things the British North America Act, 1867, the great achievement of Sir John MacDonâld and the Conservative Party, was passed. It restored the separate existence formerly enjoyed by Upper and Lower Canada respectively, and united federally into one Dominion the Provinces of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick. Three years later Manitoba was added, and the North-West Territories annexed: in 1872 British Colombia, and in 1875 Prince Edward's Island, acceded to the Dominion. In these circumstances the people of Quebec appreciated the new Governor-General's adroit speech in their mother tongue, not merely as being a graceful

(1) 3 & 4 Vict. c. 35.

compliment to their susceptibilities, but as emphasising the recognition already accorded to them as a distinct political entity. Thus Lord Lansdowne scored his first diplomatic success.

Very early in his public career Lord Lansdowne had learned that Imperial unity does not require uniformity of language and race. To use an expression with which we have recently become familiar, he had learned to think imperially. His keen political vision refused to endorse the views expressed by Huskisson when Colonial Secretary, by Brougham, and by others, that England must cast Canada adrift. A short experience in the West convinced him that the superficial and somewhat interested sophistics of Professor Goldwin Smith grossly misrepresented Canadian feeling. He even ventured to traverse the dogma of Printing House Square that Canada was "a dead weight to England."<sup>1</sup>

In a speech delivered in Toronto on January 10th, 1884—twenty years before the renaissance of our colonial policy—he clearly enunciated the views he advocated. Protesting against the simile of a celebrated French statesman who had compared colonies to fruit which fell from the parent tree as soon as it became ripe, he said in language well worth repeating:—"If we are to make a comparison I think I can suggest a better one. I have seen in our English forests a stately elm still vigorous and majestic pushing out towards every point of the compass huge limbs, some of which promise to vie in strength and size with the parent stem. Of these some have from their very weight touched the earth and taken root there, shooting downwards into the soil and upwards towards the sky, and drawing sap and vigour, partly from the parent stock, and partly from the earth beneath, until at last the old tree has become the centre of a sturdy group, of which each member helps to shelter and support the rest."<sup>2</sup> Is it too much to say that in these words Lord Lansdowne adumbrated the Australian Commonwealth?

When the new Governor-General entered office the political horizon was clear. True, a Fenian plot or two against his life were alleged. The Clan-na-Gael, also, uttered threatenings. But there were no serious difficulties to be faced as, for instance, awaited Lord Dufferin in the Pacific Scandals, or the case of Lieutenant-Governor Litellier, which strained the relations between Lord Lorne and the Canadian Ministry to well-nigh breaking point. Trade was flourishing. During the last administration the revenue had risen from twenty-two to thirty-five million dollars, and savings-bank deposits from eight to twenty-

(1) "Canada and Empire," *National Review*, v. 27, 674.

(2) *Ibid* *Times*, May 22nd, 1888.

one million dollars. One thousand seven hundred and fifty of the 2,500 miles of the great Canadian Pacific Railway had been laid and were available for traffic. Before he left Canada Lord Lansdowne was able to realise the hope he early expressed to be the first Governor-General to cross the Rockies on Canadian metals. The absence of any question of transcendent moment left him free to devote all his energies to study Canada's wants. He had been, however, little more than a year in office when Louis Riel's rebellion broke out. The true cause of the rising was the ever-increasing volume of immigration into the North-West Provinces, which drove the half-breeds and Indians before it. Even at that date the immigration exceeded 50,000 a year. It has, indeed, been stated that the growth of Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, had been more rapid than that of Chicago in the corresponding period of its infancy.<sup>1</sup> Riel had previously induced a revolt in Manitoba, but the movement in 1870 was crushed by the Red River Expedition under Wolseley, whose brilliant career as a soldier dates from that period. Lord Lansdowne, however, had to deal with a much more formidable affair. Riel started with only a few hundred followers, but after the capture of Battleford by the rebels towards the end of March 1885, in addition to the half-breeds, almost all the Indian tribes in the North-West had dug up the hatchet and were on the war-path. Four hundred regular troops sent from Ottawa to assist the Manitoba Militia proved inadequate. General Middleton was then despatched with 1,500 regulars, and his first duty was to relieve Fort Carlton, whither a handful of British troops had retreated. His force was severely handled at Fish Creek, where Riel's rifle-pits were constructed on highly scientific principles. This check delayed Middleton's advance for some weeks. In the middle of May, however, by the skilful handling of his forces numbering over 5,000, he turned Riel's strong and well-defended position at Batoche, and scattered the rebels. Riel's subsequent capture, trial, appeal to the Privy Council, and execution, all are matters of history.

By midsummer the political horizon, upon which Riel's rebellion had for some time cast an ominous cloud, was again quite clear. Lord Lansdowne started on a long-projected tour through the North-West Provinces. Not, however, before he had appointed a Commission to redress the grievances of the half-breeds and Indians. They complained that many of the promises made after the suppression of Riel's first revolt had never been fulfilled, and Lord Lansdowne was satisfied, after making a preliminary inquiry, that some of the allegations were well-founded. The

(1) *Times*, December 5th, 1883.



tour of the North-West Provinces and the Pacific coast occupied the greater part of three months. Over 6,000 miles were traversed by rail or other means of transit. Everywhere the Governor-General was met by the warmest protestations of loyalty to the British crown.

It was about this time he made his first serious essay in diplomacy. What was known as the Canadian Fisheries Question had for a long time been the subject of diplomatic representation between Washington and London. Hitherto neither country had proposed a settlement which was satisfactory to the other. Of late, indeed, the notes on both sides had been worded in an acrimonious tone, which is always ominous in diplomacy. Lord Lansdowne saw the absolute necessity of solving a question which at any moment might bring the two nations face to face with a grave crisis. Accordingly he laboured to find a solution acceptable to both parties, and he set about his task with his usual thoroughness and caution. He spent much time and labour in studying the question in all its complicated bearings. He played the most important part in the protracted negotiations that ensued. He was the medium of communicating the views of both the Imperial Government and the Canadian Ministry to the White House. It was generally conceded that no man occupying a similar position ever rendered more valuable service in the settlement of a grave international question. At length his labours were rewarded, and he had the keen satisfaction of seeing the long-standing dispute amicably closed with advantage to the party whose cause he championed.

A persistent attack upon Lord Lansdowne by one of Mr. Parnell's henchmen, who had crossed the Atlantic to "raise the wind," marked the last year of his administration. It only served to increase his popularity. Counter-demonstrations were held by the Canadians. That at Ottawa was the most imposing ever seen in the capital.<sup>1</sup> It was an eloquent protest, as one of the speakers—an aged Roman Catholic priest—said, against men "who had come to America with old quarrels in their mouths." During his term of office on his initiative the Dominion was represented at the International Exhibitions held in London and Antwerp respectively. He took a deep interest in the literature, art, and science of Canada, and in its educational and learned societies. He lost no opportunity to urge the development of Canada on Canadian lines. For instance, he advised Canadian artists to draw their inspirations from Canada—a view quite compatible with that lofty imperialism he instilled into the Colonial mind.

Lord Lansdowne was fortunate in the early opportunity afforded

(1) *Times*, May 28th, 1887.

by the Canadian Fisheries Question for the display of his rare diplomatic bent. The scope of the Viceroy in Canadian politics has well-defined limitations. Speaking at a banquet in Montreal in 1878, Lord Dufferin expressed a very strong view in a delightful classic image. "After all," said he, "Viceroys of Canada are but *ἀμνηνὰ κάρηνα*—fleeting shadows and evanescent *eidolons*, that haunt your history but scarcely contribute a line to its pages."<sup>1</sup> This is perhaps a too modest view of the Governor-General's influence. But the initiation of a great policy by him would be not only a constitutional solecism, but a blunder in tactics, leading probably to a deadlock with his ministers, whose collective advice he is under an obligation to accept. It is, however, very different with the Viceroy of India. Unlike Canada, India has not, and in the view of many, never can have, constitutional government. The Viceroy's power of initiative is not circumscribed by any limitations. The policy directed by him, and his Council of six, is only subject to the control of the Secretary of State for India. In no other post under the Crown is there such isolated responsibility; none other affords such great opportunities for the display of statecraft.

But when Lord Lansdowne arrived in the Peninsula the day for easily achieving great reputations had passed, just as surely as the day for amassing great fortunes. The end of the path of conquest, entered and trod so gloriously by Lord Dalhousie, had been reached. With the annexation of Upper Burma a limit has been placed upon the expansion of our great Dependency in the Orient. The policy underlying the Government of India, fully developed by Lord Lawrence, was settled for all time. After years of weary negotiation the demarcation of the North-West Frontier had been brought to a successful issue by Lord Dufferin. Indian finance had been organised upon a broad and systematic basis by Lord Mayo, whose deplorable assassination in the Andaman Islands prevented him from seeing the fruit of his labours. His successor, Lord Northbrook, saw annual deficits disappear under the new system. It afforded him funds to combat a dire famine in Bengal. In an evil moment it tempted him, in 1873, to remit, to his reputation's hurt, the Income Tax, reimposed by Lawrence as a permanent source of revenue. True, our relations with the Amir of Afghanistan were unsatisfactory, but Lord Lansdowne had not any difficulties to face in that quarter at all comparable to those Lord Salisbury sent Lord Lytton to solve in 1876. "All is well in Oudh" was a far truer assertion in 1888 than when Dalhousie placed that celebrated telegram in the hands of his successor on the eve of the Mutiny. It has been said that India is continuously menaced by war, famine, and bankruptcy. Happily

(1) "Canada Under Dufferin," *Canada Monthly*, Vol. XIV., p. 733.

none of these added to Lord Lansdowne's responsibilities when he landed on her shores.

Since the alternative policy of the subjugation, or the disintegration, of Afghanistan was wisely abandoned, the Conservative policy has been to build up the kingdom of the Amir into a strong and independent State. But it is of vital importance to British interests that the ruler in Cabul should regard the Government of India with a friendly eye. The close proximity of the Russians, and their increasing influence with the Amir, caused much apprehension to the Indian Government in the early 'eighties. Nor was this feeling mitigated in the least by the scoffs of the Liberals, and the late Duke of Argyll, who in a happy moment characterised it as mere "Mervousness." There was imperative necessity to draw Cabul into closer touch with Simla. Lord Dufferin had this object in view when he held the celebrated durbar in 1885 at Rawal Pindi with Abdur Rahman, who had constantly to be reminded that he owed his throne to British bayonets. But news of the collision between the Russians and Afghans was received on the first day of the durbar, and complicated matters. Diplomacy was laid aside at once, and Lord Dufferin made energetic preparations for war with Russia. During the interval in which peace hung in the balance, supplies for two army corps were pushed up to within a short march of Candahar. The scare had at least one excellent result, for the work of the delimitation of the North-West boundary of Afghanistan was pressed forward to an early completion.

Lord Lansdowne re-opened the negotiations with the Amir on the lines of his predecessor's policy, but to the surprise of officialdom Russian influence, the exercise of which was first detected in 1870, again prevailed. The Amir declined to receive the proposed mission. The grave possibilities suggested by this open insult brought the question of frontier defence into prominence. Lord Lansdowne resolved to leave nothing to chance. In company with Lord Roberts the Commander-in-Chief, and other military advisers, he inspected every mile of the frontier, and all the British posts and fortifications. He rode through the Kohal Pass and visited Peshawar. He explored the Khyber Pass of evil memory and its environments. Arriving at Attock he embarked for a three days' expedition down the Indus. He visited Quetta, and inspected the British fortifications on the Gomal, the Kojak and the Bolan passes.

The immediate outcome of this comprehensive survey was that the number and strength of the various frontier posts were increased. During no period of the same length were so many defensive works carried out. To Lord Lansdowne's foresight and initiative was due the rearrangement of the railway systems of

India, to admit of the rapid concentration of troops at any given point on our vulnerable side. It has been said that the military pace in India during Lord Lansdowne's vice-royalty was financially killing. Without question the expenditure was great, but he was guilty of no imprudence. The work of strengthening the frontier admitted of no postponement. Lord Lansdowne did not shrink from the responsibility, and the masterful resource by which the strain was met places him in the front rank of financiers.

He, however, never lost sight of a peaceful issue and made persistent, though unostentatious, overtures to the Amir, but received no encouragement. Pursuant to this policy in 1892, he despatched an important mission under Lord Roberts to Jellalabad, diplomatically suggested as the *rendezvous*, but Abdur Rahman declined to receive it. It was said that the Amir was intimidated from receiving Roberts by the presence on his frontier of a "scientific" expedition of 400 Russians, which suddenly was transformed into 2,000 well-appointed troops. Undeterred by want of success in the past, Lord Lansdowne despatched the mission under Sir Mortimer Durand in the following year, and his persistence was at length rewarded with success. A satisfactory understanding with Abdur Rahman was arrived at which lasted until his death, and was renewed by his successor.

The policy of employing the troops of the native States in defence of the Empire was developed by Lord Lansdowne. In 1889 measures were taken to coordinate the drill and arms of these forces with those of the Indian troops, so as to render them capable of taking the field with the latter. The Imperial Contingent, as the specially selected bodies are called, is now a recognised auxiliary to the defences of India.

Although foreign affairs occupied Lord Lansdowne's constant and anxious attention during his entire term of office, he never lost sight of the great importance of domestic and social reform. The state of India afforded him scope for developing his schemes of progressive conservatism. He furthered with his heartiest approval the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Bill of 1890. Twenty various Acts dealing with this subject had been passed by the local councils but were easily evaded, and had become ineffective. The need for systematised legislation was urgent. Half-starved horses with festering sores were common sights in Indian, as in Italian, cities. Draft cattle were frequently subjected to brutal floggings and other ill-treatment. It was stated that the Calcutta butchers not infrequently flayed goats alive. Under the Act promoted by Lord Lansdowne, the brute creation in India enjoy practically the same protection as in the United

Kingdom. He also was most anxious to see Sir Raymond West's Bill to suppress gambling become law; especially pernicious was the practice of betting upon the rainfall prevalent amongst the Marwari merchants of the Western Presidency. But the East was not yet awake. Lord Lansdowne laboured also to improve the lot of the industrial toilers. Lord Shaftesbury first brought the discreditable state of the Indian Factories before Parliament in 1879. Two years later the Indian Factory Act, 1881, was added to the statute-book. It provided for the appointment of inspectors and certifying medical officers, the fencing of machinery, and prohibited the employment of any child under seven years of age, and children under twelve for more than nine hours a day: each should have one hour's interval daily for rest, and four days' holiday in each month. This excellent measure had, however, serious defects:—no protection was afforded to women, or to young persons over twelve years of age. The period, too, of working the mills was unrestricted: in many instances they were kept going for fifteen hours a day. Notwithstanding tremendous opposition by the Calcutta, Bombay, and other mill-owners, Lord Lansdowne's amending Bill became law, and he saw its satisfactory working before he left India.

For many years the cruelty of Indian child-marriages had shocked the mind and conscience of all right-thinking Anglo-Indians. Criminal records showed that child-wives were frequently done to death by the exercise of marital rights. Anglo-Indians, however, could never hope unaided to effect a change in practices sanctioned by religion and custom for centuries. Reform in this direction could only be effected from within.

Within yourselves deliverance must be sought

Each man his prison makes.

It was not until Mr. Malabari, a rich Parsee, publicly inveighed against child-marriages that reform came within the region of practical politics. The outcome was the passing of the Viceroy's age of Consent Bill of 1890, which fixed the minimum age of consent at twelve years.

His attitude towards the Indian Congress was that of a shrewd statesman. Representative government in India is not in sight. The land of the Moguls will not be fit probably for centuries for the slowly developed constitution of England, which is the envy of the civilised world. But Lord Lansdowne did not share Lord Dufferin's contempt for the "microscopic minority" who advocated the Congress. Of late years it appears to have been both large and representative. As early as 1891 it contained 965 Hindus, 221 Mohammedans, 22 native and 15 European Chris-

tians, 11 Jains, 7 Parsis, and 6 Sikhs: it included 6 princes, 4 Rajahs, 17 Nawabs, 3 Sirdars, 54 members of Indian noble families, and 455 lawyers. Early in his administration Lord Lansdowne pronounced it a perfectly legitimate movement. True, it called forth a counter-demonstration. Educated Indians know well that the introduction of representative institutions in existing circumstances in India is absolutely impossible. The Indian serpent is still potential to wound the European heel. But the Congress affords a certain section of British subjects a legal safety-valve for ventilating real or fancied grievances, and thus supplies a want felt some time or another in every civilised community. Lord Lansdowne extended the representative system in order to induce the better classes in India to take a more active part in public affairs. In the Indian Councils Act, 1892, he was careful to proceed with caution, but under it educated Indians can play a more important part in public life than formerly.

The many-sided new departures during Lord Lansdowne's administration involved considerable expenditure. The burden of meeting it was not felt until the last year or so of his viceroyalty, when the financial strain felt was chiefly attributable to the depreciation of the rupee. With a view to enhance the exchange, on the advice of his Council he sanctioned the closing of the Indian mints for the free coinage of silver. But if this measure failed to accomplish the end in view, Lord Lansdowne proved in his speech in the House of Lords in June 1894, on the Indian currency question, that it was not only amply justified in existing circumstances, but economically sound.

During Lord Lansdowne's term of office there were the usual number of punitive expeditions, but the policy of expansion was sternly discountenanced. He refused to annex the State of Manipur after the massacre of Messrs. Quinton and Grimwood had been avenged, and re-established native rule there. Firmness was a distinct feature of his *régime*. He never failed to impress upon the native Rulers that misgovernment would surely be punished, but that if they governed well their thrones and fortunes would be secure. He did not hesitate to depose the Khan of Khelat for cruelty, and set his son on the throne. He made a journey to Kashmir, where no Viceroy had previously visited, and restored to the Maharajah his administrative independence, which, for misgovernment, had been previously curtailed. He refused to ratify an unconstitutional guarantee, given to the corrupt Mamlutdars by Lord Reay, whose immediate resignation did not move him. His emphatic declaration after the sanguinary riots in 1893 in Bombay, that British arms would protect the meanest

subject in the exercise of his religion, did more to stop the cow-killing agitation, and mitigate the jealousies of rival creeds, than any repressive measure taken. The Senaputty would not have paid the extreme penalty for his abominable treachery had a less firm ruler been in office. In prosecuting the *Bungobasi*, the most influential vernacular journal, he taught the Yellow Press of India that there are limits to British endurance.

Lord Lansdowne's firmness in compelling the friendship of Abdurrahman, whose loyalty in the 'eighties was unquestionably wavering, proved displeasing to the Wedderburnian wing of the Radical Party. Shortly before his term came to an end Providence and a forgiving country had placed Gladstone again in power. To appease the Little Englanders—who were born then, but had not yet been christened—Mr. Gladstone proposed to reverse Lord Lansdowne's policy. The late Sir Henry Norman was designated Viceroy, not because he was the best man, not because he was nominated by Court influence like Lord Moira, the friend of the Prince Regent, but simply because he was known to be opposed to the policy of Lord Lansdowne. Norman's nomination was condemned both in India and at home. But St. Petersburg rejoiced. The *Novoe Vremya* was made glad. Happily wiser councils prevailed. Sir Henry withdrew, and Lord Elgin and Kincardine was appointed, and preserved the continuity of Lord Lansdowne's policy. After three years of inaction during which, on the authority of Lord Rosebery, his government had been but "ploughing the sands," the Liberals were dismissed from office. For the third time Lord Salisbury assumed power, and Lord Lansdowne became Secretary for War. That he had assimilated the working of our military system, and appreciated its defects, is clear from his speech on Army Reform in the House of Lords on 25th August, 1895.<sup>1</sup> There he expressed approval of an Army Board; he complained that the Commander-in-Chief was invested with too much power; he urged the constitutional position of direct responsibility to the Secretary of State for War. He also urged that the consultative element was insufficiently represented in Pall Mall, and that under the existing system the Defence of the Empire as a whole was sorely neglected. Those views expressed ten years ago underlie the present reforms at the War Office. To carry them into effect he laboured unostentatiously, without any attempt at what is called "window-dressing," but found himself beset on all sides by men who had been trained in the worst tradition, and whose interests were bound up in the *status quo*. Some progress, however, had been made at the outbreak of war, when hope of further advance was for the moment necessarily

(1) *Hansard*, 4th series, Vol. XXXVI., p. 770 *et seq.*

abandoned. If Lord Lansdowne did not carry his full scheme of army reform, it was because, an evolutionist and cautious, he shrank from revolutionary changes.

At the outbreak of hostilities in South Africa the performances of the War Department were regarded with envy and amazement by German, French, and Russian military critics. But they did not come up to the high standard fixed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his heterogeneous following. Party considerations stifled the still small voice of Radical patriotism. The Opposition made a determined effort to discredit the War Minister, and make party capital out of the shortcomings of the army system. How miserably it failed is a matter of history. Some say it contributed not a little to the Unionist victory in the autumn of 1900. The War Minister's appointment to the Foreign Office was Lord Salisbury's rebuke to his critics, and the nation accepted the appointment, having fullest confidence in Lord Salisbury. Lord Lansdowne, however, carried with him to Downing Street some of the odium which attached to the War Office for which, under the existing conditions, he showed in his speech in the House of Lords, in reply to Lord Wolseley, that the Minister for War could be, at most, but technically responsible.

In the Foreign Office Lord Lansdowne has found his *métier*. Before a year had elapsed the consensus of opinion pronounced him to be a worthy successor to Salisbury, Disraeli, and Palmerston. The dispute that arose with the United States in respect of the proposed Nicaragua or Panama Canal, was the first grave crisis with which the new Foreign Secretary had to deal. By the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850, Great Britain and the United States each agreed not to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Panama without the consent of the other. In February 1900, a convention, negotiated by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote, was signed, in virtue of which Great Britain consented to the construction of the Panama Canal by the United States, the latter undertaking to keep it open perpetually to the world's commerce, and to maintain its neutrality in time of war. No fortifications were to be erected, but the United States were permitted to police it for the maintenance of public order. The Senate amended the convention, claiming on behalf of the United States exclusive control of the waterway in time of war: they struck out the article under which the foreign Powers were to guarantee its neutrality, and they declared the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which they greatly disliked, owing, it is said, to having been outwitted by it, to be superseded by the amended convention, Lord Lansdowne without hesitation rejected the new convention, observing that the convention already agreed represented the



maximum of British concessions. In the further negotiations he stoutly maintained his ground. His vigorous action might easily have resulted in war, the risk of which no person appreciated more fully than Lord Lansdowne. But he held the cards, and therefore knew the Senate was "bluffing." His action was justified in November 1901, when a new Treaty was signed providing for the neutralisation of the Canal in time of war, as in the case of the Suez Canal.

Lord Lansdowne's dual aim in China was to punish the chief organisers of the Boxer movement, and thwart Russian designs on Manchuria. The Peking concert prescribed death penalties against Prince Tuan, Duke Lan, Tung-Fu-Hsiang, and others, but Russia, France, and the United States shied at this sentence. After protracted negotiations, Lord Lansdowne agreed to the substitution in the Punishments and Preparations Note of the word "severest" for "death." The United States sought to re-open the question on the grounds of a misunderstanding with their representative, but Lord Lansdowne firmly protested against a further postponement, as already justice had been delayed two months. The result was that the Note was forthwith signed. To Lord Lansdowne was due the insertion of the provision for the continued occupation of Peking and the province of Pechili, until the terms of the Note were fulfilled. Unfortunately his efforts to secure the execution of the three above-named offenders were unsuccessful, owing, it is said, to the fact that Li Hung Chang manipulated the concert through M. de Giers.

It was through the *Times* correspondent at Peking that the Foreign Office first learned of Russia's secret negotiations with China for preferential rights in Manchuria. Officialdom "poo-hooed" the news, but Lord Lansdowne saw no antecedent improbability of its being true. He determined to discover whether any negotiations were on foot, and immediately instructed the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to make unofficial inquiries. Count Lamsdorff met them with a categorical denial. The Foreign Secretary, knowing the devious ways of Muscovite diplomacy, was by no means reassured. He warned China to beware of the consequences of signing the alleged agreement, at the same moment moving Germany, the United States, and Japan, to address similar notes to Peking. Most unexpectedly fortune dealt the ace of trumps to Lord Lansdowne, when the actual text of the proposed agreement was officially forwarded by the Viceroy of Hankow. It was at once sent to St. Petersburg and an explanation demanded. Caught *flagrante delicto*, Lamsdorff declined to discuss the matter further, on the ground that it had no bearing on the concert. At the same time increased pressure

was put on China to sign the agreement. The Emperor appealed to Lord Lansdowne for help to oppose Russia, which was willingly promised, and in the result the obnoxious agreement was withdrawn. No less complete was his victory over Russian intrigues for the possession of the Chinese railways.<sup>1</sup>

The Foreign Minister's cautious and inexpansive policy in Somaliland is approved on both sides of the House. Owing to his vigilant watch on the Balkan Provinces the Sultan fears him more than any other European statesman, but the nation may feel assured that he will embark on no heroic adventure to cleanse the Augean stables on the Bosphorus. In 1903 he concluded an Arbitration Treaty with France, described by the *Daily News* as "the high-water mark of the present arbitration movement." In the Anglo-French Agreement of last year he bartered for definite obligations and advantages, certain inchoate rights in Egypt and Morocco, in Newfoundland and West Africa, in Siam, Madagascar and the New Hebrides, the exercise of which provided a fertile source of friction between Downing Street and the Quai D'Orsay. His foresight and judgment secured for Great Britain an alliance in the Far East, the value of which it would be well-nigh impossible to over-estimate. As one born out of due time, Lord Lansdowne realised that the best hope in the future lay in the co-operation of the three great naval Powers of Europe, Asia, and America—the most progressive in their spirit and methods. His happy combination of firmness, tempered with moderation, was again witnessed in the negotiations following the North Sea outrage, and the determination of the gravest international crisis, by the novel expedient of arbitration.

Happily the Foreign Minister's public career is not closed. In the conduct of the affairs of a mighty Empire international complications calling for prompt and skilful handling must often occur. In such circumstances, if the task of adjusting them be laid upon Lord Lansdowne, the nation may unhesitatingly place implicit confidence in his subtlety and nimbleness of mind, his fearlessness of action, his determination of will, and his inflexibility of purpose.

F. ST. JOHN MORROW.

NOTE.—Since these pages were sent to press the Treaty between Great Britain and the Amir of Afghanistan, dated March 21st, 1905, has been circulated as a Parliamentary Paper (East India: Afghanistan. Cd. 2534).—F. ST. J. M.

(1) *Vide Command Papers*: China, No. 7, 1901.

## THE MISSION TO CABUL.

THE circumstances which brought about the despatch of the mission to Cabul to negotiate the various points at issue between the Amir of Afghanistan and the Government of India, are probably too fresh in the mind of the public to call for any lengthy recapitulation. In brief, it may be said that the late mission arose from the proposal of the Amir Habib Ullah to the Government of India, that he should receive at Cabul, at the time when it was arranged that the Sirdar Inayat Ullah, his eldest son, should visit India to see the Viceroy on the return of Lord Curzon to office, a specially accredited agent for the discussing of various questions concerning his relations with us. As a matter of course, the Government of India welcomed a suggestion which appeared to provide a means of adjusting the difficulties which had arisen between India and Afghanistan.

Hitherto our relations with Afghanistan have been controlled by agreements which recent occurrences in Central Asia, in part, have nullified, while the development of Afghanistan itself, since they were concluded, further points to the desirability of bringing our earlier enactments more into accord with the existing situation. It will be admitted at once that any discussion between India and Afghanistan on the subject of the relations between the two countries, touches upon every important question in Central Asian politics, and that, in the interval which has elapsed since the Rawal Pindi Durbar of 1885 and the Durand Agreement of 1893, Afghanistan has advanced from the chaos and disintegration of its earlier state, until to-day it may be reckoned as a united and quasi-independent territory.

This change imparts to the relations subsisting between India and Afghanistan a new complexion, and one, it is to be feared, which was borne insufficiently in mind by Sir Louis Dane at the recent conference in Cabul. Nothing, perhaps, is less suited to our present needs than the mere confirmation of our old engagements with Afghanistan. New questions have come to the fore, fresh ties are ripe for consideration, and a more comprehensive acknowledgment of the British paramountcy is desirable with a view, as much to the interests of India, as to the peace of Asia. Indeed, the situation is now so different that the denunciation of

existing treaties and the execution of a fresh compact would have been better adapted to contemporary conditions than the literal confirmation of the old agreement which, in effect, represents the sole results of the Dane Mission. The Amir now holds the balance of the scales between Russia and India since the passing of twenty years has borne witness to the rise of a stronger Afghanistan. A corresponding change, too, has taken place in the position by which Russia is now distinguished in High Asia, and, with the advance of Russia and the rise of Afghanistan, it may be said that the old order has disappeared. The prestige of the British *raj* is no longer unchallenged; while, if Russia is politely contemptuous, Afghanistan exists in a state of open defiance. The position of Afghanistan, therefore, has become a determining factor in Central Asian affairs to-day, making it incumbent upon us to recast the lines upon which our policy towards the Amir is fashioned. If the enforcement of a new policy were to precipitate a rupture in our relations with Afghanistan there would be but little difference between that situation and the one with which we are now confronted. Sooner or later the Government of India must take its stand against the presumption of the Amir of Afghanistan. Postponement in the present state of our relations with Afghanistan only increases the difficulty, and it would have been better if the policy, which Lord Curzon is known to have counselled, had been carried through at the present juncture.

Instead of a progressive policy, however, our recognition of the significance of the change in the condition of Afghanistan threatens to bring about the complete effacement of our interests at Cabul. The partial eclipse of our prestige has already set in, and our attitude, as evidenced by the recent mission, is altogether cowardly. It may be questioned whether the confirmation of a previous treaty can be described as promoting the effacement of our interests. It cannot be, perhaps, unless the confirmation was all that could be secured, and was no other than what was demanded originally.

When, at the latter end of last year, the mission to Cabul was despatched, our relations with Afghanistan were not more unsatisfactory than they have been at any time since the death of Abdur Rahman. For many years before that event, indeed from the time when the rule of the late Amir became established throughout his territory and the sweets of sovereignty were better realised, and since the accession of his son, Habib Ullah, relations between the two Governments have been strained, in the main owing to the curious interpretation of the existing agreements between India and Afghanistan. From the view of Afghanistan there may be nothing singular in their manner of regarding their

treaties with us, but a policy which permitted so generous an interpretation of certain of the clauses, that it had become quite embarrassing to the Government of India, is open obviously to discussion or to the arrangement of a compromise.

There is no doubt that, since the death of the late Amir Abdur Rahman, our engagements with Afghanistan have stood in need of revision. Moreover, it is intelligible that agreements which were concluded so far back as the Rawal Pindi Durbar of 1885 and the Durand Agreement of 1893, well might merit further consideration in the altered circumstances of 1905. Habib Ullah himself would be probably the first to recognise the material change which the situation has undergone. In any case he has fostered the course of events with a growing appreciation of his own interests, and the importance of his State, and with a singular contempt of his relations with us. Unfortunately, the position is rendered the more difficult from the fact that the development of Afghanistan has brought about among the Afghans a very general feeling that the independence of their country should be recognised and that its quasi-protected condition should be finally and formally removed.

In this direction it is possible, perhaps, to feel some little sympathy with the ambitions of Afghanistan, and, if it were not an essential part of our policy to maintain Afghanistan as a vassal State, subject to the requirements of India and of a possible expansion in Indian policy, there is room for the benevolent toleration of not unnatural aspirations. Under existing circumstances, however, it becomes impossible to entertain the pretensions to independence which the late Amir, and the present ruler, each put forward through their unexpected interpretation of their treaties with us. In the main, where the views of the late Amir, as also those of the present Amir, diverged from the Indian interpretation of our agreements with Afghanistan, were in connection with the subsidy and the right to purchase and import provisions of war through India. Through disagreements with the Government of India, and with the view of maintaining the claim of Afghanistan to independence, the late Amir Abdur Rahman declined to draw the subsidy of eighteen lakhs of rupees, a refusal which has been continued by his son, Habib Ullah, from the time when that ruler succeeded his father. Again, while the ruler of Afghanistan has been permitted to disburse the subsidy in whatever manner he chose, if the strict reading of the treaty be observed, it will be seen that it was granted with a view to the pecuniary relief of the Amir's exchequer in the payment of the troops and for other purposes requisite to the defence of the north-western frontier of Afghanistan. These two questions, together with those raised

by the wished-for reorganisation of the Afghan army by British officers, and the opening up of more adequate means of communication between Peshawar and the Afghan frontier than the Khyber route affords, are the more important of several which, presenting themselves for discussion, it was hoped might be solved by acceding to the proposal of the Amir for the despatch of a representative of the Government of India to Cabul.

Broadly speaking, other questions, comprising the rectification of the Afghan-Persian and Afghan-Baluchistan frontiers, and the more general one which arises from the political and religious control exercised by the Amir over many of the tribes of the north-west frontier of India, might be grouped together as of less immediate significance but of material importance. Even now the list of questions suitable for discussion at Cabul could be extended, while, before alluding to those which the Government of India thought of sufficient importance to place on paper, it is of interest to recall the fact that at one time it was believed that among those points which were to be raised by the Amir himself would be :—

(1) The demand for an Afghan port which should be created by the grant of a strip of Baluchistan.

(2) The construction of a railway to run in connection with the port and the capital of Afghanistan.

(3) The introduction of the telegraph.

(4) The appointment of a representative in London.

It will be known already to students of Afghan affairs that the appointment of an agent in London and the provision of an outlet to the sea were regarded by the Amir Abdur Rahman with some little favour. But, however much he may have felt the desirability of securing for Afghanistan some channel through which the internal trade of his State might be developed and his people placed in a position to carry on an export and import trade without being dependent upon neighbouring countries, the present Amir has given marked evidence of his opposition to any such scheme. As propounded originally, it was contended that the Amir should acquire a strip of Baluchistan territory, starting from a point in the south-west corner of Afghanistan and terminating at a port on the Indian Ocean. This strip was to run along the wild region bordering on the Perso-Baluchistan frontier through a country inhabited by nomad tribes to a natural harbour situated at the extreme south-west of Baluchistan, and distant about two hundred and fifty miles from the Afghan frontier. If the Amir had succeeded in obtaining this concession he was to construct through it an Afghan railway, having one terminus at Cabul and the other on the Indian Ocean. The route through Baluchistan has been described as presenting no very serious difficulties. On

reaching the Afghan frontier, the line was to be carried *via* Candahar, the route thence to Cabul following an easy gradient.

As events were to prove in Cabul itself at the time of the Conference the Amir Habib Ullah made no attempt to discuss any of these questions, and in this respect, it may be added that it was with the greatest difficulty that he was induced to enter into any discussion at all upon the questions concerning the relations of India and Afghanistan. In India it had been considered that there might be a difficulty in the arrangement of the terms which were to be secured from the Amir, but that ultimately, and after protracted negotiations, our demands would be realised. To this end Sir Louis Dane, as chief of the Mission, was provided with a treaty which may be described as representing the irreducible minimum of demands by the acceptance of which it was hoped to establish a more enduring settlement of the present difficulties. Few people, with the possible exception of the Viceroy of India, were prepared for the unfortunate set back which the Mission received.

Without venturing into specific details it is sufficient to define the general scope of this treaty.

The clauses provided for :—

1. The extension of the Peshawar railway to Dakka.
2. Restriction of the importation of arms.
3. Reorganisation of the army.
4. Extension of the Indian telegraph system to Cabul.
5. The subsidy.

Certain subsidiary points of discussion, embracing the supervision of the frontier tribes and the relaxation of the more repressive restrictions against Indian trade, were included.

It will be seen that there is considerable divergence between this treaty and the one actually signed at Cabul on March 21st, 1905, which represents the result of the four months which Sir Louis Dane passed in the Afghan capital. The Dane Treaty is as follows, when translated :—

He is God. Extolled be His perfection.

His Majesty Siraj-ul-millat-wa-ud-din, Amir Habib Ullah Khan, Independent King of the State of Afghanistan and its Dependencies, on the one part, and the Honourable Mr. Louis William Dane, C.S.I., Foreign Secretary of the Mighty Government of India and the Representative of the Exalted British Government, on the other part.

His said Majesty doth hereby agree to this, that in the principles and in the matters of subsidiary importance of the Treaty regarding internal and external affairs, and of the engagements which His Highness my late father, that is, Zia-ul-millat-wa-ud-din, who has found mercy, may God enlighten his tomb! Concluded and acted upon with the Exalted British Government, I also have acted, am acting, and will act upon the same agreement and compact, and I will not contravene them in any dealings or in any promise.

The said Honourable Mr. Louis William Dane does hereby agree to this, that as to the very agreement and engagement which the Exalted British Government concluded and acted upon with the noble father of His Majesty Siraj-ul-millat-wa-ud-din, that is, His Highness Zia-ul-millat-wa-ud-din, who has found mercy, regarding internal and external affairs of principle or subsidiary importance, I confirm them and write that they (the British Government) will not act contrary to those agreements and engagements in any way or at any time.

Made on Tuesday, the 14th day of Muharram-ul-haram of the year 1323 Hijri, corresponding to the twenty-first day of March of the year 1905 A.D.  
(Persian Seal of Amir Habib Ullah Khan.)

This is correct. I have sealed and signed.

AMIR HABIB ULLAH,

LOUIS W. DANE, Foreign Secretary,

Representing the Government of India.

The agreement signed at Cabul on November 12th, 1893, by Sir Mortimer Durand on behalf of the British Government and the late Amir Abdur Rahman Khan, which is referred to in the above treaty, and bears reference to the exchange of territory north of the Oxus for land south of it, runs as follows :—

Whereas the British Government have represented to His Highness the Amir that the Russian Government presses for the literal fulfilment of the Agreement of 1873 between Russia and England, by which it was decided that the river Oxus should form the Northern boundary of Afghanistan from Lake Victoria (Woods Lake) or Sarikul on the East to the junction of the Kokcha with the Oxus, and whereas the British Government considers itself bound to abide by the terms of this Agreement, if the Russian Government equally abides by them, His Highness Amir Abdur Rahman Khan, G.C.S.I., Amir of Afghanistan and its Dependencies, willing to show his friendship to the British Government and his readiness to accept their advice in matters affecting his relations with foreign Powers, hereby agrees that he will evacuate all the Districts held by him to the North of this portion of the Oxus on the clear understanding that all the Districts lying to the South of this portion of the Oxus, and not now in his possession, be handed over to him in exchange. And Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, hereby declares on the part of the British Government that the transfer to His Highness the Amir of the said Districts lying to the South of the Oxus being an essential part of this transaction, and undertakes that arrangements will be made with the Russian Government to carry out the transfer of the said lands to the North and South of the Oxus.

The day previous to the signature of this treaty, November 11th, 1893, Sir Mortimer Durand addressed to the Amir Abdur Rahman a letter, which is as follows :—

When your Highness came to the throne of Afghanistan, Sir Lepel Griffin was instructed to give you the assurance that, if any foreign Power should attempt to interfere in Afghanistan, and if such interference should lead to unprovoked aggression on the dominions of your Highness, in that event the British Government would be prepared to aid you to such extent and in such manner as might appear to the British Government necessary in repelling it, provided that your Highness followed unreservedly the



advice of the British Government in regard to your external relations. I have the honour to inform your Highness that this assurance remains in force, and that it is applicable with regard to any territory which may come into your possession in consequence of the agreement which you have made with me to-day in the matter of the Oxus frontier. It is the desire of the British Government that such portion of the Northern frontier of Afghanistan as has not yet been marked out should now be clearly defined. When this has been done, the whole of your Highness's frontier towards the side of Russia will be equally free from doubt and equally secure.

It will be seen from the perusal of these treaties that the latest agreement establishes no more than the simple renewal of engagements which have their origin in the pledges given by Lord Ripon as Viceroy of India to the Amir Abdur Rahman on his recognition by the Afghan Sirdars at Cabul in 1880. As a matter of fact, this renewal on both sides of the engagements entered into between the Amir Abdur Rahman and the Indian Government, represents the limit to which the Amir Habib Ullah would permit himself to go.

After the preliminary receptions, the moment had arrived for the first actual conference, and the subject of a new treaty was broached by the chief of the Indian Mission.

"What was good enough for my father," in effect said Habib Ullah by way of reply, "is good enough for me," adding that he wished for no treaty, the agreement with Abdur Rahman amply satisfying his views. By way of explanation it was pointed out to the Amir that the treaties which had been arranged with Abdur Rahman constituted a private *modus vivendi*, and that the Government of India was prepared with a new treaty to be regarded as made between itself and the Amir of Afghanistan. Sir Louis Dane then proceeded to read over to the Amir a copy of the suggested treaty when the Amir interrupted with the remark, anent the restrictions against the importation of arms, that Great Britain professed friendship, and yet refused to supply the just wants of Afghanistan. At this clause, together with that concerning the extension of the railway to Dakka, the Amir appeared concerned, and from this point negotiations in connection with the British proposals practically broke down, Sir Louis Dane failing to elicit from the Amir or from his advisers anything more than the assurance that the ruler of Afghanistan did not wish for a special treaty, and that what was wanted he could prepare for himself. At a later date the Mission was supplied with a copy of the agreement which the Amir was anxious to see ratified, but from the moment when he raised his objections to the opening clauses of the treaty until Sir Louis Dane was in a position to give the assurance that the Imperial Government had acceded to his wishes, six weeks passed before the

members of the Mission were admitted to audience. Throughout this period it may be presumed that the Amir kept in touch with the progress of the discussion, for, although his principal advisers, with whom it had become increasingly difficult to negotiate, recognised the isolated position in which Afghanistan was placed, and refused to entertain the suggestion of the introduction of the telegraph to Cabul, the extension of the railway to Dakka, or the reorganisation of the military resources, it is doubtful whether they would have rejected such proposals upon their own responsibility.

Oddly enough, and in contrast to the position taken up by the advisers of the Amir, behind whom the prevailing influence was that of the Shahgasi and the Amir's brother, Nazrulla Khan, there is a tendency to look to India for assistance against the possible encroachments of Russia in the north-west and north-east, although their solicitude for the interests of Afghanistan does not extend to the efficient preparation of their own resources nor to the reorganisation of the fighting forces of Afghanistan under British officers. In fact, each one of the proposals discussed with the advisers of the Amir was negatived, the ministers evidently taking their cue from the attitude of the Amir himself. Under such circumstances, while it may be questioned whether, in the history of Asiatic politics, a British Mission has met with such a rebuff as that which has occurred in Cabul, it is certain that there is little which can defend the wisdom of accepting responsibility for the integrity of Afghanistan against the invasion of Russia when all facilities for such a purpose are deliberately withheld. As the condition of affairs stands now, it is not improbable that the Afghans would be pleased to permit Anglo-Indian forces to come to their assistance, once their own powers of resistance had been broken down, while, in the meantime, they deny us vigorously the possession of any point of advantage in the country itself, a consummation which is not quite that towards which our diplomacy has been directed. Against such an attitude of arrogant isolation it behoves the Imperial Government to assert its own authority by the occupation of the northern frontier of Afghanistan, less as a precaution against the invasion of India than as a solution of a situation in which our own position is quite untenable. Afghanistan is the immediate, and Persia the ultimate, objective of Russian expansion in Central Asia to-day, and I doubt whether India enters into the range of Russia's practical activity. The aim of Russian policy is inefficiently appreciated by politicians in England, the spokesmen of the Imperial Government itself observing the trend of events by much noisy outcry about the safety of India. British action in Afghanistan, and not the Russian invasion of India, is the problem. India is

safe enough until Afghanistan and Persia have passed away, by which time it will be patent that "the construction of strategic railways in Afghanistan by Russia" should not have been the sole factor determining British policy in our buffer State.

From the moment that the copy of the treaty, which had been drawn up by the advisers of the Amir, had been handed to the British Mission, the treatment accorded to the members of the Mission itself changed. While the treaty was in process of being transmitted to India, and forwarded from India to London, the interval at Cabul was occupied with the exchange of an elaborate correspondence between the principal advisers of the Amir's Government and the Chief of the Mission, the marked rudeness of which, upon the part of the Afghans, would have been sufficient justification for the summary breaking off of negotiations. Unfortunately, through the absence of adequate powers, the Mission had to await the decision of the Imperial Government upon the Amir's treaty, and when, in place of the order for the immediate withdrawal of the Mission, Mr. Brodrick sent instructions that the treaty, as arranged by the Amir, should be signed, it seemed as if the Mission had fallen into the pit which had been prepared for it. The attitude of the officials became even more insolent, the insulting demeanour of Nazrulla Khan indicating, upon every public occasion, a current of hostility which bodes badly for the reputation of the British *raj* in Afghanistan. Indeed, the feeling at Cabul among the officials of the Amir, and manifested equally by the great bulk of the inhabitants, was opposed to the Mission. Throughout this trying period matters passed gradually from bad to worse, the questionable courtesy of the Ministers becoming the scandal of the Cabul bazaars, and echoing far and wide throughout the regions of Asia. The culminating feature of a disastrous situation had still to be endured, and it may be said to have arrived when the Mission was informed that the Amir had changed his mind, and that the version of the treaty to which the Imperial Government had agreed was to be replaced by another. When this second agreement was produced, the difference between the new treaty and the old was of such a character that Sir Louis Dane declined to sign, a proceeding which was very proper, and earned the support of his immediate following. Instead of maintaining his position, however, and withdrawing from a situation covering all concerned in it with humiliation, he oscillated between the attractions of bringing home a treaty, however ineffectual, and risking the complete rupture of relations with Afghanistan, finally deciding to attach his signature to the document as a precautionary measure, and conditional upon its ultimate acceptance by the Imperial Government. The treaty as published,

therefore, may be held to embody the final form of the agreement which Sir Louis Dane secured from the Amir, although there is reason to believe that other and more important papers are in existence.

It is not to be supposed that the terms which Sir Louis Dane was authorised to secure would have provided more than a partial removal of the difficulties as they exist between India and Afghanistan. The acceptance of the treaty by the Amir would, of course, have done much to clear the situation, but there is no doubt that long prior to the departure of the Mission, matters, as between India and Afghanistan, had practically reached a point where the kindly offices of Government should cease and war begin. The policy of meeting the existing situation by friendly missions is useless. Half measures are no longer expedient, and steps should be taken at once to extract from the Amir of Afghanistan his compliance with our very just demands. If the Government hesitated to put into practice against Afghanistan measures which must have precipitated a rupture of a definite and irrevocable character, it would have been more in consonance with our position had the invitation from the Amir been declined.

The measures properly suited to the situation in Afghanistan should bring about the complete subjection of Afghanistan to British control, or plunge the Government of India into war with the Amir. There is no doubt that the present time is more opportune for such action than it is ever likely to be again. The risk of Russian intervention at this juncture is of the slightest, while the trained troops of India would inflict a salutary and very necessary lesson upon the armed rabble of Afghanistan. Terrible as the consequences of war may be, there must come a point in the affairs of States when the arbitrament of the sword is the only possible expedient, and such a moment has arrived on the Indian frontier in connection with Afghanistan. Unfortunately, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, few believe readily that there is no ground for placing any reliance whatever upon the benevolent offices of the Amir. Yet this is so much a fact that the Viceroy of India himself advocates the strongest coercive measures in order to determine the end of an impossible situation. Unhappily the Imperial Government, fearing to incur the risk of war and frightened at the character of the measures which the Viceroy of India supports, hesitated, preferring the patchwork adjustment which the despatch of a mission rendered possible to the more forcible steps which the situation in reality demands. A fatal blunder, of course, has been perpetrated, the consequences of which will remain in Central Asia long after the visit of the Mission has been forgotten.

ANGUS HAMILTON.

## RICHARD AND MINNA WAGNER.

Now that the publication of Richard Wagner's letters to Mathilde Wesendonck has drawn renewed attention to the unhappiness of his own first marriage—an unhappiness of profounder origin than I am at present permitted to state—it is of peculiar interest to gain another side-light on the latter; a side-light which throws into still greater relief the truth of his remark, to his sister Clara, on the hopelessness of all attempts to "reason with Minna's reason." The document I am about to produce made its first appearance in Germany so recently as last February, in the appendix to a voluminous collection of the letters of Peter Cornelius, nephew of the great painter, and well-known himself as poet-composer; it is a letter to Cornelius, though, from Richard Wagner, who has just consigned himself to melancholy solitude beside the Rhine, for composition of the music of his *Meistersinger*. But we must first go a little way back, to Richard's second severance from Minna.

After their first parting in August 1858, the causes whereof are fully set forth in a letter to his sister (see preface, *R. Wagner to M. Wesendonck*), husband and wife had come together again in the autumn of 1859, and dwelt in Paris, by no means in peace and harmony, yet with much exercise of patience on his side, until June, 1861. Here Otto Wesendonck himself had visited them in the spring, and that visit might have taught a lesson to any less stubbornly suspicious mind than Minna's. Yet in the said June, just as the Wagners were making every arrangement to settle down in permanence at Carlsruhe, a swift catastrophe occurred, and by the middle of July we find them taking opposite paths, with no prospect of reunion—separated, in fact, by everything but human law.

The precise nature of that Paris catastrophe is not on record, but may be inferred from the deep gloom that overcasts all Wagner's letters of those two dread months; from his veiled allusions to the "mysteriously sudden" death of the four-footed pet Frau Wesendonck once had given him—"With that little dog I buried *much!*"—and from Minna's unequivocal hint to a female correspondent that it was "the Tristans" who had set her roaming once again. That inference I have drawn elsewhere, namely, that Minna's wrath had been rekindled by discovery of a packet of Mathilde's letters; but this fresh document converts it to a certainty. No matter how platonic, how demure the contents of those

letters, their bare existence would suffice to enrage a woman of this type, whose every thought was centred in her brainless self. Invective on invective, scene after scene—we can conjure them all up if we recall the words of Wagner's letter to Mathilde of July 12th (his wife had left him on the 10th), "For my part I can think of no more settling down: this the upshot of a last hard, infinitely painful experience," and of a fortnight later, "I do not write you, for fear of distressing you."

By the irony of fate, Otto and Mathilde—who had never parted—were returning to the normal relations of man and wife about this very time; and less than four months after the words last cited Richard Wagner sees that even the transcendent ideal which has sustained him in his troubles hitherto must be renounced. Of his own free will he writes Mathilde in December, resigning his last claim to soul-communion, whilst he seeks to turn the mournful stream of his reflections by taking up a "comic opera," *Die Meistersinger*.

Midway in the text of this opera Wagner is overcome by the sense of his twofold loneliness, and writes from Paris, January 9th, 1862, to beg Cornelius (then aged thirty-seven) to come and join him at some quiet spot: "I can manage no longer without a friendly soul about me, or a home of my own:—*Friend, you must come to me for good!* . . . If you don't care for Wiesbaden, for instance, we'll talk about another place. Fortune is bound to smile on me again some day, when you shall share it; but I'm thinking you'll have luck as well. If not, what matters? In any circumstances we are sure to get on well together.—So I hope that when summer commences we shall meet on the Rhine, where you're a native, you know. Just think it out. . . . My wife seems to be making good progress and behaving quite rationally. When all's said, though the poor woman stands so far from me in many ways, life's hardships have so closely bound her fate with mine that I cannot possibly think of a supportable old age for myself without extending that wish to include my wife. So I must have her with us, also, after all: *you* will be of enormous benefit there. And so, you see, one hopes again!"

Cornelius—whose letters to Wagner are not accessible as yet—appears to have declined to hazard his independence, though we find him rushing from Vienna to Mayence at Wagner's urgent invitation to attend the first reading of the *Meistersinger* text, early in February, at the house of Schott, its future publisher. Without the prospect of this friendly buffer, Wagner may well have hesitated to incur the risk of a renewal of domestic strife; but at last his longing for companionship obtains the upper hand, he makes the plunge, invites his wife to "think it over"—and

learns to rue the consequences. Which brings us to our principal document :—

“ BIEBRICH (ON RHINE),  
“ *March 4th, 1862.*

“ MY GOOD CORNELIUS,

“ I am most unhappy, and dying to tell my woes to somebody ! But I can appeal to no feminine heart, as I should only give it more regret for its own helplessness, than comfort to myself. Indeed it is the hardest load to bear, to feel oneself so solitary in all one's grief and anguish, to have to make the best of everything alone. Then it struck me as a dispensation of Heaven, that I had found yourself ! You'll understand me ; to you I can commit a portion of my heartache.

“ Dear friend, there's no more doubt of it ; it is impossible for me to live with my wife any more ! You will scarcely credit all I say in those few words. My heart is bleeding, and yet I recognise that I must fight down all soft-heartedness by force, since firmness and frankness are the only rescue.

“ You know how I was longing for a regulated home again, and how I fancied I could gain it only by reunion with my wife. Well, while I was sadly trying to instal myself in winter quarters here at Biebrich, my wife, appealed to by my want, suddenly makes up her mind to follow in your footsteps, in a sense ; instead of answering me by letter, she appears in my chambers here herself, just as I had finished my provisional shake-down. My heart went out to her, and my great emotion and delight should easily have shown her how things stand with me. I reproached her for not having come with her parrot to stop, instead of merely running over for a week to help me furnish ; and so we fell discussing a definitive abode at Wiesbaden. She was looking hale and hearty ; which assured me how she invariably recovers when alone, left to her own likings as to company and mode of life, without interference through me. At once I began devising all kinds of common-sense arrangements and concessions to pave a lastingly endurable companionship, despite the diametric opposition of our tastes, our characters, and modes of viewing things. Certainly the terrible fatality that we have no young folk to stand as link between us, and, confined to our own company through my fondness for seclusion, we are necessarily exposed to constant friction—all this was brought back to my feeling the very first day ; still, my good will was such that I gladly resumed toward her that peculiarly affected mode of speech one uses to a child, and listened with apparent interest to things quite off my plane and often most distasteful to me. That dread peculiar to a conscience which will not palter with untruths I did my utmost to repress, and went to

sleep the first night in the calm belief it would be possible henceforward. Next morning came a strange intervention of Fate, whose ocular demonstration really set me in amazement this time. Listen!

“Since our last meeting in Venice<sup>1</sup> a prolonged stagnation had instinctively entered the correspondence between myself and my lady-friend W[esendonc]k. Everything is so perfectly understood between us, and ordered by the fullest resignation, that it is only in a good and friendly humour that I still communicate with her; particularly since the society of her most estimable husband has become so trying to me—quite apart from personal considerations—that, renouncing any more enduring personal intercourse with both of them, I merely maintain a slight intercourse by letter, chiefly meant to ease her load of life a little: in times of such upset and trouble, as these last have been for me, I prefer to keep dead silence. So it happened that my lady-friend had heard nothing at all of my journey to Paris, and sent me a little Christmas-present to Vienna, which returned to her at Zurich after going long astray. After a while I did write from Paris, telling her also of my proposed migration to the Rhine; whereon she informed me of the miscarriage of her Christmas parcel, and asked me to acquaint her with my eventual address on the Rhine, that she might forward me the present there. This I accordingly did, from Mayence, but remained long without tidings. At last she tells me briefly she has been at Düsseldorf to bury her mother, and I convey to her my heartfelt sympathy forthwith. For this she thanks me at some length, as also for the *Meistersinger* [rough MS. poem], and announces despatch of the belated Christmas gift.

“Now, that letter arrives here on the second, the little box on the third day of my wife’s stay with me, and both fall into the unhappy woman’s hands at once. Incapable of viewing my relations to that lady in aught save a revoltingly trivial light, she refuses to understand any of my explanations—given simply for the sake of reassuring her—but bursts into that common tone again which makes me lose all self-possession, in my turn: she reads my anger as an effect of that lady’s agitating hold upon me, and—the whole mad house of cards stands stark once more! It was enough to make me lose my senses: this woman on just the self-same spot as four years since; the same explosions, word for word, the self-same common tone!

“These ragings over, I composed myself again, tried to regard

(1) When Wagner paid a three-day visit to the Wesendoncks, leaving Vienna November 7th and returning the 13th. Those three days clearly told him all; see letters 124-125, *R. Wagner to M. Wesendonck*.



them as a last mad thunderstorm, still hope, and abjure no possibility. But then appeared the sad old sequel: mistrust, suspicion, misconstruction of my every word! And that in total solitude like this; pent up long winter evenings with a being who does not grasp one jot of my true nature, cannot so much as follow me if I take up a book, and has no occupation of her own. And then myself—demanding naught save quiet and a peaceful mood, yearning to get to my work, straining every nerve to cope with stress of circumstance and pinch of want, set quivering by every breath of gossip from without, and all the like. Finally, my wife's heart-trouble growing more acute again! They were ten days of hell. And yet those ten atrocious days at least had one good side, a final warning; and I can but marvel that this solemn warning should have come, so wholly innocently, from my lady-friend herself!

“ You may easily suppose the firm resolve that has matured in me! Remarkable to say, though my wife herself must also find my company a hell to her, it always comes hard to her to abide in moments of tranquillity by insights which she only seems to gain in passion; when I heard her suddenly commence again on house-hunting, I positively shuddered. Ah, that I should have let such misery become so old! My wife, however, will get over it, for I still shall leave her the appearance. To obtain an actual divorce from her, is a thing I could not dream of now; it is too late, and the cruelty of such an act revolts me. So I have decided on the following expedient. From next autumn on, my wife shall set up house in Dresden for herself, with all our goods and chattels save the few which I retain here, and reserve in it a room ‘for me.’ Under pretext—quite a valid one—of a tranquil nook for working in, I shall permanently keep a small apartment for myself, such as I occupy now, and visit my wife for a couple of weeks—perhaps—from time to time. That is the look we will give it, just for sake of the look.

“ But the luck it will need, even to carry this tolerably out! Strictly, it means keeping two establishments—for a man who can hardly keep *one*; for I won't deny that my outward lot is verging on progressive downfall! I *can't* be of any more good to myself, the gulf between me and the world of so-called art is growing ever broader. Friend, I no longer can converse with people! If I run against a conductor or theatre-director, or even a man like Raff, I have to cross myself forthwith, and seek refuge in some hole or corner where I may be left alone. What am I to do with the Schotts? To me it is exactly as if I were bound to play false to them all! My sole refuge is still the young Grand Duke of Baden: here at least is inborn nobleness of feeling, happily paired with a free and open mind. The man *knows* how things stand

with me, and is of no other opinion than that I ought never to ask a farthing for my works; only he is not rich or powerful enough, though I am sure to have a little good news from him soon—my only little. Still, it's a joy even to be able to speak with him as what I am. My wish would be for him to take possession of me bodily and provide for my life and works *in naturalibus*; any small pension I then would assign to my wife.

"But whatever way this outward question of existence may resolve itself, how favourably soever, it hardly will allay the point that really gnaws my vitals. I've such an awful amount of regret in me, it is so horrible to think that anyone is suffering through me, that it costs me an untold exertion to bring myself to reason. My own eyes have taught me that my wife has better health away from me, in any circumstances, than beside me; further, I plainly recognise that the feeling of true love for me does not exist in her at all, that she knows no injury but what is done *to her*, and her heart is quite incapable of e'er forgiving it; yet—for the only world we know is that *within* us—I figure to myself it *may* be otherwise, deep sorrow, yearning of the heart may make her suffer—and *my* heart bleeds. Since the day before yesterday, when I said goodbye at Frankfort to the unhappy but still wrathfully resentful woman, it has kept on gnawing at me; and nothing but the certainty that by softness I should only prolong the agony on *both* sides, can bring me—resignation in the end. Ah, God! and then the tears well up in me, and I cry aloud for a woman's kind soul to take me gently to itself!! But that I have shut off from me; and so, I fancy, all the troubles of my wife are venged!

"Alack!—

"Do tell me how you have been faring<sup>1</sup> . . . Your visit [a month ago] was like a fairy-tale: with you the good angel departed, as with you it came. . . . I haven't been cheerful since, though I have taken a liking to Weissheimer; his seriousness and zeal attract me, and I do not think him without gifts. He often comes out to me. . . . Of course I haven't got to work yet: it is incredible how one's life is stolen from one. . . . Within me and around me all is waste, still March! A huge disgust has taken me; if I don't get to work soon, there's an end of me. Heavens, for just one year of peace and but a little comfort!—

"Now piece together what you can from these mumblings of a man dead-beat. Keep of good cheer, remember me kindly, and think of another fairy-tale ere long.

"Adieu, friend; all's so drear!

"Your

"RICHARD."

(1) The few sentences which I omit here, and lower, are of no general interest; mere references to mutual friends.

Luckily that was the last attempt at reconciliation of two such hopelessly disparate beings, though Wagner did make his promised visit *de conenance* to his wife's abode the following November. Yet why had he endured this purgatory for a quarter of a century; why had he dropped that petition for divorce which he lodged scarce seven months after marriage? Ten years before this last catastrophe, he describes the world as a place "where the Strong brims full the sacrifice demanded of it by the Weak"; and that is the only answer. But what an addle-pate the woman was! The tiniest grain of mother-wit might have shown her that this was the psychologic moment for displaying herself in the most attractive light: one word of human sympathy would have brought her husband to her feet for good and all. An impenetrable barrier had been raised between him and her fancied rival—on a very different plane—as the merest glance at the correspondence with Mathilde Wesendonck about this date reveals to us at once; was Minna so childishly blind that she could not see it too? Empty heart, empty head.

But Minna had not come to Biebrich with the remotest thought of making up for past dissensions by a kindly self-effacement. With a recollection of *præ-nuptial* plaudits, she had come to play the "leading lady," and perhaps her effort at light comedy is the most dismal incident in all this scene. In the document we have just perused it is merely hinted: "who cannot so much as follow me if I take up a book"; but we happen to have another testimony. Wendelin Weissheimer, the young man mentioned towards our letter's close, published a book of *Erlebnisse mit Richard Wagner, &c.*, in 1898, and this is what he tells us of Minna's surprise visit to her husband's barely-furnished retreat:—

"It was entertaining to see how he pulled himself together, and did his best to play the loving husband and attentive host. He sent for cold viands from the hotel, brewed tea himself, and boiled us half-a-dozen eggs; for I, also, was to share their meal and stop for the recital of the *Meistersinger* poem, which his wife did not know as yet. Then he slipped into one of his famous velvet dressing-coats, put on a cap to match, and the reading commenced. The first act passed without mishap, though Frau Minna interjected questions here and there which forced him to superfluous explanations. Ere beginning the second, he gave her a description of the *mise-en-scène*: 'To the right Hans Sachs's cobbler-stall, to the left the house of Pogner, with a crooked alley leading to the background'—'And here sits the public,' put in Minna, while a pellet of bread, which she had been kneading, rolled over Wagner's manuscript,—the recital was at end. An awkward pause ensued; I deemed it time to start on my return to Mayence, but

Wagner insisted on my stopping. Laying hold of me, he said with emphasis, 'For God's sake, only stop this evening!' I stayed, did all I could to bring about a better feeling, and succeeded more easily than I had ventured to hope" (by turning the subject, of course).

What possible hope could there be of any dwelling in concord with a woman who even at fifty-two could not repress her natural irreverence? A cab should have been ordered at once, to convey her to the nearest station—railway or police. Or would it have been wiser for Wagner to go out himself, and leave her to deploy her skittishness on Wendelin? On the whole, however, a certificate of suicidal lunacy might best have met the case.

Now see how generously Wagner omits from his next letter to Mathilde all mention of this tragi-comedy, though she herself had been the unsuspecting cause of its *dénouement*. Not until a week after writing Cornelius, can he trust himself even to thank Frau Wesendonck for the Christmas-gift which had run such strange adventures (a cushion her little girl had helped to work): "I could not write before to-day; I had to wait for good humour." Not one word does he breathe of Minna, though her name must have hung on the tip of his pen when he arrived at the sentence: "I've read the poem several times aloud; lastly at the Grand Duke's in Carlsruhe [March 7th], when they listened very well." But what a commentary on Minna's tantrums is the very opening of this letter of March 12th: "I wrote you from Paris lately, that you should hear little of my life henceforward, but solely of my handiwork, because the first could never have a meaning more. But how when I cannot get to work, when life takes all my energy? Even to-day I can tell you nothing further, than, I hope to start work at last to-morrow." There is a refinement in this reticence which floods with light those words of last July, after the previous domestic catastrophe: "I do not write you, for fear of distressing you."

For all that, there is a tangible connection between the letter of March 12th to Mathilde and our principal document, since it contains a sympathetic sketch of good Cornelius' flying visit for the earliest recital of the *Meistersinger*, followed by a request: "Do write him, child; he loves you too." And that tempts me to set off the picture of the Wagner interior with Cornelius' own description of its counterpart; for the younger man indulges in another "fairy" expedition very soon. On his way from Vienna to the lake of Geneva, in search of two months' quiet for the composition of his *Cid*, Cornelius makes a halt at Zurich, whence he writes to Dr. Standhartner,<sup>1</sup> May 5th, 1862:—

(1) A Vienna intimate of Wagner's also.—See *R. Wagner to M. Wesendonck*.

"I'm still full of my impressions of the Villa Wesendonck, which yesterday I saw. I didn't want to continue my journey without gaining an idea of Wagner's former Asyl."<sup>1</sup> Cornelius goes on to relate how he had fallen into conversation with a native: "Then I asked about the house Richard Wagner had occupied, and the man became quite *warm*. Just fancy—it was the wood-carver who had modelled that baton which Frau Wesendonck got made for Wagner after Semper's drawing! So the first person I spoke to at Zurich was an enthusiastic worshipper of Wagner.

"The second was Wesendonck, whom I visited forthwith. Dear Heaven!—how much I understand since yesterday, and what a good thing it is, friend, friends, that I have made this fool's-journey! Take a plunge into life, said Nicolai to me, and how right he was! *Beholding*, learning life, what oxygen, what air it brings the mind! . . . <sup>2</sup>At Wesendonck's I swam in stupefaction blent of ecstasy and strange affright. How shall I describe it to you? It is summed up in that saying of Diogenes, which kept re-echoing in me: 'Alexander, get from between me and the sun!' A ghazal might be strung on that refrain. When a rival of Adonis, in guise of a white-cravatted janitor, rather floated than advanced to me—whom I should as soon have taken for Count Persigny as for the footman of Herr Wesendonck—'Alexander, from between me and the sun.'—When that sun-god of a lackey had wiped the dust from my miserable boots, at the unanimous request of all my outer and my inner man, and a study—no, not glimmered—glowered at me with its chairs and tables, pictures, bookshelves, easel, clock and all utensils, such as it would need a Boz or Dumas to depict—'Alexander, from between me and the sun.' When the monarch-citizen himself evolves before me, who creates his life as Wagner his operas, and talks of America and Italy as I of my landlord's apartments—'Alexander, from between me and the sun.' When his limes and poplars murmur in the park, all laid out by himself; when, inviting to a cup of tea, he leads me up his marble staircase with its four hermæ chiselled at his nod in Rome for 'next to nothing'—Socrates, the god-like young Augustus and the rest—and the needles of Australian shrubs embrace my chin *en passant* like green paricides—'Alexander, from between me and the sun.' Then at a supper in the third heaven (for one must rank his cellar as the *first*)—where the butter is served up with ice—he pours me out real Chinese tea in real Japanese cups on real Tungoo napkins—and

(1) The cottage adjoining Wesendonck's palace. Cornelius calls it "lang-jährigem Asyl," but we know that Wagner dwelt there less than sixteen months.

(2) Some omission by the German editor.

gives me suddenly my first correct idea of Raphael through the wonders of his giant red portfolio. . . . Yes, just as my uncle told him on the staircase of his house in Rome, 'And were you the archangel Raphael himself, I must be going now,' though he bore me on the wings of his wealth to every height and depth of all creation, I still say 'Alexander, from between me and the sun!' . . . .

"Frau Wesendonck, alas! is ill. She is expecting [six weeks hence] and a cough has developed—not without some anxiety, to judge by the account. This lady, of whom I saw a beautiful portrait in oils, must, in fact, be a dear angel of goodness! She regretted not being able to see me—but I had been received with so much friendship, and Herr Wesendonck behaved with such complete absence of *side*, that I ventured to leave my Geneva address and beg for kind news of the health of the lady of the house. Herr Wesendonck read me a letter from Wagner, which unfortunately doesn't confirm the good conclusions we had drawn from his silence. He says, 'Wherever I try to drive a nail to tighten up my life, it will not hold! And the doctor tells me, You *absolutely must not* work at present—it is destroying you out and out!' Write to him as often as you can—insist upon [your niece] Seraphine writing also; I will write to him myself either to-day or directly I get to Geneva! It's urgent.

"Imagine it! Wagner wrote to Wesendonck about that journey of mine—and just as if I had undertaken it at my own expense! . . . Of course I demolished that illusion by the simple truth."

It is generally these little touches that tell the most, and the last simple reference shows the full veracity of Wagner's old remark, that Mathilde kept no secrets from her husband; for that letter was addressed to *her*, as we have seen already. But the whole reception given to Cornelius, himself a perfect stranger, is striking evidence of the light in which Otto Wesendonck regarded Wagner. On this side of the picture, at least, there was no animosity.

A graceful little epilogue.—Cornelius writes to Standhartner some five weeks after: "Wesendonck has had the great kindness, not only to give me news of his wife's better health, but at the same time to make me the most delicate present. He has sent me, in quite admirable drawings, six sheets of them, those Psyche pictures of Raphael's the photographs of which so much impressed me. That is a gift which makes one proud, in place of shaming one." So Cornelius steals a couple of days from his *Cid* to frame his thanks in verse—we may be sure with no refrain of "Alexander, get from between me and the sun!"

WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS.

## SCOTLAND AND JOHN KNOX.

WHEN the Reverend Micah Balwhidder, minister and annalist of the parish of Dalmailing, paid his memorable visit to Edinburgh to preach before the Lord High Commissioner and the General Assembly, he found the hospitalities of the capital so "wearisome kind" that he "could scarcely find time to see the Castle and the palace of Holyrood House, and that more sanctified place where the Maccabeus of the Kirk of Scotland, John Knox, was wont to live." In the selection of sentiments which he placed in the mouths of his greatest characters—Mr. Balwhidder, for example, or Mrs. Pringle—Galt's judgment was unerring. The words discover to us at once the whole attitude of the people of Scotland towards John Knox. He is not popularly compared to Judas Maccabeus to-day: but this is because only one fact about the Jewish hero is realised in Scotland, namely, that his exploits are not to be read in Church, or elsewhere. More really than Wallace or Bruce, Knox is the popular hero; for the large majority of the Scottish people he represents Scottish nationality and the religion of Scotland; to his life and work are traced all that has, for the last three centuries, been characteristic of Scottish struggle and of Scottish victory and prosperity. This unquestioning faith in the wisdom and goodness of John Knox does not depend upon any widespread knowledge of the man and his times. The people of Scotland used to be credited with a patriotism based upon a knowledge of their past. It is a reputation that has long survived the facts on which it depended. In simpler days, Scots boys and girls were taught, if not the history, at all events the traditions of their country; they could have told tales of the Black Douglas, of the King who fell at Flodden, or of her who died at Fotheringay, and they knew of the sorrows and sufferings of the Killing Times. It was all, as Stevenson has said, a "view of history wholly artless, a design in snow and ink—upon the one side, tender innocents with psalms upon their lips; upon the other, persecutors, booted, bloody-minded, flushed with wine;" yet it had, nevertheless, a more or less close relation to the facts of Anglo-English warfare or of Caroline persecution, and, in those days, it would have been possible to find unlettered men who could distinguish between the work of John Knox and that of Andrew Melville, and who knew the momentous difference between the National Covenant and the Solemn League. To-day this kind of knowledge is the possession of the few who care about Scottish story; some of the popular works

relating to Knox which have appeared in recent years indicate only too clearly that the blind are still to be found engaged in their old occupation of leading the blind. The love and reverence with which Knox is regarded in Scotland would be, if it were confined to his admirers among the few who read the history of their country, a factor in the national life easy to ignore and unworthy of the attention of the politician. That it cannot be ignored is obvious enough, and the analysis of the feeling is rendered the more interesting by the fact that the love is not based on knowledge "far brought from out the storied past." Is its basis sheer ignorance, invincible prejudice, the result of long tradition consciously inspired by Knox himself, and cherished by his successors in the ministry, or does it correspond to something like a national instinct, an almost intuitive appreciation of an historical truth?

It is no grateful task to attempt such an investigation. Those of us who are Scotsmen would much rather rejoice that, four hundred years ago, a great man was born into Scotland. The date of the actual quater-centenary is unknown; recent criticism has shown that it will probably not arrive for the better part of a decade; but the traditional date will do as well as another, and Scotland has chosen this year for her tribute to Knox. Were the conclusions of history clear and definite, it might be possible to silence, at such a moment, any criticism, and to join in the chorus of jubilation which the present year has produced. But praise is good and comely only in so far as it is intelligent and instructed, and he who would form a true or fair judgment cannot adopt, even for a time, an attitude of unmeaning eulogy. It may seem hard that the occurrence of such an anniversary should always become the occasion of bringing the illustrious dead once more to the bar of history, there to be judged of the deeds done in the body; but it must ever be so if there is any use or progress in man's investigation into his past. The development of historical studies inevitably results in the creation of a succession of Courts of Appeal, for ever occupied in revising former conclusions, and arriving at verdicts which will themselves ere long be subjected to revision. In this constant process of change, there is always some gain of certainty, and it is the duty of each generation to attempt to discover and to register the truth according to its own lights. Much in the edifice it builds may prove to be wood, hay, stubble; but if only the work be honest, there is always something that may be tried in the furnace. There is no lesson which has been more deeply impressed upon this generation than the necessity of absolute honesty in this regard, for at no time have exposures of a partisan "economy of truth" been more frequent or more merciless, and on no point have recent historical teachers been so un-



animous and so emphatic. Every student of history is not, indeed, prepared to accept the dictum of Lord Acton: "I exhort you never to debase the moral currency or to lower the standard of rectitude, but to try others by the final maxim that governs your own lives, and to suffer no man and no cause to escape the undying penalty which history has the power to inflict on wrong." But none will refuse the exhortation in the form in which it was expressed by Professor York Powell:—"For historians there is but one goal, one test, one point of honour—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—the truth, if needs be, against the world."

Such an apology is rendered necessary, not by any sudden accession of information, but simply by the state of Scottish feeling, and the constant refusal to estimate the life and work of Knox in the light of material which has existed for many years. Most of the information now available was rendered easy of access in David Laing's great edition of the Reformer's works, prepared for the Wodrow Society in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is true that the facilities for checking statements of various kinds have, since then, been greatly increased by the publication of series of State Papers and similar records, and two recent writers, Professor Hume Brown and Mr. Andrew Lang, have made important additions to our knowledge. But many current popular misapprehensions have survived the work of David Laing and Mr. Hume Brown, and will doubtless persist for many years to come. For the historian, when he tries to combat popular prejudice, is but a voice crying in the wilderness. It is, perhaps, not surprising that the views of Mr. Andrew Lang are regarded with special horror, for he is well known to be a lover of that shameless Scot, one of whose greatest books is frequently described as having been "disposed of" by Dr. McCrie. Mr. Lang himself shares Sir Walter's fate in being "disposed of," though the operation is now generally performed in two lines of a pamphlet or newspaper article. But David Laing and Professor Hume Brown are in different case. Neither has ever been accused of sounding the heretic blast, and both are distinguished historians of a definitely conservative type. Mr. Hume Brown's work on Knox is not too long for the mythical personage known as the general reader, and if those who talk and write glibly about "the rugged Reformer," had studied its pages, the state of public opinion on the subject would be much more creditable. But Mr. Hume Brown has suffered the frequent fate of the conservative reformer, whether in doctrine or practice: where he defends a pre-conceived opinion, he is remembered and quoted; where he makes any weak concession to the enemy, out of mere love of truth, he is ignored. His work, with that of the

great antiquary who preceded him, and that of his brother-historian of to-day, supply the main sources upon which any fair estimate of John Knox must be founded.

The popular misapprehensions, to which we refer, relate both to the man and to the work he accomplished, and it is necessary to deal with each in turn. The historian Calderwood, who could not have been present at Knox's funeral, but who must have known many who were there, records that the Earl of Morton, the scoundrel who had just been appointed Regent of Scotland, remarked as Knox's body was laid in the grave: "Here lyeth a man who in his life never feared the face of man." The utterance was not happily inspired, but it has lived on, and David Laing's protest has availed nothing. Unwilling as he was to censure Knox, Laing's respect for historical evidence compelled him to write: "On more than one occasion Knox displayed a timidity, or shrinking from danger, scarcely to have been expected from one who boasted of his willingness to endure the utmost torture, or suffer death in his Master's cause." The most notable instance of this timidity is when he fled from England on the accession of Mary Tudor. It was not a momentary panic, but the result of mature deliberation. Nine months before the death of Edward VI. he had refused the See of Rochester. "What moved me," he says, "to refuse . . . ? Assuredlie, the foresight of troubles to come. How oft have I saide unto you that the tyme wold not be long, that England wold give me bread." In another letter, he attempts some defence, in view of the fact that he is censuring those who remained in England, but who avoided the fiery death by "turning back to that idol":—"Some will ask then, why did I flie? Assuredly, I cannot tell; but of one thing I am sure, the feir of death was not the chief cause of my flicing. I trust the one cause hath bene, to lat me sie with my corporal eyis that all had not a trew hart to Christ Jesus that in the day of rest and peace bare a fair face." It is a hard saying, and the strangest of apologies, and it is certainly open to the retort that the hearts of the followers might have been truer, had their leader not failed them. There are other examples of the same kind, *e.g.*, his flight from Edinburgh after the failure of the Rizzio murderers to imprison the Queen, but it is needless to insist on this point. There are many varieties of courage. Knox was not possessed of the spirit of Latimer, who declined to avail himself of an opportunity of escaping the stake; but this is no proof that he was a coward. Mr. Lang has pointed out that assassination had no terrors for him, and that he could face real danger without shrinking, and some of Knox's defenders have accused Mr. Lang of inconsistency. But there is no inconsistency. The courage of the lonely martyr is not the same courage

as that of the commander who leads on his men against terrible odds. This courage Knox possessed, and he himself was not wont to claim the other. Had he been brought to the test, we may be sure he would not have failed, even in the measure in which Cranmer failed, and Cranmer was, after all, a brave man. Here, surely, the matter might rest—if only Knox's well-meaning friends would give up distorting truth in order to show that their hero declined a bishopric purely out of contempt for worldly advancement.

The heroic courage of Knox has frequently been illustrated by his interviews with Queen Mary. For our knowledge of what passed at these interviews, we are almost entirely dependent upon Knox's own version of the story, and his reputation as an historian is, as we shall see, not sufficient to silence all questionings as to his accuracy. But, accurate or not, they represent his general attitude to the young Queen. The plain fact is that no courage was required. Knox was one of the leaders of a successful party who had brought about a religious revolution. The girl of nineteen who came to rule Scotland found that her own religion had been proscribed by Parliament, and that the celebration of its central rite was regarded as a capital offence. It is true that this law was not carried into execution: but that was no fault of Knox, who constantly urged that it should be; the idolaters who should have died the death, and, in spite of Knox's great influence, succeeded in escaping, can hardly have shared David Laing's view that "freedom from a persecuting spirit is one of the noblest features in Knox's character." It was as a representative of the ruling faction that Knox faced Mary, who had not a single true friend in Scotland, who could not even protect from imprisonment the priests of her own faith, and whose own confessor was in constant peril of his life. "Why should the fair face of a gentlewoman affray me?" Knox asked. There was certainly no good reason why it should, for he himself tells us that he had Mary in his power at the beginning, and could have, had he chosen, executed God's judgments at once. Knox himself probably thought that he did his duty by Mary, but he would never have called it heroism. His duty, as he understood it, was to describe the church in which the girl-Queen had been nurtured, in the language common to the controversies of the time. When, later on, he preached against her in public, she sent for him and said, humbly enough: "If ye hear anything of myself that mislikes you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you." There have been found men who thought that the tone of Knox's reply did him credit. "I am not appointed," he said, "to come to every man in particular to show him his offences, for that were labour in-

finite. If your Grace please to frequent the public sermons, then doubt I not but that ye shall fully understand both what I like and dislike, as well in your Majesty as in all others." It is only fair to say that the sentence is slightly softened by the context, but the passage is representative enough of the relations between the Prophet and the Queen. Those who, like the present writer, believe that John Knox was a great man, and that Scotland owes him much, are best advised if they refrain from attempting to justify the verbal inspiration of Knox's addresses to Mary Stuart.

He is no true friend of Knox who refuses to admit that he had the defects of his qualities. He was not the man for the task of converting a young princess. We do not speak of his opposition to her government; that is a very different question, with reference to which we do not deny that he was amply justified. It forms, indeed, great part of his title to the gratitude of those of us who are Protestants. But even that gratitude is no good reason why we should blind our eyes to the fact that Knox was never generous or even fair in his treatment of his Queen, and that at times he was not even decently respectful, just as Luther was not decently respectful to Henry VIII. and to others. It is easy to argue that it was the Prophet's duty thus personally to insult the Sovereign, and that his so doing was essential for the interests of religion. Those who adopt the first position are apt to confuse timidity with respect for a lady and a Queen; as to the second, both Randolph and Lethington were of opinion that Knox's attitude to Mary rather hindered than helped his cause. Yet, even in these interviews, the tone of which repels us not a little, how great Knox at times appears. His answer to the Royal question, prompted by the pride of Stuart blood, "What have you to do with my marriage? Or what are you within this Commonwealth?" is dignified enough: "Madam, a subject born within the same." *O si sic omnia!* It was the voice of a man and a leader of men, and it gave to future generations a watchword for the liberty for which they were to strive and shed their blood. Even while one feels all that can be said for Mary, it is impossible not to respect Knox. It is possible to understand hatred for him, but to despise him is inconceivable.

If Knox's character as an apostle of the new faith has been persistently misunderstood, not less has his position as an historian been misconceived. The *History of the Reformation in Scotland* is not a pleasant book. It is easy to sneer at those who dislike Knox's love of scandalous tales about his enemies, and to accuse them of failing to appreciate the abhorrence of evil that inspires a great prophet of righteousness, and so forth. Most of those who defend Knox on these lines have probably never read his book.

It is easier still to ascribe to the coarseness of the times all that modern taste condemns as impure, and it is true that it was the fashion to abuse one's enemies in foul language. Accusations against Knox's own moral character were not wanting; vile accusations which no one affects to believe, but which are just as well authenticated as his own attacks upon Mary of Guise. It is also true that no one could have written such a history without introducing topics which it is generally agreed are not fitted for the drawing-room. But, after all such allowances have been made, the difficulty is not quite solved. It was possible to write a more decent book on the subject. Knox's contemporary and rival historian, Bishop Lesley, a weak creature whom it would be absurd to compare to Knox in other ways, did write a book much less coarse than that of Knox. That the Reformer wrote "merrily" of things shameful as well as of things which were bloody and cruel, is not to be denied. Mr. Andrew Lang has dealt fully with the credibility of the "History," and it is no sufficient answer to abuse Mr. Lang. That kind of defence is an unfailing index of a weak cause. Nor is Mr. Lang by any means the first iconoclast. That Knox could stoop to a mean trick has long been known. In 1559, he urged the English to send men to help the Scottish Protestants, in defiance of the recent peace between England and France. After urging, on strange enough grounds, that it was not really a breach of faith, he added: "If ye fear that such excuses shall not prevail, you may declare them rebels to your Realm when ye shall be assured that they be in our company." When Sir James Croft replied that honourable men do not do this kind of thing, Knox retorted thus: "Whether it may stand with wisdom to have such respect to what some men do call honour, that in the meantime I see my friend perish, both till his destruction and mine, I refer to the judgment of the most honourable." The children of this world had nothing to learn from the children of light in the way of sharp practice, but to do them justice, they did not neglect the lesson. David Laing made no attempt to condone his hero's lapse from virtue, but he argued that it is the only instance of the kind. Mr. Andrew Lang's brilliant criticism of Knox's writings has shown that Knox the politician is also Knox the historian.

Who are really the true friends of Knox? It is the unthinking reverence with which the "History" has been regarded that is responsible for the startling effect of Mr. Lang's criticism. There would be some reason for hesitating to accept to-day an historical account of a recent controversy by one who had held, and continued to hold, the position of a protagonist; and any such reason applies a thousandfold to the sixteenth century. Some slight control over

the emotions which accompany controversy has been acquired in recent years, and is expected from a leader of public opinion; any control over passion would have rendered a sixteenth-century reformer open to the charge of half-heartedness. Similarly, we expect to-day at least some profession of impartiality: some recognition of good motives on the other side; in those days, any admission of truth or virtue in an opponent was interpreted as a base desertion of one's own cause. Above all, the sixteenth century did not possess the guarantee of elementary veracity which is afforded to us by the correspondence columns of *The Times*. Contradiction was not easy, even when it was safe, and that was not often, as was found to his cost by Ninian Winzet, who attempted to debate with Knox. A contemporary history, written in such circumstances, can be neither more nor less than an expanded political pamphlet. Had this been recognised, the shock to Scottish public opinion produced by recent criticism would have been less, and while many a congregation would have lost the pleasure it gives—

To hear two p'intis o' doctrine clearit  
 And Mr. Lang's abomination  
 Set fürth wi' faithfu' ministration,

many good people would have been saved the pain of discovering that Knox's "History" shows as a record of fact the same weaknesses as the writings of his contemporaries. The task of investigation has been done carefully and honestly; Mr. Lang has brought to light many important points which have escaped the notice of his predecessors, and his results have, not unnaturally, been received with surprise, and some pain, by candid readers, and with whole-hearted incredulity by the rest. Had the general belief been more reasonable, the shock would have been less severe, for it is here, and not in reference to its coarseness, that a defence based upon the customs of the times may best be made. One of the discrepancies pointed out by Mr. Lang has gained an adventitious importance from the use made of a phrase in his "History" by Knox's admirers. There is no passage more frequently quoted than that in which he ascribes the sacking of the monasteries at Perth to the action "not of the gentlemen, neyther of thame that were earnest professouris, bot of the raschall multitude." Mr. Lang remarks—what ought to have been noticed by David Laing—that in his letter to Mrs. Lock, the Reformer writes, that, perceiving what he terms the deceit of the Queen Regent, "the brethrein soght the nixt remedie . . . they putt to their hands to reformatioun in Sanct Johnstoun [Perth], where the places of idolotrie of Gray and Black Friars, and of Charter-house monkes,

were made equal with the ground;<sup>1</sup> all monuments of idolatric, that could be apprehended, consumed with fire; and preests commanded, under paine of death, to desist from their blasphemous masse." Of this threat against the ministers of the Established Church, who were doing their plain duty, Knox says not a word in his "History," and, indeed, it would not have suited his argument to do so. Knox, in short, cannot be relieved of the responsibility for the needless destruction which marked the Reformation; it is more honest to argue, as some are still prepared to do, that such ravages by the populace were not needless. Therein they differ from John Calvin, who may be supposed to be a fair judge of similar conditions in France. One of the debts which we owe to Mr. Lang is the careful study of Knox's historical writings in relation to the expressed opinions of Calvin.

Who, we ask once more, are the real friends of Knox? Not, certainly, those who refuse to accept the Reformer's own words when they are opposed to preconceived prejudice. Much more fair and just to Knox is the position of Mr. Andrew Lang, who, though he occasionally adopts the position of prosecuting counsel, is more frequently to be found upon the Bench. It is easy to hurl ecclesiastical denunciations at those who attempt to "besmirch" Knox by quoting Knox's own words. It is easy to sneer at "a small school of Anglicised Scots." It is easy to make a confident appeal to the dictum of "the Tory and Episcopalian writer, Mr. Fraser Tytler," as against the arguments of Mr. Lang. But Fraser Tytler died in 1813, and had no knowledge of the evidence upon which modern attacks on Knox are based. It is easy for one of Knox's latest apologists, Sheriff Guthrie, to ask indignantly: "Did Knox make his enemies smart for the sentence of death they pronounced on him, and for their repeated attempts to assassinate him?" To these questions Mr. Guthrie ventures no direct reply. Yet the answer is not in the negative, and Knox himself would not have been ashamed to say so. What of the sentence of death which he, in turn, passed upon his enemies, of his recorded approval of the assassinations of Beaton and Rizzio, of his incitement to the assassination of Mary Tudor? "God, for his great mercies sake, stirre up some Phinees, Helias, or Jehu, that the bloude of abhominable idolaters maye pacifie Goddes wrath." What was the method of Jehu? Knox would not have hesitated to say. It is surely not a mark of Anglicisation to insist upon the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Mr. Lang shares with the great Reformer this unpleasant accusation of being too

(1) Sheriff Guthrie must have forgotten this letter when he wrote in *The Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland* for May, 1905, that Knox "is not responsible for a single ruined cathedral and (sic) abbey in Scotland."

English; but how much more reasonable is his treatment of this very subject of assassination than Sheriff Guthrie's rhetorical questions, to which most of his innocent readers will give the wrong reply. "Knox knew the difference," says Mr. Lang, "between the ideal and the practical. . . . It was the ideal that any of the 'brethren,' conscious of a vocation, and seeing a good opportunity, should treat an impenitent Catholic ruler as Jehu treated Jezebel. But if any brother had consulted Knox as to the propriety of assassinating Queen Mary, in 1561-67, he would have found out his mistake, and probably have descended the Reformer's stairs much more rapidly than he mounted them."

There is, of course, no possible reason for concealing the fact that Knox frequently advocated the duty of putting Catholics to death. We have long ago reached the position that to burn our opponents is often an error of judgment and always a crime, and if Knox were alive to-day, and held his original views, we should certainly cease to admire him. But in the sixteenth century it was so much the shame of all good Catholics and of all good Protestants to hold an opposite theory, that it was no shame to any; and to attempt to hide the fact that Knox was a sixteenth-century Protestant of the normal type is to pander to modern sentimentalism of the kind that declines to hang murderers and perform other necessary but disagreeable duties. Modern sentiment (even of a more reputable type than this) would like to think that Knox held different views on this subject, but modern sentiment of any kind ought to be told the truth. Sheriff Guthrie holds that the absence of any fires of Smithfield is "the glory of the Scottish Reformation." The real nature of glory is a matter of opinion, and on this subject we differ from that distinguished lawyer, inclining to ascribe the absence of the persecuting flames to a number of causes not in themselves glorious—among them, the lack of earnestness in the Roman Church, which burned very few heretics before the Reformation, and so gave little cause for reprisals, and, above all, the cause which Knox himself assigned—the carnal policy of worldly men. Be this as it may, when Sheriff Guthrie goes on to claim that the lack of stake and faggots is the glory of the leader of the Scottish Reformation, we meet an error in point of fact. Had Knox really held this view, he could never have been the leader; that he accomplished so much of his aims is partially due to the fact that he preached the opposite. That the heretic should die the death was obvious to a good man like Sir Thomas More, and to a good man like John Calvin; that the idolater should die the death was equally clear to Knox. More fortunate than More and Calvin, Knox never had the opportunity of carrying his theories into practice, and the blood of the martyr never stained his hands.



We have no intention of palliating the more serious weaknesses of character to which we have referred. Knox is too great for an apology. His faults were the defects of his virtues; the coarseness of language is closely allied to his robust sense of humour, and is part of the vehemence of his whole character; the unfairness of word and deed, the sharp practice which we reluctantly admit, is no less part of the man than the fire and enthusiasm with which he championed his cause. It may be a contradiction of character and temperament, but if so, it is a contradiction to which there are many parallels in history. The evil is there; but it is not the main fact about the man. John Knox was not a venal liar like George Buchanan; he was not open to the charge of self-seeking like Cranmer; he was not mean like Lesley, or unscrupulous as Thomas Cromwell or Elizabeth were unscrupulous. Where shall we look for his equal among the men of his day? There was none whose hands were cleaner than those of Knox; none whose heart was so pure as his.

If Knox's character has been but imperfectly realised, the work he accomplished has also been misunderstood, though in less degree. These misapprehensions are not only widespread in England; they are also popularly current in Scotland, in spite of the teaching of generations of learned professors of Church History. It should scarcely be necessary to insist that Knox did not introduce Presbyterianism into Scotland, although that error is to be found in at least one recent book. The machinery of Scottish Presbyterianism was the work of Andrew Melville. More general is the confusion between the sacramental doctrine of Knox and that of English Puritanism, an error related to the still more common confusion between Calvinism and Zwinglianism. When Archbishop Laud made his foolish attempt to force his Liturgy upon the Scottish people, strong suspicions of Popery were produced by the language of the Communion Office—"that our sinful bodies may be made clean through His body, and our souls washed through His most precious blood." Row, who more particularly objected to these words, was not a typical Scottish Presbyterian, but his language shows that some members of the Church had even then travelled some distance from the Knoxian position. It is difficult for the lay mind to discover any real difference between the words just quoted and Knox's own statement: "that we, being fed with His flesh and refreshit with His blood, may be renewit both unto trew Godliness and to immortalitie." Once more, it is frequently said that the Scottish Reformation was a protest against the power of the priesthood. In one sense this is true, but the claims of the clergy of the Reformed Church were not less dangerous to civil liberty and freedom of conscience than

those of the priests whom they succeeded. At the time, the Reformed clergy had so much popular support, and the doctrines they preached appealed so powerfully to the people, that it would be absurd to represent Knox's followers as the victims of priestly oppression. But it must not be forgotten that Knox and his brethren claimed powers which are now commonly associated with the Roman Church, or with that party in the Church of England which is wont to arrogate to itself the title of "Catholic." The service which Knox drew up for the Public Excommunication of those who defied the Church Courts assumes the power of loosing and binding as the possession of these Courts. "I, in Thy name, and at the commandment of this Thy present congregation, cut off, seclude, and excommunicate from Thy body, and from our society, N. . . . And this his sin (albeit with sorrow of heart) we bind, and pronounce the same to be bound in heaven and earth." In like manner, the form of absolution from spiritual censures contains the words:—"I pronounce thy sin to be loosed in heaven." Finally, the theory of spiritual independence over which men fought with sword and gun in the seventeenth century, and with other weapons since then, is not, as a cardinal point of faith, an inheritance from John Knox. That he afforded instances of the practice is quite true, but Mr. Lang has shown that he possessed no settled views on the subject, and that he on various occasions adapted his opinions to the circumstances of the time. It would be easy to quote from him passages conveying this doctrine, just as it would be easy to quote passages which express an opposite view. But the Church was not committed to the principle of "two kingdoms in Scotland" until she passed under the leadership of Andrew Melville.

In the light of all this, it is easy to understand that appeals have frequently been made to the authority of Knox on behalf of customs and doctrines of which he was wholly innocent. It is not even yet fully understood in Scotland that Knox was the author of a Service-Book, and that until the time of the Solemn League, Scottish Presbyterians had no objection to read prayers, or to the use of the Gloria or of the Creed. The time was to come when neither the Lord's Prayer nor the simple reading of any passage of Scripture formed part of the ordinary Public Worship in a parish church in Scotland, and those who advocated such "innovations," a century and less ago, were opposed in the name of the Knoxian tradition. Nor had Knox any share in the introduction of what is generally known as the "Scottish Sabbath"—really an institution borrowed from English Puritanism. There is no authority for the story that he played golf on Sunday, but it may well have been so, for in an order for a General Fast, published in 1566, he directs that on the two Sundays of Abstinence,

"men that will observe this exercise may not any of the two dayes use any kynde of games, but exercise themselves after the publict Assemblies in previe meditation with their God." It is a fair inference that, on other Sundays (Knox does not speak of "Sabbaths"), games had not yet been forbidden. The Reformer's own practice would have led him into difficulties in more rigid days, for we know that his second marriage was celebrated on a Sunday, in accordance with the usual custom of the Church, and that he employed the hour after public worship for his correspondence, and Randolph, the English ambassador, has preserved for us the record of one little Sunday supper-party at Knox's house, made for himself to meet the Duke of Châtelheraut. As usually happens, the followers have improved upon the position of the leader, and Knox has frequently been credited with opinions which may be good or bad, but which are certainly alien to his real views.

In the short paper from which we have quoted, Sheriff Guthrie shows that Knox's personality has been misunderstood in one respect, and that he was neither grim nor sour. That Mr. Guthrie is right, we do not question; but, if popular belief may be wrong in one respect, it may also err in others. Enemies and friends alike have misrepresented the real man. Mr. Lang will not be accused of undue partiality to Knox, and Mr. Lang's summing-up of his character may almost satisfy Knox's most fervent worshipper:—

"That Knox was a great man; a disinterested man; in his regard for the poor a truly Christian man; as a shepherd of Calvinistic souls a man fervent and considerate; of pure life; in friendship loyal; by jealousy untainted; in private character genial and amiable, I am entirely convinced. In public and political life he was much less admirable; and his 'History,' vivacious as it is, must be studied as the work of an old-fashioned advocate, rather than as the summing-up of a judge."

Of whom among Knox's contemporaries could an impartial student write in terms like these? His faults and failings are small compared with those of his fellows, and who among them possessed his virtues? To what Englishman or other Scotsman of the period could the word "disinterested" be applied? It was no mean thing that in such an age of lust and avarice there was one great voice that witnessed to a light which was from above. Poor and weak all such human witness must ever be; that of Knox was tainted by the defects of his own character, and by the evil influences of his times. The importance of these faults, as we have seen, is partly due to the folly which insists upon ignoring their existence; some of them, in fact, once that existence is admitted, almost disappear from the historical perspective.

After all has been said that truth compels us to admit, it remains quite impossible to doubt that Knox was a great man. Only those who know the appalling state into which the ancient Church had fallen in Scotland can realise what Knox achieved, or understand how great a thing it was to create an ideal, which (after all qualifications have been made) was a power for purity and for righteousness such as Scotland had not known for many a day. How difficult it was to insist upon that ideal can be fully appreciated only by those who are acquainted with the character of the men with whom Knox had to work. This is not the place in which to compare the value of the new doctrines which Knox preached to that of the old ones which he so fiercely denounced. That he must always be held in reverence by all who claim the name of Protestant, is too obvious to require any elaboration. We wish here to insist rather upon the example he gave of honest and true devotion to a cause; if he sinned, there was, at least, no thought of his own aggrandisement. In the wild and wicked scramble for Church lands in which his noble followers engaged, no acre of Scottish soil fell to him; the loot of Cathedral and Abbey possessions and revenues never soiled his hands. He asked for no place in the government of the nation; on his death his two sons went to serve the Church of England in modest fashion, for he had made no effort to obtain for them place or power at home. Above all, he was a man. "The voyce of one man," wrote Randolph, "is able in one hour to putt more lyf in us than fyve hundredth trumpettes continually blustering." It was well for Scotland that that voice had not been silenced by Mary Tudor. It would be well to-day if men were willing to listen to that voice as it really sounded, and to learn from it what Knox has told us about himself. The time may be distant when popular opinion in Scotland will share a virtue ascribed to Knox by one who knew him—that of not disdaining to hear better reasons nor being loth to be taught in anything he misseth. Not till it arrives can we achieve a true sense of proportion and a fair appreciation of the complex character of John Knox. But, at so long a distance from the day when "with dead hand but glad heart" he laid himself down, we may gladly acknowledge that it is with true instinct that Scotland has looked to him as the representative of the ideals of her later centuries, and in some sense as the creator of modern Scotland. We are brought back to the words in which his grateful countrymen wrote of Judas Maccabeus: "He was ever the chief defender of the citizens both in body and mind, and he continued his love to his countrymen all his life."

ROBERT S. RAIT.

## THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

### I.

#### THE DUEL OF THE SEXES.—A COMMENT.

It is a curious and discouraging fact that the women who have profited most by the "woman's movement," those whose genius has enabled them to avail themselves to the full of the increased opportunities it would fain offer to all, have nearly without exception risen up to decry it and their sex with singular rancour and contempt. We have had several recent examples of this fact; Mrs. Craigie, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and now Lucas Malet, to crown the distinguished list. Mrs. Craigie accuses her sex of every frailty and meanness, while Elizabeth Robins depicts a heroine, a poetess of sensitive and romantic temperament who rejects the love of dozens of men, more or less true and chivalrous, to lavish hers upon a man who gratuitously insults her every time he opens his mouth; a man whose brutalities are not even balanced by the rough honesty and honour that are generally supposed to accompany a chronic habit of lacerating people's feelings, for he has the amazing meanness to break open the locked volume in which his wife has written her poems; and finally he tears down the door of the room in which she has taken refuge in sheer terror of her life. Katharine thinks nothing of the dishonourable violation of her locked volume; a wife, it seems, has no personal rights where her husband is concerned; it does not lower him in her eyes to find him guilty of an action which might be expected from a housemaid who would not hesitate to read other people's letters or to listen at keyholes. Nor does this proud and romantic heroine appear to be moved (except to fear) by her husband's violent entry into her room, for it is immediately after he has torn down the door and burst upon her with the face of a maniac that a *rap-prochement* takes place between the pair (for there *had* been some slight strain in their relations in spite of the wife's meekness). Touched, apparently, with gratitude that, after all, he has not strangled her as she anticipated, she promises that she will never again lock him out since it seems to discompose him so seriously. She will take the risk of sudden death, as, in fact, she *must*, if she is to stay with her pleasant companion.

And so ends *The Dark Lantern*, a powerfully written modern version of the repellent old story of Patient Griselda, with the difference that the mediæval ruffian is by many degrees less of a bully and a coward than his almost inconceivable twentieth century prototype. Our old friend Rochester is a polished, delicately refined person beside him!

What has become of the noble ideal of the knight and the gentleman bequeathed to us from the days of chivalry? Is the book a simple study of that magnetic type of character which attracts in spite of every odious attribute? But one is driven from the supposition at every sentence, for the writer betrays sympathy with the submission of the heroine, not only to cruelty but to unremitting and apparently purposeless insult of the coarsest kind. The drift of the book is set—as violently as the current of a great river—towards the old order of sex-relationship in its most brutal, least decorative form. The wife is to be subject to the rule of the husband, and she is to rejoice in her submergence in him and in his children, for it is *his* children not *hers* that she is to spend herself for, body and soul. Katharine's child is only hers as far as suffering and service are concerned; when it comes to matters of direction she has no further part to play. Her husband calmly orders the child to be sent to the country without her consent or even knowledge, and when she follows it he telegraphs to the nurse to bring it back to town again—for its "good," of course, as all such deeds are done.

And now Lucas Malet comes forward, not to defend her sex—and, be it added, humanity—from the primitive barbarism here threatened, but to fasten yet another stone round the neck of the drowning—if, in fact, those who have toiled for what they claim to be a more human relation of the sexes, have toiled in vain, as the authoress seems to believe.

Her only doubt is of the possibility of persuading those women who have escaped from their prison to return to it. We have the advantage of seeing that prison—"home" pictured for us in *The Dark Lantern* (no "emancipated" writer would have dared to paint it in such colours!) and a "dark lantern" in very truth that "proper sphere" must be if the authoress has painted it aright. For once, we view it without the usual decorations that sentimentality loves to hang upon its grim walls.

Miss Robins does not pretend that it is garlanded with roses; she seems to say: "Here women must seek their career, and what little of happiness they can hope for in absolute subservience, for so nature has fashioned their souls."

Lucas Malet, applauding President Roosevelt's proclamation that woman's mission is that of unlimited maternity, seems to

take pleasure in the thought of the indignant and wounded feelings of her "emancipated" sisters on reading this stern message. "One cannot but pause," she says, "to picture with a trifle of malicious gaiety the sensations of all *feministes*. . . ."

Well, the sensations of "*feministes*" if painful will, at any rate, not be so from the shock of novelty! They have become inured—what physicians call "immune"—to the Rooseveltian sentiment from repeated inoculation and could recite its formula in their sleep. Does it not return to us all like a recurring springtide, enunciated always with an exquisite vernal freshness—the glad triumph of one who sheds the light of a great discovery on a groping world?

Lucas Malet would have a far greater chance of amusing herself at the expense of her "*feministe*" sisters if she pictured their sensations when they listen to *her* utterances, than when the American President delivers himself, out of the simplicity of a manly heart, of a sentiment whose real significance and drift he has no means of judging; one which he has heard repeated from childhood upward by every man and nearly every woman he has met. After all, one must make allowances in view of his unfortunate sex!

It is a different matter when distinguished women go out of their way to preach the doctrine. One feels that *they*, at least, ought to know what is really at stake in this question, and that there must be some deep-seated cause for their marked hostility to a movement which assuredly must have done much to diminish the difficulties of a woman's career, be it what it may. It rouses the dark fear that the liberating effort has come too late, that the old order has brought evils greater and more unconquerable than even its opponents feared; that the very constitution of the woman has been bruised and wounded past redemption, and that *this* is what our eminent women see, but *without seeing the bitter wrong that has caused it*. They forget that the wrong, even after it is partly righted, lives still in every nerve and fibre, coming in direct descent from the days when it was thought manly and *de rigueur* to knock down and trample upon the lady of your choice. One does not need to go to the police reports to realise that this instinct is not yet a thing of the past; one has but to pick up the last novel on the first drawing-room table one encounters: and therein one will also find exemplified the corresponding feminine "pray-knock-me-down-and-trample-upon-me" instinct in full bloom and vigour. And if this instinct is still so flourishing, need we be surprised if it be accompanied with other slave-attributes of which our eminent writers complain; lack of honesty, straightforwardness, impartiality, sense of honour—in short, of those particular qualities which belong to a state of

freedom and not of subservience? Is it fair to deny human beings the conditions for acquiring certain traits and then to cover them with contempt and ridicule because they are often without them? Men have done this from time immemorial; it seems hard that from their own sex women should receive the same injustice. Is it really true, however, that they are so lacking in the more honourable qualities at the present day? Individual experience gives differing testimony, in some cases very different indeed from that of their accusers. In any case, is it generous in those women who have shaken themselves free from many of the old fetters, to look back so scornfully and mercilessly on those others who have been less fortunate and perhaps in some cases less valiant? To say nothing of generosity, is it good sociology to attribute nothing but paltry motives and ridiculous conduct to a whole body of persons who are advocates of certain ideas, even if these ideas be entirely mistaken? One surely does not arrive at understanding the forces at work in society by approaching its members in that spirit.

It is easy to make light of the hampering and imprisoning nature of the orthodox woman's sphere by asserting that, after all, genius will always carve its way out of any prison. First of all, cases of genius are here beside the point, for it is *all* women who are concerned in this great question. But if genius does carve its way, bleeding, through the dense prison walls of human stupidity, what a piteous waste of precious force!

And *does* it always? Why do we never hear of a genius arising among the slum-population of our great cities, where the proportion of chances is infinitely greater than in any other class? Certainly not because among those millions no genius is ever born, but simply because the conditions are so cruelly unfavourable as to kill its manifestation except, perhaps, in the form of inexpressible suffering. It is surely impossible to doubt that the same tragic process has been going on through centuries in the case of women.

This popular idea of the certainty of genius overcoming all obstacles is incessantly made use of as a support for doctrines which contemplate denying to certain classes of the community rights and liberties.

Lucas Malet draws a sad picture of the crowds of modern bread-earners—girls employed in offices and so forth—hurrying to their work and returning at night to some lonely lodging. There are some populous homes that might with advantage be exchanged for lonely lodgings. But what, after all, is the cause of these crowds of solitary women? Simply that their mothers obeyed too well the commands of President Roosevelt and thought it their duty to



produce more children than there was comfortable room for in the society to which they belonged. One may be an uncompromising upholder of emancipation without seeing anything to rejoice at in this extension to women of the overstrained competitive toil that is already so great an evil for men. The cause for rejoicing is in the indication it gives of the recognition of human rights, irrespective of sex, and since these women have to earn their living in some way or other, *whether under the old régime or the new*, it is surely not an evil that they should now at least have a better chance of escaping the necessity of earning it in a marriage "for the sake of a home," or in some other form of barter less generally esteemed.

Such ideas, of course, must seem subversive of the entire social fabric to those who believe in the order which is founded on the subjection of women, on paternal government, and on the idea *au fond* of the rightful sovereignty of brute force. Those who hold these views are logically committed to untiring opposition to all forms of human liberty, more especially to that latest born of the belated brood, the liberty of women.

For instance, the claim of personal rights for a human being can mean little or nothing to one who would uphold the slave trade (and such still exist!) on the ground of the good of the community and the fact that slaves were opposed to their own emancipation; for this *was* often the case, so completely had the institution done its evil work.

To such a thinker it would appear still more meaningless to claim rights for the woman. The abstract principle has no appeal for him. He would insist again on the good of the community (as he conceived it), and would contend that all true women objected to have any rights, "true" women being those who *did* so object, according to a familiar and convenient circular argument. The only way to meet him on his own ground would be to show him, if possible, that these inequalities caused *immediate* evil to the man, the children, and society. (If the evil were at all distant he would tuck his head under his wing and ignore it.)

It would be vain to point to the sufferings of the woman herself, for she must be ready and willing for sacrifice; if she is not so, her monitor is shocked at her frivolity and selfish lack of courage, and he says scathing things about the degenerate sex.

His mental attitude resembles that of the ancient Greek colonists who offered a maiden each year to the sea-monster as blackmail for the safety of the rest of the citizens. It did not strike them as mean-spirited in the least, and one never hears that they returned from the ceremony of chaining the maiden to the rock to await her fate with any decrease of self-esteem. On the con-

trary, they felt that they had been assisting at a religious and patriotic rite, and their gait, it is safe to assume, was majestic!

But it is not only opponents who do not fully realise the astonishing unfairness of the popular view; there are many supporters of "women's rights" who contend for these only on the apologetic ground that they would always be used with admirable wisdom and virtue, which, of course, is open to question.

Those advocates are rare who make the claim on the fundamental principle that for members of a civilised community anything short of the possession of full human rights is, *per se*, a grievous wrong.

It is Condorcet who says, "Either no creature of the human race has veritable rights or all have the same. . . ."

This is the extreme and logical form of the doctrine of personal rights as opposed to the rule-of-thumb views of society, which recognises rights here and refuses them there, according to the hazard of current opinion. The right to choose her "mission" for herself is still denied to the woman; others undertake to choose it for her, being apparently in the counsels of Providence or Nature. Yet now we have loud complaints that this erring being, in spite of Providence or Nature, it would appear, regards the life of incessant childbearing with aversion, and in some cases shrinks from the function altogether. This is instructive, for it was but yesterday that the barest whisper of such an idea would have been met with horrified incredulity and the sentiment stigmatised as "pose," or as an odious and solitary example of "morbid" temperament.

Never was it suspected that the *ordinary* state of the maternal sentiment was morbid in a truer sense, since it had attained its enormous strength from the overstrained conditions of the woman's life through countless centuries; from the perpetual stimulation and encouragement of the maternal emotions and the equally unwearied discouragement and denial of all other activities and aspirations. This, according to modern biologists, is the history of all over-strong tendencies. But the conditions that produced this state of the impulse which John Stuart Mill describes as "inflamed into a disease," are partially breaking down. *Hinc illae lachrymae.*

This letting in of light into the dark places of the woman's life has allowed her to face her own hidden feelings—suppressed how many a time in frightened self-reproach—and has called forth admissions and declarations that are terrifying all who imagined that they fully understood the essence of the woman's nature and what Providence intended for her—and who did not?

But these admissions are in *both* directions showing a curious

divergence in development among this complex sex; and in both directions they seem to create almost equal horror!

On the one hand we find the shrinking from the maternal function in varying degrees of intensity; on the other a desperate and overwhelming desire for it, quite regardless of the proprieties.

If some strange facts of history were more generally known,<sup>1</sup> the methods of reward and threat and savage punishment resorted to among almost every people of the world in order to persuade and force women to their "divine mission," there would be less surprise at this painful obsession in unapproved circumstances. Since the numbers of the sexes are not equal, many women must remain unmarried, and the suffering that often arises from this cause is piteous. Brought up, as a rule, with the sole idea of marriage and the domestic life, they have few resources and their existence becomes a struggle between instinct and principle, or settles down into a state of hopeless endurance. Escape for a woman of this type there is none, for she will not satisfy her desire for the duties of motherhood by adopting and caring for the children of others. No, other people's children have not caused her unspeakable agony, have not perchance broken her health, her nerves, and perhaps her heart. Therefore—so says this strange instinct—they cannot claim the devotion of her long-ing heart, be their helplessness and their need ever so pitiful! This blind animal feeling we are taught to call holy, and supremely unselfish! Yet this very sentiment in a stepmother actually prompts to hardness and injustice towards those children in her power who do not happen to be compounded of her own flesh and blood! Such a woman, not really fit to bring up a canary, is thought a suitable educator for a family of human creatures, who are destined, in their different degrees, to be makers of the world! It is preposterous to claim for such an impulse a place among the higher affections. The world is miserable and tormented because its inhabitants are all more or less like the orthodox mother—who has no tenderness but for her *own*.

It is surely time for a little plain-speaking on this subject, especially at a moment when we seem to be threatened by a movement of thought that would drive the developing race back upon mere instinct, just when it seemed to be on the eve of rising to the level of a more human sentiment.

<sup>2</sup> A writer in the *Revue des Idées* on "Les Origines de l'Amour Maternel," is even inclined to deny, in the case of animals, any real attachment of the mother to the young, the attraction—one

(1) Ellis Ethelmer, in a small volume entitled *Woman Free*, has collected extraordinary instances. (To be obtained from Mrs. Elmy Congleton, Cheshire.)

(2) M. Alfred Giard, de l'Institut *Revue des Idées*, April 15, 1905.

of mere sensation—being caused, he thinks, by hereditary processes of adaptation favouring survival. And certainly it can scarcely be “love” in any humanly comprehensible sense that makes the bird heroically sit upon her eggs in the face of danger. It would take a very maternal hen indeed to really love an egg!

And the same difficulty has even been felt—if certain heretical utterances are to be believed—in the case of the new-born infant, whose attractions in that very early stage are held by some not to go very much beyond those of the egg!

Be that as it may, it is certain that individuality and intelligent consciousness are essential to arouse love that is something really different in kind from the bird’s feeling for her eggs. If the mother loves the child, even in the “egg stage,” because she believes it to be also the child of the man she loves, her feeling is not necessarily to be included among the distinctively maternal emotions, since she might cease to care for it if she discovered (to assume an almost inconceivable case) that her belief was erroneous. Only the woman whose feeling never faltered in such circumstances would be the true, that is, the primitive mother. The glorification of *that* feeling (as distinct from the devotion that may arise later when there is a real personality to be loved) has grown up in exactly the same way as the rewards and punishments became established among ancient peoples, in order to secure the woman’s acquiescence in her lot. It all belongs to the same great system of things which modern thought is challenging all along the line. With the gradual breakdown of that system, is it so very unlikely that the sentiments which have grown out of it and supported it should undergo a radical change; even the one sentiment which is supposed to be the same to all eternity: that of maternal love? Why may we not dare to imagine it growing in the direction of the *human*, depending more and more on personality, less and less on the accident of bodily relationship? May not the civilised woman come to love the *child* rather than her own flesh and blood; its soul rather than her *self*? Will there not at least develop one type of woman among others who will so feel? Of course it is not denied that many mothers already feel in this way, but then the feeling is invariably confused with, and credited to, the maternal instinct *per se*, which, decked thus in borrowed plumes, becomes the occasion of our familiar orgies of sentimentality. As distinguished from other affections, maternal love might be defined as that which burns with the greatest intensity while there is nothing there to love!

Has it ever occurred to opponents of the modern movement what a tremendous force that must be which instigates the woman

to revolt in the teeth of such enormous odds; in the face of this "system of iniquities" (as a modern French writer describes it),<sup>1</sup> "under which, by a miracle of endurance and of vital reaction she has not succumbed?" This is surely no affair of mere morbid restlessness, as Lucas Malet believes it to be. A strong and growing sentiment is a big sociological fact. It has arisen under conditions that we are assured are the best possible for the sex. Why, then, should these ideally placed beings dream of change? We know from the testimony of history what miseries will be endured before revolt is even thought of, much more attempted. Can we then fail to see that this revolt is a part of the great movement that mankind is making towards a finer type of humanity and a higher form of life? It is the stirring of growth, of spiritual expansion, the passionate desire for more room, more hope of fulfilling inner possibilities, and for *expression*, that imperious human need that cannot safely be gainsaid.

After all, if Evolution is a fact and not an ingenious fiction, mankind is actually changing, and if so, the symbol of things human is *not* the circle—as Lucas Malet says that it is—but the *spiral*.

As she reminds us; if you go far enough west you come east; yes, but you come east with a difference; at a higher level of the spiral—and *what* a difference that is! You must go very far west to know how great.

The wave of reaction now sweeping over the world which the authoress thinks will submerge the woman's claims in the next ten years illustrates—if the symbol of Life be a spiral—merely the tedious and roundabout line of ascent of that mysterious figure.

If we are entering upon an age of Militarism, the woman's cause, in common with every cause that makes a demand on human intelligence and justice, is likely to suffer. The terror of the nations at the slightest sign of a falling off in the population, has its root in the supposed necessity for a vast number of human beings to be born to make food for powder, *chair à canon* as someone calls it. The unwillingness of modern women for this somewhat ghastly task naturally causes anger and alarm.

But the ideals of the future do not include militarism, or even militant commercialism. A thinker here and there is beginning to see that incessant warfare inside and outside the boundaries of his country is not the way to produce a reasonable or a tolerable social life. Their hopes are fixed upon cooperative instead of combative systems, international as well as national; on the

[1] Leopold Lacour, *Humanisme Intégrale*, P. V. Stock, Editeur Galerie du Théâtre Français, Paris.

growth of the human consciousness and therefore of its sympathies; on the development of the Art of Life, that most important and most neglected of all the arts.

"We want fewer men and more of them," as some hasty orator exclaimed in disgust at the swarms of mediocre and inferior human beings who form the raw material out of which the world has to be built. This is the great problem in a nutshell: to improve the quality and diminish the quantity of mankind—that is, in proportion to the means of securing for each a truly human life. No alteration of the form of government radically betters a community in which a relatively large number of people are doomed to scramble for a relatively small quantity of necessaries. One may decry Malthus, but *that*, at least, is beyond dispute.

Anyone can bring about a perfect analogue to this state of things by throwing a meagre handful of grain in a teeming poultry-yard.

Let the distribution be ideally just; let each fowl get exactly its fair share, yet all the fowls go hungry, even though they may console themselves by the reflection that they are starving under a *régime* of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. If man is not hopelessly and permanently a fool, he need not permit this ridiculous situation to continue indefinitely.

A man's work—according to certain well-known calculations—if directed to productive industries for a few hours of one day, will keep him in comfort for a week. Of course it will not do so if he is engaged in non-productive industry, such as adding up columns of figures, or making plush photograph frames or demented-looking flower-vases for the decoration of Rooseveltian homes (for there would be no time to cultivate the taste beyond this simple stage if the President were conscientiously obeyed). While the man was manufacturing his monstrosities other persons would have to make his clothes and his food for which he would give in return only those unconsidered trifles.

With every new invention of machinery, the product of a given amount of labour is increased ten-fold, a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold, according to the nature of the invention.

There is thus no natural fiat against human well-being. Man is not condemned to earn his bread in toil and suffering; or if he be so, he condemns himself to that lot by his own stupidity. There are many schemes for lessening the extremes of riches and poverty, for the nationalisation of land, for a more equal distribution of the results of labour. But nothing, however revolutionary in that direction, can ever emancipate us from the law that is expressed in that single arithmetical relation between output and consumption. It is the law of gravitation of the economic world, and against it

there is no appeal. Cruel and awful are the consequences of disobedience.

The favourable relationship between production and consumers—for instance, in the individual case of a family—gradually alters as the numbers increase, and so the margin of comfort and leisure steadily lessens till it finally disappears, and existence becomes a mere struggle to find means to continue the struggle, deprived of all that makes life worth having or worth bestowing on others.

And *this* is the Pandemonium that women are asked to feed with a constant stream of luckless beings to be ground to powder in the vast horrible mill that we call society, whose wheels are kept turning by the tragic force of wasted, degraded lives.

Some day, when the "woman question" has indeed been submerged because to our successors it will seem preposterous that any human being should have to plead for human rights, the long duel of the sexes will be laid at last to rest, and man and woman will find themselves free, for the first time, to build the House of Life, spacious and splendid, as they alone in liberty and sympathy of spirit can create it.

Not till then can it cease to be true that man by his own fault (as Léopold Lacour proclaims), "has not only to tread the rough paths of civilisation alone, but finds at every step his natural ally, his companion by divine right: woman, against him."

And now for the paradox that seems to lie at the heart of all the deeper facts of existence.

The old tradition which for weary centuries has sacrificed the individual life of the woman for the husband, the family and the race, has in fact inflicted the deepest conceivable injuries upon all three.

Happiness for men and women in close relationship it has rendered scarcely possible; it has made of them strangers and secret enemies; friendships between them it has so hampered and hunted that they have generally relinquished it in sheer discouragement; love it has handcuffed and dragooned till the wild thing has drooped and died, an old, old tragedy of how many a "happy home"! And as for the family and the race, they have shared in the misfortunes of their founders. They have been despoiled of life's best possibilities, doomed to the cruelest mischances of education, deprived of the means of development, training, access to the fruits of accumulating knowledge, and all this in proportion as the mother's existence and intelligence have been subordinated to "duty" in the special sense in which that word is applied to the much-admonished sex.

There has been loss all along the line, and the greatest loss of all that the race has suffered through the old ideals is in the realm of the affections.

Paradox again, it will be said, yet how can intelligent people persuade themselves that the great affections can flourish under the relationship of authority on the one hand and subservience on the other?

The man who believes he can get all he wants under such a *régime* is easily satisfied indeed! As well expect the rose to bloom in polar ice-fields as a lasting love or a great friendship to exist between master and bondswoman.

But what has all this meant for mankind? The hindering of progress, cruel waste of power and effort; centuries of needless suffering and the cutting off of all chance of real happiness; for it is in the affections that happiness lies; in love, in friendship in all their infinite phases, their inspiring and their consoling possibilities.

Man, in proportion to his development, needs the satisfaction of both intellect and heart, of the innate craving for true and close companionship of spirit, not the mere invaded privacy of ordinary family life. Such are, for the fully-endowed human being, the finally satisfying things, and such he will increasingly need and crave for. Happiness has been finely described as consisting in the number of things that you love and bless and that love and bless you.

What, after all, is the mainspring of all imaginative literature, of all poetry? Love: whether it be of Beauty, of Nature, of Art, of Woman, of Friend; it is all the same great passion, and one of the most haunting of its myriad aspects, around which a glory of romance and dream has grown up, is the love of man for woman and of woman for man. There is an ineradicable sense persisting, in spite of all disappointments, that *there* lies the Earthly Paradise.

But how have fared these beautiful imaginings, these truly prophetic dreams of the human heart? How have they fared at the hands of the prosaic everyday "practical" world which has instituted marriage on the foundation of bondage, coercion, "duty," rights of property in flesh and soul?

All literature rings with the cry of unrealised hopes, lost illusions, romance and poetry trampled under foot.

The crude ordinances to which we are all constrained to bow have been like coarse and ugly vessels of clay into which the nectar of the gods was to be irreverently poured. And luckless, foolish humans, secure in their ordinances, dared to found upon them a thousand rights and intrusive tyrannies in the fatuous belief that they could confine and appropriate as personal property that which



is beyond the power of all earthly prisons : and so when they peered anxiously into their vessels of clay, lo! the divine essence had flown they knew not whither—and for ever!

Perhaps the most inspiring of the possibilities brought within the region of hope by the doctrine of evolution is the idea that the passion of love can undergo a process of beautiful growth—nay, that it is already doing so in some natures that have outstripped their fellows. The poet, George Barlow, in one of his striking essays on this subject, expresses the belief that “ a marvellous development, unnoticed by most of us, has recently been taking place in the poetic conception of love.” He claims that not only is modern romantic love an essentially different thing from the passion as understood by the ancients—which, presumably, would not be disputed—but that it has perceptibly altered even since the time of the Elizabethan poets. The coarseness which Shakespeare himself in his finest love-scenes does not escape, means something more than a mere difference between his time and ours in habits of speech and manner. It means a difference in feeling and in conception that goes very deep indeed.

And this change, this new direction, promises the fulfilment of some of the noblest and sweetest dreams that have ever entered the human heart.

“ *The Epipsychidion*,” says this author, “ is a poem of passionate human love not discrowned of humanness, but with all its human elements in process of transformation into higher but not less human elements.” Certainly not less human if higher, for the ascent of man is precisely in the human direction.

This is not a mere return to the platonic idea, which sets a feud, a relentless vendetta, between sense and soul. It is a dream of their reconciliation through a great ennoblement, a refining of the whole being, till love is capable of actually spiritualising the body through its own spiritual intensity. And the imagination refuses to stop here. It whispers of a possible transmuting of the physical into something subtler yet more complete; something, perhaps, depending on the growth of perceptions which we have already begun tentatively to name : the intuition, the subconscious self, the sixth sense, and so forth. And if these vehicles of emotion seem at present inadequate, unsatisfying, chill to the more tremendous passions of the heart, it has to be remembered that they are, *per assumption*, in their infancy, and that, as the nature of man changes, so may—nay, *must*—change the experiences to which he gradually becomes heir.

The scared reason may cry halt for a moment, but only to find its feet again to admit that since evolution has at last become conscious, while its velocity incessantly increases with every inch

won from the void (so to speak); since man has already followed a course of change starting from a primitive cell to arrive at a Shakespeare or a Newton (a process of eons representatively repeated in a few months by every human being that is born), there is no logical stopping-place that can be assigned to the possibilities of travel into those "other worlds" that we begin to discern within ourselves—like faint peaks of mountains seen across wastes of sea. And even in this world of to-day spirit *can* transfigure the body in a sense, perhaps, more literal than we dream. We may see this in a lesser degree, in very beautiful natures in whom the nobler elements are habitually dominant.

The soul seems to shine through and illuminate its temple, rendering it mysteriously beautiful.

Perhaps the new growth may be in the direction that will cause to disappear the old illusory separation of matter and spirit, and so prompt to that reverence for the body—a very symbol of nobility as it *can* be—which mediæval Christianity and modern Puritanism have so cruelly destroyed.

"Phantoms and unrealities," it may be objected. But out of phantoms and unrealities this world of men has been built from the beginning.

But it is clear that all trace and vestige of the master and bondswoman must disappear utterly and for ever, before the eternal lovers, no longer at cross purposes, at secret war, but reconciled, can set foot together upon the wonderful new path that winds its way alluringly before them to unknown heights and splendours. In spite of the old adage that love is blind, they have always been haunted by an inner sense that love, on the contrary, is the great seer, the passion that reveals and knows, and that by its magic they can together unlock the gates of a happier future.

"The glory that drew him," exclaims the poet once more, in speaking of the lover in one of Rossetti's poems, "was the glory of the angel within the woman, visible for a moment to the angel within himself."

And the dwelling-place of angels, be it remembered, is Heaven!

MONA CAIRD.

## II.

### "THE THREATENED RE-SUBJECTION OF WOMAN."

#### A REPLY TO LUCAS MALET.

HAS Lucas Malet exhausted her powers of imagination in her powerful, but perhaps over-imaginative works of fiction that she has none left for the destiny of the human race? For while subscribing with humble enthusiasm to her almost unrivalled achievements in the region of fiction, it is wholly without trepidation that I venture to dispute her conclusions as to the origin, progress, present results, and future fate of the Women's Movement.

Lucas Malet quotes President Roosevelt's message wherein he says: "The prime duty of man is to work, to be the bread-winner; the prime duty of the woman is to be the mother, the housewife." These utterances, she says, will appeal to those of us who are neither *féministes* nor wholly frivolous "as sane and sound, a return to right reason and common-sense." The view that the object for which each man should work should be merely to maintain his home, is on a par with the view that women should exist for no other purpose than child-bearing and housewifery. What a terribly lack-lustre ideal for both the man and the woman! The man is to work merely for the sake of keeping body and soul together on this earth. The woman is to bear children and keep the home the man has "worked" for. How cut and dried and uniform and unspeakably dull it sounds! But I do not wish to be misunderstood: I claim that for women there is no greater joy on earth, when it is a joy, than the joy of motherhood. But if this and the cares of the housewife were the only means of self-expression open to a woman, I much doubt if even her motherhood itself would constitute so great a joy. I brave the sniff the phrase "self-expression" may excite. It has, I am aware, been used as a vehicle for much that is morbid and neurotic among the heroines of modern fiction. Nevertheless I use it advisedly. I mean that given the possession of the intensest joy a mother is capable of feeling in her relation towards her children, her husband, and her home, and given the fulfilment of her duties towards all three to the most conscientious heights attainable, it is not enough to occupy a fully-equipped, intellectual, healthy human female, any more than it would be enough for a fully-

equipped, intellectual, healthy human father, whose delight in his children, his wife, and his home is often no less great than the mother's.

It is the recognition of this great and pregnant fact that, to my mind, constitutes the importance of the Woman's Movement. And it is just this awakening that, except in flashes and at rare intervals, Lucas Malet has failed in her article to take into account. If, then, the truth of this view can be conceded, wherein do the sanity and reasonableness lie that would prevent this *natural* if dormant desire of the human female to work and to *achieve* from finding expression? The desire to participate in the work of the world's progress, as well as to accept her mission to reproduce her species, is a natural desire.

In insisting, as I have done, on that grossly mis-used word *natural*, I range the whole force of biological research against those who see in women's subjection to men a "natural state of things." I recommend to those interested in this side of the question Professor Lester F. Ward's learned but engrossing work, *Pure Sociology*: "A treatise on the organ and spontaneous development of Society," from which I may be permitted to make a few quotations. In the chapter on "The Phylogenetic Forces," after dealing exhaustively with what he calls the androcentric and gynæcocentric theories, he says: "The female is not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk, while to it a male element is afterwards added for the purpose above explained. The male is, therefore, as it were, a mere after-thought of nature," p. 314. He talks of the proof of the gynæcocentric theory, that is female rule, as "forced or wrested, as it were, from unwilling minds by the mass of evidence," p. 316. "The female not only typifies the race but, metaphor aside, she is the race," p. 323. "In a broad general sense the relations of the sexes throughout the animal kingdom might be characterised as a gynæcocracy, or female rule, but I propose to restrict the term, as did Bachofen, to the human race and to a phase of the early history of man which, though almost unknown prior to the astonishingly erudite and exhaustive researches of Bachofen, is now known always to have existed and still to exist at the proper status of culture or stage of man's history," p. 337. Professor Ward recognises the fact that this view is a great stumbling-block to those who accept the existing state of things as "divine" or "natural" in the following passage: "*Women in History*.—The series of influences which we have been describing had the effect to fasten upon the human mind the habit of thought which I call the androcentric world view, and this has persistently clung to the race until it forms

to-day the substratum of all thought and action. So universal is this attitude that a presentation of the real and fundamental relation of the sexes is something new to those who are able to see it, and something preposterous to those who are not. The idea that the female is naturally and really the superior sex seems incredible, and only the most liberal and emancipated minds possessed of a large store of biological information, are capable of realising it,” p. 364.

Lucas Malet is obviously imbued with what Professor Ward calls the androcentric world view, and seems sublimely unconscious that there is any other with an undisputed claim to respect. She thus, in her mind, and it appears sub-consciously all through her article, regards the supporters of the Women’s Emancipation Movement as eccentric cranks or faddists, whereas they are, in truth, the normal reasoners. Nowhere is Lucas Malet’s “Androcracy” more amusingly evident than in the following passage: “His [Man’s] weaknesses—and even his warmest advocates cannot but own that you have but to see enough of him to know that he has many, and those by no means exclusively of the proverbially masculine type—are patent to her,” [the Woman “who has tasted the sweets of independence”]. Is this meant humorously? If so, the parenthesis makes the humour too subtle. This idea expressed in other words might run: “Man is not *really* perfect, you know; we all think him so, of course, but he has his little flaws, as some of us with tremendous perspicacity are able to discover.”

If the subjection of women can be shown to be a non-natural—which describes the condition better than unnatural—state, how is the fact of their subjection explained? This is a perfectly legitimate query, and one which I shall attempt in as few words as possible to answer. It was necessary and inevitable for the purpose of developing the race. If the female alone had continued to be *the race*, and the male only the fertiliser, the human race would never have emerged from its embryonic state, and would have remained in the same condition as the animal tribe immediately below the human tribe. The maternal instinct existed; and the human female, in common with all mammals, recognised and cared for her own young. But the instinct of fatherhood was a much later development; and simultaneously with the taking on of the responsibility of parenthood by the male did the female lose her status as the supporter of the family. The increased size of the male was due to the female, through the law of sexual selection. By degrees the male discovered that it was less trouble to capture the female at first than go through the preliminary stage of fighting for her with other males. So surely as the pre-

dominance of the female in the first instance was overcome by the predominance of the male in the evolutionary process of race-building, so surely will the present gradual but unmistakable rise of the female continue for the benefit of the race until the right and true relations of the sexes are established, in such a manner as shall ensure the continued progress of the race along the lines of least resistance, and in the way best calculated to perfect it. To speak of the movement as a transitory wave already on the decline seems due to an extraordinary inability to grasp the goal towards which the human race is inevitably creeping. It seems almost incredible that a thinking being should consider that the minute period, in proportion to the ages, during which we have been able to register results, should be considered of sufficient length to enable us to form a judgment either of approval or condemnation of the effects of any given movement. 'The world's duration has been aptly compared to the hands of a clock in their twelve hours' journey round the dial; eleven solemn hours having slowly struck and the minute hand having begun its last hour's round, not until about twenty minutes to twelve did the prehistoric period cease, at less than five minutes to twelve we entered upon our present state of comparative civilisation; and the Women's Movement has been barely as a single tick of the second hand. What fools are rash enough to condemn a movement when the clock is still slowly striking twelve, and the hands are again beginning their eternal journey: this one second counting but its own infinitesimal share in the march of eternity?

The "artificial nomad" described by Lucas Malet may exist, and her life be drear and loveless, but what movement has not had its martyrs? If incidentally the movement produces a few abnormal specimens it cannot be helped, but surely even they are better than the alternately smirking or fainting female she has superseded? And I enter my protest most strongly against the view that the newest of the new women need necessarily be the "sexless, homeless, unmaternal" creature Lucas Malet paints. I maintain that it is possible to feel the *Zeit-geist* surging through one's inmost being, filling one with a desire to help forward in the right direction this supreme movement initiated by the "mysterious influence, coming one knows not where, and sweeping over the minds of nations as the wind sweeps over a field of wheat," and yet be as truly and lovingly domestic as the most cosily old-fashioned could wish.

Whether we approve or not, the movement is here. The task nature has set herself through the subjection of women has been fulfilled; women's unconscious mission, operating by natural laws, has hitherto been to humanise the male. By the law of inter-

locked heredity the race has now sufficiently advanced for women to have a conscious mission : the perfecting of the human race.

What should we think of the woman or of the man who would wish to re-establish gynæocracy on this planet : who would voluntarily aid and abet the reversion of the male to his original place in the economy of race-production as merely the fertiliser, the fighter, and the hunter? From the human standpoint we should regard that man or that woman as an enemy to progress and civilisation. And yet there are thousands of men and women in this identical position. By desiring to maintain the subjection of women—a state incidental to racial progress established in order to raise the male to a position of equality with the woman—these people are in very deed enemies to their own kind ; moles crawling in benighted regions of their own making, unconscious of the beautiful world above and around them. They are the fools who whisper in their hearts " there is no God." Who has not noticed that it is always the least virile and manly amongst the men who are so bent upon " keeping women in their proper place " (what they really want, of course, is to keep them out), and the least womanly amongst the women who are willing to abdicate their God-given right of human will in favour of an unlovely subservience to the mere brute strength of the male. This is what Lucas Malet observes when she sees the " highest class " least affected by " the new régime." The more intellectual and the better-bred the man, the less irksome in his domination to the woman. If it exists she does not feel it. It is for this reason that the supporters of this movement, with as Lucas Malet observes " one or two well-known exceptions," are not drawn from the aristocratic classes. But it is not to their credit. Because they suffer no visible or immediate inconvenience such as their less fortunate sisters daily experience, their interest, through lack of intelligence or intellectual sympathy, has not been quickened in the deep pulsating movement that is throbbing in the hearts and minds of all women —unconsciously in those who are affected by their disabilities, and consciously in those of the few who in all ages would have been the leaders in any movement they believe to be for the good of their kind.

Lucas Malet throughout her article ignores the love of work for its own sake, yet this love exists and is instinctive in women as well as in men, and shows itself very early in the child. The suppression of one natural instinct cannot act beneficially upon another natural instinct, and it is only when the human being has been allowed to develop in the fullest freedom that the true relations of the sex function will assume its proper proportion. Lucas Malet talks of the " American climate making for the development

of nervous energy rather than that of sex." It has, perhaps, never occurred to her that the whole human race has become artificially over-sexed, and that this condition, so far from being beneficial to the race, is just one of those things that this movement will tend to counteract. In Mrs. Stetson's *Women and Economics* this view is very ably and convincingly demonstrated; I consider the book one of the most illuminating treatises on the whole of this question that has ever been written.

Again I must insist that when speaking of the over-sexed condition of the human race I utterly repudiate any participation in the belief that a sane, healthy desire for expansion and independence in the woman leads to the absurd views about child-bearing that Lucas Malet seems to think obtain amongst the mass of the would-be emancipated. But neither do I accept President Roosevelt's views as a doctrine of salvation. There is a great deal of loose talk about the necessity of large families for the good of a nation. Lucas Malet quotes President Roosevelt as follows: "If a race does not have plenty of children, or if these children do not grow up, or if when they grow up they are unhealthy in body, stunted or vicious in mind, then the race is decadent," &c. This does not strike me as very sound sense.

(1) If a race does not have plenty of children it is decadent.

(2) If it has "plenty of children," but they die, it is decadent.

(3) If it has plenty of children and they grow up unhealthy and vicious, it is decadent. But if a race managed to have fewer than "plenty," and they grew up healthy, well developed, and virtuous, would the race still be decadent without the "plenty"? Is not the quality rather than the quantity of children the thing to be aimed at? If, then, by improving women's status the breed improves, as improve it must, is not this preferable to the "plenty" in their present very mixed condition? Has no one sufficient imagination to see in their mind's eye a race that would be incapable of breeding this mass of "undesirable aliens" who are tossed about from shore to shore, welcome nowhere, and a curse to themselves?

We are in the transition stage; and in this stage there always have been, always will be, disheartening phases. But let us not on that account talk of "going back"; there is nothing, *nothing*, that even the most conservative amongst us need wish to go back to. And if we set our ideal high enough and move steadily forward we may reach heaven at last.

AGNES GROVE.



## THE EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY OF WOMEN.

THE trouble with women is that they do not know how to spend money. The great majority never have any money, or they are at the mercy of some grim masculine creature, be he father or husband, who demands items—now think of an average man bothering himself about items! I think it must be a survival of the time when we inhabited harems, or when we were beautiful dames to whom our true knights gave undying love but nothing more substantial, or we rejoiced the souls of the ancient patriarchs though we did not succeed in extracting any cash.

I don't for a moment believe that the lovely Hebrew damsel, Rebecca, had a penny of her own, nor that the peerless Guinevere had half-a-crown (or whatever the coinage was) to buy her Launcelot a love token. And though Scheherazade—that peerless, self-contained, circulating library of a thousand and one volumes—could tell enough stories to her Sultan to have made the fortune of a modern publisher, she could hardly have made less even if she had had the felicity to write a modern novel. The favourite of the harem would, I am sure, have found a purse a hollow mockery.

Now we modern women are the descendants, more or less remote, of Rebecca, Guinevere, and Scheherazade, and our greatest resemblance to our fair ancestresses is that most of us have no money to spend, and those of us who have do not know how to spend it. Heredity is an excuse for being what might be called the stingy sex.

I wonder what the world would have been like had the purse-strings of time been held by women? More comfortable, possibly, but, I fear, much less beautiful. It takes the great, splendid masculine spendthrifts in high places to glorify the world with treasures of priceless art. But it was an immortal maiden queen who inspired the greatest poet of all time, and as the production of poetry has always been cheap, so poetry was the splendid and inexpensive contribution to the glory of her reign made by a not too extravagant queen. It is the men who keep alive the extravagance, the beauty, and the ideality of life. But little credit to them who have always been able to put their hands in their trousers pockets and jingle the pennies.

Now time may mean money for a man, but who ever heard that time meant money for a woman? No one, for the simple reason that it does not. Time and trouble are of so little value to

the average woman that she squanders the one and is prodigal of the other in the most appalling way. And by the average woman, I mean not those who earn their own living, no matter how modestly, nor those who have some serious purpose in life, though without the object of earning, nor those who, as wives and mothers, may estimate their time as of the value of a general servant's! But apart from these the rank and file of women, including a good many wives and mothers of all classes, whether rich or poor, high or low, consist of the aimless ones who potter vaguely through life, through shops, through streets, through joy, through sorrow; think feebly, talk feebly, and feel feebly, and finally fade away, and cease to exist. Now think of the majority of men frittering away life like that! For ten years I lived opposite an able-bodied, middle-aged woman who sat in a rocking-chair by the window, crocheting from luncheon time until dark, four mortal hours, and this for ten long years! Then she moved or died, I don't remember which. And yet, after all, how many of us sit with our hands folded, doing nothing, thinking nothing, but just mentally and physically limp, weighed down by empty, useless time which we try to kill with yawning desperation.

We are adepts of the idle industries because our time is of no earthly consequence. Think of the miles of lace we crochet, the impossible embroideries we make, the countless odds and ends we construct, of no earthly use except to catch dust. Think of the hours we waste at the piano which no one wants to hear and which we never learn to play; think of the awful pictures we make, which no one wants to see; the innumerable things we do that are so much better done by some one else. There may be male loafers, superabundant male loafers, but it seems to me as if their united numbers are as nothing compared to those worthy lady loafers who are perfectly respectable and perfectly idle. Why should a woman be permitted to loaf unreprieved? Is idleness a feminine privilege?

The average man is trained to do some one thing as well as his intelligence and his industry will permit, but the average woman is trained to do nothing, at least nothing well—she cannot even keep house well. Her only object is to fill her aimless existence with something, anything, just to kill time. In other days girls were carefully taught all domestic employments; they had to learn to keep house, to sew delicately, to cook, and, indeed, to do all those innumerable minor things which are of such vast importance. The modern girl is only taught not to be illiterate, that is all. With this negative quality as a dowry, a pretty face and nice clothes, and some empty chatter, she is bestowed on a perfectly innocent young man in search of a helpmate.

Perhaps for the first time she has a little money—I speak, of course, of the respectable middle-class woman, for the lowest and highest are of no account, meeting, as they often do, on the dead level of extravagance. Now what can we expect of a young middle-class wife who has some money for the first time? That she wastes it when it should be saved, and saves it when it should be spent. She buys cheap food, but she decorates her baby with that white plush cloak and that awful plush cap which her middle-class soul loves, and which bear witness to her prosperity. So her olive branch is carried about in plush while her husband has dismal retrospects of other days, hardly appreciated, when he took his luscious supper at a third-rate restaurant, which in remembrance seems a banquet fit for the gods.

To spend money in just proportion to one's income, however small, and not to spend too little—for there is such a thing!—requires a higher degree of intelligence than the aimless and the inexperienced possess, and the woman who earns money has a keener, juster knowledge of its value than the woman who gets it from the masculine head of the family under whose thumb she languishes. Also, as I have said before, she has to learn the value of time in the process of evolution from the harem to the ballot-box. I have a dear friend, a woman with a massive intellect, who is, however, not above economy. She has been in search of an ideal greengrocer, and, after much tribulation of spirit and waste of precious hours that mean literally pounds to her, she found him in Shepherd's Bush. Lured by the bucolic name, tempted by a vision of sprouts at tuppence per pound instead of tuppence ha'penny, she made a pilgrimage there, wasted a whole precious morning, and joined a phalanx of other mistaken female economists who stood on wet flags in Indian file, each waiting their turn to be served. My intelligent friend waited twenty-five minutes, until she was finally rescued by a serving young man, and had the rapture of saving sevenpence. She, naturally, returned home in triumph and in a 'bus, but she was so used up by her economy that it would have been flattery to call her a wreck. That night she had a chill, the doctor was summoned in hot haste, and he proceeded to attend her with that assiduity which only adds another terror to illness. When to this is added the bills for a protracted visit to the seaside, my intelligent friend confessed that it hardly paid to save sevenpence.

Now is it not also the extravagance of pure economy that takes the women to the "sales," where they buy all the things they do not want? Would there be sales days if there were only men in the world? Did you ever see a man go from one shop to another to get a necktie tuppence cheaper? To be penny wise is

indeed the supreme attribute of women! For the economical one it is a terrible ordeal to go shopping with a father or a brother; a lover is different, he is still full of temporary patience. But husbands and fathers have no patience.

"If you like it, take it, but don't waste people's time," says the irate man, as if there weren't innumerable steps to be taken after the initial process of liking.

"I think I can get it a little nicer at Smith's," you urge, while your dear one looks at you cynically, for nicer means cheaper, and he knows it. "Come on then," and he bundles you into a cab, drives to Smith's, and lets the cab wait while you try to make up your mind. Those dreadful cabs, how they do make the economical woman suffer. Did you ever hear a woman declare that it is really cheaper in the end to take a cab? When does a woman ever think of the end? The average woman avoids a cab on principle. She feels it due to this same principle to draggle her skirts through the mud, to get her feet wet, and to come home an "object." But, thank goodness, she has saved a cab fare, and you can get twelve quinine pills for tuppence.

Is it not also a part of our extravagant economy that makes women eat such queer things when they are by their lonely selves? What self-respecting man would lunch off a sultana cake, a tart, or an ice? Show me the self-respecting woman who has not done it! Women know how to cook—some of them—but none of them know how to eat. A woman feels that to eat well and substantially is a sheer waste—there is nothing to show for it, but she would not hesitate a moment to spend even more in something that she can show. A man doesn't think twice about having a ripping good dinner and a bottle of extra good wine; he thinks it is money well spent, but he will be hanged before he would buy himself an ornamental waistcoat and sustain life on a penny bun.

What awful things we should eat if it were not for men! I am sure *table d'hôte* dinners were invented by some philanthropist to save women. "I cannot eat *à la carte*," said a friend of mine in a piteous burst of confidence, "it's just like eating money." So when her husband travels with her he always leads her to the *table d'hôte* if only to preserve her from starvation. When she is resigned to the cost, she has an excellent appetite. I really think if it were not for men women would wrap themselves in sable and point lace and starve to death.

Is it not the woman who is the apostle of appearances? Go to a dinner party where the wines and the food are rather poor and well served, and you may be sure it is the fault of the dear female economist at the head of the table.

Who of us has not come across a gorgeous establishment where it takes three footmen and a butler to serve a tough chop of Canterbury lamb. The presiding goddess afterwards drives out in the park in an equipage magnificent with coachman and footman, and horses shining like satin with care and good feeding. No, they are not fed on Canterbury lamb!

For some people it is a wildly extravagant economy to ride in a 'bus! I know of a family of girls who pine for a 'bus ride as we poor things do for a chariot and four. They can't afford it; it would ruin the family credit, which is only kept up by a magnificent carriage—unpaid for—and a superb coachman and footman whose wages are owing. If one of these girls were to be seen in a 'bus it would mean their downfall in the eyes of the confiding tradesmen. No, not everybody can afford to ride in a 'bus. After all it is only the rich and great the world permits to be shabby.

I heard of a nice girl who "slums" and who lives in the East End, having shaken the dust of Mayfair from her feet. She has reduced self-sacrifice to a science, and her life is an orgie of self-denial, and she is a hollow-eyed, haggard young martyr, and keeps body and soul together on five shillings a week. My only criticism of this scheme of altruism is that every once in a while she neglects and starves herself into an awful fit of illness, and has to be taken back to Mayfair and brought to life, and then the good physician sends a thumping big bill to her parents, who never get any credit for charity. Now I think even a modern martyr ought to have just a grain of common-sense.

There is a certain intellectual town where tramcars still issue return tickets at reduced rates. How well I remember two dear maiden ladies, armed with principles, walking up and down in the snow and sleet of a winter's night one whole hour waiting for the particular tram which would accept their tickets. They let unnumbered other trams jingle merrily past, while they paddled about in the slush strong in their sense of economy. They each saved three ha'pence, and one nearly died of pneumonia.

I wonder how many of us die because of our reckless economy? Are we not for ever doing things for which we have neither the strength nor the capacity, just to save a few pennies, and do not many of us repent all our life long? I well remember a lady who to save hiring a man, lifted her piano to slip a rug under. When I saw her, she had, in consequence, been a helpless invalid for years with an incurable spine complaint.

Are not cheap servants another favourite female economy? I have seen a sensible woman rejoice because she had captured a cheap servant as if, what with aggravation of spirits and broken crockery, a cheap servant does not take it out of one in nervous

prostration. Not to mention that the incompetent eat just as much as the competent!

Did I not read this very day how two delightful female economists, waiting for the opening of a certain theatre, sat on camp-stools from nine in the morning till seven in the evening of a cold, damp winter day for a chance to dive into the pit, and so to save a shilling or two. Was there ever a more cheering example of feminine wisdom and thrift?

I knew a woman who had the economical fad to get double service out of a match, but she found it awfully expensive. She went upstairs one night to dress for dinner. A doorway, hung with a frail, floppy art-curtain, connected her bedroom and her dressing-room. As she entered, she heard shrieks of "fire" in the street, and tearing open the window she found the house opposite in flames, and in an instant fire-engines came clattering through the crowd. She was a kind soul, but she did enjoy herself immensely, as she watched it comfortably from her window. It was over in no time, and as she looked at the chaos of fire-engines and firemen the thought struck her how convenient it would be if there were another fire just then in the street, for here they all were ready to put it out!

Whereupon she lighted the gas, and, true to her principles, carried the lighted match to her dressing-room, through the floppy art-curtain. The next instant it was all in a blaze, and she was hanging out of the window shrieking "fire." They broke down her front door, trailed miles of dirty oozing hose upstairs, and finally left her gazing drearily at the black ceiling, the sodden furniture, the dirty water pouring downstairs, and a hideous burnt wall where the fatal art-curtain had been.

"At any rate," she said to herself, as she took a great, long breath, "it was convenient."

But since then she has never used a match twice.

How we all do love to save at the spigot even if it does pour out at the bung-hole! Who of us has not seen a woman grow thin and sharp and old in the struggle to save pennies while her open-handed husband throws away pounds? It takes a big, broad-minded woman to know when to open her purse-strings, and perhaps even a bigger and more strong-minded one to keep them always comfortably ajar.

At what early age can the girl-child be taught that what is too cheap is usually very dear? The majority of women never learn it. How many a woman goes out to buy a warm woollen frock and returns home with a be-chiffoned tissue-paper silk, because it was cheap and looked so "smart." That ghastly, temporary smartness which is a kind of whited sepulchre! I think there is

no doubt that the English women—and I include the Americans—are the most extravagant in the world. A Frenchwoman once expressed her amazement to me at the enormous amount of money Englishwomen spend on what is as useless as froth. Chiffon is the bane of the Englishwoman; she drapes herself in cheap chiffons while a Frenchwoman puts her money in a bit of good lace. She adorns herself with poor furs where a Frenchwoman would buy herself a little thing, but a good little thing. Finally, when the thrifty Frenchwoman has gathered together quite a nice collection of lace and fur, the Englishwoman has nothing to show for her money but a mass of torn and dirty chiffon whose destination is the rag-bag. After all it is an age of wax beads and imitation lace, and they represent as well as anything our extravagant economy.

Is not our middle-class cooking a monument to our extravagance? A British housewife has it in her power to take away the stoutest appetite with her respectable joint, her watery vegetable, and the pudding or tart that should lie as heavy on her conscience as they do on the stomach. If the Englishwoman would only take to the chiffons of cooking instead of the chiffons of clothes! It is an extravagance to cook badly; it is an extravagance to buy things because they are cheap; it is an extravagance to waste time in doing what someone else can do better (if one can afford it). I think it is only fair to employ others when one has the means. Don't we all want to live? Suppose editors wrote the whole contents of their papers, and publishers only published their own immortal works! What then?

It belongs to the economy of the universe that neither we nor anything else should last for ever. Nature herself is methodically economical, witness the regular passing of the seasons. And does she not utilise one in the making of the next? Yes, what we women need most of all is to be taught unextravagant economy, which includes the value both of money and of time, for the day is coming when women's time will really be worth something. So let women earn, or at all events let them be given money as a right and not as a begrudged charity, and I think it will be cheaper for men in the end, with the result that our economy will become less irresponsibly extravagant. Possibly we will not save much, but we may live better, and, joy of joys, the doctors' bills will undoubtedly grow beautifully less, for I am sure that the immense prosperity of that learned and disinterested profession is mainly due to our extravagant economy.

ANNIE E. LANE.

## PEACE AND INTERNAL POLITICS: A LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

ST. PETERSBURG, June 12th.

No one can live long in Russia without finding strange support of the reactionaries' contention that the Autocracy, in its habits of thought and practice, mirrors perfectly the people. Common to both are procrastination, indifference to essentials, incapacity for action, and love of words. I witnessed a curious instance of this to-day. At half-past one in the morning, a perfect fusillade of revolver-shots woke up the street in which I live. Believing that this was Social-democracy's often-threatened removal of the particular Grand Duke who at this hour in the morning drives home from the Yacht Club some distance down the street, I looked out of the window. A few yards apart, plainly visible in the subdued illumination of the northern "white night," three men sprawled in the ugly, unromantic attitudes of those overtaken by unexpected death. One wore the ordinary policeman's red-braided black tunic; the brass badges on the others' caps showed that they were dvorniks. Round the corner of the street, and out of sight, a fourth man groaned, "I am killed!"

A crowd collected, chiefly composed of dvorniks and policemen. From their exclamations, I gathered that the murderer had been caught; and that, like two of his victims, he was a dvornik. But though everyone seemed to be keenly interested in these unessential facts, into no one's head came the idea of finding out whether the policeman and dvorniks were really dead. From the shoulder of one a dark stream trickled across the pavement. No one paid attention. A heated discussion was going on over the man-slayer's motives. "Aliosha's been crazy ever since Misha was killed by the Japs," shouted a brother dvornik. "Why did you say he did it?" "Drunk, I suppose." "Aliosha's never drunk; he fought the head dvornik of number six, and said he'd do for him." The first-arrived policeman looked at the last speaker irritably, made a note in his book, and said: "You can't hang a drunken man."

Another policeman, in order better to hear the discussion, balanced himself on a hexagonal block of new paving wood. When the blood of the nearest victim trickled to within a few inches of his feet, he sprang on to a block some yards away, and, in doing so, stumbled and knocked a civilian over. This accident seemed to wake everyone up. On the civilian exclaiming angrily,



"Why don't you attend to your business? perhaps they're not dead," the policemen, with a general cry of *Pomogite, gospoda!* rushed to the sprawling bodies, bundled them into hired victorias, and took them to hospital. The crowd and the superfluous policemen dispersed, apparently highly pleased; they did not indeed know whether the men were dead, or had been allowed to bleed to death; but they had what seemed to them the essential thing: at least three explanations of the murderer's conduct, and one conjecture as to his fate.

The attitude of the Tsar's advisers in the present much grimmer tragedy, which involves, not merely dominion in the Far East, but the fate of the greater part of two Continents, bears uncommonly close resemblance to the conduct of the Tsar's policemen. From a complication of injuries, external and internal, Russia's existence as an Autocracy and as an United Empire is threatened with extinction. The remedy, like the extraction of bullets from the bodies of shot dvorniks, seems, though painful, perfectly obvious. The chief thing is to act in time. But such indications as there are go to show that the Autocracy is not at all thinking of such essential things as its own survival or the survival of Russia. Like the policemen in Morskaya Street, it will think of those things later on. At present, it is engaged in the much more national occupation of thinking out reasons, giving explanations, deluding itself, and trying to delude the world, into the belief that there are no corpses in the street, that, if there are, the chief thing is to learn who put them there—instead of taking them to hospital, binding their wounds, or, if they are beyond recovery, giving them a decent burial.

For three days past the small portion of St. Petersburg society which takes any interest in politics has been languidly discussing the consequences of Mr. Roosevelt's carefully-prepared offer to Russia and Japan to appoint plenipotentiaries for the purpose of concluding a peace. Hope, it must be said, has outstripped faith. While there is no party whatever in Russia which desires peace at any price, there is no party which believes that Japan will offer acceptable terms. The attitude of the Liberal Party changed on the day Mr. Roosevelt's message appeared. Since the battle of Mukden it had clamoured loudly for peace, and, as the Tsar's advisers seemed stubborn on war, no reservation was made as to terms. When peace glimmered on the horizon, all was subordinated to the question, Would Japan offer bearable terms? The anti-war newspapers one and all hinted at impossible humiliations, and, like the Reformers' Congress just concluded at Moscow, began to talk of making the continued war, rendered inevitable by Japan's greed, a national affair. Or the *Zemsky Sobor*, or Representative Assembly, of M. Buluigin, they said,

must solve the question. The Autocracy was not even fit to make peace. Such was the popular attitude. As regards the chances of success, diplomatic circles expressed frank incredulity. Admitting, what everyone knew, that President Roosevelt had issued his public Note after private consultations which left no loophole for misunderstanding, it was predicted that his intervention would end in a disastrous fiasco, the effect of which, by frightening other would-be intermediaries off the ground, would be to prolong the struggle beyond its normal length. "The Tsar will not, of course, reject the offer," said the sceptics; "he has already in private accepted it. But he accepted it as convener of the Hague Conference, and to put himself right before the world. As Autocrat of All the Russias he has no intention of making a surrender which will make his Autocracy a laughing-stock." Old-time diplomatists here gibed mildly at Mr. Roosevelt's vague humanitarianism; and most of them are now quite willing to make even bets that Vladivostock will be under siege next Christmas Day.

Taking into account the instability of Russian Liberalism, and the incredulity of diplomats, such attitudes were perfectly normal and characteristic. But it is now becoming quite plain that the obstacles to the conclusion of peace are not so much the extravagance of Japan's expectations, even from Russia's point of view, or the new diplomacy of Mr. Roosevelt, but the hopelessly unpractical attitude of the St. Petersburg Foreign Office. It has, of course, long been a matter of common knowledge here that Nicholas II. desired to continue the war. It was easy for his Ministers to advise ending a vain struggle. But the pain and shame of surrender would fall upon him, and be historically associated with his reign. The Opposition threatening his Autocracy would find the new cry, "humiliating peace," more potent than the old one, "incapably-conducted war." But when Nicholas II., abjuring his old oaths and resolutions, sanctioned the preliminary negotiations which led to Mr. Roosevelt's Note, the whole situation changed. The St. Petersburg Foreign Office at once adopted a lofty and indifferent tone, hinted that :

There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war;

and that Russia really cared nothing for the issue, which was, if not a joke, a side issue and interlude in a campaign which was still to be continued till the Tsar's armies were victorious. The Foreign Office solemnly kept up the pretence that Nicholas II. indulgently considered Mr. Roosevelt's Note solely to please

America and to please Japan. Yesterday, the important piece of news was given to inquirers that Russia had no intention of appointing plenipotentiaries. She had no intention of making peace. But to show her reasonableness, she would be very pleased to learn the terms expected by Japan. She would appoint representatives, not plenipotentiaries, who would listen to and report anything Japan had to say. The Emperor would be very glad to hear it, as a matter of abstract interest. The fact that Russia had been beaten on land and sea was of no importance. She was the aggrieved party; Japan had begun the war; and Russia must continue her projects for inflicting chastisement. But the essential problem: whether the war had to be abandoned and an abatement of Japan's preliminary demands secured; or whether the struggle could be hopefully continued in case Japan proved too exacting, was left altogether out of account. Such were the conditions yesterday. To-day, the Foreign Office announces that it has agreed to appoint "plenipotentiaries" in name. But the function of these plenipotentiaries is still not to consider terms of peace, but to hear what Japan has to say, and report it to the Emperor. If the terms are not altogether impossible, Russia, as the result, may consider the possibility of negotiating for peace. At present she is doing no such thing. And so on, in the same lofty strain.

Thus, while the Empire's military prestige and civic tranquillity are dead, or bleeding to death, the diplomatic policemen are discussing remote issues of intellectual interest, and refusing flatly to consider facts before their eyes. Their attitude, of course, may change before anything written in St. Petersburg can appear. Peace may be assured. But, chiefly as the result of the unpractical, obscurantist policy which Russian statesmen apply in all cases of peril, both well-informed natives and foreigners here are gloomy beyond words. Though the Ministers and official advisers of Nicholas II. have been in favour of peace since the fall of Port Arthur, it is known that only two have the courage to advise payment of the price which peace entails. M. Witte, and the supposed maker of the war, the Viceroy Alexeieff, who, after vainly offering his resignation, now says boldly that there is no more Far East so far as Russia is concerned, and that the dream, dissipated as the result of his own support of MM. Besobrazoff, Abaza, and Co., must be abandoned for ever.

The pessimists argue that the very nature of Russian Governmental ways militates against peace. The war, they say, can be continued, though inefficiently, by inertia, whereas the conclusion of peace demands wits and wills. For General Linievitch to be driven in rout to Kharbin, for Vladivostock to fall, for

Saghalien to be captured, requires the balance of action on the side of the Japanese, and puts no particular strain upon the telephones between St. Fettersburg and Tsarskoë Selo, where, hidden from the world, Nicholas II. plays at ruling his great Empire. Besides this factor, which counts only at St. Petersburg, there are arguments plausible enough anywhere. Rojdestvensky's fleet, say the war advocates, was not at all our last card. We replaced Kuropatkin by Linievitch, convinced that Kuropatkin had blundered, and that his successor would do better. To make peace without giving Linievitch a trial would be to stultify ourselves. They quote with joy M. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko's description of Kuropatkin's unfitness and irresolution. To the iron old man known as "Papasha" must be given a trial. The objection that "Papasha," despite his boasts to M. Ladijensky, will throw away Vladivostock in the next great battle, the war party answer as follows: "Suppose we lose Vladivostock and Saghalien? A year will pass before that. We can still reject peace. What more can Japan do? Without fleet, without Manchurian Railway, Vladivostock is of no use to us. Japan will have done her utmost. She cannot go to Irkutsk, and short of that there is no strategical point worth seizing. It might be better to abandon Vladivostock at once. We shall have a passive resistance war—just what suits us best. It will cost us few men, and in years less money than the indemnity Japan demands." This argument was advanced to me to-day by one of the men whom the world regards as responsible for the war. Above all these considerations rings the cry "National humiliation," repeated day after day by the *Novoye Vremya*, the proprietor of which insists on believing that a Zemsky Sobor would sanction the prolongation of the campaign. The reactionaries, however, are by no means united against peace. While the Moscow "hooligan reactionaries," represented by the *Viedomosti*, demand war to the death, engineered by a military dictatorship at home, a considerable party of Conservatives, represented in the Press by Prince Vladimir Mestchersky's *Grazhdanin*, call for peace at any price. "The war, and the weakness of the Government," says Prince Mestchersky to me, "are the causes of all the perils now besetting the Autocracy. We must have peace, even on Japan's terms."

"But peace on Japan's terms will wipe Russia out of the list of Great Powers," I objected.

"That is one of the advantages of peace. Russia doesn't want to be a Great Power. A 'Power' exists only in relations to other Powers; we have nothing to do with the rest of the world, but should concentrate on our own affairs. The war and

the alienation of the bureaucracy from the mass of the people are the two factors responsible for our national discontent and disorder." On the other hand, the handful of stiff-necked courtiers who are supposed to supply the Tsar with arguments, advise that the Autocracy face its fate, and take the chance of going down proudly, attacked from within and without, rather than make one base surrender, the effect of which will be merely to hasten another. The Autocracy, it is argued, is still tough, and the continuation of the war may yield a series of negative successes which will place Russia again in a position to treat for peace on honourable terms, and confound its domestic foes. And so on, in exact parallel to the confusion of military and political considerations which led to Russia's initial disasters. But the practical questions : What will Japan want? What can we afford to give? Is the material and moral loss involved in surrender worse than the material and moral loss inevitable to a continued war? seem to concern no one.

There is some excuse, it must be admitted, for this. As the whole is greater than the part, so the fate of Manchuria only is of no consequence whatever compared with the fate of the whole Russian Empire, which trembles in the balance. Those who regarded the victories of Japan as providential machinery for dragging the Russian people along the painful road of emancipation have not been much encouraged by the latest development. For the last four months Rojdestvensky's armada has been the greatest factor in Russia's internal politics. The "fleet in being" acquired a significance ignored altogether by the theorists of naval strategy. The malcontents who voiced so successfully the cry of "Japan and the Russian people against the Bureaucracy," knew perfectly well that their country's chances of success on land ended with the overthrow of Mukden. Of the smallness of her chances at sea they had much less accurate measure. They knew, however, enough to see that the defeat of Admiral Togo, predicted by the Chauvinist Press, would end the war more decisively than fifty victories on land. But their whole movement had been born out of Russia's defeats. What would result from Russia's victory? Triumphant Autocracy, they answered, would crush them under foot, and, what is more, the nation would support it. Rojdestvensky's defeat, on the other hand, would be the last blow to the old system. Absolutism would be deserted by its last adherents, the bellicose party; and, faced by a cyclone of popular wrath, the Tsardom would either surrender to the people in time, or be overwhelmed in conflict.

The vanity of these great expectations was soon proven. Fore-

seeing tumult, the Absolutists took timely measures to meet it. Within a week of the battle the story circulated that Governor-General Trepoff was to be made Dictator of the whole Empire. It was not to be a political dictatorship like Loris-Melikoff's, or a military dictatorship of the kind demanded by the Moscow reactionaries, but a police dictatorship, the purpose of which was plainly to ensure internal order and prevent outrages, while the Tsar continued his leisurely programme of reform. The courage to spring this detested measure suddenly upon the nation was apparently lacking. An *ukaz* dated May 21st (O.S.) entrusted to the Assistant Minister of the Interior and Director of Police, then the incapable General Rydzeffsky, powers equal to those possessed by any Minister. He was to have the right, without consulting his nominal superior, to instruct governors and prefects on all matters relating to the prevention of political crime; to prohibit meetings, and dissolve societies and leagues authorised by the Ministry of Internal Affairs itself, or by any other department; to control political prisoners; to treat directly with Ministers, and to report directly to the Tsar. As everything in Russia connected with political propaganda comes within the control of the police, this *ukaz* gave the nominal subordinate "Assistant Minister of the Interior," the rights of a Dictator. On the day of the signature of this *ukaz* an order was signed appointing General Trepoff to M. Rydzeffsky's post. Four days after signature, the appointment was gazetted. Thus, almost imperceptibly, General Trepoff became the real ruler of Russia; and while the provinces were still agitating, bomb-throwing, and butchering, the hand which had kept order in the capital during four months closed over the entire Empire. The Liberals, confident that Rojdestvensky's *razgrom* was equivalent to a full-blown constitution, were staggered. They realised, indeed, that they were not likely to be any worse off under the over-policeman than under the arbitrary and licentious tsarlets who have hitherto misruled the provinces without interference from the capital. But they realised, once and for all, that the old system of government has still life left; and that, though it may be worried into mild reforms, it will not be frightened into abdication, either by internal revolt or external disaster. Had they been less sanguine and more observant they would have been less rudely disillusioned. The fact is that none of the Autocracy's recent acts showed the least apprehension of speedy decease. While the foreigners here have talked glibly of revolutions, republics, and palace plots, the supposed tottering Absolutists, confident in themselves, were discussing grandiose plans for the most remote future; they would build the Baltic-Black-Sea Canal, they an-

nounced, and do a hundred other things which no Government thinking only of its immediate preservation would have time to dream of.

The Trepoff appointment is disliked not only by the Liberals. The extreme reactionaries also are not pleased, for their demand was for a hectoring, high-stepping dictatorship—which would make a great fuss and do nothing—coupled with an expression of inflexible resolution to continue the war. But the limited number of moderate persons who detest equally Absolutist tyranny and popular license declare that the Trepoff dictatorship is the wisest—indeed the only wise—step taken by the Government since the beginning of the Constitutionalist movement. They have an excellent *prima facie* argument: since January 22nd, nearly every town in the Empire has been visited by murder and pillage. The capital has been the great exception; not a shot has been fired from political motives, scarcely a *nagaika* flourished; the only victims of bomb-throwing have been would-be bomb-throwers themselves. Yet St. Petersburg is the city where, as January showed, the lower-class Opposition is most numerous, wealthiest, most advanced in its political consciousness. Everyone predicted an era of butcheries and barricades. Everyone was wrong. From the hour of Governor-General Trepoff's appointment security reigned. There was no provoking riot to gain for underlings the glory of repression. There was no excessive harshness. There were multitudinous arrests, but not more arrests than under the mild sway of Sviatopolk-Mirsky; and ten Radical daily newspapers thundering unsuppressed against Autocracy could not nerve a single workman to march with a red flag. People wrote and said what they liked. On the morrow of Serge's murder three thousand inflamed students were allowed to meet and call openly for the assassination of "the scoundrel Trepoff, as the scoundrel Serge has already been assassinated." Illegal meetings, with some exceptions, were tolerated, as the late M. Plehve never tolerated them. The Cossack patrols were withdrawn from the streets, and concealed in courtyards—most people, it should be added, discovering them in someone else's courtyard, not their own. A policy, secretive, omniscient, and in its mechanism invisible, replaced the old policy of alternating license, provocation, and reckless repression. After a dozen days appointed for bomb-throwing *en masse* passed serenely, people began to say that Trepoff had got the city in hand. And the city, everyone agreed, was uncommonly pleasant—a Paradise compared with Yalta, Kalisch, or Zhitomir, where half-a-dozen policemen should suffice for the order which half-a-dozen battalions failed to keep. The *Trepoffstchina* had triumphed. If

a capable man, ran the argument, without any political training or ideas, could keep order without bloodshed in St. Petersburg, why should he not do the same elsewhere? Russia would get a rest from violence, while the Liberal agitation could continue, as it has continued, under General Trepoff's nose. The Tsar would have a chance to show how far he would reform; the people would have a chance to organise, if necessary, the real forces of resistance. Under the anarchical system which has hitherto obtained, Governmental policy was daily deflected by local outrages, while on their side the people were showing in disorder and vain outrage their weakness, not their strength. At worst the Trepoff *régime* will mean unity of administrative policy in regard to political propaganda. Hitherto, local caprice has been king; and meetings and speeches of a kind freely permitted in one province have been suppressed in another; the story—probably untrue, but characteristic—is even told of one provincial governor forbidding the publication of the Easter Religious Liberty *ukaz*, on the ground that “the Tsar *may* have signed it, but he ought not to have done so.” Henceforth the Constitutionalist agitation will face some settled system; and that system, despite General Trepoff's reputation, is more likely to be indulgent than repression. It will certainly not be vacillation between the two.

The Reformers, on their side, are simplifying the struggle. Three months ago—save the Social Democratic and other secret leagues—there was no such thing as a political organisation in Russia. Even the Zemstvo Party was coherent only by virtue of its connection with the local administrative machinery. Today, there are at least a score of societies which, though formed avowedly for Constitutionalist propaganda, have usurped in defiance of law the status of authorised corporations. In the history of the Russian Constitutionalist movement indeed nothing is more marked than the multiplication of these *Soyuzi*. Lawyers, doctors, engineers, architects, journalists, and some fifteen less important professions and trades have formally created associations, held congresses, and succeeded in getting their statutes and resolutions published in the Liberal Press. When, as happened in a few cases, the police interfered, the leagues merely changed their place of assembly, or, as did the Congress of Engineers, migrated temporarily to Finland outside the reach of their enemies. Lacking the courage to take wholesale punitive measures the Government has practically given up the struggle; and a *Soyuz Tchivoznikoff*, or Officials' Union, has now come into existence, to prove that the Liberal leaven has permeated the most hopeless element of Russian society. Within the last



month fifteen of these Unions have federated in an all-Russian League of Leagues, with headquarters at Moscow, so that the Liberals have a representative organisation, directed by a single Committee, and inspired by a single aim. The *Soyuzi*, indeed, as their enemies declare mockingly, have hitherto done nothing but talk. But talk is the essence of all Constitutionalist movements; and it was not the Unions, but their indiscreet foreign friends, who exalted their meetings into "Russian Parliaments," and otherwise cast the discredit which comes from exaggeration upon a serious and significant movement. More weighty is the accusation that the Unions, without coming to an agreement upon a plan of campaign, have spent their time refining upon minute questions of politics and economics. The leaders of the movement declare, however, with justice that before a programme can be carried out it must be adopted. It is admitted that both the *Zemstvo* and the professional-class Progressives have shown an acquaintance with the problems involved in Constitutionalism and with the nature of Russia's vital needs, which has confounded their enemies, and effaced for ever Dostoyevsky's much-quoted reproach that "Russian Liberalism slides past realities, never getting near or participating in them, but only denying and tittering."

The extent of the pressure which Liberalism, now united, will bring to bear upon the Autocracy is best measured by the attitude of the dwindling party of retrogrades. For the first time in Russian history they have had to organise. At Moscow, the focus of all, has been formed a *Soyuz* "of Russians of all classes and callings who profess the imperishable faith that the Holy Church, an Autocratic Tsar, and the Russian people in inseparable union constitute great and mighty Russia." The function of this Union, the leading spirits in which are the Archimandrite Anastasius, Count Scheremetieff, Prince P. N. Troubetskoi, and the Slavophile M. Khomiakoff, is to "obey the Tsar's will"—which nobody knows; and to "oppose by all legal means tendencies striving to impose on Russia forms of government alien to her." It is worth noting that the Moscow Party, now clamouring against the innovation of alien forms of government, has for nearly half-a-century been lamenting that Russia, ever since Peter the Great, has been governed by systems alien to the mass of the people. Behind the "Union of Russians" rages and foams a fraction of the Press, led by the Moscow *Viedomosti*, which sees in the Tsushima catastrophe punishment of Heaven for the neglect to establish "an all-embracing, complete, ruthlessly-severe dictatorship, to which all must submit, before which all must be silent, before which must prostrate

themselves the courts and every branch of administration from top to bottom—not to mention those elements of rottenness : Poles and Suedo-Finns, Armenians and Jews, false Zemstvo-workers and false-intelligents, who defile Moscow with their trickery. . . . We must exterminate without delay the gang of political hooligan-traitors who are demoralising our country." Such being the temper of the educated adherents of Autocracy, it is not surprising to find little restraint among their lower-class allies, and, in fact, all over south and south-west Russia the "hooligans" (the word is now more Russian than English) and the "black hundred" are at work, circulating incendiary pamphlets, bludgeoning to death or mutilation students, Jews, and anyone cursed with what they choose to consider an "intelligent" face. While the Liberals daily become more comprehensive in their sympathies and more indifferent to religion and race, the retrograde party grows more and more exclusive and national; and it is precisely the same spirit which demands the extermination of the intelligents, as clubs Jews at Zhitomir and butchers Armenians in the Caucasus. Within the last few weeks party intolerance has reached a stage of ferocity almost incredible. Denunciation is no longer directed against classes and races. Thus the St. Petersburg branch of Moscow's "patriotic league" solemnly presented M. Buluigin with a memorandum in which, after calling for the trial of the so-called *kramolniki* or sedition-mongers, under martial law, gave a black-list of over three thousand "traitors," chiefly professors, lawyers, and publicists, including among the latter a large part of the editorial staffs of the reviews *Russkoe Bagatstvo*, *Mir Bozhi*, and of the newspapers *Nasha Zhizn*, and *Syn Otetechestva*. Exasperation and intolerance, it must be admitted, are not confined to the adherents of Absolutism. The Liberals are equally incensed; every publicist who opposes their cause is denounced as a "scoundrel," or a "man who can be bought," or an "informer," whereas in reality, the majority are muddle-headed but quite honest men, at the worst inspired by nothing more criminal than class interest or class prejudice, and usually quite unconscious even of that.

But the extravagances of the Liberals have not been able to stop the progress of their cause. Russia, despite temporary setbacks, has marched farther during the last six months than during the preceding forty years. In practice, the Press has secured a large measure of freedom. Though the Press Commission has not yet finished its work, and though M. Buluigin, working behind its back, has practically secured for himself unrestricted power to suppress any newspaper, the written word is freer than it ever was before save under the brief *régime* of Prince Sviatopolk-

Mirsky. The newspapers of St. Petersburg and Moscow boldly discuss Constitutional projects, denounce the bureaucracy, publish official secrets, and discount the appointments and dismissals of Ministers, going even so far as to reprint a story made in Germany that certain Russian Ministers were to be put on trial for offences in connection with the war. The *Novosti*, replying to the Moscow *Viedomosti's* description of certain protesting Liberals as "lunatics," did not hesitate to ask: "What can be said of a system of government against which even lunatics are driven to revolt?" The right of public meeting, though forbidden both by law and by administrative precedent, has similarly been acquired in fact. Liberty of conscience, unlike these other liberties which have been taken practically by *force majeure*, now exists by law. To crown these the Government has been obliged to hurry on the project of national representation promised in the Buluigin Rescript of February 18th. An entirely new Russia has sprung into being.

The last hope of the Autocracy is that though it must let this new Russia live, it can prevent it coming to maturity. Agitation can no longer be stopped. But it may be retarded. In accord with this negative policy, the popular representation scheme entrusted to M. Buluigin, and now before the Council of Ministers, has been planned in a way which, while disgusting the reactionaries, will satisfy not a single Liberal. On the Constitutional question the mass of Liberals are united. They want what they call a "New Zealand Constitution." In particular, they want universal suffrage. Careful foreigners, whose first instinct is to weigh the supposed "fitness" or "unfitness" of races for Constitutional rule, regard this as a Liberal extravagance. The Liberals' point of view is different. They have heard so often and so painfully the objection that Russia as a whole is too backward for Constitutionalism that they will not now admit that any single province or class is too backward. It is impossible, they say, to have an educational franchise, because that would exclude the mass of the population of those very provinces whose need of representation is greatest. Social conditions provide no other hard and fast voting qualification. Cautious and experienced Liberals like Professor Miliukoff declare that universal suffrage is essential to speedy reform; with a limited franchise, the first years of Russia's political emancipation will be spent in combating the demands of the voteless to participate in the national life. A democratic Constitution given once and for all will eliminate politics from the internal problem, and leave the road free for productive reforms. With the demand for universal suffrage hand in hand go other radical claims; and it has not seemed out

of place to the various Liberal congresses to consider the question of Female Suffrage before the right has been secured for men. On one question all agree; that the class system, known as *soslovnost*, which is the basis of the present system of local government, must be abolished once and for all. The *Zemsky Sobor* solution was rejected not so much because the *Sobors* had little power, but because they represented the classes and not the nation.

The Buluigin scheme, as far as its details have transpired, embodies all the unpopular features of class-rule. The projected *Gosudarstvennaya Duma*, apparently to be so-named as a foil to the existing *Gosudarstvenni Soviet*, or Council of State, is to be elected according to the franchise qualifications laid down in the *Zemstvo* law of 1864. Class and property alone are to count, the large landowners voting separately both from peasants and from bourgeois. The "intelligent" classes, who have engineered the present revolt, and have the power of continuing it, will be practically unrepresented; and the "equal, secret, direct voting," demanded by the Liberals, will not be conceded. The functions of the *Duma* will fall short of even what the moderate Liberals demand. It may advise on laws, and even initiate legislation; it may discuss the Budget and departmental estimates; it may interpellate Ministers, though Ministers will remain responsible only to the Tsar. But all its labours will be rendered vain by the transformation into an Upper Chamber of the present Council of State, which is apparently to continue a wholly nominated assembly, composed of reactionary retired Ministers and generals, and high officials. If the elected *Duma* disagree, as it always must, with the nominated *Soviet*, the Tsar's will is to decide. A Constitution of this kind will be rejected with scorn by all Liberals, though it will probably do them the service of alienating from the Autocracy many of its reactionary adherents. Possibly, the Council of Ministers will advise its rejection or amendment. But in the present mood of Nicholas II., it is not likely that amendment will go in the way expected by the people. It is plain, therefore, that the struggle for emancipation will continue; and that the *Duma*, if it ever meet, will meet merely as a machine for exacting further concessions.

It must be admitted, too, that there is no positive proof that the Constitutionalist movement embraces all Russia save the noisy adherents of patriotic and other leagues with avowed Absolutist aims. So far, in common with all other observers, I have taken it for granted that, as the known Absolutists (outside official spheres) are few and insignificant, and the known Reformers many and distinguished, educated Russia is on the whole over-

whelmingly against Autocracy. But that easy assumption must be qualified. The evidence obtainable justifies only the proposition that of those who take any part at all in the great polemic the vast majority are Liberals. But not one out of fifty educated Russians writes, speaks, or votes on either side. The reactionaries claim, probably with justice, that they are much stronger than is represented by their Press and by their associations; Liberal protest in the nature of things making much more of a show than Tory acquiescence. The mercantile middle-class, in other lands the van of reform, is, as the result of tariffs, bounties, forms of production, and contracts from "Mother-State," here tolerably content, though there have been some noted exceptions, like the famous Savva Morosoff, who fought the Grand Duke Serge, and went bail for Maxim Gorky. The question, how far the ten or twenty thousand country gentlemen, who live in what are called *glushi*, get their letters and newspapers twice a week, and spend their lives in eating and sleeping, regard Constitutionalism is more difficult. True, the Zemstvos recruited from their class are preponderantly Liberal. But that is no sure indication of the balance of parties. The Zemstvo-member is by the very nature of his work a reformer centuries ahead of those around him. The Conservative Party declares confidently that the mass of this class regards radical reforms with distrust. They do not, it is urged, desire a Parliament in which they will be represented by lawyers and journalists; and they doubt whether they have the ability to represent their own class-interests. Their great and only serious grievance is economic, and, therefore, of a kind which a Constitutional rule worked by the urban classes would possibly regard with scant sympathy. There is a widespread feeling, too, that the professional classes, since they have organised themselves in the manner I have described, are outstripping the Zemstvo agrarians who led the Liberal campaign at a time when the great centres of population were cowed and mute. For these reasons it would be a mistake to assume that Constitutionalism has an overwhelming majority of public sentiment: all that can be safely said is that the articulate section of the educated classes is almost altogether on its side.

It is essential thus to discriminate between the voice of the nation and the thoughts and interests of the nation. The great mass of Russians, even of educated Russians, have, as native critics admit, little sense of civic or national responsibility. They are frankly indifferent to the great issues which stir the hearts of Western peoples. The disaster in Tsushima Straits raised a newspaper tumult which in any other country would, without the added stimulus of internal grievances, have made a revolution.

But the external tranquillity of St. Petersburg, and, as far as spectators can judge, its mental serenity, were in no way affected in the last days of May and first days of June. The "evening telegram" broadsheets were bought, looked at indifferently, and thrust into the pockets of men who a few hours later were to be seen at the suburban summer-gardens sipping bad champagne, listening to bad music, and looking sentimentally at the wonderful pink and yellow *zarya* which hangs over the northern horizon through the never-darkening night. Theatres were full. "Songs and dances multiplied," said a newspaper critic truthfully. "On the evening after the first disastrous news was received, the Olympia music-hall contained nearly all that remained of our fleet, noisily applauding Sobinoff; even two admirals honoured the celebration by their presence."<sup>1</sup> The scandal of this ill-timed merry-making raised the usual newspaper storm—with the usual effect. The people voted the newspapers bores, and continued their innocent amusements, leaving the impartial spectator convinced that war, peace and reform were the amateurish interests of a handful of cranks alien to the mass of the nation. It would be a mistake, of course, to exaggerate these impressions; national life cannot be suspended merely because there is no oppression at home and humiliation abroad. But had the disgust and fury expressed by the Press been a just echo of national feeling, some change, for however brief a period, would certainly have been seen in the demeanour of the people.

Considerations like these militate against the heroic view of Russian politics taken in the foreign Press by persons either ill-informed or, what is worse, ill-balanced or lazy. It is easy, no doubt, to assume that Russia is now entering upon a death-struggle from which the Tsardom must either emerge triumphant or be swept into the abyss. But it is hard to discern anywhere the factors likely to operate in that dramatic way. Revolution, of course, is a possibility. But what may be predicted with much more safety is a long-drawn-out struggle in which, as the mass of the people, still asleep, awake to civic ideas and consciousness of power, the Tsardom, realising its increasing weakness, will make concessions, each grudging and unsatisfactory, but all in the end amounting to the full Constitutionalism which the most advanced political parties now demand.

R. L.

(1) *Slovo*, 4th June.

## FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN.

IN his later, undogmatic days, Francis Newman once tried to explain to Dr. Martineau the difference between his own religious attitude and that of his eminent brother, the Cardinal. "It is a matter of faith," he said. "I have faith, and the Cardinal has none. The Cardinal comes to a river, and believes that he cannot possibly cross it unless he takes a particular boat with a particular name painted on it. But I believe that I can swim." Re-reading *Phases of Faith*, one seems to hear Francis Newman making his preparations for that confident adventure in deep waters. He is rejecting, and even breaking up, the boats, one after the other, amid the angry expostulations of the boatmen. It is a faint sound, coming from far away; but it is worth while to strain one's ears to listen to it. Nothing proves the progress of the world so clearly as do the echoes of an old theological disputation.

The progress in this case has been, broadly speaking, from a rigid to a fluid Christianity. "What is Christianity?" our modern divines have suddenly begun to ask; and the lay critic, whose quest is not for a doctrine but for a definition, finds it difficult to supply the answer. His method must be, therefore, to collate the answers offered by the divines themselves, and see what remains after respectful allowance has been made for all the negations of all the various schools of Christian thought. But this process eliminates a great deal, and discloses an astounding latitude of belief, even within the borders of the churches. Eternal punishment is not the only dogma, and the story of Jonah and the Whale is not the only miracle that the Higher Criticism of the day discards. It denies—or, at all events, some of the higher critics deny—that Christ was born of a Virgin, and that the Bible is inspired in any sense that makes it incumbent upon us to accept any statement contained in it without independent corroboration; while for the old Doctrine of the Atonement—once the sheet anchor of the faith—it substitutes a new doctrine of an At-one-ment, which means something quite different, if, indeed, it means anything at all. Fluid is indeed the word for a Christianity which thus spreads itself over so much of the territory once securely held by the sceptics; but when the critic, casting about for that desiderated definition, seeks to lay hold of the "differentia" of Christianity, he finds that nothing

is really common to all Christians except the use of a particular terminology.

The dogmas have been dropped, and the terminology has been retained—that, in a sentence, is the evolution which the Higher Criticism has brought about in the course of the last half-century. As a result of the change, theological controversy has lost half its bitterness by losing all its meaning. The sceptic, on his part, feels that to attack the dogmas of Christianity is to assail shadows of perpetually changing shape. The Christian apologist, on his, can say little to the sceptic, for fear lest, in denouncing him, he should also by implication be denouncing Dean Fremantle, or some other office-bearer in the household of faith. Quarrels, therefore, subside for the lack of anything definite to quarrel about; and all sensible men are of the same religion because the religion is capable of being stretched to cover all sensible opinions. For really embittered disputation—as also for really morbid religiosity—the first thing needful is a rigid creed with penalties for those who reject it. There are doubtless circles in which that condition lingers still. One sees signs of it in the resolutions passed by irresponsible bodies like the Church Association, and in the speeches of delegates who wait upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, imploring him to cling for his salvation to the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed. But it is a rare condition, and it gets rarer as the Higher Criticism proceeds upon its course, pouring new wine into old bottles, and attaching new meanings to old words. When Francis Newman thought his way through theology, it was general if not universal. That is the first fact to be grasped by those who would understand the nature of the man and the significance of his writings.

No one dreamed of asking "What is Christianity?" in those days. All thought they knew. Outside the Church of Rome Christianity mean Evangelicalism; and the central doctrine of Evangelicalism was accurately, if profanely, summed up in Matthew Arnold's parable of the three Lords Shaftesbury. A scheme of salvation had been settled in the Council Chamber of the Trinity. Man, a sinner in sore need of grace, merited a punishment of eternal torture, not so much on account of specific sins, as because he had inherited a sinful nature from his forefather Adam. But he might, prompted by the Third Lord Shaftesbury, accept the sacrifice of the Second, and so avert the just wrath of the First. The Doctrine of the Atonement was as simple, and as cut and dried, as that. The attempt to explain it away, which is now a mode of Christianity, was then a mode of scepticism. If a man was a Christian at all, he started with it. Most Christians not only started with it, but went on with



it, taking it for granted as one takes for granted the Law of Gravitation. But a few stopped to think, and discovered the doctrine to be, not only intellectually but also morally, objectionable. Francis Newman was one of the few. The interest of his case—if not the value of his criticisms—lies in the fact that he was no eager unbeliever, jumping hastily to conclusions which he was anxious to attain. Prejudiced in favour of the doctrine, he evolved slowly, dropping it reluctantly and by degrees because Truth and his conscience compelled him.

He was, in truth, a singularly simple-minded man, though his temperament and his intelligence drew him different ways—intensely religious, and yet at the same time intensely logical. His feeling for religion amounted almost to a passion, as is attested not only by his famous missionary journey, of which more must be said, but also by the fact that, long after he had shed the last formulæ of the Christian creed, he wrote and published a volume of *Family Prayers*. But the logical mind, though not incompatible with the Pietist temper, was bound to play havoc, however slowly, and however regretfully, with the formulæ of Pietist creeds. It is possible for a certain type of intellect not only to believe things without inquiring whether they are true, but to affect to believe contrary propositions simultaneously, and to accept the premises of a syllogism while repudiating the conclusion. To Francis Newman's mind this was not possible. He never disbelieved wilfully, as the theologians would say, for the sake of disbelieving. On the contrary, he always believed as much as he could, giving the traditional faith the benefit of all the doubts until he had carefully sifted all the evidence. His Pietistic habits of thought imposed that obligation upon him. But he could not see the use of believing things unless they were true, or of pretending to believe them when he did not; and so he endured persecution—the prospective eternal condemnation being anticipated by the immediate temporal boycott—and passed laboriously through "phases of faith" so distinct and well-defined that he was able to ticket and number them.

His first trouble was with the XXXIX. Articles; and that fact alone shows what a long road theologians have travelled since his time. Nowadays it is the rule rather than the exception for the attitude of a theologian towards the formularies of his Church to be disrespectful. Recent ecclesiastical litigation in Scotland has exhibited the interesting spectacle of the repudiation of Calvinistic doctrines by the beneficiaries of a Calvinistic Deed of Trust; and the average clergyman of the Church of England seldom shows any exaggerated reverence for his Articles of Faith and Religion. He is far more likely to explain them away than to thrust them down the throats of his neighbours—

and this with the connivance and even the approval of his bishop. "I'm afraid I don't quite believe the Seventeenth Article," a timid candidate for ordination once said to the late Archbishop of Canterbury. "Well, what of that? Who does?" snorted Dr. Temple in reply; and the candidate was duly ordained. Subscription to the XXXIX. Articles, he has since represented, means no more—or need mean no more—than that the subscriber has read them, and counted them, and noted their contents.

That is the modern view—or, at all events, one of the modern views; and we need not pause to argue for or against it. It suffices to note that it was a view which Francis Newman's piously logical and logically pious mind was quite incapable of taking. He believed implicitly in the Bible in those days, and it seemed to him that certain of the Articles were unscriptural. He could not believe in baptismal regeneration or in the power of priests to forgive sins. The Church at the present day is full of clergymen who believe in them as little as he did. Yet the Articles lay down the one doctrine, and the Liturgy assumes the other. Does it or need it matter? The modern view is that it matters very little; but to Newman it mattered very much. Subscription, it seemed to him, was a "trap for the conscience," leading men into depraved and deplorable casuistry. He went about asking evangelical clergymen how they reconciled the formularies with their consciences, and was shocked by the answers which he received. "They did not seek to know what it was written to mean, nor what sense it must carry to every simple-minded hearer; but they solely asked how they could manage to assign to it a sense not wholly unreconcilable with their own doctrines and preaching. This was too obviously hollow." So he walked out of the Church—still a Christian—still believing most of the things which the Deans of Ripon and Westminster tell us that they disbelieve—but persuaded that, so long as the Churches retain their formularies, to juggle with them is no part of the function of an honest man.

The honest mind working in the Pietistic medium was the "note" of Francis Newman throughout his life. It operated slowly, however, because the medium was thick and sluggish. For the moment the Pietism was the prevailing characteristic, and made the Pietist acquainted with strange company. He was a double first and a Fellow of Balliol—"a man," Carlyle wrote, "of fine attainments, of the sharpest cutting, and most restlessly advancing intellect." But he was logical and literal, and, taking the Bible for granted as the dictated Word of God, he drew the only possible conclusions from the premises: that

the world was only a passing unimportant show; that, as Christ might return at any instant to reign with the Saints upon earth, "to work for distant earthly objects was the part of a fool or an unbeliever"; and that the one thing urgent was to preach the Gospel in preparation for the coming of the Kingdom. Holding these views, he naturally sought the society of men who shared them; and so the most brilliant of the Fellows of Balliol fell among Nonconformist preachers, and seemed for a while to be led by the nose by men of inferior capacity—men who were steering straight for fanaticism if they had not already reached their goal. Some of them led him, while the others pushed or pulled him as an unsectarian missionary to Baghdad. Truly an incongruous group, though it was only the learned and logical Fellow of Balliol whose presence gave the touch of incongruity.

The impetus seems to have been given by John Nelson Darby, at that time a curate in County Wicklow, and subsequently the founder of the Sect of the Darbyites—a kind of Plymouth brethren whose chief *raison d'être* would appear to have been to quarrel with the other Plymouth brethren. It was in conversation with him that Francis Newman had realised the practical consequences commanded by a belief in the imminence of the millennium. The attraction at Baghdad was supplied by Anthony Norris Groves and his *protégé*, John Kitto. The former was an Exeter dentist, who had given up dentistry for evangelistic work; and the latter was the son of a stonemason, stone deaf as the result of an accident, who had been first a cobbler and afterwards a compositor in the service of the Church Missionary Society. Newman's companions on his journey were a Dr. Cronin and John Vesey Parnell, second Baron Congleton, whom conscientious scruples prevented from taking the oath and his seat in the House of Lords. Nothing is more clear than that, for the most brilliant of the Fellows of Balliol, there was no proper, and could be no permanent, place in such a galley. He might probably have said to himself, as truly as Nathaniel Hawthorne said of his sojourn at Brook Farm, that "the real Me was never a member of the community."

One sees this in an instant if one compares Newman's *Personal Narrative* of the missionary journey with the writings of his fellow evangelists on the same subject—and notably with the writings of John Nelson Darby and Anthony Norris Groves. If one hesitates to say that Darby wrote on religion like a raving maniac, that is out of regard rather for the decorum of controversy than for the claims of truth. When Newman's faith subsided for reasons which, whether mistaken or not, were at all events transparently honest, Darby turned on him and denounced

him as a knave; and there is nothing to be gained by mincing words in characterising theological polemics of that kind. As for Groves—who was apparently a milder man—he writes in the language that is familiar to all students of evangelical diaries of the pre-Victorian period. All his acquaintances are given the fixed epithet “dear,” and all events the fixed epithet “providential.” Even happenings so directly opposite as death and life are equally “for the best.” When massacre seems imminent “the Soul longs for the Courts of the Lord”; but when the massacre does not take place, “the Lord graciously takes care of us.” When there is illness in the house, it is:—“To-day the dear baby is very unwell, but Kitto is better. Thus the Lord interchanges His merciful trials and merciful reliefs.” He even sees a special divine intervention in the fact that he is able to go to St. Petersburg on John Vesey Parnell’s yacht instead of having to take the packet like other people.

Now, a man who has been educated as Fellows of Balliol are educated, cannot, if he is honest with himself, and thinks before he speaks, go about talking like that. He perceives that to call every event that occurs “providential,” is either to confuse Providence with Causation or to deny Causation altogether. That is one of the ways in which an education in philosophy differs in its results from an education in dental surgery; and the difference was reflected by Francis Newman’s behaviour and speech, even when he supposed himself to be, in spiritual matters, the dental surgeon’s disciple. He did his best to fall in with the ways of his companions. He got himself chased by a mob for distributing copies of the New Testament in a hot-bed of Mohammedanism. He sang hymns in public places—on board the ship, for instance, that was carrying him to the scene of his labours. But the influence of Balliol clung to him, and he was very much like a fish out of water. The hymn-singing seemed to him an absurd procedure, and the flight from the Mohammedans an undignified mode of martyrdom. He spoke and wrote of religion, not in the jargon of Evangelicalism, but in the decent language of educated persons. While he was detained at Aleppo because the cholera was raging and the country was disturbed, the study of philology occupied him not less than the propagation of the Gospel. He was duly impressed by the remark of the Aleppo carpenter that the English, though undoubtedly skilled in mechanics, lacked spiritual insight. He went on thinking, in short, while the mental operations of his comrades were only comparable to the stirring of stagnant pools.

It is not astonishing, in these circumstances, that the missionary enterprise was a failure, and that a line of cleavage

appeared and widened between Francis Newman and the other missionaries. He returned to England two years after his departure, intending to enlist other recruits for the missions. But the dentist and the others had written home, speaking their minds about him candidly. A letter which he received while in quarantine warned him that "painful reports" had been spread as to his "soundness"; and his "spiritual friends" at home began to turn on him. On the one hand his brother, the Cardinal, hearing that he had spoken at some religious gathering of laymen, accused him of assuming the priest's office, and struck him off his visiting list. On the other hand John Nelson Darby accused him of "endeavouring to sound the divine nature by the miserable plummet of human philosophy," and then, adjudging his explanations unsatisfactory, wrote to certain mutual acquaintances to say that, if they did not instantly break off all intercourse with the heretic, "they should, so far as his influence went, themselves everywhere be cut off from Christian communion and recognition." It was a challenge—or, at any rate, might be viewed as such. The men whose minds were stagnant pools were hectoring the man whose mind was a constantly, though slowly, bubbling spring. Some men, in such a case, might have been terrorised into the abdication of their intelligence. Others would, in sheer obstinacy, have become aggressive atheists. To Francis Newman neither course was possible. He could resist neither his pietistic nature on the one hand nor the conclusions forced upon his intellect on the other. So, though he was inexpressibly pained, he neither submitted nor showed open resentment. "Oh, Dogma! Dogma!" he exclaimed. "How dost thou trample under foot love, truth, conscience, justice. Was ever a Moloch worse than thou?" And then, having thus relieved himself, he sat down again, with his Bible before him, and went on thinking.

Up to this stage, indeed, he had hardly begun to think. "To Election," he writes, "to Preventing Grace, to the Fall and Original Sin of Man, to the Atonement, to Eternal Punishment, I reverently submitted my understanding." "As to miracles," he adds, "scarcely anything staggered me. I received the strangest and the meanest prodigies of Scripture with the same unhesitating faith as if I had never understood a proposition of physical philosophy, nor a chapter of Hume or Gibbon." But the understanding was, in reality, not so much submissive as buried beneath a great mass of preconceptions, and proceeding to a slow but sure upheaval. It would take too long, and it would be superfluous, to follow the process here step by step. What is important to note is that the objections discovered to

“orthodox” Christianity were not solely intellectual but were also moral—were indeed mainly moral, and, one might even say, mainly religious.

The argument begins at the beginning by questioning the obligation to faith—to the submission, that is to say, of the understanding to the authority, whether of a Church or of a Book. The question belongs to those of which it may fairly be said that to ask them is to answer them. “If one system of religion may claim that we blind our hearts and eyes in its favour, so may another; and there is precisely the same reason for becoming a Hindoo in religion as a Christian. We cannot be both; therefore the principle is *demonstrably* absurd.” And not only absurd but wicked, since the adoption of it leads logically to bigotry and persecution—to the burning of any individual by the representatives of any organisation to which he does not adhere.

The principle being rejected, however, the door is opened to criticism; and Newman, rejecting it, found himself lodged in three inevitable conclusions:—

(1) The moral and intellectual powers of man must be acknowledged as having a right and duty to criticise the Scripture.

(2) When so exerted, they condemn portions of the Scripture as erroneous and immoral.

(3) The assumed infallibility of the entire Scripture is a proved falsehood, not merely as to physiology and other scientific matters, but also as to morals.

The manner of statement here may seem aggressive and defiant. That is because the conclusions contradicted views arrogantly held at the time. Differently stated, they are the commonplaces of all educated theologians of the present day. Every handling of the Scriptures which does not treat them as verbally inspired is a mode of criticism; and in that kind of criticism all sorts of eminent theologians have engaged, from the authors of *Essays and Reviews* to the authors of *Lux Mundi*. The erroneous character of portions of the Scriptures was quite recently declared by Dean Armitage—who does not stand alone; while the doctrine of “development” has been specially devised to deal with objections to their immorality. The propriety of Francis Newman’s methods, therefore, though once disputed, is in dispute no longer; and the value of his particular deductions is all that remains at issue.

Here, again, we find that the deductions are partly intellectual and partly moral. The intellectual deductions relate to the inadequacy of certain Christian Evidences; and so many of the things that Newman was at great pains to disprove are nowadays generally disbelieved by Christians that it would be idle to pursue

that branch of the subject. The moral deduction is more significant. It is that "the Will cannot, may not, dare not dictate whereto the inquiries of the Understanding shall lead; and that to allege that it *ought* is to plant the root of Insincerity, Falshood, Bigotry, Cruelty, and Universal Rottenness of Soul."

Let us consider in the first place what this pronouncement means, and, in the second place, what is its bearing upon contemporary theological conditions. It means that religion and dogma are two different things which have nothing whatever to do with each other, and that every religion is irreligious in proportion as it is dogmatic, seeing that, in so far as it is dogmatic, it enslaves the understanding and the moral sense, and imposes either a certain juggling with words, or a false pretence of assent to propositions which in some cases mean nothing at all, in other cases are demonstrably untrue, and in a third class of cases may be the subject of legitimate differences of opinion. Its bearing upon present theological conditions lies in the fact that, while our formularies are what they were three hundred years ago, the dogmas which those formularies are supposed to contain and to express are very obviously in a state of flux. The posing of the question of the proper relations between religion and dogma had its importance even at a period when the dogmas were definite and were generally accepted. It has a greater, because a more practical importance now that no one knows exactly what the dogmas are or can predict the view that will be taken of any one of them by any particular divine.

Self-examination is a religious duty taught from the pulpit; but the weakness of the pulpit lies in the tendency to use language as if for the purpose of confusing instead of clarifying thought. If that tendency could be resisted, and if we could get plain answers to certain plain questions, the ground might quickly be cleared, and possibilities of reconstruction properly considered. There is always the difficulty, of course, that no Church has authority to speak for Christianity as a whole, and that no individual, except the Bishop of Rome, has authority to speak for any Church. But there are some theologians who, in some vague way, because of their position or their attainments, may be accounted representative men. They have followers who defer to them, who echo their phrases, and esteem them leaders of thought. One would include among such men the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Birmingham, the Deans of Ripon and Westminster, Canons Cheyne, Driver, and Hensley Henson, and the chairmen of the various Free Church Unions. To such men one may appeal to reduce theological thought to its lowest terms, and to be as candid with theological

inquirers as Francis Newman was with himself, and to reply to the following questions in words as plain and clear as those in which they are framed :—

(1) Do they, or do they not, hold that there are any propositions, whether (a) historical or (b) metaphysical, which the Will *ought* to compel the Understanding to accept?

(2) If there are such propositions, what are they? On what grounds ought the promptings of the Understanding (on which, of course, the conclusions of the Higher Criticism themselves depend) to be ignored? And what consequences, if any, attach to the rejection of those propositions by a man who, being zealous for truth, finds the evidence for them insufficient?

No apology ought to be required for pressing for intelligible and straightforward answers to these questions. They are questions which every honest thinker is bound to put to himself. Until he has answered them, he does not know where he stands; and until the theologians have answered them we cannot know where they are standing. Upon the answers elicited a complete revolution in the official relations of religion and dogma may depend.

At present, as far as one can judge without obtaining specific answers to the questions above formulated, the view of dogma entertained by advanced thinkers within the churches appears to be pretty much this: that there is no warranty for regarding failure to accept them as a sin; that it would be well if most of them were dropped, and the rest re-stated; but that they have their provisional utility; and that as no one really believes all of them in the plain sense of the words, any clergyman may with propriety make his private reservations with regard to any of them, and allow it to be understood that he believes what he does not believe while continuing to do his clerical work and to draw his clerical stipend. Intellectual insincerity, in short, is justified on the ground that religion is essential, whereas dogma is only incidental. To which Francis Newman would have replied, and did reply by implication, that true religion and intellectual insincerity are incompatible; and that the proper course is to get rid of the dogmas while retaining the religion.

Is this possible? Are religion and dogma indeed separable? The answer to these questions assuredly is in the affirmative. The proof is in the life of Francis Newman himself; for the chief, if not the whole, force of his attack upon dogma resides in the fact that he attacked it on religious grounds, and became more rather than less religious as the dogmas dropped away from him—so much so that, as we have seen, their elimination from his creed did not prevent him from composing a volume of *Family Prayers*. The proof is also, one would fain suppose, to be found



in the hearts of the advanced theological thinkers themselves; for they would surely be far from admitting that the genuineness has varied with the bulk of their beliefs. Dogma, one is bound to conclude, is not the differentia, or even the property, of religion, but has only been temporarily and accidentally bound up with it.

But a Church without dogma? Is that also possible? One would perhaps hesitate to say so if the cry for it had not arisen within the ranks of a Church once one of the most rigidly dogmatic. That, however, was what happened when the Synod of the Evangelical Church of the Canton of Vaud met last autumn to discuss the revision of its formularies in the light of modern thought. The proposal was then seriously made, and substantially supported, that candidates for holy orders should be excused submission to any dogmatic tests—that their adherence should be to religion in general, and not to any particularised creed. The majority rejected the proposal. The time did not seem to be ripe for it. But it was nevertheless a sign of times that are ripening, and might ripen very quickly, if all theologians would face the questions which Francis Newman posed in Francis Newman's spirit—with the same conviction that, if they refused absolutely to juggle with words or formularies, and resolved at all hazards to be unswervingly honest in thought and profession, all the rest would be added unto them.

For that is faith—the faith in which Francis Newman so far surpassed that timorous brother of his who dared not try to cross a river unless in a boat with a particular name painted on the stern.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

## THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION AND TOTEMISM AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.\*

### I.

#### THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION.

THE theory that in the history of mankind religion has been preceded by magic is confirmed inductively by the observation that among the aborigines of Australia, the rudest savages as to whom we possess accurate information, magic is universally practised, whereas religion in the sense of a propitiation or conciliation of the higher powers seems to be nearly unknown. Roughly speaking, all men in Australia are magicians, but not one is a priest; everybody fancies he can influence his fellows or the course of nature by sympathetic magic, but nobody dreams of propitiating gods by prayer and sacrifice. "It may be truly affirmed," says a recent writer on the Australians, "that there was not a solitary native who did not believe as firmly in the power of sorcery as in his own existence; and while anybody could practise it to a limited extent, there were in every community a few men who excelled in pretension to skill in the art. The titles of these magicians varied with the community, but by unanimous consent the whites have called them 'doctors,' and they correspond to the medicine-men and rain-makers of other barbarous nations. The power of the doctor is only circumscribed by the range of his fancy. He communes with spirits, takes aerial flights at pleasure, kills or cures, is invulnerable and invisible at will, and controls the elements."<sup>1</sup> Speaking of the Australian aborigines, Dr. A. W. Howitt observes: "The belief in magic in its various forms, in dreams, omens, and warnings, is so universal, and mingles so intimately with the daily life of the aborigines, that no one, not even those who practise deceit themselves, doubts the power of other medicine-men, or that if men fail to effect their magical purposes the failure is due to error in the practice, or to the superior skill

(\* Extracted, with the permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., from the forthcoming third edition of *The Golden Bough*.

(1) J. Mathew, *Eaglehawk and Crow*, p. 142. Similarly among the Fuegians, another of the lowest races of mankind, almost every old man is a magician, who is supposed to have the power of life and death, and to be able to control the weather. But the members of the French scientific expedition to Cape Horn could detect nothing worthy the name of religion among these savages. See *Mission Scientifique du Cap Horn*, vii. "Anthropologie, Ethnographie," par P. Hyades et J. Deniker (Paris, 1891), pp. 253-257.

or power of some adverse practitioner." 2 On the same subject Mr. E. M. Curr wrote: "In connection with the manners and customs of our aboriginal race a great motor power is the belief in sorcery or witchcraft. In the everyday life of the Black, a pressure originating in this source may be said to be always at work. As it seems to me, no writer has given this fact quite its due weight, and yet it is impossible to appreciate correctly the manners and customs of our tribes until the more salient features in connection with their ideas about sorcery have been mastered. The groundwork of sorcery amongst the Blacks is the belief that several things of importance can be effected by means of charms and incantations. The tribes differ somewhat in details and ceremonies, but there is no doubt that the system is the same throughout." 3

Yet though religion, in the sense in which I use that word, seems to be nearly unknown among the Australian aborigines, some of them nevertheless hold beliefs and observe practices which might have grown into a regular religion, if their development had not been cut short by European intervention. Thus in the south-eastern parts of the continent, where the conditions of life in respect of climate, water, and food are more favourable than elsewhere, some rudiments of religion appear in a regard for the comfort of departed friends. For example, certain Victorian tribes are said to have kindled fires near the bodies of their dead in order to warm the ghost, but "the recent custom of providing food for it is derided by the intelligent old aborigines as 'white fellow's gammon.'" 4 Among the Dieri, if the deceased was a person of importance, food is placed for many days at the grave, and in winter a fire is lighted in order that the ghost may warm himself at it. 5 Some of the natives of western Australia keep up a fire for this purpose on the grave for more than a month. But they expect the dead to return to life, for they detach the nails from the thumb and forefinger of the deceased and deposit them in a small hole beside the grave, in order that they may know him again when he comes back to the world. 6 Again, the natives of the Herbert river, in north-east Queensland, often put food and water in the grave, and they deposit with the dead his weapons, ornaments, and indeed everything he used in life. On the other

(2) A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, p. 356.

(3) E. M. Curr, *The Australian Race*, i. 45.

(4) J. Dawson, *Australian Aborigines*, pp. 50 sq.

(5) Mr. O. Siebert, in A. W. Howitt's *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, p. 448.

(6) R. Salvado, *Mémoires historiques sur l'Australie* (Paris, 1854), p. 261; *Missions Catholiques*, x. (1878), p. 247. For more instances of lighting fires for this purpose, see Dr. A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 452, 455, 470.

hand, they generally break his legs to prevent him from wandering at night, and for the same purpose they cut gashes in his stomach, shoulders, and lungs, and fill the gashes with stones.<sup>7</sup> The Turribul tribe placed their dead in trees. If the deceased was a man, they left a spear and a club near him that his spirit might kill game for its sustenance in the future state; but if the deceased was a woman, they laid a yam stick near her body in order that she might dig for roots.<sup>8</sup> Among the Jupagalk, a person in great pain would call on some dead friend to come and help him—that is, to visit him in a dream, and teach him some song whereby he might avert the evil magic that was hurting him.<sup>8a</sup> Customs like these, it is plain, might easily develop into a worship of the dead.

Further, the Queensland aborigines on the Tully River and Proserpine River are wont to call on their totems by name before they fall asleep, and they believe that they derive certain benefits from so doing. For example, if their totem is an animal, it will warn the man who thus invokes it of the approach of other animals and so forth during his sleep; or, if it is itself a dangerous creature, such as a crocodile or a snake, it will not bite or sting the man without serving him with due notice of its intention to injure him. Again, if his totem is thunder or rain, the man who fails to invoke it will lose his power of making thunder or rain at will.<sup>8b</sup> Such beliefs and practices, it is clear, might grow into a regular propitiation or worship of the totems. Again, the Warraunga of Central Australia believe in the existence of a gigantic but wholly fabulous water-snake called Wollunqua, the totem and ancestor of one of their clans. His home is in a rocky gorge which runs into the heart of the Murchison Ranges. In this secluded spot there is a picturesque pool of deep water with a sandy margin on the south and a little precipice of red rock curving round the northern edge. Over these red rocks after rain the water tumbles in a cascade into the pool below, and the rocks are hollowed out below so that they beetle over the water, forming a long shallow cave, from the roof of which roots of trees, that have forced their way down through clefts, hang pendulous. According to the natives, the Wollunqua lives in the water of the pool, and the pendulous roots are his whiskers. They have a tradition that he once came out of the pool and destroyed some men and women, but was at last obliged to retreat under a shower of stones. To prevent him from repeating his ravages they perform ceremonies by which they seem to think that

(7) A. W. Howitt, *op. cit.*, p. 474.

(8) A. W. Howitt, *op. cit.*, p. 470.

(8a) A. W. Howitt, *op. cit.*, p. 435.

(8b) W. E. Roth, *North Queensland Ethnography, Bulletin No. 5* (Brisbane, 1903), § 74, pp. 20 sq.

they can at once propitiate and coerce him. Thus they make a long mound of wet sand and draw wavy bands on it to represent the water-snake. Round this at night they sing and dance by the light of fires until the earliest streak of dawn glimmers in the east. Then they attack the mound fiercely with their weapons and soon demolish it. If shortly afterwards they hear thunder rumbling in the distance, they declare that it is the voice of the water-snake saying that he is pleased with what they have done and that he will send rain. But if the remains of the ruined mound are left uncovered, he growls, and his growl is a peal of thunder. When they hear it they hasten to cover the ruins with branches, lest the snake should come and eat them up. On the other hand, the savage destruction of the mound seems to imply that they can to some extent control the beast by force. The Wollunqua differs from all other known Australian totems in that he is a purely mythical being. He is not the only snake totem of the Warramunga, but he is the most important, and, more than that, he apparently occupies in the native mind the position of a dominant totem.<sup>9</sup> In short, he seems to be a totem on the high road to become a god.

Again, in the south-eastern parts of Australia "a belief exists in an anthropomorphic supernatural being, who lives in the sky, and who is supposed to have some kind of influence on the morals of the natives. . . . This supernatural being, by whatever name he is known, is represented as having at one time dwelt on the earth, but afterwards to have ascended to a land beyond the sky, where he still remains, observing mankind. As Daramulun, he is said to be able 'to go anywhere and do anything.' He can be invisible; but when he makes himself visible, it is in the form of an old man of the Australian race. He is evidently everlasting, for he has existed from the beginning of things, and he still lives. But in being so he is merely in that state in which, these aborigines believe, every one would be, if not prematurely killed by evil magic. . . . In this being, though supernatural, there is no trace of a divine nature. All that can be said of him is that he is imagined as the ideal of those qualities which are, according to their standard, virtues worthy of being imitated. Such would be a man who is skilful in the use of weapons of offence and defence, all-powerful in magic, but generous and liberal to his people, who does no injury or violence to any one, yet treats with severity any breaches of custom or morality. Such is, according to my knowledge of the Australian tribes, their ideal of a headman, and naturally it is that of Biamban, the master, in the sky-country.

(9) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, ch. vii., and pp. 495 sq.

Such a being, from Bunjil to Baiame, is *Mami-ngata*, that is, 'our father'; in other words, the All-father of the tribes. . . . Although it cannot be alleged that these aborigines have consciously any form of religion, it may be said that their beliefs are such that, under favourable conditions, they might have developed into an actual religion, based on the worship of Mungan-gana, or Baiame. There is not any worship of Daramulun; but the dances round the figure of clay and the invoking of his name by the medicine-men certainly might have led up to it. If such a change as a recognised religion had ever become possible, I feel that it would have been brought about by those men who are the depositaries of the tribal beliefs, and by whom in the past, as I think, all the advances in the organisation of their society have been effected. If such a momentous change to the practice of a religion had ever occurred, those men would have readily passed from being medicine-men to the office of priests." <sup>10</sup>

On the other hand, "the Central Australian natives, and this is true of the tribes extending from Lake Eyre in the south to the far north, and eastwards across to the Gulf of Carpentaria, have no idea whatever of the existence of any supreme being who is pleased if they follow a certain line of what we call moral conduct, and displeased if they do not do so. They have not the vaguest idea of a personal individual other than an actual living member of the tribe who approves or disapproves of their conduct, so far as anything like what we call morality is concerned. . . . It must not, however, be imagined that the Central Australian native has nothing in the nature of a moral code. As a matter of fact he has a very strict one, and during the initiation ceremonies the youth is told that there are certain things which he must do and certain others which he must not do, but he quite understands that any punishment for the infringement of these rules of conduct, which are thus laid down for him, will come from the older men, and not at all from any supreme being, of whom he hears nothing whatever. In fact, he then learns that the spirit creature, whom up to that time, as a boy, he has regarded as all-powerful, is merely a myth, and that such a being does not really exist, and is only an invention of the men to frighten the women and children." <sup>11</sup> The aborigines of Central Australia are not the only people who have invented bugbears for the moral edification of youth. The Ona Indians of Tierra del Fuego pretend that the natural features of their country, such as the woods and rocks, the white mists and running waters, are haunted

(10) A. W. Howitt, *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 500, 506 *sqq.*

(11) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 491 *sq.*

by spirits of various sorts, "bogies in which they themselves do not believe, but which are a strong moral aid in dealing with refractory wives and wilful children." To impress this salutary belief on the feminine and youthful mind the men act the part of the spirits, disguised in appropriate costumes. Thus the spirit of the beech forests is represented by a man clad in moss and the bark of trees; the spirit of the lichen-grown rocks is played by an actor who is painted slate-colour, with daubs of red and yellow clay; the spirit of clouds and mist is dressed all in white, with a very long head partly made up of twigs, which are covered with skin and painted. Till they are initiated into these mysteries at the age of fourteen or so, the boys firmly believe in the bogies, and no wonder, inasmuch as they have been chased and scared by them. When the time of their initiation draws near, the lads are seriously exhorted by their elders. They must be keen hunters, and quick to avenge the spilt blood of their family. They must be careful of their own bodies, despising greed, and, above all, letting no woman share their inmost thoughts. At a series of nocturnal meetings they then learn the true nature of the "moral aid" by which their green unknowing youth has been trained in the way it should go. They are in fact introduced to the bogies, who turn out to be members of their own family. Any boy or man who betrays the secret is quietly put to death; and the same fate overtakes any woman who is suspected of knowing more than is good for her.<sup>12</sup>

In regard to the precepts inculcated on Central Australian boys at initiation, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen think it "most probable that they have originated in the first instance in association with the purely selfish desire of the older men to keep all the best things for themselves, and in no case whatever are they supposed to have the sanction of a superior being."<sup>13</sup> "As to the 'discovery' of a high ethical religion amongst the lowest savages there is not, I am convinced, any such thing in Australia. The great difficulty is that we have had statements made on the authority of men like Gason. The latter was a police-trooper, I believe, who was perfectly honest, but at the same time perfectly incapable of dealing with matters such as these. In the days when the evidence of Baiame and Daramulun was collected the importance of securing minute and detailed information was really not realised, nor was it imagined that there were men without any so-called religious ideas; and as I have endeavoured to point out in one of our chapters, it is the easiest thing possible to be

(12) W. S. Barclay, "The Land of Magellanes, with some Account of the (Ma and other Indians," *The Geographical Journal*, xxiii. (1904), pp. 74 sq.

(13) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes*, p. 504.

misled by what a native tells you in regard to such a point as this." <sup>14</sup>

As an example of the mistakes into which it is possible to fall on this subject, we may take Mr. S. Gason's statement that the Mura-mura of the Dieri is a Good Spirit or Deity, <sup>15</sup> whereas further inquiries have ascertained that the Mura-muras, male and female, young and old, are nothing more than the legendary predecessors or prototypes of the Dieri, who roamed over the country, resembling the present natives in their customs and mode of life, though they excelled them in their magical powers and the wonderful feats they performed. <sup>16</sup> Yet Mr. Gason was an honest man, and he enjoyed the best opportunities for making himself acquainted with the beliefs of the Dieri, for he lived among them on terms of intimacy for years, and he took a special interest in their customs and ideas, bequeathing to us accounts of them which, in spite of some grave mistakes, contain much that is valuable. <sup>17</sup> His error as to the supposed "Good Spirit" of the Dieri only shows how easy it is even for an honest inquirer, with the best intentions and the amplest means of ascertaining the facts, to misinterpret savage ideas in accordance with his own religious creed. Precisely the same mistake which Mr. Gason made as to the Mura-muras of the Dieri, other people have made as to the Balimo of the Basutos in South Africa. On this subject an experienced missionary writes: "The Basutos, like the Caffres in general, had no religious ideas before they came into

(14) Prof. Baldwin Spencer, in a letter to me dated 19th August, 1902. In quoting from my friend's letter I have struck out four words in accordance with a wish expressed by him in another letter of 18th March, 1904. The omission does not affect the sense of the passage.

(15) *Native Tribes of South Australia* (Adelaide, 1879), p. 260.

(16) A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 475-482, 644 sqq., 779 sqq.; *id.*, "Legends of the Dieri and Kindred Tribes of Central Australia," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xxxiv. (1904), pp. 100-129; Miss E. B. Howitt, in *Folklore*, xiii. (1902), pp. 403-417. Dr. Howitt's informant is the Rev. Otto Siebert, a German missionary to the aborigines at Killalpanina, on the Cooper River, in Central Australia.

(17) "The Manners and Customs of the Dieyerie Tribe of Australian Aborigines," in *Native Tribes of South Australia*, pp. 253-307; "Of the tribes Dieyerie, Auminie, Yandrawontha, Yarawuarka, Pilladapa," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xxiv. (1895), pp. 167-176. Compare A. W. Howitt, "The Dieri and other Kindred Tribes of Central Australia," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xx. (1891), pp. 30-104. Another grave blunder of Mr. Gason's, concerning the fundamental question of the descent of the totems (*murdus*), was corrected by Dr. A. W. Howitt many years ago. See *Journ. Anthropol. Inst.*, xvii. (1888), pp. 185 sq.; *id.* xix. (1890), p. 90. Further, "Gason supplied the information that only certain of the men were subincised, and that only those who were purposely left alone could beget children. . . . It is absolute nonsense, and makes me regard Gason as very unreliable, especially when taken in connection with his Mura-mura" (Prof. Baldwin Spencer, in a letter to me dated 18th March, 1904).



contact with the whites. It has been asked whether they knew at least the name of God. Their idea of the divinity must have been very confused, if I may judge by the heathen whom I have associated with for thirteen years. It is the missionaries, I believe, who have employed in the singular the name of God, *Molimo*, 'He who is on high,' for in the language *molimo* would mean 'ancestor,' and was not used except in the plural *Balimo* ('the ancestors'). However it may be with their vague knowledge of the name of God, it is certain that they had no worship, no prayer for the Supreme Being. No ruins of a temple have been found, no vestige of a sacrifice to God, no word designating a priest dedicated to His service. All that was found sixty or seventy years ago, when the first whites arrived in Basutoland, is to be found there to-day among the heathen; that is, the sacrifices to the ancestors."<sup>18</sup> Similarly, Dr. G. M'Call Theal, the learned historian of South Africa, writes of the Bantus in general, of whom the Basutos are a branch: "No man of this race, upon being told of the existence of a single supreme God, ever denies the assertion, and among many of the tribes there is even a name for such a being, as, for instance, the word *Umkulunkulu*, the Great Great One, used by the Hlubis and others. From this it has been assumed by some investigators that the Bantu are really monotheists, and that the spirits of their ancestors are regarded merely as mediators or intercessors. But such a conclusion is incorrect. The Great Great One was once a man, they all assert, and before our conception of a deity became known to them, he was the most powerful of the ancient chiefs, to whom tradition assigned supernatural knowledge and skill."<sup>19</sup>

Again, there is reason to believe that the accounts which savages give of their religious beliefs are often deliberately fabricated by them in order to deceive the white man. This source of error, though it is not limited to the religious sphere, applies especially to it, since the uncivilised, like the civilised, man is, in general, loth to reveal his most sacred beliefs to any chance inquirer. To win his confidence and elicit his inmost thoughts, it is necessary for the investigator either to have known him intimately for a long time, or to give evidence that he himself has already been initiated into mysteries of the same sort. But the deception practised by the savage sometimes springs from a different motive. In his amiable anxiety to oblige a stranger, he will often tell him whatever he imagines that the inquirer would

(18) Father Porte, "Les reminiscences d'un missionnaire du Basutoland," *Missions Catholiques*, xxviii. (1896), p. 370. Compare E. S. Hartland, in *Folklore*, xii. (1901), pp. 24 *sqq.*

(19) G. M'Call Theal, *Records of South-Eastern Africa*, vii. (1901), p. 401.

like to hear, without the least regard to the truth. Thus it is a custom with the Bantu "not to dispute with honoured guests, but to profess agreement with whatever is stated. This is regarded by those people as politeness, and it is carried to such an absurd extent that it is often difficult to obtain correct information from them. Thus if one asks a man, is it far to such a place? politeness requires him to reply it is far, though it may be close by. The questioner, by using the word far, is supposed to be under the impression that it is at a distance, and it would be rudeness to correct him. They express their thanks for whatever is told them, whether the intelligence is pleasing or not, and whether they believe it or not. Then, too, no one of them ever denies the existence of a Supreme Being, but admits it without hesitation as soon as he is told of it, though he may not once have thought of the subject before."<sup>20</sup>

In regard to the Australian aborigines, it appears that this source of error has also vitiated some of the accounts which have been given of their religious notions. "Many persons try to persuade themselves that they can detect the existence amongst these natives of a true religion and a knowledge of a Supreme Being, but they forget that these Blacks are extremely shrewd, so that when they perceive the object of the conversation, they readily adapt all that they have been taught on this subject to their replies. I have always found that the rigmarole stories which many of them have told me, and which are supposed to represent their religious belief, were founded upon the teachings of missionaries and others."<sup>21</sup> "I am strongly of opinion that those who have written to show that the Blacks had some knowledge of God, practised prayer, and believed in places of reward and punishment beyond the grave, have been imposed upon, and that until they had learnt something of Christianity from missionaries and others the Blacks had no beliefs and practices of the sort. Having heard the missionaries, however, they were not slow to invent what I may call kindred statements with aboriginal accessories, with a view to please and surprise the Whites."<sup>22</sup> In pursuing his researches in this subject, Dr. A. W. Howitt was on at least one occasion surprised, though not pleased, with "kindred statements" of this sort. Wishing to learn the native belief as to Brewin, a spirit whom the Kurnai dread, he questioned two of the most intelligent men, one of whom was a member of the Church of England. After consulting together for a few minutes, one of

(20) G. M'Call Theal, *op. cit.*, vii. 497.

(21) J. F. Mann, "Notes on the Aborigines of Australia," *Proceedings of the Geographical Society of Australasia*, i. (1885), p. 40.

(22) E. M. Curr, *The Australian Race*, i. 45.

them said, "We think that he is Jesus Christ." When this answer proved unsatisfactory, they laid their heads together again, and after mature deliberation declared that he must be the devil.<sup>23</sup> The anecdote is instructive, because it illustrates the readiness with which the natives adapt their answers to the supposed taste of the inquirer, and the little dependence that can consequently be placed on their statements as to this subject.

Now it is to be observed that the reports of moral Supreme Beings among the Australian aborigines come chiefly from Victoria and New South Wales, that is, the parts of the continent where the natives have been longest under the influence of the white man. If we could deduct from these reports the elements of error and fraud, we should probably find that the residue would be small indeed; and we might acquiesce in the opinion of Professor Baldwin Spencer: "I do not think that there is really any direct evidence of any Australian native belief in a 'supreme being' in our sense of the term."<sup>24</sup>

But though the natives of Central Australia appear to be equally destitute of ancestor worship,<sup>25</sup> and of a belief in a Supreme Being, the guardian of morality, some of the tribes on the Gulf of Carpentaria have a notion of spiritual beings who can help or injure them. The Binbinga, Mara, and Anula tribes believe that the sky is inhabited by two unfriendly beings who are always anxious to come down and kill people, but are prevented from doing so by a friendly spirit who lives in the woods. When an Anula man falls ill, his friends sing to the friendly spirit in the woods to come and make him well.<sup>26</sup> Such beliefs and such a practice might in time develop into a regular propitiation of these spirits, that is, they might grow into a religion.

Thus, if the Australian aborigines had been left to themselves, they might have evolved a native religion along several more or less independent lines. Their regard for the comfort of departed friends might have given rise to a worship of the dead, provided always that the theory of reincarnation, which prevails among the Central tribes and is obviously incompatible with a deification of the ancestral spirits,<sup>27</sup> had been exchanged for a belief that these spirits, instead of returning to earth and being born again in the flesh, dwell for ever in some happy land, whence, though unseen by mortal or at least vulgar eyes, they watch over their children and aid them in their time of need. Again, totemism

(23) Fison and Howitt, *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, p. 255.

(24) Letter to me dated 15th April, 1903.

(25) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes*, p. 494.

(26) Spencer and Gillen, *op. cit.*, pp. 501 *sq.*

(27) Spencer and Gillen, *op. cit.*, p. 494.

might have led to a cult of the totem animal or plant, as indeed seems to be happening to the Wollunqua or mythical water-snake of the Warramunga. Further, a belief in friendly or hostile spirits, neither ancestral nor totemic, who live on earth or in the sky, and can help or harm mankind, is not far from a religion of nature. Finally, if the abstract idea of a powerful headman, kind to his own people and terrible to their foes, had blended with a belief in the immortality of the dead, it might easily have culminated in the worship of a tribal or national god. And these various lines of development might have co-existed in the same tribe, leading up to a complex religion in which a cult of the totems should have been combined with a worship of other natural powers, and a general propitiation of the dead should have gone hand-in-hand with the special worship of a tribal or national god, who had grown out of an ideal or legendary headman. Such a complex religion would conform to the general rule that fully developed religions are compounded of many different elements, which spring from diverse roots.

J. G. FRAZER.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

*Author of "Ceneri," &c.*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

## III.

THAT winter was cold in Rome, and the rain seemed endless. Even days which began fine grew suddenly dark; the wind rose, and down came a deluge. Luckily, the showers did not last. Soon the pavements dried, the clouds blew away, the sky became blue, as if smiling at an accomplished jest. The people, however, came home with their clothes drenched, their boots soaking, their chests racked with coughs, and their bosoms with evil temper.

"Your famous Roman sky seems to me a lunatic asylum without any warders," said Regina to her husband; "a bedlam where the raging clouds do whatever they like."

And that rainy winter proved one of the saddest in the young wife's whole life. True, she loved Antonio; the first day he left her to resume his work she felt a profound emptiness, and knew herself henceforth attached to him as firmly as the bark to the tree. But existence in the Casa Venutelli, association with her mother-in-law, the presence of Sor Gaspare, the gloomy bedroom with those immense armchairs, heavy as vulgar destiny, proved altogether unbearable.

And Rome was horrible under the continuous rain, which had something malicious and mocking about it. People hurried through the streets, their faces livid; the women showed petticoat-edges pasted with mud; the heaven itself was soiled; and Regina's soul made shipwreck amid this ocean of mud and water. She would come in drenched and exasperated; within-doors it was cold; there was no fire, and there was continual annoyance. She was uncomfortable at table in those old round chairs, opposite the sarcastic countenance of Massimo, Sor Gaspare's red visage, the enormous panting bosom of Signora Anna. At night she was worse off still on that lumpy mattress, in the cold air which was pervaded by the rumble of the trams, and the melancholy rolling of purposeless carriages.

Was this the life of Rome? Nay, was this Rome? What? This the famous Corso—this narrow, smelly, mud-splashed street, with its carriage loads of old and hideous women, its foot passengers

squashing and treading upon each other like flocks of stupid sheep? And was this St. Peter's? Regina had expected it larger. That the Pincio? It was not beautiful. The Colosseum? She had supposed it more sublime. Where were the grandeur and magnificence? She could discover neither; everything appeared melancholy and hollow. She felt no astonishment at anything except her own impressions, and found a dreary pleasure in the thought that among all the provincials who came to Rome to be overwhelmed, she alone saw things in their true light. Sometimes she made exaggerated display of her own superiority; but self-examination convinced her it was tainted by personal rancour, and she felt sadder than ever. What was it she wanted? What did she expect? She felt sick of some deep wound. In vain she told herself the winter would pass, she would soon leave this distasteful house where everything seemed to freeze and suffocate her. Alas! her own sweet home was never, never to be found again!

After hurried visits to monuments and museums, and a promise of more leisurely re-inspection—promise made by all who fix their dwelling in Rome, and seldom fulfilled under months and years—Regina and Antonio began the (more interesting) round of *appartamenti* to be let.

Between the salary of the one and the dowry of the other, they counted on a fixed income of 3,000 *lire*. Antonio received a small addition from the princess, who had, however, other advisers, and only consulted him in certain affairs which brought her into collision with the Treasury. The means of the young couple would not therefore allow them more than a small "apartment" at fifty or sixty *lire* a month. They began their search in Via Massimo d'Azeglio, where a possibly suitable suite of rooms was to fall vacant in January. Regina, oppressed with doubts, entered a lordly entrance hall, from which led a principal staircase of fine marble. The second stair was perfectly dark at the bottom, but got brighter and brighter as it went up. Regina began to count its steps.

"Eleven, twenty-two, thirty-three, forty-four, fifty-five, sixty-three—you don't tell me there are more?"

She stopped, her heart beating violently. Antonio smiled indulgently; he took his little queen by the arm and helped her up; the higher they went, the steeper the steps became.

"Eighty-eight; ninety-nine. Goodness! more?"

"Courage!"

"A hundred and ten!"

By the grace of God they had arrived; but before the door was opened, the trembling and panting wife had said bitterly to herself, "Is this where Regina is to live? Never! never!"

The "apartment" was suitable and pretty; a real nest in the heart of the city's great forest of stone. Two windows looked out on a garden; the rest on a court none too clean.

Regina declared at once that there was no air and no light, and in fact that the rooms would not do at all.

"No air?" repeated Antonio; "no light? I should have said just the opposite! Look! there's a garden down there! And it's so close to my work and in the very centre of the town!"

"No. I want windows on the street."

"Well, then, we'll look for windows on the street; but mind you, we shan't find a more comfortable little place for our rent."

"You think not?" she said, unbelievably.

Soon she was obliged to believe. They spent a fortnight in weary pilgrimage, revolving at first about the Esquiline, the Quirinal, and the Villa Ludovisi; and Regina, half vexed, half amused, sang smilingly, *Senza tetto e senza cuna* (With neither roof-tree nor home). Then she became taciturn and very tired, dragging herself along with an air of desperation. They consulted a house-agent, who proved a delusion and a snare. He gave them a score of addresses, and they gradually went up the Corso exploring all the adjacent streets, as a traveller ascends a river seeking an unknown land and an undiscoverable source. Antonio would have put up with a long walk to his office if he could thus have contented Regina; but Regina would not be contented. All the suites were either too large and costly, or so cramped and cold that a single glance froze and tightened the heart. Regina saw one *Mezzanino* (entresol) of four immense, perfectly dark rooms, inhabited by what seemed an infinite number of smartly attired young ladies. It suggested a tomb for the living and she fled horrified. It was shocking! And this was Rome! These were the habitations which Rome offered to those who had long dreamed of her! Tombs for the living, obscure caverns, dens for slaves! A thousand times preferable the poorest cabins of the villages on the Po, full of liberty and light!

And still it rained; and Regina, unused to walking, got more and more tired as she wandered about, seeking a nest in which to fold her wounded wings. She had lost her looks, and was thin and pale; as the days passed on she became irritable. Sometimes she looked at Antonio with mocking commiseration. Was there anything more ridiculous than a fine young man dragged round by an ugly little wife, on the search for lodgings at fifty *lire* a month? What a wretched business was civilisation! She gazed enviously at the passers by, thinking feverishly:—

"They know where to go! They have houses even if they are dens, and needn't traipse about the street like us looking for a refuge. We are stray dogs, unable to find a hole to die in!"

And she looked yearningly at inaccessible country houses, thinking bitterly,

"I, too, had a home—a home full of poetry and light. I shut myself out with my own hands, and never, never will it be mine again!"

At this thought tears welled into her eyes. Weary and silent she stepped along at her husband's side, and Antonio looked at her with pity, guessing the cause of her discontent. There were

times, however, when he also felt irritated. Why had she refused the apartment in the Via d'Azeglio? What more, what better did she want?

They came in, worn out both of them and cross. Regina shrank away into remote regions of the big, cold bed, and Antonio sometimes heard smothered sobs which, instead of moving, vexed him all the more. What was the matter with her? Well really now, what was it? What was the matter? Surely a sensible girl like her couldn't be crying because rooms to her fancy were not discoverable at the first go-off?

"No," he told her later, "I thought you didn't love me any longer; I thought you repented having married me. I felt humiliated and wretched like a whipped child."

Regina, far away from him in the great cold bed, had a hopeless feeling of abandonment. She seemed to have lost herself in a boundless, frozen plain; the screaming breath of the tram reproduced the drive of the rain, the roar of the wet wind. All around was cloud, and only far, far, far away shone the crimson of a lighted hearth, glimmered the silver of a river—

"Why did I leave my home?" she asked herself, dully; "I've let myself be rooted up like a poplar; and now like the poplar-wood I've been carted here to make part of this odious construction which is called a great city. I also shall warp and rot—get worm-eaten, fall—"

Then she asked herself did she really love Antonio? There were moments when she answered No; other moments when she melted at the thought of him.

"I shall make him miserable! He told me what to expect in Rome; a modest life, a middle-class family. Did I not accept it? Well—well! we shall all die! We must be resigned to our destiny. Every hour will come and the hour of death is the most certain of all. To die! To have no more suffering from home sickness—never again to see my mother-in-law, Arduina, Sor Gaspere, that maid Marina; to wander no further in the rain seeking an apartment! No—I don't want to torment Antonio any more. Is it his fault that all the miseries of civilisation interfere between him and me? He didn't know it, and neither did I know it. But we shall all die at last! We must be resigned, and go and live in Via d'Azeglio. The days will pass there as they pass everywhere."

She slept, pleased with her philosophy; and, of course, she dreamed of the distant home, the woods, the blazing logs, the windows radiant in the sunset, the kitten on the window-sill contemplating the stem of the poplar tree. Next morning daylight met her in the detestable Venutelli room; she lay under the incubus of the grey ceiling; she must get up, endure the cold, the rain, the company of Signora Anna! Resignation? It was very well in theory; in practice her nerves revolted fiercely against the reality.

At last, after a month of vain search, more in the end from weariness than from goodwill, Regina consented to the suite in the Via



d'Azeglio for one year. Yet on the very day of signing the agreement she repented, abandoning all self-control.

"Was it worth while leaving my home and coming to Rome to live in a box? I shall be suffocated! I shall die!" she cried.

Nor could Antonio longer contain himself.

"Can't you say what it is you want?" he exclaimed in a fury. "Did you imagine you were marrying a prince? You knew all I had to offer! You told me a hundred times you hadn't corrupted your soul with vain ambitions; you said you were robust and unselfish—you said you didn't ask impossible things of life! Why don't you look back instead of always looking ahead? Didn't you say you were a bit of a Socialist? Well then, why don't you compare your condition with that of millions and millions of other women?"

She wept, leaning her forehead against the window pane. Of course it was raining, and it seemed to her that the heavens wept with her. She knew Antonio was right, although he looked at the matter merely on its material side, and did not understand the real causes of her discontent.

However, she laughed through her tears, laughed proudly and ironically.

"If you speak like that, we are done for," she said.

He moderated his voice. "I speak crossly," he said, "but I am full of hope. I am tired of seeing you so dissatisfied, Regina. What do you want me to do? What can I give you beyond what I have—that is, all my work, all my love, a good position, a morrow without cares?"

"He doesn't understand," she thought; "I shall suffer, but no one shall perceive it, he least of all. I shall be always solitary. Well? I don't need anyone, do I? I'm strong, am I not? Are you proposing to let your heart be seen, Regina, by all these odious little people?" And she shook her wings like a little bird which has tumbled into dirty water.

Antonio came nearer, and they made it up.

"You know," he said, stroking her hair, "the agreement is only for a year. Who knows what mayn't happen in a year? I shall apply for a rise, get a step; then we shall have our house rent free. I'll try to get extra work; perhaps Madame will put her whole affairs into my hands. Our position will improve. We'll take a larger flat—with a shorter stair. You'll get used to the stair. Some day you'll laugh at having cried for such trifles. Now wash your face. How ugly you are with those red eyes!"

"Ugly or pretty, I'm always myself!" she said, plunging her face into cold water; then she scrubbed it with the rough towel, powdered herself, put on the lace scarf, and consented to go up and visit Arduina.

They found that lady's door open, and from the vestibule her voice was heard in the drawing-room.

"Who's there?" asked Regina.

There was no one.

"What are you doing? Talking to yourself?" asked Antonio.

The authoress coloured; laughed, screamed, and confessed she was rehearsing a speech for his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction, whom she was going to ask for a subscription for her Paper.

"Does Marco know? I'll ask him what he thinks of it," said Antonio.

"For pity's sake, don't!" she cried.

"Doesn't it make you shy asking for money?" asked Regina, astonished.

"Why should I be shy? Everyone does it. It's not for myself I ask—it's for the journal, which is doing terribly badly. I've asked for a subscription and an audience of the Queen. Before to-morrow I must go to my uncle the Senator and learn——"

"I'd sooner die than beg from anybody!" said Regina.

"But why?" asked the other, astounded. "What harm does it do? If you were a literary woman, and ran a paper and had an idea to sustain and to make triumphant——"

"Spare us—my dear goose!" interrupted Antonio.

"And hold my tongue, I suppose? So you never ask for money? Nor take advantage of anything useful which comes in your way? Why do you stare, Regina? It's all a question of getting used to it."

"Getting used to it? That's another matter." Regina felt a flood of contemptuous words rise to her lips, but she kept silence, thinking she would not deign even to reply. She walked to the window and saw the little black-dressed woman with the seven lemons, in the corner by the shut door; but she no longer felt the melancholy this sight had waked in her on her first coming to Rome. *She had got used to it.*

"The princess often asks for you," said Arduina, "won't you come to her next Friday? Now you've found a house and are getting settled, you can begin to return visits and make acquaintances."

"What good are acquaintances to me?"

"What good are they to others? Don't be posing as an oddity," said Antonio, a little sharply.

"Shall I have enough drawing-room to receive them in?" returned Regina in that cold voice of hers which froze her husband's heart.

He was dismayed and silent. Arduina, however, did not understand.

"Your drawing-room will be small," she said, "that means you can't have a large circle. But you'd better come to the princess's. It's in your husband's interest."

"No. I don't know what to make of your princesses," said Regina; but immediately she repented, remembering her vows of a few minutes before. She laughed, joked, turned everything upside down in the little drawing-room, and promised to go with Arduina to see the Senator uncle.

"I'll tell him I'm a poetess, and ask him to get me an audience of the Queen," she said gaily.

"My dear child, capital!" cried Arduina in ecstasy. "Yes! yes! we'll go together!"

But Regina made a roguish gesture moving her hand like a fan with her thumb on the point of her nose; and the other laughed, more than ever sure her sister-in-law was half imbecile.

Next day they went together to the distinguished uncle, who turned out only a second cousin of Arduina's mother. The authoress had dressed herself up. She wore a black silk dress much wrinkled on the shoulders, a yellow straw hat trimmed with poppies; a feather boa so thin and worn that people turned their heads to look at it. Regina, also in black, with her inevitable lace scarf, seemed beside her almost a beauty.

The Senator lived in Via Sistina on a fourth floor. That comforted Regina greatly. If a senator could exist on a fourth floor she might get accustomed to a fifth. Still more was she comforted when she saw the Senator's "apartment." It was very dark and furnished with a meagreness nearer to discomfort than to simplicity. A few aspidistras whose large leaves glistened feebly in the chiaroscuro, adorned the ante-room and the two dreary reception rooms through which the ladies were conducted by an elderly chambermaid. There was a portrait in oils of an old man, lean and red, with protruding blue eyes and beautiful white hair (suggestive, however, of a wig), who smiled sarcastically out of his yellow background. The portrait was reflected in a cracked mirror; and the vast, dreary, dark room seemed animated by the two figures—immobile against the yellow background of the picture and the mirror—looking at each other, smiling sarcastically, sharing some half mocking, half melancholy thought.

Regina glanced at herself in the glass, and fancied that the two figures, the one in front and the one behind, had fixed their mocking eyes upon herself; then she turned suddenly, for she saw advancing silently against the yellow background of the room a third figure exactly like the other two. It was the Senator.

"Oh, *brava!*" he said briskly, turning to Arduina and looking at Regina.

"Let me introduce my sister-in-law," said Arduina; "she has been married one month."

"How stupid she is!" thought Regina, but had herself nothing to say when the old man congratulated her on having been married a month.

"Oh, *brava! brava!*" he repeated; and Arduina quickly explained the occasion of her visit.

The old Senator again said *Brava! brava!* but Regina understood perfectly that he was out of sympathy with the entire affair.

"Oh, *brava! brava!* It's your Paper; to be sure; and devoted to the woman question?"

"No, no! Still—yes—to women's questions, properly understood."

"I see. Women's questions properly understood. Well, teach

the women to work. Habituate them to the idea of work, of earning their living, of independence. When I go abroad, especially when I go to England, I am immensely struck by the 'moral physiognomy' of the women—so different from our women at home—from you——”

“But I do work!” protested Arduina.

“Your work is not sufficiently profitable if you require subscriptions!” cried Regina.

“Oh, *brava! brava!* And you, I suppose, write too?”

“Oh, no! I don't do anything!”

The Senator looked at her with his mocking and melancholy blue eyes; and she blushed, remembering she had never worked in her life.

“I want subscriptions,” said Arduina, “because in Italy work is not yet remunerative. But in the future—the generations we shall educate——” &c., &c., &c.

She made a long speech about the future generations, and returned to her starting point: the urgent need for a subscription.

“Bless the girl! She shall have the subscription!” said the Senator, who was still looking at Regina.

“And the audience also?”

He promised the audience. At that moment he was smiling just as he smiled in the portrait and in the mirror; and Regina perceived that he pitied the poor Italian journalist and was thinking of the moral physiognomy of the working Englishwomen.

“But why the audience?” asked Regina, emboldened and imitating the Senator's smile; “subscriptions are all very well—up to a certain point—but the audience——”

“It's a moral support. With reference to my principles——”

“Yes, yes; a moral support,” interrupted the Senator, still smiling.

Regina felt rebellious. This man who found the moral physiognomy of the women abroad so different from the moral physiognomy of the incapable, enslaved Italians—why did he not make Arduina understand the errors of her method?

“But,” she cried, almost angrily, “if you can't do without assistance moral or material, it's better—to do nothing at all! We are always despoilers; and it's all one if we despoil fathers, husbands, lovers, or royalty and the Government!”

“My dear, you don't understand!” said Arduina, who had not taken in Regina's meaning; “you talk like that because you've never felt the need——”

“You are from Lombardy?” asked the Senator, who with his hands folded on his breast, amused himself twiddling his thumbs.

“I'm an incapable and useless Italian,” she replied, very contemptuous of herself.

“But you are young. Why don't you write?”

“What's the use of writing,” she asked, meeting his eye mockingly, “if it's only to ask for subscriptions and audiences?”

The old man, still twiddling his thumbs, rose and took a step towards the younger lady.

"What's your impression of Rome?"

"Bad! It bores me! Town life is so wretched and gloomy. Besides, it does nothing but rain," said Regina, and laughed.

"What makes him stare so?" she thought; "can I possibly have the moral physiognomy of the English ladies?"

The old man stood in front of her, his back to Arduina, whose presence he seemed to have forgotten.

"Town life is wretched," he said, "because it's empty. Our women are full of useless aspirations, and as you say despoil their men, who deteriorate working too hard for their families. In those societies where the woman works also, the man has a free margin for the development of his abilities. In England——"

"But what can we do," repeated Regina, "if we haven't been brought up to work?"

The Senator did not appear to hear her. He drew a picture of English society where the whole middle class, the professional, and the working classes alike kept themselves up in literature, art, politics, and promoted free discussion on all subjects; where the women were not bored, because they worked.

"They have hundreds of authoresses, translators, newspaper correspondents, who make more than 10,000 *lire* every year, some a great deal more. Mrs. H. W.—do you know how much she gets for each of her books?"

Regina did not know.

"More than seven or eight thousand pounds."

Arduina hastily made the calculation.

"More than 200,000 *lire*?" she said, awestruck. "Dear me! I shouldn't like to make all that!"

"Why not?"

"Because I should go off my head!"

"But in Italy——" began Regina.

"In Italy, too, a woman may earn a good deal. Work! work! there's the secret."

Regina left the old Senator's dark and melancholy house with a new ray of light in her mind. Work! work! Yes, she also wanted work! She would begin to write. If she was no good for anything else, at least she might make some money. She wanted work; she wanted money; above all she wanted to live.

"I'll escape from this narrow circle which is strangling me. I'll look life in the face. I'll lose myself in the great streets of Rome, feel the soul of the crowd, write descriptions of the lives of the poor, of those who are bored, of those who seem happy and are not—life as it is——"

When she got home, she looked round with pitying eyes. Yes! Signora Anna and the maid, Arduina and the brothers-in-law, the whole environment and the souls set in it, all moved her to pity.

And this pity gave her a feeling of soft sweet warmth, of profound well-being.

Antonio had not come in, and Regina stayed in her room. She took a book and sat by the closed window. Evening came on. Little by little the warmth which had been the result of the expedition died out. The light failed. Great impalpable veils fell down round her, slowly, one after the other. The book she held in her hand was so futile that she had not been able to read two pages. She shut it up and looked at the sky. But the line of sky above the ugly opposite façade was so ashen and heavy that it gave her the impression of a sheet of metal. Only one little red cloud, a wandering flame, illuminated the ashes of this dead heaven.

Suddenly Regina felt a great emptiness, a great cold within herself. That little cloud had reminded her of the distant hearth fire in her home! of all the little, simple, voiceless things which yet were greater and brighter than all glory, all riches. She thought:—

“Work! Money making! Even if it were possible it couldn't give me back my home, my past, my atmosphere! One little reality is worth more than the greatest of ideals.

“What is the Ideal?” she thought further, still watching the slow passing of the cloud; and she copied the old Senator's smile, remembering how he also imagined he had such lofty ideals!

#### IV.

On Christmas Eve Regina went early to bed, complaining of an indisposition which made Signora Anna thoughtful, but was not suggestive to Antonio. He knew, or thought he knew, the subtle malady which was consuming his wife. He knew its name: Nostalgia; and he left to time the responsibility of its cure.

Regina was no sooner in bed than she began to remember and to meditate. Christmas in Rome! She saw over again the carts of live fowls being drawn through the streets; the ladies passing quickly along with parcels in their hands; the fat pork-butchers looking out from their nauseating shops with the importance of Roman emperors; his Excellency an Under-Secretary of State standing in front of Dagnino's window with a visage of terrible perplexity.

She reflected upon the quarrel which had broken out among Signora Anna, Gaspare, and the maid about wax candles. Marina had gone up and down the stair at least twenty times, each time coming back with parcels, but each time forgetting something. During the whole of lunch and the whole of dinner the brothers, their mother, and the girl had discussed the supplies of food.

Well! it had all produced in Regina a sort of spiritual indigestion. Alone in the great bed, shivering, crumpled up, she was conscious of an unspeakable depression. She felt like a little snail which hears the rain pattering on its shell. And she thought continually of the

distant hearth, the grey night illumined by the snow. Behind the voices and the laughter which vibrated from the dining-room, behind the painful screech of the trams, behind the buzz of the merry-making city, she heard the whistling of trains in the station. Some of the whistles laughed, some wept; one, faint and tender seemed the voice of a questioning child; one was like a zigzag on a black sky; one mocked at Regina. "Are you ready to go? Not you! Not you! It's your own fault. Here you've come, and here you stay! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

She worked herself into a passion. She was angry even with his Excellency who had looked in at Dagnino's window, fixing his gold eyeglasses. She asked, exasperated, who were all those strange people laughing and joking in the dining-room?

Antonio soon joined her. She pretended to sleep. He was solicitous and touched her gently. Feeling her very cold, he drew nearer to warm her. She was moved, but did not open her eyes.

The hours passed. The city became silent. It slept, like a greedy child to whom dainties are promised. Regina could not sleep, but she was not insensible to the kindness and the warmth. The little snail had looked out from the window of its shell and seen the sun shining on the grass. Melodious sound of bells trembled and oscillated on the quiet night. One seemed to come from beyond a river, grave, sonorous, nostalgic. To her surprise Regina found herself repeating certain lines of Prati's, which she was not conscious of having known before. Whence did they arise? Perhaps from the depths of her subconsciousness, evoked by the nostalgic song of the bells on that first Christmas of exile.

"Dreaming of home and of the country ways,  
The village feastings and the green spring days."

She repeated the lines many times to herself with singsong monotony, which ended by putting her asleep. She dreamed she was at home. Her young sister played "Stefania" on her mandoline. Regina saw the mandoline distinctly and its inlaid picture of a troubadour with a mandola. The little black cat was listening, rather bored, and yawning ostentatiously. Outside fell the evening, violet-grey, velvety, silent. Suddenly a perplexed visage with gold rimmed eyeglasses started up behind the window panes. Regina laughed so loud that she woke her husband.

"What ever is it?" he asked in alarm.

"His Excellency," she murmured, still dreaming.

Next morning on awakening Antonio found Regina in tears.

"You were laughing last night—now you cry," he said, with slight impatience. "Can't you explain what on earth's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! You're crying! What are you crying about? I can't bear it any longer! Why do you torment me like this?"

She took his hand and passed it over her eyes. He repented.

"What is it? What is it? Tell me—only tell me, Regina, Regina!" he urged, tenderly and anxiously.

"It has nothing to do with you," she said, hiding her face on his breast, "it's all my own fault. I don't know why, but I can't conquer the past—the homesickness—and I'm afraid of the future."

He also felt a mysterious fear.

"Why are you afraid of the future?"

"Because—I suppose because we are poor. Rome is so horrid for the poor."

"But, Regina, we aren't poor!" he exclaimed with increasing alarm, "and anyhow, don't we love each other?"

"To love—to vegetate—it's not enough—not enough," she murmured.

"But you knew all about it, Regina!"

"I knew and I know. I'm furious with myself that I can't overcome my aversion to this bourgeois life."

"But after all—down there at your home—what sort of life were you leading?"

"Oh, Antonio! I had dreams!"

"No," he confessed, some years later, "I was unable to realise all the anguish in that cry; but I was afraid you'd never be happy with me, and I felt unspeakable grief. Such was the humiliation and distress which your unhappiness caused me, that at that moment I would have committed any crime merely to give you the things you had dreamed."

However, he tried to lull her sorrow for the time being, administering as to a sick person an innocuous soothing mixture.

"Listen," he said, "it's just that you're a bit homesick. You'll find that in a little time you'll get used to it all. I admit our life is rather cramped, but do you suppose the rich people are happy?"

"It's not riches I want!"

"What is it then? I'm not vulgar, am I? or stupid? After all, it's with *me* you've got to live. Be reasonable. You shall make your own surroundings just as you like them. Meantime, to cure you of your homesickness, you can go home to your own country whenever you like."

The soothing mixture produced the desired effect. Regina raised a radiant face.

"In the spring!" she cried impetuously, "in the spring!"

"Whenever you wish. And you'll see that in course of time——" But the course of time only augmented Regina's trouble.

The night of San-Stefano Antonio took her to the Costanzi Theatre, to the *Sedie*.<sup>1</sup> She put on her smartest frock, her best trinkets, and went to the theatre, resolved to be astonished at nothing, for had she not already been to the theatre at Parma? The Costanzi was mag-

(1) The cheapest reserved seats.



nificent; an enormous casket where the most beautiful pearls in the capital shone on feminine shoulders resplendent with "*Crema Venus*." Even the pit was splendid, a field of great flowers sprinkled with the dew of gems and gold. And in spite of her experience at the Parma theatre, Regina felt sufficiently bewildered. Her short-sighted eyes, dazzled by the brilliant light, were half shut; and it was much the same with the eyes of her soul. She raised her opera glass and looked at one of the boxes. The lady there was plain in feature but extremely fashionable; Regina thought her painted, decked with false hair, her eyes artificially darkened. None the less, she envied her.

She looked round. Little by little her envy swelled, overflowed, became hateful. She would have liked the theatre burned down. Then she perceived that a lady near her was looking at the boxes just as she was, perhaps with the same criminal envy in her heart. She felt ashamed of herself, put down the glass, and after this did not look at the seats above her again. But on her own level, in the furthest row of the *Poltrone*,<sup>1</sup> she saw a long row of smartly dressed men and women who always and only stared at the boxes. No one looked at the *Sedie*. The people there were an inferior race, or actually non-existent for the ladies and gentlemen in the *Poltrone*.

"We are nothing! We are the microbes which fill the void," thought Regina.

Then she perceived another strange fact, that she herself felt for the *Sedie* and the gallery the very same contempt which was felt by the people of the boxes and the stalls.

Antonio thought she was enjoying the music and the spectacle as he was himself; now and then he touched her hand and made some pleasant remark.

"You look a real queen with that necklace!" he said, for instance.

"An exiled queen!" returned Regina under her breath.

## V.

Later, when she thought over that first year of marriage, Regina divided it into many little chapters. Amongst them she attached importance to the chapter of her first visit to the Princess Makuline.

It took place on a warm, cloudy evening at the beginning of January. Antonio was missing, having been detained at the Department till nine, doing extra work; but Arduina and Regina waited in the Piazza dell' Indipendenza for Massimo, who was to escort them. The Piazza, almost deserted, was illumined by the pale gold rays of the veiled moon. The bare trees were scarce visible in the vaporous air, the small, motionless flames of the street lamps seemed far away. Regina standing in the middle of the great square was pleasantly conscious of silence, solitude, immensity. For the first

(1) Seats next above the *Sedie*.

time since she had been in Rome she caught herself admiring something.

"Come along!" said Massimo, arriving hurriedly, and brandishing a pair of new gloves; "three-fifty they cost me! Woe to Madame if she doesn't pay me with some hope!"

"I believe you'd be capable of marrying her," said Regina, with a gesture of disgust.

"She'd like it," said Arduina.

"Shut up! The point is should I like it?" said the young man. "I'm not up for sale."

Passing the Princess's little garden gate, Massimo said, "This is the entrance for Madame's lovers!"

But they walked on and rang at the hall door of the villa, or rather of the villas, for there were two; small but handsome houses, joined by an aerial terrace or hanging garden.

"Like two little brothers holding each other's hands," said Regina, with a sigh.

A servant in plain clothes opened the polished door, and disclosed two great wolves, apparently alive, lying in ambush on the red rugs of the entrance hall.

The rooms were much overheated. Thick carpets, skins of bears spread before large low divans, themselves covered with furs, exhaled what seemed the hot breath of wild beasts sleeping in the sun—an atmosphere wild, voluptuous—noxious. Huge waving branches of red-berried wild plants rose from tall metal vases. The Princess, richly but clumsily dressed in black velvet and white lace, was discoursing in French to two elderly ladies, telling them the adventures of her aunt, wife of the man who had known Georges Sand.

"At that time," she was saying, "my aunt was the best dressed woman in Paris. Georges Sand described one of her costumes in the *Marquis de Villemer*. . . ."

Beyond the two elderly ladies, an old gentleman, shaven and bald, his head shining like a bowl of pink china, lolled in an armchair and listened sleepily.

Marianna, in a low pink dress, ran to the newcomers with her little rat-like steps, and surveyed Regina inquisitively.

"You look very well, Madame," she said; "is there no news?"

"What news do you expect?" asked Regina.

Marianna giggled, her little eyes shining unnaturally. Regina could not resist the suspicion that the rat was excited with wine, and she felt a resurgence of the curious physical disgust with which the princess and this girl inspired her.

Madame at first paid scant attention to the Venutellis. Other guests were arriving, the greater number odd looking, elderly ladies in dresses of questionable freshness and fashion. Arduina soon got into conversation with an unattractive gentleman whose round eyes and flat nose surmounted an exaggerated jowl. Massimo followed in the wake of Marianna, who came and went, running about, frisk-

ing and shrieking. Regina was stranded between a stout lady who made a few observations without looking at her, and the bald old gentleman who said nothing at all. She soon grew bored, finding herself neglected and forgotten, lost among all these fat superannuated people, these old silk gowns which had outlived their rustle. How tedious! Was this the world of the rich, the enchanted realm for which she had pined?

"Regina shall not be seen here again," she told herself.

Presently she saw Arduina smiling and beckoning to her from the distance; but just then the Princess came over, and put her small refulgent hand in Regina's with an affectionate and familiar gesture.

"Won't you come and take a cup of tea," she said.

Regina started to her feet, overwhelmed by so much attention.

"How is your husband?" said the Princess, leading her to the supper-room.

"Very well, thank you," said Regina, in a low voice; "he hasn't been able to come to-night because——"

"Beg pardon?" said the Princess.

All the elderly ladies and gentlemen followed the hostess, and seated themselves round the room in which a sumptuous table was laid. Marianna ran hither and thither, distributing the tea.

"Could you help?" she asked, passing Regina; "you seem like a girl. Come with me."

Regina followed her to the table, but did not know what to do; she upset a jug and blushed painfully.

"Here!" said Marianna, giving her a plate, "take that to the man like a dog."

"Which man? Speak low!"

"The man beside your sister-in-law. He's an author."

Regina crossed the room shyly, carrying the plate, and imagining everyone was looking at her. There was consolation in the thought that she was about to offer a slice of tart to an author.

"Oh, Signorina!" he exclaimed, with a deprecating bow.

"Signora, if you please!" said Arduina, "she's my sister-in-law."

"My compliments and my condolences," said the man, insolently; he rolled his great eyes round the room and added, "In this company you seem a child."

"Why condolences?" asked Arduina.

"Because she's your sister-in-law," replied he.

Regina perceived that the author was very impudent, and she retreated to the table. Not finding Marianna she timidly possessed herself of another plate and took it to Massimo, who, also neglected and forgotten, was standing near the door.

"Oh, you're doing hostess, are you?" he said. "Look here! bring me a glass of that wine in the tall, gold-necked bottle at the corner of the table. Drink some yourself."

Regina went for it, but found the Princess herself pouring wine at that moment from the bottle with the golden neck.

"Massimo would like a glass of that," she murmured ingenuously.

"Beg pardon?" said the Princess, who fortunately had not heard.

Regina, however, found a wineglass ready filled, and carried it to her brother-in-law; exquisite bouquet rose from the glass as perfume from a flower.

"It's port, you know," said Massimo, with genuine gratitude; "thanks, little sister-in-law! You're my salvation! 'Tis the wine of the modern gods."

"You are facetious to-night."

"Hush! I'm bored to death. Let's go. We'll leave Arduina. Who's that baboon-faced person she's got hold of?"

"That's an author."

"*Connais pas*," said the other, eating and drinking. "What a rabble! No one but rabble."

"Just so," said Regina, "and we belong to it."

"On the contrary, we'll snap our fingers at it. No! we are young and may someday be rich. Those folk are rich, but they'll never be young, my dear!"

"Take care! I think you are right though!"

"Then bring me another glass of port!" said Massimo, imploringly

"Certainly not!"

The old ladies and gentlemen, mildly excited by the wines and the tea, raised their voices, moved about, clustered in knots and circles. In the confusion Regina again found herself beside the hostess.

"But you've had positively nothing!" said Madame; "come with me. Have a glass of port? How's your husband?"

"The second time!" thought Regina; and she shouted, "Very well indeed, thank you."

"Have you moved yet? How do you like your house? Come, drink this! Have some sweets? The pastry's pretty good to-day. Oh, Monsieur Massimo! won't you have another cup of tea? No? A glass of port, then? Tell me, are you also at the Treasury?"

"No, madame. In the War Office."

Marianna no sooner observed that the Princess was talking to the Venutellis than she thrust her restless face behind Regina's shoulder; and it struck the latter that this girl watched her patroness over much.

"I've a bothersome affair on hand," said Madame, slowly; "some money due in Milan which I want paid to me in Rome. I'm told I must have a warrant from the Treasury. Monsieur Antonio must come and speak to me to-morrow."

"I'll tell him the moment I get in," cried Regina.

Marianna said something in Russian, turning to Madame with an air almost of command. The Princess replied with her usual calm, but quickly afterwards she moved away.

"Now I must pay for the help you gave me," said Marianna to Regina, pouring out a glass of a white liqueur. "Drink this."

"No, thanks."

"It's vodka."

Marianna laughed and sipped; then insisted on Regina tasting also.

"Now we'll go and interrupt the idyll of the dog and the cat," said Marianna, leading the way to the next room where Arduina and the author were still *tête-à-tête* under the branches of the red-berried plant.

Regina and Marianna sat down opposite to them on a divan of furs, and Massimo remained standing. In another room one of the old ladies was playing "*Se a te, O cara!*"

Regina now felt an inexplicable content; the gentle yet impassioned music, the warmth of the divan whose soft furriness suggested a pussy cat to be stroked; the indefinable perfume with which the hot air was charged, the vodka, too, which still pulsed in her throat—all gave her the initial feelings of a pleasant intoxication. Arduina also seemed excited. She spoke loud, in the tones which Regina had noted in the flirtatious cousin Claretta. She seemed no longer to recognise her relations.

"What's the matter with the silly thing?" Regina asked herself, and Marianna must have guessed her thought, for she said slyly, "They're love making."

Regina laughed unthinkingly. Then suddenly she felt shocked.

"Is it possible?" she murmured.

"Anything is possible," said the rat. "You are such a child as yet; but in time you'll see—*anything is possible.*"

(*To be continued.*)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN AND PEACE.

*To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.*

SIR,—Japan's paramountcy, after the recent sea-battle, carries with it as an inevitable corollary the proclamation of a new Monroe Doctrine for Eastern Asia. Just as the United States has taken the American hemisphere under her wing to protect it against European aggression, so Japan will take the Asiatic Powers which are still independent and give them her support to progress along their own lines. The new Monroe Doctrine will not be formally declared; the case of Russia in Manchuria is a clear enough signpost to the world. Hands off China, Korea, and Siam is the watchword of the day, and Japan is able to enforce her Monroe Doctrine more efficiently than can the United States. The Powers have so often piously expressed themselves anxious to secure the integrity of China that they should be glad now that this integrity has obtained a strong and efficient guardian. There is no yellow peril in the new Monroe Doctrine any more than there is an American peril in the doctrine of President Monroe. The *status quo* is to be maintained, and those European nations which own parts of China have nothing to fear from Japan so long as they behave themselves and do not think that acquiescence in the *status quo* means lack of readiness to check aggression. Germany is safe in Kiao-chau, but it would be well not to try and absorb the Shantung province. Japan's Monroe Doctrine is a menace to none save the evil-doers, and in many ways it is a self-denying ordinance, since, if land-grabbing were to be allowed, which nation could hope to secure so many tit-bits as Japan? The new Monroe Doctrine may well be equally as annoying to Europe as is the attitude of the United States to South America, but it is in no manner to be construed into a world menace. It is simply a matter which has to be accepted, and in the future there will be a new and strange morality observable in the dealings of the Great Powers with Far Eastern nations.

Great as have been the results of the battle of the Japan Sea upon the international situation, it must be confessed that they have had little direct effect upon the ending of the war. To the Russian mind the Baltic Fleet was a sporting chance—scarcely a serious part of the campaign. There are, indeed, many who believe that originally the fleet was intended rather in the nature of a bluff than anything else. Its value lay not so much in its fighting power as in its affording to the Russians an asset in negotiation. Admiral Togo's masterly inaction, however, lured the Russian Armada too far for retreat, and it was annihilated. The Russian feeling may be summed up in the words of a prominent Russian diplomat, who may later be one of the plenipotentiaries for the discussion of terms of peace. He said: "If Rozhdestvensky wins it is bad for Japan; if he loses, it is no worse for us than we are now. We stand to win if he is victorious. Japan does not come any nearer winning if he is defeated. For things will remain on the sea just as they have

been since the beginning. And it is not on sea that the issue will be decided."

This being the case, the annihilation of the fleet, although annoying and amazing, could not be expected to exercise a great effect upon Russia in producing a desire for peace at once. The Japanese, on the other hand, expected to defeat the Russian Fleet, and, therefore, the happening of the expected has not altered their determination to secure their object. It has facilitated their operations and has laid bare all of Russia's Far Eastern possessions, but it has not altered at all the Japanese terms of peace. It must be remembered that Japan is fighting for peace and future security, and not at all for gain and annexation; therefore, continued successes do not augment the demands to be made from Russia. The Japanese terms are a fixed quantity, and do not contain clauses expressly included in order to be cut out in negotiating. It is a case of all the cards being on the table and Japan having all the winning ones. Victories make no difference in the terms; they only facilitate Japan's obtainment of them. M. Witte is reported to have told an interviewer that "Japan, of course, would not think of concluding peace unless it were assured for fifty years. She will undoubtedly refuse to begin negotiations except in Japan with a person furnished with special powers. Russia could, of course, drag on the war for five years with the possibility of success if it were not for internal events, to which the Government remains obstinately deaf and blind. And that is what I consider really terrible about Russia's present position. Every hour's delay brings us lower and lower." Remarkable words for a Russian to utter, and yet M. Witte has struck nearer the mark than many who have much better opportunities for observation. Japan's terms have been dealt with in a previous article, but may be briefly summarised here:—The absolute evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, and the handing back of the provinces to China; the cession to Japan of the Russian lease of the Kwantung Peninsula, with possibly a reversion to the conditions of the peace terms after the Chinese War; the cession of the entire Manchurian railway to Japan, and its handing over to an international company; the Russo-Chinese Bank to be regarded as a Government concern, and all its concessions disallowed; a free hand for Japan in Korea, and no Russian interference; the transformation of Vladivostock into a commercial port, and the prohibition of dockyards or Naval stations in the Far East; the handing over of the interned Russian war vessels was originally desired, but may be waived in deference of the value of there being some sort of a Russian Fleet in the Baltic. The island of Sakhalin is to be ceded to Japan together with fishing rights along the coasts of the Ussuri Province and Kamtchatka. Russia must pay an indemnity of at least £100,000,000, and this sum may increase if the war be prolonged. Theoretical or paper undertakings by Russia Japan does not desire, having tested their value in the past; all concessions have to be on the practical plane. Manchuria will be thrown open to the trade of the world under Chinese administration; indeed, it is by placing it upon an international plane that Japan hopes to secure an effective barrier against future Russian aggression. Except for the cession of Sakhalin, the railway, and the indemnity, the Japanese terms of peace do not touch Russian property, and it is not too much to say that these three demands are little punishment for a vanquished enemy, who sought to crush

the very life out of Japan. The moderation of Japan's demands is their most remarkable point.

The one vitally essential point is the question of the war indemnity, which the Japanese are determined to have from Russia, and which is a bitter pill for the Russians to swallow. For Japan it is a *sine qua non* that Russia shall treat with her on an absolute equality, wiping out for ever the contemptuous "little yellow monkeys" epoch. It is for this reason that so much stress is laid upon the payment of an indemnity, openly acknowledged to be such and not concealed under specious pretences and make-believes. Japan's prestige demands full recognition of her position as a Great Power, and this is the most stable point in the whole of the peace terms. Until Russia is ready to treat with Japan as she would with Germany in a similar case, there will be, there can be no peace. The Russians recoil before this idea, and even the revolutionaries feel there is degradation in an indemnity to Japan. But the fact remains that Russia will have to pay sooner or later, be it never so repugnant. Placing oneself in Russia's position, it is easily understandable how hard it is for that enormous Empire to confess defeat and humiliation to a people whom they despised a few months ago. But, hard though it be, it has to be faced, and there is no hope that Japan will forego her undoubted rights. Russians were not disinclined to talk of the hard terms which they were going to impose upon a conquered Japan, and the Japanese ask why there should be a plea for mercy for Russia, just because the Russians have been unable to live up to their boasts. The Russians must not only treat the Japanese as equals in every respect, but it is for them to sue for peace. Japan will not take the first step; that is the duty of the loser. When Russia recognises these facts then there will be peace. It must seem to many that in treating Japan on an equality, Russia would be getting a lift upwards, which could hardly be called humiliating. To convince Russia of this is, however, no easy task.

The one thing which remains inviolate in Russia is the pride of the Romanoffs, culminating in the pride of the Tsar, the Emperor of all the Romanoffs, their parasites, and Russia. And a distinction must be drawn between the people of Russia and the Government. The people are anxious that the war shall cease, the bureaucrats wish its continuance. It is no longer a war; it is a butchery in order to save the ignorant pride of a handful of corrupt bureaucrats. Thanks to their pride, the Romanoffs live in a world apart, and it is difficult for a realisation of real convictions to reach their seat on Olympus. The life or death of subjects far below affect the gods but little; they exist but to serve the Romanoffs, and, therefore, it matters little whether a hundred thousand or a million die on the field of battle. Moving above criticism, and impervious to advice, the Tsar and the Grand Dukes nevertheless insist upon directing the foreign policy of Russia. They pull threads of whose ultimate results they know nothing definitely and care less. The few hurried words pencilled by the Emperor on one of Admiral Alexeieff's despatches were the direct cause of the war, and made inevitable a struggle in the possibility of which the Emperor did not believe. He made the war, and yet did not know that he had made it, and the only hopeful element in this is that there is always a possibility that he may make peace in the same hap-hazard way. The war has made little real disturbance in the Imperial atmosphere. A few familiar faces missing from



the *levée* or the Court, a few added opportunities of making money by contracting or corruption, these are the principal effects upon the Romanoff family. And yet it is in the palaces of the Romanoffs that the peace will be decided upon when it comes. Not in the ministries, but in the homes of the Tsar, the Grand Dukes and their satellites must peace be sought. In these mysterious backwaters the policy of Russia is framed, and it is no exaggeration to say that often the whisper of a Grand-ducal mistress has more weight in framing Russian national policy than all the advice of Count Lamsdorff or M. Witte. The Romanoffs are not to be forced into peace; they may be cajoled or diplomatically led in that direction; otherwise, there is small chance of their arriving. The knowledge that the days of the dynasty as autocratic rulers are numbered tends to harden the heart of the Emperor and encourage him to go on with the war at all costs. This brief survey of the conditions existing in Russia is necessary to enable one to gain some adequate idea of the obstacles in the way of peace.

The battle of the Japan Sea afforded an opportunity for international action, and formed the pretext for President Roosevelt to address a note to the two combatants urging upon them the advisability of a cessation of hostilities, and the appointment of plenipotentiaries to discuss terms of peace. This humane action on the part of the President has won him many praises, some of them deserved. But to trace the origin of these peace proposals is to see that the credit is not due so much to the President of the United States as to those who induced him to speak. It is perfectly certain that he had very definite guarantees before he took upon himself a task which might otherwise have lowered his prestige at a moment when home affairs demand he should hold a maximum amount of consideration. To ascribe to Roosevelt all the credit of the proposals is like assuming that the voice which issues from the gramophone is everything. The unique position of irresponsibility in international affairs occupied by the United States marked out the President as the most effective mouth-piece for international opinion.

The reason for the peace movement is easily found. It is because of the growth of the "German Peril," or rather the "Kaiser Peril." Europe and the world is menaced by the ambitions, untrammelled by morality, of an able man, brought up on Bismarckian ideas, whose genius makes him intensely erratic. Russia's preoccupation in the Far East has given to the German Emperor an unusual opportunity to demonstrate his power. The absence of Russian troops on Germany's Eastern frontier has enabled the Kaiser to turn his whole attention to the West. Morocco afforded him an opportunity to throw a stone into the new *entente* of Western Europe, which has for object the isolation of Germany. Adequate grounds for interference were no more necessary than they were to the English kings when they claimed the throne of France. Disregard of a *fait accompli*, formerly acquiesced in, enabled the German Emperor to effectually frighten France and cause much disturbance in Downing Street. Lord Lansdowne saw the whole fabric of his diplomatic campaign threatened with destruction, and took immediate steps to co-operate with France to check the German aggression. The peace proposals of President Roosevelt are the direct outcome of Lord Lansdowne's action. To quote the able correspondent of the *Times* in Paris:—"The equilibrium of Europe is disturbed, and no Power

has felt the absence of Russian influence in Continental politics so much as France. The fact is that at the present moment it is at a very low ebb, and the one object of French foreign policy must necessarily be to restore it, at least in part, as speedily as possible. Otherwise, the increasingly preponderant influence of Germany must naturally damage the splendid position which of late years has been acquired by France through peaceful methods having the consolidation of peace for their object. Consequently, France not only ardently desires to see the end of the war, but also wishes for a lasting peace." That sums up the attitude of Great Britain, France, and the United States towards Germany and the war. It is essential that the war should cease and the Russian troops from the Far East come back to Germany's Eastern frontier and the Kaiser be checked. Russia's weakness as a formidable bogey has been sufficiently demonstrated, and yet she can be of value in restraining the much more pressing danger presented by the Germans. The Russian troops may not be very good, but their presence on the frontier will at once divide the German forces and reduce the German policy to saner methods. The Russian troops must come home! is the despairing cry of a badly frightened France. Great Britain alone could have done little to persuade the Russians of the urgency of the case, and, in fact, little was directly done save to point out the foolishness of throwing away the Near East as well as the Far by a futile continuance of the war with Japan. But through France plenty of pressure could be and was brought to bear. France did not even refrain from threatening her ally with a collapse of the artificially sustained Russian bonds if peace were not speedily approached. In reply to Russia's declaration that she would rather spend money on continuing the war than on the payment of an indemnity, the French informed the Russian authorities that, while they would gladly raise a Russian indemnity loan, they would not touch a war loan on any consideration whatever. The United States also put considerable pressure on Russia to induce her to accept a proposal to discuss terms with Japan. America also suffers from an untrammelled Germany, since the South American republics might in the near future well create difficulties similar to that in Morocco.

Japan offered cordial co-operation when approached on the matter by Great Britain, recognising as she does to the full the vital importance of international equilibrium. She was assured that there was no question of her giving up her essential demands, including the indemnity. "If it can be done, will you be ready to help us settle the matter up, without prejudice to yourself?" was the way the proposal was placed before Japan. Waging no war of aggression, the Japanese are quite ready to stop hostilities whenever the necessary guarantees for the preservation of peace and the maintenance of Japanese prestige can be obtained. Japan has shown her power and her accession to the paramountcy of the Far East, and fully recognises that it may be easier to obtain her terms when semi-officially supported by several Great Powers. Not that there will be any direct support, but the pressure put on to Russia to make peace on the one hand and the acknowledgment of Japanese rights on the other, tend to help along the acceptance of the necessary terms by Russia. Advantage has also been taken of the opportunity to enter thoroughly into the question of the enlargement and renewal

of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which may now be regarded as practically settled.

What chances has peace of success? That depends upon Russia, an element which is very difficult to be sure of. It is, however, practically certain that peace will come, but not by any means at once, unless there is some unprecedented happening in St. Petersburg. The Russian Government is at the end of her tether, internally, and must stop, because of outside pressure. Therefore, the delay will mean rather frantic efforts to save Russia's face than determination to carry on the war at all costs. Just as China sought to save her prestige when treating with Japan, so Russia is jockeying for an advantageous start in the negotiations. Russia thinks if only it can be made out that Japan asked for the conference in order to submit peace terms for Russian consideration, there will be less humiliation about it. But Russia may as well dismiss these hallucinations from her fevered brain at once. Japan can beat her at diplomacy, especially when she holds all the winning cards. Japan will present terms to a fully accredited plenipotentiary when he asks for them, but otherwise she will not waste time. If it is considered necessary for Japan to hold some Russian territory so as to treat on the indemnity question to better advantage, the Ussuri Province lies open to her ships and troops. There will be no question of sending vessels to the Baltic to attack Russia at home. Japan has too keen a sense of international morality, as well as too much common sense. Besides, she can attain her ends without such expedients. A Russian refusal to treat only means that Manchuria will remain in Japanese occupation, and naturally the development of this rich country would fall into Japanese hands. The General Staff at Tokyo calculate that it will not cost much more to keep the Japanese troops in Manchuria than in Japan, and so, if it be necessary, the Japanese are well prepared to go on.

Peace will, however, ultimately arrive, because of international reasons, but it is equally certain that the preliminaries will drag on long enough to enable General Linievitch to have a chance of snatching something like a victory from Marquis Oyama. Hopeless as this chance is, the Russian sentiment is favourable to letting him see what he can do. The Japanese do not object, save because of the casualties, and are confident that they can overwhelm the Russian hosts in a still more wholesale fashion than at Mukden. With Linievitch defeated, the last Russian card is gone, and Manchuria will be clear of the enemy.

How little hope the Russians have of victory, and how resigned they are to the inevitable, may be gathered from the fact that M. Witte has arranged to travel to Paris to negotiate an indemnity loan for Russia. Briefly, it may be said that peace will come when Russia is sufficiently humbled to treat with Japan openly on an equal level, and not till then. There are signs that this frame of mind is coming on. The conclusion of peace will present the curious consummation of the fact that the first step was due to the most warlike of Sovereigns, the German warlord, however unwilling he may be to pose as the guardian of international tranquillity.

ALFRED STEAD.

June 17th.

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. CCCCLXIV. NEW SERIES, AUGUST 1, 1905.

THE MESSAGE OF BUDDHISM TO THE WESTERN  
WORLD.

NOT the least of the debts which we owe to that wonderful nineteenth century may be summed up in the words "The thoughts of men are widened." And nowhere is this widening more eminently seen than in our historical conceptions. A hundred years ago that division of the annals of the human race into ancient and modern history, against which Freeman so strongly protested, was quite unquestioned. Ancient history meant an uncritical account of the career and fortunes of Greeks, Romans, and Jews, with scattered notices of tribes brought into contact with the Jews. The growth and expansion of the European races professing Christianity was the special subject of modern history. As to the rest of the inhabited globe, it is not too much to say that darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people. Mankind was distributed into Christians—Catholic, Greek, and Protestant—Jews, Mohammedans, and Pagans of whom the sufficient account was that they worshipped idols. Even Lamennais, in expounding the philosophical system set forth in his *Essay on Indifference*—the first volume of which was published in 1818—quite lost sight of two-thirds of the human race whose creeds and cults did not square with his theory. He knew, of course, that they and their religions had existed long before the Christian era, and were still existing. Beyond that he knew nothing of them and their religions; nor did his ignorance trouble him. It did not occur to him that their modes of faith possessed any importance, or even significance, in the world's spiritual history. They were for him a negligible quantity.

Now, all that is changed. What Professor Rhys Davids has happily called "the veil of ignorance separating East and West" has been lifted. The civilisations of the Oriental world have been revealed to us, and have been patiently and scientifically studied. I spoke just now of such studies as being specially the achievement of the nineteenth century; but we should not forget that for the pioneer of them we must go back to the eighteenth. It was in

1750 that Anquetil Duperron began, in almost hopeless conditions, the work which was to make accessible to us the Sacred Books of India—those treasure-houses of the religions and philosophies of what we must account the eldest branch of the great Aryan family.

The opening up of this long-hidden Eastern world of thought has been quaintly likened to the vast astronomical revelations specially associated with the name of Copernicus. It has been said that as he unveiled to us new heavens, so Anquetil Duperron has unveiled to us a new earth. Certainly Schopenhauer, whose knowledge of the *Upanishads* was obtained through that scholar's translation,<sup>1</sup> was well warranted in predicting "Indian wisdom will flow back upon Europe, and will produce a vast change in our knowledge and thought." Perhaps, on the whole, the most important part of this veritable *Aufklärung* has been the discovery of Buddhism. The word "discovery" must not, indeed, be taken too literally, or pressed too hard. Even in the middle ages Marco Polo had heard of the Buddha, and wrote of him "Had he been a Christian, he would have been a great Saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led." But we, in these latter days, have more than heard of him. The Sacred Books containing the most authentic account of his life and teaching have been translated by competent scholars, and we see his benign and gentle figure, as he wandered for forty-five years up and down the region watered by the Ganges: we listen to the "good and wise words"<sup>2</sup> which fell upon the ears of his disciples in that far-off age. Of course the teeming imagination of the East has embellished his story with countless legends. That was inevitable. Archdeacon Wilson has well observed—the dictum gave great offence when it was uttered, but now sounds like a truism—"Modern criticism is well-nigh unanimous in saying that an atmosphere of the miraculous is an inseparable accompaniment of the profound reverence with which a great Teacher and Prophet and Saint is regarded by his followers, and the necessary literary form in which such reverence would express itself." But through "the mists of fabling time" the man and his message stand out clear. His personality is quite unaffected by the magical attributes which popular devotion has attached to it. It is truly said in Mr. Fielding's fascinating book, *The Soul of a People*, "If every supernatural occurrence were wiped out of the chronicles of the faith, Buddhism would, even to the least understanding of its followers, remain exactly where it is. Not one jot or tittle of it would

(1) A translation of a translation, indeed; it was made by Duperron from a Persian version of the baldest kind prepared in 1657 for Dāra Shukoh, the eldest son of Shah Jehān.

(2) "He never spake but good and wise words; he was the Light of the World."—*Lament of the Disciples on the death of the Buddha.*

suffer in the authority of its teaching." I add that the modern critic is not bound, or rather, is not entitled, to judge harshly the pious writers who did not conform to, who did not know of, our canons of historical accuracy. Edification was for them the standard of credibility. They described not the Buddha of real life, but the Buddha as he appeared to the hearts of his followers, though they were, probably, quite unconscious of such an anti-thesis.

According to the most approved chronology, it is to the sixth century before our era that we must go for the beginnings of this religion, destined, before a thousand years had passed away, to subdue in the East vaster regions than those conquered by Christianity in the West, and to be the minister of the moral law to an exceeding great multitude of our race, far outnumbering those who name the name of Christ. It was a great century in the world's history: a century of what Schiller calls *weitschicht'ge Dinge*<sup>1</sup>—"far-reaching things"—in Rome and in Hellas, in Babylonia and in Egypt, in China and in Judæa. But of these things Gotama had no knowledge. Nay, the very names of all those countries were, most probably, quite unknown to him. His mental horizon was bounded by the Himalaya Mountains, under whose shadow he dwelt. Legend represents him as the eldest son of a mighty King, and luxuriates in descriptions of the magnificence of his early surroundings. In truth, his father Suddodhāna was the Rāja of the Sākya,<sup>2</sup> a not very considerable Aryan tribe, seated at a place then called Kapila-vastu, now Kohama, about a hundred miles nearly due north of Benares. His mother, Māya, died soon after his birth, and he became an object of affectionate solicitude to her childless sister, his father's other wife, and received the usual education of a Hindu noble. He was early married to his cousin Yasodharā, who in his twenty-ninth year bore him a son, Rāhula. The birth of this child was a turning-point in his life. A Hindu of the Hindus, his mind had from early youth been busy with the metaphysical and religious problems so dear to his countrymen. In particular, he meditated much on the sadness, the suffering, the multiform woe of which life is full till it culminates in decay and dissolution, and that old question of the origin of evil—*Unde malum?* as St. Augustine puts it—was ever present to him. "The burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world" pressed upon him with ever-increasing severity. And the longing grew ever stronger and stronger within him for the calm of the silent life in which, as a religious ascetic, he might

(1) "*Weitschicht'ge Dinge sind im Werk und Werden.*"—*Wilhelm Tell*.

(2) Hence the name by which he is sometimes known as Sākya-Muni, the Sage of the Sākya.

give himself up wholly to the search for light. The announcement of the birth of his son brought him to the dividing of the ways. Now or never must he forsake all and follow whither the inner voice called him. "That is a new and a strong tie which I shall have to break," he said, and a sign, which he was not slow to interpret, was given him. As he directed his course to his house, amid the rejoicings of his clansmen, this stanza, sung by a young girl, fell on his ear. "Happy the father, happy the mother, happy the wife of such a son and husband." But the Pāli word for happy, "nibabuta," also means "freed." It was to him what the "Tolle et lege" was to St. Augustine. "Freed," it seemed to say, "from suffering and sorrow and shadows." He took a chain of pearls from his neck and sent it to the singer, who fondly imagined it a love token. Far other thoughts were in his mind. At midnight he rose, went to the door of his wife's chamber and saw her sleeping, surrounded with flowers, and resting one hand on her baby's head. He had wished to take his son in his arms for a last embrace: but the fear of waking the young mother withheld him. He turned away and fled into the night.

This is what the Buddhists call "The Great Renunciation," and there is no reason for doubting the substantial accuracy of the story. As little is there for questioning the account of the workings of his mind in his new life as a wandering, homeless ascetic. For six years he abode in the desert of Uruvelā, giving himself up to the severest penance: seeking mental conquest through bodily suppression. Then, in the watches of that great night spent under the Sacred Bo-tree—subsequently to become to Buddhists what the Cross is to Christians—the knowledge came which should enable him to solve "the riddle of this painful earth": he attained, as the Buddhist writers put it, the supreme intelligence. He became the Buddha.<sup>1</sup> It is related that he spent the next forty days after this event in an ecstasy of meditation. But pity filled his heart for the "purblind race of miserable men," and impelled him to publish to them "the most excellent law" which had been revealed to him. Love of his brethren constrained him. Woe unto him if he preached not his gospel! He set out for Benares on his first evangelical journey, and there, in the Deer Park, delivered his sermon on *The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness*, which is to Buddhists what the *Sermon on the Mount* is to Christians. It is a document which will well repay perusal, but my space will not allow me to quote it here. I must, however, briefly exhibit the fundamental positions of the Buddhist gospel proclaimed in it.

Its essence, we may say, will be found in the Four Noble Truths and the Noble Eightfold Path. The Four Noble Truths are con-

(1) i. e., The Enlightened, The All-knowing.



cerning suffering, concerning the destruction of suffering, and concerning the way which leads to the destruction of suffering. Pain, the Buddha held—if we may put his thought into modern language—results from existence as an individual: craving—*tanhā* is the Pali word—for the gratification of the passions, for a future life, for success in this life, is the origin of suffering: the getting rid of, the being free from this craving is the destruction of suffering: and the Noble Eightfold Path, which leads to the destruction of suffering, is Right Views, Right Aspiration, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, and Right Contemplation. It is this Noble Eightfold Path “which opens the eyes, which bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to Nirvāna,” when those free from passion, having “put an end to transmigration, will no more undergo birth and decay.” “The Noble Eightfold Path,” a recent writer explains, “is a Path of Self-Conquest and Self-Enlightenment. The First and Second Steps are stages of preparation; the mind is purged of its false hopes and fears, its egoistic opinions and ungrounded beliefs, and aspiration for the good, the true, the enduring, is generated and fostered. The Third and Fourth Steps are stages of Practice in *Right Doing*. The intense reaching upward of the mind towards the pure, the pitiful, the gentle-hearted and true, leads at last to the putting into actual practice of purity, pitifulness, gentleness, and truthfulness; and so all that is not in harmony with these sublime conditions is gradually eliminated from the character, and pure thoughts and holy actions become habitual. The Fifth Step is a step of *poise*, of *happiness*, which comes as a result of long self-control, of faithfulness, and persisting in the pursuit of virtue. It is the period in which holy power is gathered and subserved. The Sixth and Seventh Steps are states of definitely directed power, and wisely ordered intelligence. The Eighth Step is *Perfect Peace*, the fruit of a perfectly ordered life. Such is the Noble Eightfold Path, the end of which is Supreme Enlightenment, the consummation of which is emancipation from the thralldom of Self.”<sup>1</sup>

It is a sagacious saying of Max Müller's that “all higher knowledge is gained by comparison and rests on comparison.” We shall the better understand what Buddhism really is, if we view it side by side with the religion which fills, in the Western World, a place analogous to that occupied by it in the Eastern. There is, unquestionably, much in common between the character

(1) “The Noble Eightfold Path,” by James Allen, in *Buddhiem*, No. 11., p. 217. *Buddhiem*, it may be as well to explain, is a quarterly Review published in Rangoon, and may be regarded as the chief organ of the Buddhist Revival, of which I shall speak presently.

and teaching of the founders of the two religions.<sup>1</sup> Both are represented as infinitely pitiful and infinitely wise. Both desired, beyond all things, the salvation of mankind. Both proclaimed a royal law of love, the love of our neighbour as ourselves, the Buddha, indeed, including among the objects of our charity those poor relations of ours which we call the brute creation: "Thou shalt hurt no living thing." Both required of their disciples the forsaking of all and the following of the Master. Both taught the utter vanity of earthly good, insisted on self-denial, and exhibited compassion as the highest law of life. Both inculcated the supreme necessity of purity of thought and intention. Both prescribed the non-resistance of evil, the overcoming of evil with good. Both had especial tenderness for the young, the poor, the suffering, the outcast. In the accounts which have come down to us of the lives of both, there are the most remarkable parallelisms:<sup>2</sup> and, what is more important and significant, the personality of both must be accounted even now the strongest religious forces in the world, drawing the hearts of men by a spiritual magnetism through so many ages. Napoleon, looking out from the rock of St. Helena over the countries of which he had been the scourge, expressed his astonishment at the power exercised in them, after eighteen centuries, by the Name of Christ. "Still It has Its hold on the human mind." "Amid the most various nations, under the most diversified circumstances, in the most cultivated and the rudest races and intellects, and in all classes of society the Owner of that great Name reigns." "Here, then, is One who is not a mere name: He is not a mere fiction: He is a substance. He is dead and gone: but still He lives as the living energetic thought of successive generations." True are these words of the Christ. They are not inapplicable to the Buddha.

But if the ethical teaching and spiritual influence of the Christ and the Buddha are so similar, their dogmatic teaching is as opposite as is well conceivable. Christianity is before all things theistic and animistic. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy . . . soul," is its first and great commandment. God and the soul are its two foundations. Buddhism is sometimes called atheistic. The statement requires to be guarded and explained. Buddhism recognises innumerable *devas* or gods, who, however, are of the same nature as men and animals, all existence being

(1) This is strongly put by the late Bishop Milman. "Among heathen precursors of the truth," that excellent Prelate wrote, "I feel more and more that Sākya-Muni is the nearest in character and effect to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—*Memoir of Bishop Milman*, p. 203.

(2) On which I cannot enter here. I must refer the reader who desires to see a discussion of them to a correspondence between Cardinal Newman and Professor Rhys Davids, which took place through my intermediary, and which is published in my work, *The Claims of Christianity*.

of one kind ; and although they enjoy a period of bliss, that comes to an end, and they must at last die, and be drawn again into the whirlpool of existence. But of the All Perfect Creative Deity of Christianity, Buddhism knows nothing. The question of the origin of things it regards as *ultra vires*. It is, in the proper sense of the word, Agnostic. One of the greatest of modern religious teachers has told us, in what is perhaps the most striking passage of his *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, "The being of a God is as certain to me as my own existence : [It is] the great truth of which my own being is full : [but] when I look out of myself . . . the world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth." The Buddha read similarly the testimony of the external world. It was like the scroll of which the Hebrew prophet speaks, "written within and without," with "lamentations and mourning and woe." That, he discerned, is the lot of all living things. Of course he did not know what we know, that the numberless ages preceding the appearance of man on this planet were full of the same multiform monotonous misery : that they reveal to us "nature red in tooth and claw with ravine" ; that hunger and terror, violence and agony, disease and death have reigned in the land, the air, the ocean, ever since they have been tenanted by sentient beings. But what he did know—what he saw around him—seemed to him, as to Newman, "a vision to dizzy and appal" : a condition of things "so fearfully yet exactly described in the words 'having no hope and without God in the world.'" And if he turned within, he did not find the revelation of the Divine Noumenon which was to Newman the light of life. He did, indeed, find "the Voice speaking so clearly in Conscience," of which Newman tells us. But it did not speak to him as to Newman, of "a Supreme Governor, a Judge—holy, just, powerful, all seeing, retributive." The moral law, written "on the fleshly tables of the heart," he apprehended, confessed and revered. It was for him the highest and ultimate fact beyond which he could not go. And he was well aware that the very idea of law implies a penal sanction : a law which may be broken with impunity is no law at all : justice is, of its nature, vindictive. It was this truth which led the great Prophet of Righteousness, in these latter times, to conclude from the moral law to a life beyond the phenomenal, where its triumphs will be assured, its rewards and penalties adequately realised. But the Buddha, nurtured in other traditions than Kant, did not draw that conclusion. The doctrine of Transmigration was undoubtedly received and believed throughout India in his time : a certain amount of evidence may be adduced for it : it is incapable of disproof : he saw no reason for questioning it : and he found in it the sanction and the instrument of the Law of Righteousness ruling throughout the universe.

“Transmigration.” The word must make us pause. The Buddha did not recognise the existence of what we call a soul : a never-dying tenant of this fleshly tabernacle, directly created by Divine power—such is the teaching of the most accredited school of Christian theologians—to animate every human embryo which comes into existence. The Buddha held belief in this soul, this permanent immortal self, to be an illusion which dims our intelligence, and is the source of all selfishness. One of his primary positions is the doctrine of impermanence, of the perpetual flux of things, and that in a deeper sense than the doctrine bore for Heraclitus. “Transient are all the elements of being,” he taught his disciples. Of being he conceived, indeed, as becoming : “it is” meant for him “it is process, or a group of processes” : for all things that exist are composite : they are aggregates, and are ever changing : the physical organism is not the same for two consecutive minutes : consciousness, the mind—a mere collection of faculties or tendencies (*Sankhāras*)—is even less stable. What is it then, which transmigrates? It is *Karma*, the doing of each individual, the net result of his merits and demerits. It is this *Karma*, surviving the disruption of the mind which wrought it—we might almost call it Character—which creatively shapes every being’s destiny. A god, a man, a beast, a bird, or a fish—for there is no essential distinction between them—is the product of the good and evil deeds done in previous existences : the deeds, yes, or rather the thoughts of which those deeds were the outcome. “All that we are,” is a saying of the Buddha, “is the result of what we have thought, is founded on our thoughts, is built up of our thoughts.” Thus life, in all its grades, from the highest to the lowest, is a period of probation. “Two things in this world are immutably fixed” he declared on another occasion, “that good actions bring happiness, and that bad actions bring misery.” And, in the pregnant Buddhist phrase, “a man passes away according to his deeds,” to be reborn as a god in heaven, as man or animal on earth, as man in hell, as his *Karma* merits. To say that what a man sows here he shall reap hereafter, falls far short of this tremendous doctrine. His works *are* himself : he *is* what he has sown. All passes away from him at death except *Karma*. Thus do his deeds follow him from afar, through his innumerable past existences : and thus will they follow him through innumerable future existences, unless he root out that craving (*tanhā*) which, as we saw just now, is the cause of separate existence with its suffering and sorrow, by walking in the Eightfold Path of Holiness. If he thus conquer himself, there will be no further ground for rebirth : *Karma* will be extinguished : *Nirvāna* will be reached. Those who have attained to this peace which passeth understanding, even the gods envy, we are told. As we read in one of the

Pāli Scriptures—the *Ratana Sutta*—“Their hearts are free from longing for a future life: the cause of their existence being destroyed, and no new yearnings springing up within them, they, the wise, are extinguished like this lamp.”

Perhaps enough has been said to indicate how fundamentally opposed are the speculative bases of Christianity and Buddhism. In Buddhism there is no theology, or science of God, because there is no Theistic Noumenon: consequently the idea of grace as a Divine influence, the idea of prayer as a means of access to the Divine, are not found in it. Nor do the words, “salvation,” “immortality,” “sin”—or rather the Oriental words which we so translate—signify to Buddhists what they signify to us. For them, “salvation” means the elimination of craving and desire and the delusion of self; “immortality” deliverance from the load of death called life, or as the *Sutta Nipata* puts it, “not going to rebirth”; and “sin,” not an offence against the Creator and Judge of men, who has no place in their system, but ignorance; culpable indeed, as resulting from our “not knowing and not understanding”—in the Buddha’s words—when we might and should know and understand; and therefore necessarily bringing suffering in its train. St. Paul’s doctrine of the two Adams, in the first of whom all died, while in the second all shall be made alive, is utterly remote from the Buddhist mind. Of course the second Adam was born into this world five centuries after the Buddha had left it, and of the first he had never heard; but, apart from that, the ideas of original sin and of imputed righteousness would both have been incredible to him. It is curious that while so emphatically repudiating the existence of a soul, he teaches the extremest individualism. He held that every man is wholly responsible for what he is and for what he does, and must work out his own salvation, without reference to any Gods, great or small.

I add that Buddhism is not a Church in our sense of the word. The work of the Buddha, during the well-nigh fifty years of his preaching and teaching, was to formulate his doctrine and to found his mendicant order—the *Sangha*—under a rule which he prescribed, and by which his monks, sometimes improperly called priests, still live. The Christ in the three years of His public ministry, merely left us logia of axiomatic mysticism, subsequently to be incorporated in the Gospels, and gathered around Him disciples who were regarded as a Jewish sect for thirteen years after His departure from them. Then, at Antioch, they were first called Christians, and there appears, in embryonic outline, the figure of the Church to come: the vast ecclesiastical organisation which was to arise on the ruins of Imperial Rome, and to crush out its various cults. Buddhism never became an ecclesiastical

organisation. Nor did it ever aim at supplanting the religions of the countries into which it spread. It suffered them gladly, so far as they were not unethical, content to indoctrinate their professors with its own spirit.<sup>1</sup> A recent writer observes "The Buddha denounced no religion : in all things he recognised the result of the workers, thinkers and actors of former days : he knew that every particle of every existing thing had been ages in forming."<sup>2</sup> Whether the Buddha possessed the knowledge thus attributed to him, I do not undertake to say. But, unquestionably, universal tolerance is a great note of Buddhism.

This in compressed, but, as I trust, sufficient outline, is the Gospel of the Buddha. We need not here follow it in its conquering march through India, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Thibet, China, and Japan. But I may observe, that, like Christianity, its progress was greatly facilitated by the political changes which took place in the centuries immediately succeeding the death of its author. The formation and consolidation of the Roman Empire prepared the way for the triumph of the religion of the Christ throughout the regions comprehended in it. The work of Constantine would have been impossible without the work of Julius Cæsar. The ultimate effect upon Buddhism of Alexander's irruption into India was very similar. It led to the formation of great Indian States under Indian monarchs ; and thus prepared the way for the vast Maurya Empire, which was so largely instrumental in spreading the religion of the Buddha. It is curious and significant that to the early Buddhists India was "the world," just as the Roman Empire—*ἡ οἰκουμένη*—was to the early Christians. Asoka, like Constantine, was revered as an universal monarch ; and the Council of Patna, held under his protection, and probably by his desire, in the eighteenth year of his reign (B.C. 250), was, to say the least, of as much importance in the history of Buddhism as was the Council of Nicea, held nearly six centuries later, in the history of Christianity. The Edict addressed by him to the thousand Fathers there assembled still exists. The voice of the great Hindu Emperor speaks to us from his sculptured rocks and pillars. At the close of that Council, missionaries were sent forth to nine different regions, the names of some of which it is now difficult to identify : and it is notable that the Buddhist monk and nun who went to Lankā (Ceylon), as pioneers of the new faith, were a son and a daughter of Asoka.

The causes which led to the reception of Buddhism by the

(1) The only five precepts obligatory on Buddhist laymen are (1) not to kill : (2) not to steal : (3) not to commit adultery : (4) not to lie : (5) not to drink intoxicating things.

(2) *Buddhism*, Vol. I., p. 91.

populations of the vast regions which it entered do not seem very difficult to understand. In the first place it appealed strongly to the sense of justice innate in man : to his moral sense. Its teaching that every being necessarily receives, by virtue of law eternal, immutable, supreme throughout the universe, the exact reward or punishment merited by that being's deeds—that every good or bad act, or thought, however trifling, is weighed in the inerrant balance of *Karma*—is singularly impressive to the natural conscience. Then the noble and self-denying lives of the monks—the Buddhist *Sangha*—who, like their founder, forsook all to preach his "most excellent law," were more eloquent than any sermons. Again, the social character of the Buddhist religious assemblies was unquestionably attractive. And, as I have already intimated, the singularly winning personality of the Buddha himself was potent to draw the hearts of men ; and still is. Of course Buddhism assumed widely different shapes in the widely differing races which received it. There is a profound dictum of Schopenhauer. "Men need absolutely some interpretation of life : and it must be interpreted in proportion to the power of their intellect," a truth stated, indeed, more succinctly and more generally by Aquinas : "Quidquid recipitur secundum modum recipientis recipitur." Professor Rhys Davids notes that "Buddhism varies, through slight degrees, as the centuries pass by, in almost every book." We might of course say the same of all living religions. In the world of ideas, as elsewhere, vitality means change. The great division in Buddhism, as, perhaps, I need hardly observe, is between what is known as the Lesser Vehicle (*Hīnayāna*) and the Greater Vehicle (*Mahāyāna*), the word "Vehicle" signifying the way of salvation : the way of passing out of the endless ocean of transmigration to the haven of *Nirvāna*. The Lesser Vehicle, which unquestionably represents the more primitive form of the religion, and of which the language in the older period is exclusively Pāli, prevails in Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam ; the Greater Vehicle, in China, Nepāl, Bhutan, Mongolia, Korea, Japan and Thibet, its Sacred Books being in Sanskrit. The chief difference between the two schools may be thus briefly stated. The central ideal of the Lesser Vehicle is the Arahatsip, or the attainment of *Nirvāna* in this life, by self-culture and self-control—a consummation to be realised by man alone without any supernatural aid ; for the Buddha, although the greatest of beings, and revered as such, merely helps by the example and the teaching which he has left us. The central ideal of the Greater Vehicle is Bodhisatship, which involves a series of re-births for *Æons*, and the attainment, in some future life of Buddhahood. Moreover, it has added to the Buddha's teaching concerning *Nirvāna*, a doctrine of a Western

Paradise, and has introduced animistic and transcendental views unwarranted by, and, indeed, repugnant to the Pāli Scriptures. It is, of course, in Thibet that the religion of the Buddha has undergone the strangest transformation. There, belief in a being called the Ādi-Buddha, infinite, self-existing, and omniscient, obtains, and the Spirit of the Buddha is supposed to be specially incarnate in the Delai-Lāma, who is the centre of a system of superstitious dogma and gorguous ritual.

But it is not necessary here to enlarge further on this subject, or to speak of the numerous philosophical sects which sprang up among Buddhists. Thirteen, it is reckoned, arose in China during the first thousand years of our era, or, including Llamism, fourteen; twelve exist at the present day in Japan. Indeed, it would be no easy matter to speak of them intelligibly, for, as a learned Japanese writer truly tells us, "The technical terms of Buddhism represent ideas so original, so remote from Western thought, that it is impossible to find exact equivalents for them in European languages."<sup>1</sup> Nor again is it worth while to dwell upon the vast difference which exists, in every Buddhist country, between the philosophical and the popular conception of the Buddha's teaching. "A people's religion is ever a corrupt religion," Cardinal Newman has pregnantly observed. How should it be anything else? For example, can it be reasonably expected that the untutored mind will grasp, with real apprehension, so difficult a doctrine as that of *Karma*? "The people," writes Mr. Hearn—he is speaking of Japan, but his words apply to other Buddhist countries—"hold to a simpler creed of a veritable transmigration of souls. They understand *Karma* only as the law that makes the punishment or reward of faults committed in their previous lives. The people do not trouble themselves about Nirvāna, but they think much about heaven (Gokuraku), which the members of many sects believe can be attained immediately after this life by the spirits of the good."<sup>2</sup> "For the common people Self exists: it is a real though multiple personality that passes from birth to birth. Only the educated Buddhist understands that what we imagine to be Self is wholly illusion—a darkening veil woven by *Karma*."<sup>3</sup>

No doubt, as has been suggested in an earlier page, one secret of the marvellous success of Buddhism—"that Protean creed," as Bishop Bigandet calls it—is to be found in its power of accommodating itself to the minds and ways of the

(1) Fujishima.—*Le Bouddhisme Japonais*, Int., p. ii.

(2) *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, p. 240.

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 136. Fujishima claims for Buddhism "the glorious title of universal religion, because it suits the highest as well as the lowest classes, the one finding there the religion of intelligence, the other the religion of sentiment."—Int., p. xi.



populations that received it. For example, its vast conquests have all been made among ancestor worshipping races. And neither in India, or China, or Korea, in Siam, or Burmah, or Japan, did it attempt to extinguish that cult. It is open to little doubt that the Jesuits in their Japanese mission, as in their Chinese, endeavoured to imitate this tolerant policy. Certainly they might have adduced in support of it the practice of St. Paul, who became to the Jews as a Jew that he might gain the Jews, and to them that were without law, as without law, and was made all things to all men, that he might, by all means, save some. And it seems most probable that ill-judged interference with the "wise and gentle minimism" of those devoted men, was largely responsible for the sanguinary persecution in which their work was extinguished. Unquestionably, all Buddhist peoples have more or less preserved their indigenous religions. Burmese and Siamese Buddhists revere their "deos agrestes," the Nats; Chinese Buddhists do not disdain to bow the knee in Confucian and Taoist temples; traces of Hindu practices and beliefs are found among the Buddhists of Ceylon; the Buddhists of Thibet are penetrated by shamanistic notions; in every Buddhist house in Japan, side by side with the Buddhist shrine, is found the godshelf on which are tablets inscribed with assurances of the protection of the Shinto divinities; nay, more, the Sun, "the August One," is adored by most Japanese Buddhists, not only as the Imperial ancestor, but also as the great source and fount of terrestrial life. The truth is there is really one sole dogma of Buddhism—that the whole universe is under one and the self-same law of causation which is ethical. That, it regards as the root of the matter; and so long as men hold fast to this prime verity, it views with indulgence the superfluous beliefs—*Aberglaube*,<sup>1</sup> as the Germans say—in which they are led to indulge, by circumstances of place and time. To borrow and adapt the words of Cardinal Newman, "Taking human nature as it is and considering how feeble and confused is the ethical intelligence of the world at large," Buddhism is ever ready to "concede a little superstition as not the worst of evils, if it be the price of making sure of faith." What is certain is this, that the religion of the Buddha, however mixed with baser elements, has raised vastly in the moral scale of being the peoples which have received it. Thus, it redeemed the Burmese and the Siamese from the foul idolatries still existing among the wilder Karens, Chins, and other hill tribes. It lifted the Singhalese, given over to animistic superstitions, to a higher level of thought

(1) Wundt (*Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseele*, No. 28) insists that the *Glaube* of to-day is the *Aberglaube* of to-morrow, and enlarges, *more suo*, on this theme through a dozen pages.

and feeling. It augmented the immemorial civilisation of China, appealing, by its elements of mysticism and asceticism, to spiritual instincts which the mere Utilitarianism or Positivism or Secularism—call it what you will—of Confucius failed to satisfy. It tamed and civilised the barbarous tribes of demon worshippers which it found in Thibet. “Its influence upon Japanese civilisation,” Mr. Hearn has observed, “was immense, profound, multi-form, incalculable. In the highest meaning of the term, it was a civilising power. Besides teaching new respect for life, the duty of kindness to animals as well as to all human beings, the consequence of present acts upon the conditions of a future existence, the duty of resignation to pain as the inevitable result of forgotten error, it actually gave to Japan the arts and industries of China. Architecture, painting, sculpture, engraving, gardening—in short, every art and industry that helped to make life beautiful—developed first in Japan under Buddhist teaching.”<sup>1</sup> “The mental soil of the race has been saturated and fertilised by Buddhist ideals.”<sup>2</sup> A recent writer has spoken of “the spiritual impotence of Buddhism.” The phrase is singularly unhappy. This religion everywhere quickened into spiritual life the nations taught by it, from the steppes of Tartary to the palm-groves of Ceylon. And even now Mongols, Singhalese, Burmese, Siamese, Chinese, and Japanese witness to the enthusiasm of its first missionaries and to the power of the personality of its founder. Nay, we may say the same even of the people among whom it has been most thoroughly travestied, and most deeply degraded. How significant is the account given by Sir Frank Younghusband of the valedictory visit at which the Regent of Thibet presented to him an image of the Buddha with these words: “When Buddhists look on this, they put aside thoughts of strife, and think only of peace; and I hope that you, when you look on it, will think kindly of Thibet.”

For a thousand years there has been a cessation of Buddhist propagandism; and in writing of this religion some two decades ago, I was led to observe that it “seemed to exhibit little of that missionary activity which is perhaps the most infallible sign of religious vitality.”<sup>3</sup> We could not say that now. During the last ten or twelve years, it has given striking evidence that its power of life and growth is by no means exhausted. Contact with Western civilisation has been unquestionably a chief cause of this revival. The attacks made upon it by Christian evangelists have aroused its more earnest and instructed votaries to seek, and

(1) *Japan: an Interpretation*, p. 207.

(2) *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, p. 185.

(3) *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought*, p. 162.

to set forth a reason for the faith which is in them, and to subject the claims of Christianity to a searching criticism, often extremely disconcerting to the divines, not, as a rule, specially well equipped, who essay their conversion. This has been notably so in Japan, Ceylon, and Burmah. In all those countries the Buddhist clergy have shaken off the torpor engendered by a thousand years of peaceful routine; Buddhist colleges and schools and societies of all kinds have been multiplied; and a new Buddhist literature, chiefly in English, has been called into existence. One principal aim of that literature, Mr. Cobbold has pointed out, in his interesting and candid work, is "a statement of the doctrines of Buddhism in such terms as to place it in accordance with modern systems of philosophy"<sup>1</sup>; certainly—as we shall presently see—a by no means difficult task. Foremost among the labourers in this cause must be mentioned the late Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, whose fascinating books have done so much to reveal to us the civilisation of Japan. But perhaps the most noteworthy token of the Buddhist revival is an illustrated quarterly magazine, called *Buddhism*, which was started in Rangoon in 1903. It is noteworthy for the great ability, entire honesty, and deep convictions which are everywhere conspicuous in its pages. It is noteworthy, too, as being the first-fruits of the renaissance of the religion of the Buddha in a country permeated by the spirit of his teaching; a country the people of which, as Mr. Fielding says, in his work already mentioned, "are so kind-hearted, so hospitable, so charitable both in act and thought;" where, as Bishop Bigandet testifies,<sup>2</sup> they are pervaded by "strong religious sentiment," and "firm faith," the monastic order, living in the strictest poverty and purity, being merely the higher expression of the life of the people, from whom it springs directly, and by whom it is "voluntarily and cheerfully" supported.

Not one of the least curious and significant features of the Buddhist renaissance is the sense of a mission to the Western world. Its pioneers have observed—how could they help it?—that the missionaries who seek to convert them to Christianity come from countries where Christianity has largely lost its hold.<sup>3</sup> And it appears to them that "the most excellent law" of the Buddha may well fill the spiritual void thus caused. If I understand them aright—which I have taken much pains to do—they are

(1) *Religion in Japan*, p. 209.

(2) *The Life or Legend of Gaudama*, vol. ii., p. 271.

(3) "The Japanese," Mr. Cobbold writes, "are fully aware of the unbelief prevalent in England, and well acquainted with its arguments," p. 84. I can testify from my own experience in India, that the same may be said of educated Hindus; and I may be permitted to refer to an extremely interesting letter from one of them, printed at p. 165 of my work, *India and its Problems*.

far from assuming an aggressive attitude towards the Christian faith. They are animated by the spirit which breathes in the twelfth of Asoka's Edicts: "There should be no praising of one's own sect, and decrying of other sects, but, on the contrary, a rendering of honour to other sects for whatever cause honour may be due to them." Those who hold Christianity, whether after the manner of Pascal, of Butler, of Newman, or after the manner of Bunyan, of Wesley, of "General" Booth, are not special objects of their solicitude. But they know perfectly well that there is an exceedingly great multitude both of highly educated and of half educated Europeans who do not hold Christianity at all: nay, who have, more or less explicitly, rejected the Theistic and animistic postulates upon which Christianity is based. A century ago Goethe asked, "Wer darf sagen ich glaub' an Gott?"—who dares to say, I believe in God? Assuredly, at the present time, a vast number, perhaps the majority of Goethe's countrymen, including, we must admit, some of the wisest and the best among them, would not dare to say so; while in France the energies of those who bear rule—and who, perhaps, can hardly be reckoned among the wisest and best of Frenchmen—are savagely directed to the eradication of that belief from the popular mind. Possibly in these two countries Theism is more widely rejected than in the rest of Europe. But, unquestionably, everywhere in the Western world the minds of many men are clouded with a doubt concerning it. In like manner the existence of an immortal soul in man is becoming increasingly discredited under the influence of the dominant schools of modern thought. "Soul," Voltaire taught the eighteenth century, "is a vague, indefinite term for an unknown principle of effects known and felt by us, which has generally been taken for the origin or cause of life, or for life itself." The scientists whom the nineteenth century heard most gladly have been much more affirmative in negation. The so-called "soul," they insist, is a bundle of sensations, emotions, sentiments, all relating to the physical experiences of the race and the individual. Wundt, in his well-known work, tells us "Psychology proves that not only our sense-perception, but the memorial images depend for their origin"—note the word—"upon the functionings of the organs of sense and movement," and holds that "a continuance of this sensuous consciousness must appear irreconcilable with the facts of experience." He adds, "Surely we may well doubt whether the fulfilment of the wish for it, if possible, would not be an intolerable destiny." Professor James, who is even more modern than Wundt, accounts the term "soul" a mere figure of speech to which no reality corresponds. "The word," he insists, "ex-

plains nothing and guarantees nothing ; its successive thoughts are the only intelligible things about it, and definitely to ascertain the correlation of these with brain processes is as much as psychology can empirically do." Another recent writer, remarkable alike for his acuteness and candour, meditating upon these things, makes the significant inquiry, " May we not conceive that this life is, as it were, a period of spiritual gestation ; that as the germ cell produces in the future organism the qualities of the parent, so may memory gather up the manifold experiences of life, and reproduce them in a new and spiritual form, the character and fate of each individual being, according to the *Karma* of the *Upanishads*, the result of his acts in a former state of existence ? " <sup>1</sup>

Now it is to these lapsed Christians—" the lost sheep of the house of Israel," we may say—that Buddhism specially addresses its message. It views them with much sympathy ; their negations are in accordance with the Buddha's doctrine. But pious Buddhists know well that men and societies of men cannot live by mere negations ; that an ethical basis of life is necessary to us. Their language to the " advanced " thinkers of the Western world—if I may venture to summarise it—is this : " You have cast off ancient animism, traditional Theism. You have done well. The great truths that there is no soul in man, and that man has no knowledge of an Infinite and Absolute Being, were long ago taught by the Buddha. You have grasped the fundamental fact that law rules everywhere throughout the phenomenal universe, whose secrets you have so largely explored. That is well, too. The religion of the Buddha is not in conflict with modern science ; he anticipated many of its most important conclusions ; its primary principle of evolution is one with his central tenet. But what is the *method* of modern science ? Is it not the reduction of the phenomena of the physical universe to mathematics ? The more deeply you investigate that universe, the more surely you find everywhere causation, conservation of energy—law on a scale infinitely great and infinitely little ; law which taken by itself does not speak of righteousness, or make for righteousness, which is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. We announce to you an order which is the counterpart, in the ethical and spiritual sphere, of your scientific order in the phenomenal ; an order where causation and the conservation of energy equally prevail ; an order which is ruled absolutely by law ; an order which is as true a reality, nay, a truer, for all phenomena are impermanent, all integrations are unstable ; but the Law of Righteousness abides for ever. It is the law of the universe ; not of this little earth only,

(1) *The Soul : a Study and an Argument*, by David Syme, p. 199.

but of the innumerable hundreds of thousands of myriads of kotis<sup>1</sup> of worlds. That is the kernel of the Buddha's teaching; it is by the proclamation of this Law of Righteousness, with its mechanism of moral retribution, called by us *Karma*, that he gives to life its true interpretation and indicates its real value, guiding us from Agnosticism to Gnosis. You have cast off the Christian mythology: we do not ask you to accept ours. These things belong to an age of the world when men needed to be taught as children. But the most excellent law of the Buddha is confined to no age. His doctrine of the Four Noble Truths, of the Eightfold Noble Path is as true now as when he taught it, and ever will be true. It is a doctrine which supplies a better rule of life than any other; it holds out a hope which no possible future of positive knowledge can destroy."

Such is the message of Buddhism to the Western World.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hearn, writing with the zeal of a convert, is sure that the message will be heeded. He predicts that "out of the certain future union of Western knowledge with Eastern thought there must eventually proceed a neo-Buddhism, which, embracing all the strength of science, is yet spiritually able to recompense the seeker after truth."<sup>3</sup> Whether Mr. Hearn's prediction will be accomplished, I do not know. But this I do know: that the teaching of the Buddha even in its most fantastic and corrupt form, is infinitely wiser, sweeter, and more ennobling than the doctrine of the school—unhappily the predominant school among us—which makes happiness, or agreeable feeling, the formal constituent of virtue, and seeks to deduce the laws of conduct from the laws of comfort; which insists that not the intention of the doer, but the result of the deed, is the test of the ethical value of an act; which, reducing the moral law to impotence by depriving it of its distinctive characteristic, necessity, degrades it to a matter of latitude and longitude, temperament and cuisine; which robs it of its essential sanction, the punishment inseparably bound up with its violation, and denies the organic instinct of conscience that retribution must follow upon evil doing.

W. S. LILLY.

(1) The vastness of the Buddhist conception of the universe is appalling. One koti is ten millions.

(2) To guard against possible—not, as I think, probable—misapprehension, I may here quote and adopt certain words of Bishop Bigandet in the preface to the first edition of his work:—"The writer had no other object in view than that of merely expounding the religious system of Buddhism as it is, explaining its doctrines and practices as correctly as it was in his power to do, regardless of their merits and demerits." But I have felt bound, in concluding this article, to point out the immeasurable superiority possessed by Buddhism, in virtue of its ethics, over the atheistic system of contemporary Europe.

(3) *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, p. 249. I may note that this view has been maintained, at some length, in Schultze's *Religion der Zukunft*.

## M. ROUVIER.

AN ethnologist no doubt has a ready explanation of the fact that the statesmen of the Third Republic are in majority Southerners. He may learnedly discourse upon Provençal aptness for brilliant oratory and Gallo-Roman leaning to the study of law, both which natural gifts give advantage to their possessor in a Parliamentary debate. Maybe a political philosopher would, with a dash of Tartarin's self-assertiveness, add that the born leaders of democracy come from among those Frenchmen who, south of the Central Plateau, practised democracy in their townships several centuries before 1789. And perhaps the ironist would end the discussion by asserting that the contemporary conquest of France by Gascony was merely to revenge Montfort's expedition against the Albigenes. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that Southerners sit in overwhelming numbers in the councils of the nation. The banks either of the Rhône or the Garonne have been the birthplace of such prominent men as Gambetta, Thiers, the Pelletans, Floquet, Flourens, M. Constans, M. Jaurès, M. Combes, M. Delcassé. It is no extraordinary thing for a cabinet to number seven or eight Southerners out of a total of ten ministers. The political importance of the South is altogether out of proportion with its population or its wealth.

M. Maurice Rouvier is one of the Southern conquerors of France. He was born in Aix on April 17th, 1842, studied law in his native town, and began life as a barrister at Marseilles in the closing years of the Second Empire. The current of Republican opposition ran strong in the great Mediterranean seaport. For many a Southerner, there was the same kind of sport not un-mixed with danger in baiting the Emperor in a daily paper as a bull in the arena. "Tiberius," as Napoleon III. was called, proved a tempting butt for the shafts of sarcastic enthusiasts. Then fortune favoured the opposition in an unexpected manner. Tiberius turned out to be only a degenerate Marcus Aurelius, a dreamy-eyed dictator, commanding a plentiful stock of vague ideas and impossible projects, the caricature of a genius. Disaster followed disaster until the Empire fell. One morning young Rouvier woke up to find himself secretary-general to the *Préfecture* at Marseilles. In the choice of the young barrister to fill a responsible position the hand of Gambetta may be discerned. It has often been said that the great Republican's strength lay in his unerring knowledge of men: no sooner had he, together

with a few old Republicans of 1848, set up in Paris a provisional government than the highest posts of the State were filled by the most remarkable men. Among Gambetta's friends we now discern as we look back into the past the best diplomatists, the most eloquent statesmen, the most open-minded administrators. From secretary-general to member of the National Assembly the step proved easy. Although M. Rouvier in February, 1871, did not obtain the necessary number of votes, he managed to be elected in the following July, and took his seat with his political friends at the extreme left.

To the majority in the Assembly the extreme left appeared somewhat like the uncompromising Socialists to the *bourgeois* of to-day. M. Rouvier shared at first in the general opprobrium of his party. To the Assembly devolved a threefold task: to put an end to the war with Germany, to repair the ruins left by the Empire, to settle a new government. M. Hanotaux, in his last and most admirable work, his *Histoire de la France contemporaine*, tells with the utmost lucidity the story of what might be termed the *Interregnum*, the troubled period that, beginning with the battle of Sedan, ended with the passing of the famous Wallon amendment, by a majority, be it remembered, of one vote. Up to then the constitutional question had been left undecided: some members wished to recall a King—Bourbon-Chambord or Orleans-Count de Paris; others hoped against hope for a Prince Imperial and a Regency; the little band of *montagnards* sitting at the extreme left alone battled for a Republican settlement. Foremost among them was M. Rouvier, young, fiery, and imprudent. In March, 1872, permission was asked of the Assembly to prosecute the Radical Marseillais for a newspaper article. The majority were ready to grant that the article meant sedition, when General Changarnier, the glorious veteran of the campaigns in Algiers, proposed to reject the motion. One of his sentences was reminiscent of a famous retort of Guizot under Louis-Philippe. The article, said Changarnier, and suchlike Red Republican lucubrations, deserved "the amnesty of disdain."

Few are the Parliamentary bodies wise enough to listen to their Changarniers. Judicial proceedings were soon to become a favourite device of party-hatred. In the early years of the Third Republic, when *Marianne* was a sickly infant, the anti-Republicans retained their hold over the police. Under Napoleon, the *Préfecture de Police* had been a formidable instrument of power. Most of the officials remained unchanged and preserved the traditions of Fouché and Piétri. Moreover, centuries of absolute regal authority had taught the judges to look up to the sovereign rather than to the law for their guidance. Ever since the evil day when



Philip the Fair, ordering his lawyers to find the Templars guilty, poisoned the very fountain-head of justice, old *parlements* or newer courts of law had always shown themselves amenable to backstair persuasion. The pride with which the answer is recalled in legal circles of the President of the Court of Appeal to King Charles X. : "La Cour rend des arrêts et non pas des services," tends to prove how few the exceptions have been. President Thiers' resignation and Marshal MacMahon's election had given heart once more to the Monarchists. Every effort was made to purge the House of Republican deputies. Against M. Rouvier, now a secretary to the Chamber of Deputies, a trumped-up charge of immorality was brought (May, 1876). But, according to the advice given in Beaumarchais' comedy by Basile, no public accusation was uttered; insinuations were merely thrown out, and circulated by Royalist papers. M. Rouvier, with characteristic boldness, met his enemy half-way. In July he asked to be prosecuted, and the judges had to acquit him.

Up to then M. Rouvier had thus displayed, besides qualities likely to bring him to the front rank in Parliament, singular courage and cool-headedness. MacMahon's Presidency was drawing to a close. In vain did he appeal to the nation by dissolving the Chamber. Gambetta's eloquence proved a match to the intrigues of all the prefects and sub-prefects and *procureurs* of the *ordre moral*. Republican candidates were returned in a large majority, and among them, in Marseilles, by 8,784 votes against 2,855 given to the "official" candidate, M. Rouvier (October 14th, 1877). The Marshal had tried the Napoleonic device of a plebiscite, and the plebiscite resulted in his downfall.

With the defeat of the Royalists and the triumph of the Republic, M. Rouvier got at length his reward. As a distinguished member of the Radical section of the Republican party, he found a seat in the many cabinets of concentration which were called upon under Presidents Grévy and Carnot to thwart the last endeavours of the Monarchists and consolidate the new *régime*. It is difficult for us now, even with the help of the impartial *Almanach National*, to clear up the tangle of the innumerable ministries, all pursuing under different names the same policy. The Republic being unstable, it was impossible for a President to form either a Conservative or a Liberal cabinet; he therefore chose his ministers in every party, provided only they were loyal Republicans. In those days Opportunists and Radicals met together in the same council at the Elysée, and the luminaries of political science in Europe laughed at the unclassical combinations and foretold over and over again the assured destruction of the impossible *régime*.

As Gambetta had singled young Rouvier out for secretary-general, so he asked him to be Minister of Commerce and Colonies in the famous "*grand ministère*." The epithet was meant more for the distinction of the different members of the Cabinet than for its duration (November 14th, 1881—January 26th, 1882). M. Waldeck-Rousseau held the portfolio of the Interior; M. Félix Faure, the future President, was M. Rouvier's own Secretary of State. Later, M. Rouvier served again under a no less remarkable statesman, M. Jules Ferry, and at last became, by the mysterious working of the concentration system apparently devised to give every man his chance, President of the Council and Minister of Finance (May 30th—December 4th, 1887). His competence as economist and financier was being rapidly recognised. Yet—and the fact must not be overlooked in the light of recent events—at one time foreign affairs had seemed to attract him. Even as M. Bourgeois to-day with regard to Germany, M. Rouvier had asked to be sent to Rome as envoy-extraordinary, in order to negotiate the renewal of a navigation treaty (January, 1886). Financial questions, however, got the upper hand. He remained at the Treasury under the three successive administrations of M. Tirard, M. de Freycinet, and M. Loubet, the present head of the Republic.

There were dangers to be risked as well as prizes to win in serving the Republic. The lull which followed MacMahon's defeat did not last very long. Soon a new storm gathered more threatening than the former. In spite of many failings, the Monarchists, who had tried to persuade the Count de Chambord that the shades of Henri Quatre and Louis XIV. would sanction the change from white flag and fleurs-de-lys to tricolor, the de Broglies and Chesnelongs stood loyal to Parliamentary government. Those doctrinaires were now superseded by unscrupulous adventurers, who aimed at substituting not only an hereditary sovereign for an elected President, but a more or less absolute Napoleonic rule for representative government. Many and complex causes worked in their favour: for the sentimental voters, the Republic had fallen short of their expectations; scandals disgraced her no less than they had the Empire and the Monarchy; Sedan had not yet been avenged, nor did ministers and deputies appear very anxious about winning back the lost provinces; and again, the progress of Democracy was slow, men in power seemed more bent upon ministering to the well-being of the middle-classes than relieving the oppressed proletariat. The patriots, the democrats, the ever-growing crowd of the discontented thought they had found a hero in General Boulanger. The man had singular attractions for them: he rode a black horse, when

Minister of War he caused the sentry-boxes to be painted tricolor, as a schoolboy he had shown precocious revolutionary tendencies by boxing an usher's ears. His operatic attitude worked wonders on the masses: one afternoon, as he was driving across the Place de la Concorde, some hisses were heard; he immediately stood upright in his open carriage, facing the hostile crowd: "Voilà qui est crâne," a working-man cried; and of course the hisses were drowned by the shouts of "Vive Boulanger!" Would the man play the part of Cæsar or that of General Monk? The Royalists and Bonapartists courted him; the Revolutionists hoped he would overthrow the *bourgeois régime*. It is said that forty thousand officers and subalterns were ready to draw their swords if he gave the signal. Such was the man that M. Rouvier found at the head of the War Office when he became Premier. He dealt with the danger with his accustomed decisiveness, dismissing General Boulanger to the command of a far-distant army corps, and entrusting the Ministry to General Ferron. Up to then Boulanger had been content with enjoying his unbounded popularity, leaving to fate the care of fashioning future events; he was as ready to be Scipio as Cæsar, to subdue Carthage as to overthrow the Roman Republic. Henceforth his mind was made up—he would be Cæsar. Wealthy Royalists and needy adventurers, duchesses, journalists, and spies flocked round him. A fund was raised to carry on the war against *Marianne*. The Royalist landowner smiled when he thought how his tailor and upholsterer had been with the promise of a Legion of Honour duped out of their money by a smooth-tongued minister's retainer; how paltry the inch of red ribbon seemed next to the dukedom with which the restored King was bound to reward the landowner's munificence. He therefore subscribed to the good cause. Thanks to his liberality, the Boulangists organised committees in every constituency. They retained the services of the ablest pressmen, lecturers, and agents, they circulated throughout the land songs, catches, and coloured prints. Even to-day, in out-of-the-way places, the music-box at the village fair plays the tune of the "brave general," and his portrait, with half a dozen Uhlans riding away in the background, hangs over the fireplace in the peasants' farmhouses. The general elections were drawing near; the Boulangists expected to pack the Chamber of Deputies with their sworn friends.

We know by M. Rouvier's own evidence, given on the darkest day of his life, what a terrible ethical question he was then called upon to answer. The Government had no funds at their disposal to carry on the forthcoming electoral campaign. Theoretically an administration ought never to bring pressure to bear upon

the voters. But in this instance the contest was not to be fought out between two political parties equally agreed upon the form of government. A revolutionary faction had determined, under cover of Parliamentary procedure, to overthrow the Republic. Once more M. Rouvier decided upon taking the most effective and hazardous step. At his call financiers and bankers met, they subscribed the necessary sums of money, and at the general elections a majority of Republicans were returned.

Three years passed, the Boulangist coalition had ceased to be a scare, and the Republic was steadily gaining ground in the country, when the Panama scandal broke out. For the third time, M. Rouvier's enemies thought to set in motion against him the formidable judicial machinery. It was known that he had endeavoured to extricate Baron de Reinach from his financial difficulties; it was alleged that he had received bribes from the promoters of the Canal scheme; the electoral fund lent some colour to the charge. M. Rouvier resigned (December 12th, 1892). Party malice soon dragged the affair from the law courts into Parliament. It would grieve Montesquieu to see what little attention the Chamber of Deputies pay to his famous maxim as to the absolute separation of the judicial from the executive and legislative powers. A deputy and a pending lawsuit recall a child whose fingers itch to touch live coals. In spite of constitutional law and learned law-books, the old Monarchist idea of justice survives. As the King had a right, at any stage of the proceedings, to decide the case himself, so Parliament, the supreme power to-day, will frequently interfere with the course of justice. "Affair so-and-so shall not leave the judiciary domain," the resolution always passed by an overwhelming majority, is supposed to safeguard the repentant deputy against his besetting sin. In 1892 he must needs succumb: if the accused were his enemies, he would be avenged; if his friends, there would be fewer competitors for possible vacancies in the Cabinet. Curiosity, vanity, love of scandal, envy, self-interest, the strongest human motives actuated him. A committee, being duly appointed to prick down the names, sent in their report on the 20th. M. Rouvier stood among the cartful of political men this Committee of Public Safety intended before night-time to consign to the scaffold of lasting disgrace. The charges were laid before the House. The President of the Chamber read the "Procureur-Général's" letter craving leave to prosecute the suspected deputies. The scene recalled some sitting of the Convention just one hundred years before, an infuriated Assembly rising against Girondins or Dantonists, and calling upon the guards to seize

them, and carry them away next dawn to Sanson the headsman, Place de la Révolution.

But M. Rouvier stood at the tribune, bold as Danton, and argued the case with unsparing sarcasm. "But for me," he cried, "you would not be sitting on those benches." After all, these virtuous slow-witted country attorneys, bent on giving him up to the judges, reproached him with collecting the money with which they had won their seats! Never did a statesman more magnificently affirm that the *raison d'état* justifies a deviation from any accepted code of ethics. M. Cavaignac then replied. Stung to the quick by M. Rouvier's defence, the Chamber loudly applauded the speech for the prosecution. It amounted to no more than a brilliantly-written *thème* on the saying that honesty is the best policy, and the tragic grandeur of the scene made the commonplace argument impressive. Everyone remembers the sequel: from the first there was no ground for a legal conviction; M. Rouvier did not even take his trial, the grand jury (*Chambre des Mises en Accusation*) having quashed the proceedings (February 2nd, 1893).

As the years went by and the blended malice, indignation, and *naïveté* that had prompted the Chamber became more apparent, public opinion slowly reversed a harsh sentence. With M. Clémenceau and M. Floquet, two other victims of an ungrateful Assembly, M. Rouvier won back the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens. M. Floquet's memory is honoured as that of a generous, upright Republican; M. Clémenceau is no longer supposed to be in the pay of the English Government; and France has, in a diplomatic tangle, entrusted to M. Rouvier the care of her safety and her honour.

At the time of the Panama scandal, pity was expressed in some quarters for the disappearance from the political world of so many distinguished men. Journalists who enjoyed a slight acquaintance with classical lore spoke, with reference to the Republic, of Saturn devouring his children. Organised communities are more sparing of their resources in men. The time soon came when the Republic turned to M. Rouvier for sound financial advice; in spite of M. Méline's Protectionist policy, Ministers of Finance found it a puzzle to balance their budgets. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's advent to power effected little change in the tax-gatherers' receipts<sup>1</sup>; his Minister of Finance was heard to piously hope for bad crops if only to increase the returns of the Customs by compelling the millers to import corn! On the other hand, the Opportunists, who had been in power since the Panama affair, began to lose votes with the Dreyfus scandal.

(1) See FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, No. 425 N.S., pp. 811-12.

There was every reason to recall M. Rouvier, one of the veterans of the Radical party. Accordingly, upon M. Waldeck-Rousseau's resignation (June 3rd, 1902), he was appointed Minister of Finance in M. Combes' Cabinet.

The duties of his office, to which solely M. Rouvier applied himself, were hardly calculated to make it a sinecure. The *Bulletin des Lois* bears witness to his activity. The conversion into 3 per cent. of the 3½ per cent. French stock, the several amendments to his predecessor's "drink-law,"<sup>1</sup> the Sugar Convention, the introduction into joint-stock companies of preference shares, such are a few among the important measures due to his enterprise and industry. No doubt, readers of halfpenny papers fail to appreciate the competent specialist's talent; there is more superficial fame to be earned by flashy oratory. While his colleagues were winning cheap laurels in academical discussions on the Church of Rome and the Congregations, M. Rouvier was quietly establishing among Paris business-men the reputation of a practical statesman. No amount of eloquence can effect the miracle that a word of M. Rouvier's has more than once effected: that of causing a rise in French 3 per cents. And yet business men failed to appreciate his finer qualities; during a certain sitting of the Chamber, one of M. Rouvier's friends wondered at the readiness with which he granted concessions to his opponents; "Il ne faut jamais," replied the Minister, "aller jusqu'au bout de son droit."<sup>2</sup> To-day the same forbearance bids fair for preserving peace in Europe.

After M. Combes' resignation, it seemed only natural that M. Rouvier should become Premier; the *bloc* which had of late shown signs of disintegration turned its energies once more into the old channel: separation of Church and State. The Exchange saw with relief the fiscal measures proposed by M. Combes' Socialist followers fade into the reassuring uncertainty of indefinite futurity.

M. Rouvier has deserved the name of "national liquidator." When an important department of State is involved in serious difficulties through mismanagement, or simply through the impetuosity, lack of detachment, rigid adherence to principle of its chief, M. Rouvier is called in to correct blunders, remove causes of friction, and set the damaged machinery at work again. After balancing budgets tottering on the verge of deficit, restoring harmony in a political party, he is liquidating M. Delcassé's

(1) *Ibid.*, p. 810.

(2) With the above words must be contrasted M. Rouvier's exclamation on hearing that the Chamber had decided to reject the Amnesty Bill: "Je vais leur montrer qu'il y a un pouvoir exécutif en France." A pardon was obtained for M. Déroulède and the Royalist exiles within twenty-four hours.

affairs at the Foreign Office. Gambetta's friends, like Napoleon's grenadiers, are fit for any task. When the King of Spain visited Paris, M. Rouvier was heard conversing in Spanish with the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Rouvier had found time in his busy life to study foreign languages; he has apparently studied at the same time the mysteries of foreign chancelleries.

His character may be gathered from his life-record. He is primarily a business man, not the stolid matter-of-fact Northerner, but the subtle-minded, imaginative Marseillais and Provençal. An able speaker and skilful debater, he is no man of letters, no doctrinaire or dogmatist like M. Hanotaux and M. Delcassé; his open-mindedness, his staunch belief in expediency, are his chief resources when in danger, and they enable him to disconcert an enemy in action by the almost Napoleonic swiftness and daring of his decisions. As the years have gone by, he has grown more cautious, although there still lingers in him a dash of Southern adventurousness. Yet there is every reason to believe that in the recent crisis he looked for guidance less to the Commander-in-Chief than to the directors of the Bank of France. For him General Boulanger laid long ago the wraith of *revanche*.

The people of Marseilles have a legend to account for the birth of their city. Many years before the Romans conquered Narbonne, some Greco-Phœnician traders, borne by their love of adventure to the shores of Gaul, founded a settlement near the mouth of the Rhône, which river seemed to them a convenient route inland. Only a handful of men, they had no desire but to trade with the Barbarians. These, however, soon resented the presence of the foreigners, and bloodshed would have followed had not a young Phœnician charmed the Gauls into a treaty of alliance by his prudence and readiness of wit. Maybe M. Rouvier remembered the familiar legend when he began negotiating with Prince Bülow.

CH. BASTIDE.

## THE RISE AND FALL OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

If Peter the Great's soul, that was too large for even his huge body, looks down on the fate of the Russian Navy of to-day, it must be in bitter sorrow. Sad must be the communing of the admirals in the Elysian Fields, who carried on the task that Peter Alexévitch began. Apráxine, Grieg, Spiridoff; Ushákoff, Chichagoff, Senyávine; Nakhimoff, Korniloff, Istomine; and last and yet present in our minds, the gallant Makàroff. The roll of Hóchland, Hangö, Tchèsmé, Sinópe, Navarino, is swamped in the Sea of Japan. It is a far cry from Ushákoff to Ukhtómsky. The Navy's death agonies find expression in the unfortunate revolt of the *Kniáz Potémkin*. Everything Russian is now condemned by those who have never seen Russia; from the Sovereign to the *mújik*. The efficiency of a navy is not easily judged by a landsman. The fact that it was my duty for some time to note all matters connected with the sea service in Russia must be my excuse for presuming to offer any remarks on the subject.

*Piòtre Vélíki*, whose coffin would hold all the ancestors of those who contest his title, founded the Russian Navy. Milner<sup>1</sup> tells us that observing a tiny sailing bark on the Moskva, which had been built by Brandt, the Dutch shipwright, in Alexis' reign, its different construction to the flat pontoons of the country excited the Emperor's curiosity. He sent for the builder, told him to refit the vessel, and to instruct him in its management. Brandt was then ordered to build a little fleet of two frigates and three yachts, in which the Tsar embarked upon the great Lake Peipus. Peter then visited Archangel, and the large English merchant vessels there, and at Ponoï, on the Gulf of Lapland, served in various offices of a sea-faring life. But no sooner were the signal advantages of a marine understood than the thought was marred by that of the unfortunate geographical position of the country. "It had no convenient communications by sea with the great marts of trade and seats of civilisation; and only extended to the ocean in a northerly direction, where all navigation is suspended for six months in the year by thick-ribbed ice."<sup>2</sup> Not only this, but Sweden ruled the waves in the Baltic and Turkey commanded the shores of the Black Sea. Declaring war against Sultan Mustafá II., Peter, aided by a few ships that descended the Don from Vorónezh, attacked and took Azof in 1696. His first

(1) *Russia, Its Rise and Revolutions*, Milner.

(2) *Hist. Russia*, Tooke.



Admiral was Lefort, who shared the honours of the triumphal procession to Moscow, "while Peter was lost without distinction in the crowd of officers; thus publicly showing his own greatness of mind and testifying to the whole nation, for their encouragement to excel, that he would only recompense merit."<sup>1</sup> Within three years the fleet was ready for sea. Young Russian nobles were sent to Venice, Leghorn, and Holland to study shipbuilding. Foreign workmen, especially Dutch and Italians, were induced to come to Russia. Peter himself, to the horror of *boyar* and *mújik* alike, threw the etiquette of Tsars and Muscovites to the winds, by proceeding incognito through Riga and Königsberg, to Saardam, Deptford, back to Holland; and by Dresden to Vienna. The passion of the Tsar for the sea and ships was incomprehensible to his subjects, "for no real Muscovite ever became a mariner by preference."<sup>2</sup> The expenses of the Army and Navy led to taxation most burdensome to those too ignorant to understand its object, or rancourously opposed to the Tsar's ideas. For them the West was rotten, as it is to others now; the *gniloi zà pàd*. Peter's project to unite Volga and Don by a canal was plainly impious, for had not God willed the rivers to run distinct? Most of all anathema were the foreigners, the untrue, who had been invited into Russia; the "dumb" heretics. For in Russia then, as to-day, Germans, but also all foreigners, are styled "niemtzi," "those who cannot speak," the dumb!

Peter was 300 years ahead of his people, as it to-day (the aristocracy excepted) is 300 years behind Europe and America. These half Asiatics understood war on land. To them a Tartar, a Pole, a Mongol, a Turk on a horse was a foe worthy of their steel. The rolling motion of waves terrified them and made them sick. The public discontent increased during the sixteen months' absence of the Tsar. The Streltzi, or Body Guards, rebelled. Their General, Gordon, attacked them in form, defeated and handed them over as prisoners to the Tsar. Of their fate the *Krasnaya Ploshad* at Moscow reminds us. Peter redoubled his activity in the construction of ships. In 1703 he captured Nieschantze, a fortress at the mouth of the Neva, and laid the foundation of St. Petersburg. The Swedes looked carelessly on. The great Tsar had begun his work; he had made the "window"; he could now "look into Europe"; navigation and commerce were increasing. In 1709 Charles XII. was defeated at Pultàva. The fortifications of Viborg, Reval, Riga, Kexholm, and Oesel island were in Peter's possession. His darling project was within measurable distance of completion. In 1713, Helsingfors, Abo, and Aland became Russian. In 1714 the Russians defeated the

(1) *Hist. Russia*, Tooke.

(2) *Russia, Its Rise and Revolutions*, Milner.

Swedes at Hangö-Udde, capturing the Swedish Admiral Ehrenskjöld. In 1721 Sweden signed the Treaty of Nystad. Livonia, Esthonia, Kärrelia, Viborg, all the islands in the southern sea and the Baltic, from Kûrland to Viborg, were won from her. Russia had a coast line of her own. The peace of the Prûth caused a halt to be sounded. Peter withdrew up the Don to Voronezh. But in 1722 the Tsar was on the Caspian with three battleships and other craft, built at Astrakhân. He landed his troops at Derbent to attack the Lesgians, who had massacred 300 Russians at Shirvân. There was now a Navy on the Baltic and the Caspian.

Peter found Russia a horde of drunken and dissolute *boyars* and serfs; he left it a young and vigorous nation, yearning to be great. Those who only judge him by his ferocious character or his follies fail to appreciate his great character. They see him with the eyes of the nineteenth century, whereas he lived in the seventeenth. With us then the Tower of London was still the dungeon of gallant gentlemen; and the bleeding quarters of ignorant rebels, weathered with tar, adorned the rough stockade around Dublin Castle. It was an age of cruelty; of Gargantuan feasts; of Bacchic libations. If the farces of the *Kniaz papa*, his marriage party of the halt and the lame, the *chëtvyorka* of lustily roaring bears, were foolish, there were wise deeds also. If Menzikoff was caned for dancing while wearing his sword, or the Senate thrashed *en bloc*, they got no more than they deserved. Peter instituted a regular police, a board of trade, a college of mines, a library and cabinet of medals, an observatory, a botanical garden, a gallery of paintings, schools of anatomy, almshouses and hospitals. He designed the Academy of Sciences. His genius contemplated vast undertakings without overlooking minute details.<sup>1</sup> He created a Navy and conquered a sea-board. What he could not do was to uproot the ineradicable fear of the sea implanted in the Russian breast. Then, as now, ninety per cent. of his sailors were boys, who became sea-sick when the waves danced, and called aloud on their saints to deliver them, cursing the day when they were misled into joining the Navy.<sup>2</sup> *The Times* is perfectly right when it says: "The Russian peasant hates the sea; the bureaucratic Admiralty has done nothing to help to encourage officers to overcome this hatred." For nine months of the year the Russian sailor leads the life of a soldier. With blackened belts and orange ribbons he paces the snow, or pavements, of Kronstadt, Petersburg, or Libau; attends parades, Divine service, handles his arms with precision and

(1) *History of Russia*, Tooke.

(2) *The Times*, July 4th, 1905.

regularity. The sea is to him an enemy. Even the gallant admirals referred to are more known for their land than their sea successes. Apraxine conquered Finland. Greig was a Scotchman who won the battle of Tchesmé whilst Orloff was drinking in his cabin. Korniloff died a hero's death on shore. Nakhimoff fought at Inkerman. Istomine fell on the plateau in sight of the Tchâtyr Dâgh. They poured out their blood for their country's sake like water, but not on it. The spirit, the *Geist* of the sailor, does not exist in Russia. What does the Pacific mean to the dwellers in the *Tchërnoziom*, or the Don Steppes? Their ships are the camels, their seas the rivers. An inhabitant of St. Petersburg will drive miles through dirty suburbs to go by train to Peterhof, when a beautiful steamer carries him there from the English quay along a noble river; or used to do so, for the line has ceased running for want of patronage.

To return to the history of the Navy. Catherine maintained the sea service in the best condition. Under her auspices the Navy was augmented to twenty-six line-of-battle ships, fifteen frigates, 140 galleys, several small transport vessels, and 14,000 sailors. This formidable force was about to be used to force the King of Denmark to recognise the claims of Catherine's son-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, to the duchy of Schleswig, when a terrible fire broke out in the naval storehouses at St. Petersburg, and a great number of galleys ready to convey troops were consumed by the flames. It was said that Menzikoff, aided by Admiral Apraxine, both bitter enemies of the Duke, were the originators of the fire. The Danes were also accused of the offence. An English fleet and a Danish squadron soon after appeared before Reval and Kronstadt, spreading alarm even to the capital.<sup>1</sup> The claims of Catherine to distinction as a naval ruler rest rather on the fitting-out of the expedition under Bering, the Danish navigator, who, exploring the Arctic Ocean, proved that the Strait bearing his name divided Asia and America. Peter II. and Anna Ivánovna did little for the Navy. Under Anna, indeed, came the gloomy days when the Russian flag was forbidden to fly either on the sea of Azof or the Euxine. Elizabeth's reign was marked by land triumphs rather than victories by sea, for although in 1743 she fitted out a fleet for war against Sweden, it did not exactly cover itself with glory. Peter III. was a Prussian grenadier who would not tread a ship's deck at Oranienbaum to save his life. His consort and successor, Catherine II., understood the value of sea-power. For the first time in the history of the Empire a Russian fleet sailed in the Mediterranean. It was designed to co-operate with the Greeks

(1) *Hist. Russia*, Tooke, vol. ii., pp. 189-190.

and the Sláv subjects of the Sultan. Alexei Orlof was appointed high admiral, with his brother Feodor for second in command. These brave brothers knew nothing of nautical matters, "but were not indisposed to acquire fame through the skill of others. The real command devolved on Admiral Spiridoff, supported by the British officers Elphinstone, Grieg, Dugdale, and Tate."<sup>1</sup> The fleet was fitted out in Reval and Archangel, and sailed in 1769. It consisted of fifteen ships of the line, six frigates, and many transports. It gained the Archipelago, after many troubles, in 1770. A ship named the *Victorious Hope* (*Nadéshda Pobiéditelnitza*) was the first Russian vessel to enter the Mediterranean. The fleet encountered the Turkish ships in the small port of Tchesmé, opposite the island of Chios, west of Smyrna. Both the ships of the hostile commanders caught fire and were blown up, the admirals and a few officers alone escaping. In the night the Turks ran into the narrow and shallow bay, where several of their ships grounded, and the rest had no room to manœuvre or fire. There they were blocked next day, whilst arrangements were made to attempt to destroy their whole fleet by means of fireships. That night Elphinstone himself, followed by Grieg and Dugdale, steered in the ship that commenced the conflagration. Not a single Turkish vessel escaped. Alexei Orlof received all the praise, perhaps due to his subordinates. He was hailed as the annihilator of the Turkish Navy. To him and his successors was awarded the title of Tchesmenski, a palace was erected to commemorate his victory. In 1774, by the Treaty of Kutchük Kainardje, Russia acquired the tract of country between the Dniepr and Bûg, Kinburn, Taganròg, Azof, Yenikálé, and Kertch; the free navigation of the Black Sea, Bosphorus, and Dardanelles. In 1778, Kherson at the Dnièpr mouth, was founded as a naval constructing yard, whence more or less well-built ships sailed to navigate the Euxine. Nikolàief and Odessa rose about 1791. The Russian Navy was at its *apogee*. Catherine, on her way to the newly-founded Sevastòpol, passed at Kherson the placard Potémkin had posted up: "This way to Byzantium!"

Paul Petrovitch did not emulate the deeds of his mother. Suvòrof won him renown on land. The Emperor joined the coalition against England which led Nelson to Copenhagen, and afterwards to Reval roads.<sup>2</sup> A Russian fleet was to convoy a French army from Astrakhân to Astrabâd on the way to the Indus, but never carried out its compact. Alexander I. and his generals shed lustre on the Army, but did not employ the Navy;

(1) *Russia, Its Rise and Revolutions*, Milner.

(2) *Ibid.*

still, it grew and prospered. In 1827 a fine Russian squadron, united with the fleets of France and Britain, under the orders of Admiral Codrington, entered the Bay of Navarino, in Messenia, Greece, to protect that country against the Turco-Egyptian fleet there concentrated. The combat cannot be said to have redounded greatly to the credit of the victors, who annihilated the ships of the Sultan and Khédive in a very short space of time. Nicholas, the handsome Emperor, "with the mild eyes," carried on war with Persia, with Turkey, suppressed the insurrection in Poland, aided Austria in quelling the rising of the Magyars, and commenced a second war against Turkey in 1853. In this campaign the Russian fleets both in the Baltic and Black Sea were over-matched to such an extent that they found it impracticable to face the enormously superior forces of the two first Naval Powers. The fine wooden ships of the Black Sea fleet, of which the *Dvenátsat Apóstolof* carried the flag, were sunk as a barrier at the entrance to the harbour of Sevastòpol. The sailors who were landed behaved with great valour in the defence of the place. Admirals Nakhimoff, Korniloff, and Istomine perished fighting. The dying words of the former: "God preserve the Tsar and save the fleet and Sevastòpol!" are engraved at the base of the fine monument near the club, erected to his memory. In 1885 at Petropávlovsk, in Kamchatka, the Russian Navy was more fortunate. An allied squadron attacked the place but was beaten off. The French Admiral was so chagrined at his failure that he committed suicide. The British Admiral won no laurels. In the Baltic Admiral Napier, who commanded the fleet that in conjunction with a French force bombarded Sveaborg, has been much censured for not attacking Kronstadt. The Russian fleet was behind powerful forts of granite, whose fire was superior to that of any ships. It is now said that Napier received secret instructions not to bring the Russian fleet to a general action, our legislators being of opinion that its destruction would injuriously affect the balance of naval power. However that may have been, to attack the various undefended Finnish ports Hangö, Åbo, &c., was a bad military move. It caused us to be detested by the marital and independent Finns, without doing any damage to Russia.

The war in 1877 between Russia and Turkey was not noticeable for any great naval engagement, as the Sultan's ships never left the Bosphorus. Admiral, then Lieutenant, Dubásòf, torpedoed a Turkish monitor in the Danube. This exploit, which was conducted with both science and courage, attracted considerable attention. The Turkish ship was blown into fragments. Dubásòf's attacking party approached under cover of darkness,

and although subjected to a heavy fire of guns and rifles, escaped with little loss. This was destined to be the last bright page in the history of the fleets of the Tsar.

The reign of Nicholas II. has seen the decay of the Russian Navy. It is to the system of Protection, carried out to its extreme limits, that this decay is due. In former years the Russian Government ordered most of its ships abroad. But lately, although no complaints had been made of the workmanship in England, it was deemed prudent not to depend on a possible enemy for the supply of warships. Great competition arose between France and Germany for orders. St. Petersburg was crowded with agents anxious to take the place of the British. The German firms on the Baltic ports, and the representatives of La Seyne, Toulon, were successful in obtaining some orders. But excellent though their workmanship proved, the Russian protective party prevailed upon the admiralty to place most of its orders with the Baltic and Galernaya yards in St. Petersburg, or the Government works in Nicholâieff and Sevastôpol. The French drawings and plans were copied and "improved" upon at home. Everything was to be Russian—iron, steel, wood, workmanship. A prohibitive tax was placed on all foreign manufactures. Yet certain pieces of machinery, whose construction proved too difficult for the home workmen, had still to be imported. The last ship built in England was a destroyer of the *Sokol* type, delivered in St. Petersburg in 1901-2. The *Cesarévitch*, built at La Seyne, notably served as a model for the class that included the *Borodino*, *Orel*, *Suvôrof*, &c. But the ships built at home, magnificent in appearance, were found when completed to sink deeper in the water than their model. The reasons were that armour had been added to the unprotected guns placed high above the water line, and that, whilst lengthened some eight feet, the breadth of beam of the new ships had been slightly reduced all round, the protection of certain vital parts being added to. The thickest belt of armour was, therefore, sunk some two feet below the water-line, where it naturally was not necessary, and the stability of the ships much diminished. The *Kniaz Suvôrof* was so top-heavy that the Admiral was warned that she was a dangerous craft. The *Orel* was so deep in the water that the waves rushed in at the lower ports, almost flooding the gunners. Indeed one of her guns burst because a wave washed into the muzzle just before it was fired. These defects were the curse of the ultra-protective system, that aiming at encouraging home industries forced the Government to buy bad articles in a dear market, because they were home made. It was commonly remarked in Russia that the ships were "sunk" in the Galernaya

Government Dockyard. The *pots de vin* were enormous: "*Non ragionàm di lor; ma guàrda é pàssa.*"

The command of the Pacific was the dream of Russia, once the Trans-Siberian was completed. With this object in view, a vast increase in the naval construction bill was granted. Ninety millions of roubles (£9,000,000), in addition to a highly augmented annual estimate, were set apart for shipbuilding, &c., in the early days of M. Witte's ministry. The head of the Navy was the Grand Duke Alexei Alexandrovitch, the uncle of the Emperor. No such handsome personage had anywhere filled the post of Lord High Admiral since Thomas Seymour, who married the relict of the bloody Tudor. The French fleet came to Kronstadt. It was to be the model of the new Russian Navy. But, as before shown, the new ships only outwardly resembled the models. The crews were far behind those of our neighbours across the Channel. The spirit of Tourville, of Suffren, did not exist amongst the officers of the Tsar. Construction went on apace. At St. Petersburg, the *Oslàbia* was launched in 1895. The *Diana* and *Aurora* took the water in 1896. The *Askiold*, *Bogatyr*, *Vitiàz*, *Gromobòi*, and *Òleg* followed in 1897. The "jewel" class, *Zemchug* (Pearl), *Izámrud* (Emerald), *Almàz* (Diamond), &c., was finished in 1899. The twentieth century saw the battleships *Borodino*, *Orel*, *Kniaz Suvòrof*, *Imperàtor Alexander III.*, *Slàva*, of 13,000 tons each. The big *Peresviet*, *Petropàvlovsk*, *Retvizan*, &c., &c., had preceded them. The *Imperàtor Pàvel*, the *Andrei Pervostànni*, of 16,600 tons displacement, are still on the stocks. These fine ships all carried at least four 12-inch guns. The *Oslàbia* was a half-cruiser, half-battleship, with excellent 10-inch guns. The *Imperàtor Pàvel* is an improved *Borodino*. The ships of the 10,000 tons cruiser class, not yet completed, are to be better than the *Bayan*, lost at Vladivòstok. The *Gromobòi*, a huge cruiser, is like our *Terrible* modernised. In the Black Sea ports were built the *Georgei Pobièdònosetz*, an ancient type; the *Tri Svetitelia*, an "improved" *Trafalgar*; the *Rostislav*, a smaller vessel with her guns coupled in turrets on the upper deck; the *Kniaz Potëmkin Tarrichesky*, the *Johànn Zlàtaoust*, the *Efstafi*; and cruisers like those built in St. Petersburg. The work at the Euxine ports has not compared well with that done in the north, which, as explained, left much to be desired. The general result was that at the end of 1903 Russia possessed a powerful modern fleet, mostly in Pacific waters. But as a distinguished Russian Admiral, when complimented on the state of the squadron, remarked to the writer: "It is easy enough, if you have the money, to build ships; but not so easy to provide captains and admirals to command

them!" Even the building, perhaps, was more difficult than the gallant officer imagined.

The history of this fine fleet is in the minds of all men. Colonel Gädke tells us that Admiral Alexéieff neglected to keep the channel at Vladivostok free from ice, and consequently the fleet had to be concentrated under the guns of Port Arthur. This does not explain why the *Variäg* and *Koreitz* were left inviting attack at Chemulpo. The truth is that the old false ideas prevailed. There were no admirals with any dash until Makàroff arrived. The experience of a Birileff, the *furja* of a Dubàsòf, were left unused. Virenius, Molàss, even Skrÿdloff, were brave but behindhand. No one knew where the Japanese were. Officers who should have been on the bridge were dancing at the Admiral's or amusing themselves less innocently on shore. Of champagne there was too much; of attention to work not enough. There were exceptions, as in the case of the captains and crews of the *Sevastòpol* and plucky *Novik*. But two ships do not constitute a fleet, and their example was not generally followed. Then came the blow of February 8th. The whole fleet staggered. The accommodation for docking and repairs at Port Arthur was woefully short. The Navy and Army officers not only did not co-operate, they were frankly inimical. Makàroff changed all this. But his lamented death seemed to paralyse the Russian efforts. The ships were used half-heartedly to assist in the defence of the *enceinte*. No offensive was attempted. The terror of the unseen mines prevailed. Orders from St. Petersburg arrived. On August 10th a sortie was made with the object of getting away from Port Arthur. In spite of the radically false instructions from Tokio to Togo, impressing on him the necessity of sparing his battleships, the Japanese Admiral managed to divide the Russian fleet. Its gallant Admiral was blown into little pieces at his post. He died a hero's death. His second in command hesitated—and was lost. Oükhtomsky gave the signal to return to Port Arthur. He was followed by the *Pobieda* (*Victory*), *nōmen irōnīa*, *Peresviet*, *Retvizàn*, *Sevastòpol*, and most of the cruisers. The *Cesarévitch*, riddled with shot, her deck and conning tower like shambles, proved a fine, well-built ship, and made Tsingtao. The plucky *Novik* got away, to be sunk a few days later off the coast of Sàkhalin. The big ships were locked up tighter than ever. The *Rossia*, *Gromobòi*, and *Bayàn* came out from Vladivostok as far as Gensan. There they turned about, and ran for the Golden Horn again.

It is too soon to write the history of the last war. I have not the capacity, nor is space allowed me here to do so. I merely mark the stones on the way. After the combat of August 10th



the big ships lay on the mud inside the harbour at Port Arthur, where they mostly remain. As the Japanese siege batteries got the line, they plunged their 700lb. shells right through the Russian decks by curved fire. Only the *Sevastopol*, under her brave and clever captain, made a bid for life outside the harbour, surrounding herself with spars and nets as protectives against the reiterated attacks of Japanese torpedo squadrons. Finally, she sunk in twenty fathoms. So, fifty years after *Sevastopol*, the ships were used as obstacles, *under* water, not as batteries floating on it. So things go on in Russia. At Balaclava the Russian cavalry stood still as at Zorndorf, 100 years before, and Scarlett scattered the horsemen as Seidlitz scattered their fathers. A new fleet was prepared to regain the mastery of the Pacific. With its journey under Roshdestvensky, its halts, its final defeat in the Sea of Japan, we are all acquainted. Captain Klado in the *Noroye Vremya*, No. 10520, holds that the accomplishment of this journey proved the Russian *personnel* to be equal to that of the Japanese fleet. It was their military instruction that was defective.

Not only indifferent sailors, but sailors ignorant of the ways of battle, left Libau. Admirals, captains, officers, had never in their lives learnt their trade of war, or naval history, or strategy, or actual tactics. They had all grown up in an atmosphere of ignorance and contempt for military, or indeed any science. . . . Those who felt this was all wrong and had ideas, could not shape them; for in the Russian Navy all manœuvres have for long been valueless. That is why the strategical movements of the fleet were poor; why the scouting service was wanting; why the formation for combat was wrong. That is why our ships went into action painted black, with yellow funnels. That is why no one was told of the ideas or plans of the Commander-in-Chief, though history imposes on us the absolute necessity of such knowledge. There was not time to learn all these things on the voyage. They were not learnt, because they were considered useless. Bad weather, climate, fogs, cannot teach crews these things. Only battle can do so, and it indeed proved their necessity, but too late.

“Too late”! The words are written across the pages of the history of this war, both by sea and land.

The saddest chapter is the last. The dagger of Brutus proved that the kindnesses of a Cæsar were wasted. The favours showered on the Navy by the Emperor of Russia prove the same. Off Tsû-Shima the body died honourably, wounds in front. But in the Black Sea the corpse festered in the gangrene of revolt. Here is the account of the incident, published in the *St. Petersburg Official Messenger*:—

The *Kniaz Potëmkin*, commanded by Commander Golikoff, and accompanied by torpedo-boat No. 267, left *Sevastopol* on June 25th for firing practice. On the 27th the crew, on the pretext of the bad quality of the

meat brought by the torpedo-boat from Odessa, refused to eat the soup. By order of the commander the crew were assembled on the deck, and the second officer, Guiliarovsky, ordered those sailors who did not refuse the food to step forward. When the majority of the sailors stepped forward and the second officer was beginning to write down the names of the minority, the latter seized the rifles which were piled on deck and proceeded to load them. The order to fire on them was not obeyed by the guard, and the second officer, snatching a rifle, fired two or three times on a sailor and wounded him mortally. The mutinous sailors then fired volleys on the officers, pursuing them to different parts of the ship. The commanding officer was killed, while some officers jumped into the sea, but were fired on and killed in the water. On board the battleship a committee of 20 sailors took command of the ship, and gave orders that she should proceed to Odessa. She arrived there in the evening of the 27th, and next morning sent a boat ashore with the body of the sailor Omelchuk.

On the 29th, the transport *Vechna* arrived in the roadstead, and dropped anchor behind the battleship. The commander of the *Vechna*, knowing nothing of the mutiny, went on board the battleship to present his report. He was at once disarmed, and with the other officers of the *Vechna*, was put on shore.

At 7 o'clock the next morning, Vice-Admiral Krieger and Rear-Admiral Vichnevetsky's squadron arrived, consisting of four battleships and five torpedo-boats. On the squadron's approaching the Odessa Pier, the *Kniaz Potëmkin* cleared for action, advanced to meet it, and cut through its line. As it passed it received cheers from the battleship *Georgei Pobiedonosets*. The Admiral thereupon gave the signal for the squadron to return to Sevastopol, but the crew of the *Georgei Pobiedonosets* did not allow that vessel to follow, and put the commander and all the officers ashore disarmed, except Lieutenant Grigorieff, who blew out his brains.

How the *Kniaz Potëmkin* steamed to Costanza, Akerman, Féodosia, and her subsequent surrender at the first place, are matters of history. The reason of the outbreak must be looked for deeper than the colour of the black rye bread, or the quality of the food. As Russia educates her sailors and soldiers they become the easy prey of nihilists, or revolutionary agents, whose pamphlets flood decks and barrack-rooms. Thus the mother-country warms the venomous snake in her bosom.

The *Libro d'Oro* of the Russian Navy is bright with many a page of brilliant deeds. But it contains no record of any great success. Nor will any such success be chronicled in it until the fundamental beliefs of the higher staff be changed. In this country we are sparing of men's lives on shore, but not afloat. We count our wood and iron as dross; as means to an end. In Russia it is just the reverse. The "lives o' men" are esteemed less than herrings. But a battleship is an object upon which a vast amount of money and care have been expended. Therefore it must be kept a *virgo intacta*. This theory is fatal to success, or even efficiency. During the three open months of the year, all sorts of risks should be run to secure perfection. Not so in

Russia. The costly jewel must not lightly be thrown away! In conversation with a distinguished Russian Admiral, I once ventured to remark that the strategy of the British Navy consisted in laying its ships alongside those of the enemy. His answer was characteristic. "Yes, that is a good maxim, if you have enough ships." This idea permeates the officer corps of the Russian Navy. With such ideas fleets are naturally bottled up in ports. Admirals are anxious rather to save their vessels than to risk battles. Until the officer becomes educated, as are his British or German brothers-in-arms, he will neither deserve nor command success. The Slâv thinks that ships must not be wasted, because they cost time and money. The truth is, "such weapons are too costly to be left to rust unused."

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD.

## FRENCH AND GERMAN RELATIONS.

It is now clear to all men that the main object Germany had in view in her nicely calculated efforts to overthrow the arrangement made between England and France about Morocco was to hinder the growth of cordial relations between the Western Powers. That was well understood from the first by persons in this country who are concerned in affairs of State. It has now been admitted with characteristic cynicism by those organs of the Press in various countries which are under obligations to, or take instructions from, the Foreign Office in Berlin. They openly avow that it was necessary for Germany to destroy the *entente cordiale* before it hardened into an alliance. No doubt the possibility of obtaining a port on the coast of Morocco entered into German calculations. But when Prince Bülow, after loudly proclaiming, a year ago, that Germany had no interest important enough in Morocco to justify interference with French policy in that country, suddenly raised difficulties regarding the arrangements between France and England, his leading motive was to breed distrust between the two Western nations. Nor can any fair-minded man blame him for this policy. It is obviously the prime interest of Germany to keep England and France apart. If this policy should prove permanently successful, France would steadily sink into the position of a satellite of the Hohenzollern Empire, as Austria has been since the fall of Count Hohenwart's ministry in 1871. Great Britain, on the other hand, would be driven more and more into a position of isolation, and exposed to successful attack. It would be easy to form a coalition against a friendless and despised England. This has been for some time the governing idea of German policy. It was practically avowed on a very memorable occasion by the Chancellor of the Empire in the Reichstag, and is now hardly concealed by any politician of eminence in Germany. Nor would comprehensive arrangements as regards Asia protect England from such a combination. Her alliance with Japan in the East would avail her little against German hostility in the West.

Any attempt to destroy the *entente cordiale* must be made before its significance, which French and English statesmen realise, can be grasped by the popular mind in France. The English people, in consequence of the marvellously sound political instinct which is so characteristic of their history, have for a long

time past perceived the advantages to progress and civilisation to be derived from the establishment of really cordial relations between the Western Powers. The French people have failed to grasp this truth with equal firmness, although French statesmen differing from each other so widely as Mirabeau, Talleyrand, de Serre, Villèle, Guizot, Thiers, Thouvenel, Drouyn de Lhuys, Ollivier, and Broglie perceived it more clearly than their English contemporaries. Lord Palmerston almost alone among British statesmen perfectly understood the advantages to both countries of an *entente cordiale*, although, strange to say, he has still the reputation among Frenchmen of having been particularly hostile to their country. Lord Palmerston, however, thoroughly realised that cordial relations between two high-spirited nations could only exist if based on mutual respect. This was one reason why he on all occasions was so careful to maintain the dignity of Great Britain. It was only when he saw, or imagined, that French statesmen were acting in a manner inconsistent with good faith or contrary to the interests of England that he assumed a hostile attitude towards them. This has been admitted very frankly by Drouyn de Lhuys, although Lord Palmerston often gave him a bad quarter of an hour. Not only is the French notion of Lord Palmerston erroneous, but the average Frenchman has the most confused ideas as to the aims of English policy and of the civilising mission of Great Britain; and, although the interests of the two countries are, generally speaking, now not antagonistic there is still a general suspicion in France of the true objects of England. This suspicion has recently been worked upon with great skill by German agents, and by certain Frenchmen who were anxious for various personal reasons to overthrow M. Delcassé. Efforts which for the moment have been successful were made to persuade the French people that England, for her own ends, was endeavouring to involve France in war with Germany. The line taken by the Government of King Edward VII. and the attitude of the English people during the last few weeks have done a good deal to dissipate this illusion, and it almost seems as if the conduct of Germany had done much to call into existence in France a belief in the good faith of England.

When Germany determined to endeavour to force England and France apart, the first obvious step was to drive M. Delcassé from the Foreign Office. That statesman had laboured with marked success to get back for his country the position in Europe to which she is entitled. In consequence of the policy pursued by England since the death of Lord Palmerston—a policy of which the dominating note has been vacillation—M. Delcassé turned to

Russia. He concluded the Franco-Russian alliance with the enthusiastic approval of his countrymen. At the time he did so this alliance was of supreme interest for France. He is not to be blamed if, in consequence of the subsequent fatuous conduct of the Government of the Tsar, the value of that alliance is now seriously depreciated, though even at this moment it would be hazardous to draw the conclusion that it is quite valueless for France. The policy of M. Delcassé was not confined to an alliance with Russia. The gradual awakening of Great Britain to the futility and folly of making "graceful concessions" to Germany, and to the danger of self-sufficient satisfaction in her "splendid isolation," indicated a return on the part of the English people to sane views of foreign policy. The conduct of Germany during the Boer War made it quite clear to the average Englishman what Power he must consider the enemy of his country. Once again in English history the spectacle was given of the English people forcing their Government to adopt a policy both sound and courageous. The temper shown by the nation at the time of the "Venezuela Mess," and of the preposterous proposals relative to the Bagdad Railway, brought home to the minds of all observant men the truth that England would not tolerate a foreign policy based on making "graceful concessions" to implacable enemies. The alliance with Japan, which was gravely approved by the great body of the nation at the time it was concluded, and which now no party in the State would wish to terminate, was an outward and visible sign of this state of mind, and an indication that England was once more about to take up an attitude in international affairs worthy of her dignity and history. The far-reaching effects of that attitude may be observed throughout the world, and when the present war is over may perhaps facilitate a comprehensive arrangement between France and Russia, England and Japan. Such a policy, if it can be carried out, would be a very great obstacle to the outbreak of a general war, and would infallibly lead to a reconstruction of international European society, which would have the blessed result of maintaining the independence and integrity of various small European States whose existence is important in the interests of culture and civilisation. From this point of view the fall of M. Delcassé is a misfortune to all countries outside the German Empire. It is a special calamity for France, and those who wish that country well cannot but hope that it may not be followed by results as unsatisfactory as those which followed the retirement of M. Thouvenel in 1862, as regards the Italian question, or by disaster as far-reaching as that which was the consequence of the fall of

his successor, Drouyn de Lhuys, in 1866, when the French Government shrank from following his advice to take immediate and decisive action with a view of hindering overwhelming Prussian aggrandisement after Königgrätz.

A very evil omen in connection with the fall of M. Delcassé is the circumstance that it was promoted also by cosmopolitan finance. The cosmopolitan financier is a man without a country, and he is particularly strong in Paris at the present moment. The friction between France and Germany kept the Stock Exchange in Paris in a nervous and unsettled state. This did not suit the calculations of persons engaged in large financial transactions. The French financier, besides being without any feeling of patriotism, is pressed by his interests to support the German side. He realised the fact that the Government at Berlin was working to maintain a troubled situation. He knew that it was determined to keep things in an unsettled state as long as M. Delcassé remained in the Foreign Office. It was therefore his interest to help in the overthrow of that statesman, and if possible to secure his place for a man more intimately acquainted with financial interests. This man presented himself in the person of M. Rouvier, who has never before been responsible for French foreign policy, and who took office representing the principle of concession to Germany. This simple fact must not be ignored. From the moment he became Foreign Minister the attitude of Germany to France altered; and I have no doubt that the Government at Berlin will for the moment be exceedingly moderate in any proposals it has to make regarding Morocco. It will gradually endeavour to obtain for itself the concessions which England made to France, and will gently but steadily push the latter country away from England, so that, as time goes on, France will be forced to play a secondary part to Germany in all parts of the world. It is not, however, at all sure that such a policy will succeed. On the contrary, there are signs that it will provoke the resistance of the French people. There are certainly many indications that the number of Frenchmen is increasing, who hold that it would be wise for France to recur to the policy of some of her greatest statesmen and enter into arrangements of a more or less intimate character with this country. They have realised that England was ready to stand by France in her recent difficulty and danger. Well-informed Frenchmen are perfectly aware that England was willing to give their country support much beyond what was requested from her. The German demand for a Conference has been accepted in principle by France. The policy of which it is the expression is not really popular. It is the outcome largely of fear. No one who really

looks into the situation can doubt that the motive for the momentary condonation by the French people of the desertion of M. Delcassé by his colleagues was the apprehension that France would be overrun by the hosts of her Eastern neighbour, and lie at the feet of a German conqueror before England was in a position to come to her rescue. It would be well for us quietly to consider how far this opinion is well founded.

The value of an alliance with any country depends upon the military or naval forces of that country. Let us look for one moment at the value of the English alliance to France. In the first place the great asset would be the British Navy, and, should England place herself on the side of France in the event of a Franco-German war, the defeat of Germany would seem to be certain, and, in the long run, absolute, if France could hold out for some months. England would not be contented with destroying the German Navy, and sweeping the German flag from the ocean—that would be easily done if the German battleships dared put to sea—she would blockade the German ports, and the blockade of the German ports would necessitate the ultimate capitulation of Germany. In order to understand this, it must be borne in mind that Germany has become since 1870 an industrial nation, and that her sea-borne commerce amounts to about £500,000,000 sterling. Her mercantile marine is to be found now on every sea, and her counting-houses in every quarter of the globe. This industrial and commercial activity would be completely paralysed by the battleships of England. German vessels unable to leave port, and commercial activity at an end, appalling misery would follow. It would be quite impossible for Germany to resist this pressure. She would be obliged to sue for peace, and it would be France, even if she lost several engagements, who, together with England, would dictate its terms. But this entirely depends on France being able to maintain resistance for a given time. If she failed to do so, and made a precipitate peace, Germany would force her to pay an indemnity for the damage done by English ships. But, all things considered, an English alliance is for France the best guarantee for peace. Germany is a careful and by no means an adventurous country, and will not for the present lightly run the risk of conflict with the Western Powers. The indiscreet pressure of the Anglophobes will not drive the German Government into a dangerous policy of adventure if it can be avoided, and the insolent language of the inspired newspapers is sound and fury, signifying nothing. There is, of course, danger lest the German Government should drift into a position from which it could not draw back, and that war might ensue.



Moreover, the hostile state of mind as regards England which has been created in Germany by the Government, might, under certain conditions, become extremely perilous.

The military situation is also a great danger. The recent administration of the French Army and the antinational policy which has characterised its management has seriously damaged its *moral*. It is certain, moreover, that a large section of French politicians are decidedly opposed to any scheme which would result in the creation of an effective military force. A great efficient French army, besides being effective for foreign purposes, would be the firmest bulwark against the tide of anarchy which threatens the future of France. The anarchical forces of the country, therefore, are opposed to military discipline and reform. But, on the other hand, the old French spirit is not dead. The old French military virtues have not disappeared from the land. It only requires a soldier of administrative talent to be placed at the War Office, some of the present commanders of *corps d'armée* who are mere political puppets to be replaced by really capable officers, and some few persons who profess anarchical opinions and preach anti-patriotic doctrines in international jargon to be sent to the right-about, to secure France from a German raid. It is, however, idle to deny that an *entente* between the Western Powers would rest on a much more solid basis if England would make up her mind to reconstruct her Army. The necessity for so doing has been over and over again pointed out by men of light and leading in this country, and with exceptional force and crushing logic by brilliant writers in the *Morning Post*. The most recent and the most solemn warning of the dangers likely to result from the present military position of this country was made only the other day by Lord Roberts in the House of Lords. It is superfluous to state the arguments in favour of universal military training, which timid politicians and soft, luxurious people, who contribute to the formation of opinion, denounce so vehemently and call conscription. Conscription as an institution has been dead and gone for many years in Europe. Conscription as it existed in France, where it held its ground to the fall of the Second Empire, was a system under which persons were drawn by lot and obliged to serve for a long period of time in the army at a distance from their homes. The parting of the conscript from his family was a heart-rending affair; for all practical purposes he was separated for ever from those who had watched over his infancy and childhood. Universal service, as it was conceived by Scharnhorst and Boyen and as it obtains now in civilised countries, is something entirely different. In principle it signifies the identification of the army with the nation. In practice it means that every man of good

health, without any exception—prince of the blood, nobleman, merchant, peasant, shopkeeper, labourer, and artisan—all are trained to arms, and so instructed in their use, that from youth to middle-age they are able to serve their country efficiently at a moment's notice. In this way provision is made for an efficient reserve, which is the great want of the modern army, and the human wastage of war successfully met. The arguments used in England against the introduction of this system are almost always childish and often ignoble. If one could really believe that they represented the settled mind of the country, and that the Englishman was definitely determined not to fulfil the prime duty of a citizen, which men in every other nation in Europe undertake with pride, it would be impossible to look forward to the future of England with any other feelings than those of blank despair.

On March 27th, 1868, Prince Napoleon, who had just returned from Berlin, gave an account to M. Ollivier of an interview which his Imperial Highness had with Bismarck a few days previously. M. Ollivier set down in writing there and then what Prince Napoleon told him. Bismarck spoke about certain compensations which France might fairly claim to counterbalance the recent increase in Prussian power. Bismarck, when asked by the prince what compensations he proposed that France should have, replied: "You know well the compensation to which I allude; but you force me to say the word. Well, I will say it—Belgium." The prince objected that England would make difficulties. "Oh!" said Bismarck, "people are always talking about England. What is England? What do I care about England? A nation only exists by the number of soldiers she can put into line. What number can England command? Fifty, or at most one hundred thousand. And you? Five hundred thousand. And we? At least as many. What, then, does England matter to us if we are agreed? *Les faibles sont faits pour être mangés par les forts.*" However much enthusiasts may dislike to contemplate this truth—truth it is, for all that, in the world we live in. The great statesmen of the nineteenth century—Palmerston, Cavour, and Narvaez—at various times insisted upon it as strongly as Bismarck. It was the neglect to thoroughly grasp it that brought about the humiliation of France, and exposed her to a disaster from which many think she will not recover. In M. Ollivier's recently published volume of his great work, *L'Empire Libéral*, there is a chapter giving an account of the endeavours made by Napoleon III. and some of his more enlightened ministers to provide, towards the end of the 'sixties, an army capable of resisting the inevitable attack of Prussia. Those who were opposed to the Imperial Government gave many plausible reasons against

the introduction of universal military service, and against increasing the strength of the army. This opposition, led by Jules Simon, Garnier-Pagès, and others, was strong enough to paralyse the efforts of the Emperor to provide France with an effective army. This was in the year 1868. What happened two years later will never be forgotten. In the hour of disaster, the Republicans, the Liberals, the Orleanists, and the Legitimists joined in throwing the blame for the result of the war of 1870 on the shoulders of Napoleon III. One of the men who was most responsible for preventing necessary military reform was Jules Favre. He, however, at a subsequent period, proclaimed his repentance, made a public confession of his fault, and said truly enough of himself and his accomplices, " Nous n'avons été que des jobards." This repentance, however, was no compensation to France for the loss of her provinces and of her international position. It will be no compensation for England either, if, in consequence of the inadequacy of the army, which leading men on both sides of politics seem unwilling to reform, such persons, in the day of disaster, should come before the country with the confession that they were extremely sorry for what they had done, and claim forgiveness on the ground that " they were only simpletons."

The root problem of English politics at the present hour is how to provide an adequate Army to drive home the blow of the British Navy. Until this work is accomplished the foreign policy of the country must, to some extent, be paralysed. This surely is the great lesson to be learned from the recent friction between Germany and France. It is quite certain that the attitude of the latter country would be at the present moment much more independent if she could rely on military assistance from England in case of invasion. It is not necessary for this country to put into the field armies as large as those at the disposal of Continental Governments; but it is necessary that her military position should be relatively as good as that she occupied when Wellington invaded France in 1813. He then commanded an English army which won unstinted praise from such authorities as Marmont, Soult, Bugeaud, and Foy. Universal military service would soon give us such an army again. Conscription, indeed, will never be accepted by the people of England. They are perfectly right in their objections to it. Universal military service is something totally different, and to that we must ultimately come if we are to maintain our place among the nations.

ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT.

## LORD CURZON AND LORD KITCHENER.

GOVERNMENT Blue-books enjoy an established reputation for two qualities. One is the ineffable dulness of their contents, the other is the curious inadequacy of their descriptive titles. Who would guess that a volume bearing so colourless a label as "Correspondence on Army Administration in East India" records, not a mere routine exchange of views between Government underlings on sundry affairs military in Eastern Hindustan, but a regular battle royal waged between the Viceroy of the King's Indian Empire and the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Indian Army—the Secretary of State acting as referee and arbiter?

A glance at the pages of this particular Blue-book will show, however, that it contains not only interesting but positively attractive matter. Apart from the momentous character of the topics here discussed, there is for the reader a delightful piquancy in the consciousness that he is the privileged spectator of a stand-up fight in which the protagonists are a great Imperial Proconsul on the one side, and the most effective soldier of his age on the other—both men of indomitable will, of pronounced views, of extraordinary energy, and of striking intellectual originality—while the final decision lies with a Minister in whom every competent judge has long recognised an administrator of rare ability and unsurpassed experience.

To the appreciative onlooker it will have been an additional pleasure to note the absolutely unexceptionable style in which the controversy is carried on. Not here do we meet with the bombastic ineptitudes, suggestive of the penny novelette, that have recently disfigured another official document relating to the Army. No unworthy personalities mar the impressiveness of these weighty utterances—the clear-cut, soldierly directness of the Commander-in-Chief, the statesmanlike dialectic of the Viceroy, and the judicial acumen with which the Secretary of State announces the Government's decision.

It will be a point to the good if the dramatic interest that gives so full a flavour to the discussion should avail in some degree to overcome the chronic apathy, or at best the intermittent attention, with which the British public is wont to regard the affairs of empire, and should tempt Englishmen to acquaint themselves with the causes, the occasion, and the sequel of the controversy now happily closed.

In former days, when the three Indian Presidencies of Bengal,

Bombay, and Madras each possessed its own army, a kind of connecting link between their several forces and the Governor-General in Council was provided in the person of an official designated the Military Member of Council. There was no rule which made it obligatory that this post should be held by a soldier. Its duties related to what may be termed the civil side of Army administration. As a matter of fact, the office was usually filled by a military man, for the obvious reason that it is easier to find a soldier of business-like capacity in matters not strictly military than it is to meet with a civilian possessed of special knowledge of Army affairs. Men of the type of Mr. Amery, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, or Sir Charles Dilke, are, needless to say, somewhat rare commodities to come by.

Thus it came about that, after the unification of the Army, the Military Member, being generally a soldier, being moreover always at the Viceroy's right hand, and having a co-equal position at the Council-table with the Commander-in-Chief, came by degrees, although of inferior military rank, to be a "military equipoise" to the General responsible for the efficiency of the Army. Such an arrangement, which had reached its worst point when Lord Kitchener took over the command of the troops, was in his view intolerable, and rendered his own office untenable. He declared that it constituted a veritable danger, involving, as it did, a duality of control, with its inevitable fruit of friction and delay.

To this weighty protest it was really no answer whatever to take up the high constitutional ground that, as the Viceroy is the supreme head of His Majesty's forces, and as both the Commander-in-Chief and the Military Member were his subordinates, therefore no duality of control could exist. It clearly makes no difference to the argument whether the system be described as a dual control or as a dual advisership. The house divided against itself is never very far from a fall. The supreme adviser of the Viceroy in purely military matters must be the Commander-in-Chief, and the introduction of another military adviser as an "equipoise" could only be justified on the theory that the Army is a disagreeable, if necessary, institution, to be encouraged as little as possible. If it were conceivable to imagine a Viceroy of India whose motto was *L'Armée, c'est l'ennemi*; who regarded a soldier as the sort of person that may be all very well on the back of a horse or behind a gun, but in the Council Chamber is neither welcome nor wanted; who opined that the best way of dealing with the military element in the State is summed up in Sir Edmond Elles's maxim, *Divide et impera*—"Set your military men by the ears through a dual arrangement of responsibilities, so that we civilians may come by

our own"—if such were the views held by a Governor-General, his preference for a system that gave him two military advisers who could be played off against each other would be intelligible enough, but not otherwise.

Whatever might be the "constitutional" theory, the actual practice was that the Military Member deemed it his right, not merely to interfere in purely military questions, but *proprio motu* to interpose a veto on the Commander-in-Chief's proposals and requirements, and thus to prevent them even from coming before the Viceroy in Council for discussion. Nor was this all. It is almost incredible, yet true, that until recently quite junior officers serving in the Military Department were in the habit of offering criticisms on the Commander-in-Chief's plans! Sir Edmond Elles warmly deprecated the allegation that the Military Member was "omnipotent" in military matters. But omnipotent he assuredly was, if only in the same sense in which a piece of grit is omnipotent to stop the working of the best machine ever constructed.

Concrete examples are perhaps more useful for the elucidation of the actual working of the recent system of Indian Army Administration than any arguments based on abstract considerations. Mr. Brodrick, in his unanswerable despatch of May 31st, cites an instance in which a request of the Commander-in-Chief of February 17th, 1904, relating to small arms ammunition, was not officially commented on by the Military Department till May 19th—a period of three months. Discussion in the Department proceeded in leisurely fashion for a couple of months longer, till July 21st, when a despatch relating to the matter was sent home. The Secretary of State, who had left London for his hard-earned holiday, deeming the matter urgent, returned to town in order to telegraph a reply, which was forwarded on August 16th. Yet, notwithstanding that the Commander-in-Chief's requirements were endorsed by the India Office, and that the Secretary of State had adjudged compliance with them to be of pressing importance, the Military Department in India coolly decided to await details by post, so that it was not till seven months had elapsed that the matter was referred back to the Adjutant-General. Still another month was wasted before the Commander-in-Chief was forced to accept, by way of compromise, a partial fulfilment of his requirements; and two more months passed—ten months in all—before the final decision was given. Can comment be needed?

Another instance of the inherent viciousness of the system is adduced by Mr. Brodrick when he points out the delay that was allowed to occur in placing orders for deficient supplies, although, thanks mainly to Lord Curzon's own brilliant financial adminis-

tration, a large available surplus had for some time been in hand.

The assertion has been made—in the teeth, be it said, of much documentary evidence, both published and unpublished—that Lord Kitchener's predecessors, as well as other officers holding high Indian command, had been satisfied with the existing system. Neither Sir William Lockhart nor Sir Power Palmer are living to speak for themselves. That some verbal evidence to the effect stated was forthcoming is admitted—evidence, however, of which the value may be subject to some slight discount as being possibly a little biassed, whether from a retrospective or from an anticipatory point of view. There is good reason to believe that both Lord Roberts and Sir George White, whose names have been freely mentioned in this connection, were at times wholly dissatisfied with the system then in vogue, though it is not, perhaps, in human nature that officials who have themselves sued in vain for certain powers and privileges should urge the absolute necessity of their successors being invested with them.

Lord Kitchener summed up the whole issue when he wrote that the Indian military administration had been framed mainly to meet peace requirements, and that the consideration that an army exists for war had been overlooked—that peace routine had overshadowed preparation for war—that, in war, the present system must break down. So serious a declaration, so deliberately made, and coming from so eminent an authority, could not be brushed aside by the Secretary of State in framing his decision. A calm review of the position in the light of the Commander-in-Chief's testimony compelled the conclusion that the administration of the Army in India was just workable under normal peace conditions; that the occurrence of any—even the slightest—disturbing circumstances would suffice to cause grave embarrassment; and that the outbreak of serious hostilities on a large scale, such as might be threatened by any aggressive step on the part of Russia, would bring about a state of paralysis infinitely worse than anything seen in the initial stages of the war in South Africa.

To quote one recent and very significant instance. There can now be no imprudence in stating that to have postponed the return of the Tibet Expedition would have entailed the locking-up in Tibet of no less than one-third of the whole Indian transport, which at the time of its despatch was outside the control of the Commander-in-Chief. Indeed, the Tibet Expedition itself was organised without consulting the Commander-in-Chief as such, except on one or two quite minor points.

No rejoinder was ever attempted, for none was possible, to Lord Kitchener's reiterated warning that the matter is not merely

a local one involving Indian interests alone, but an issue of vital importance to the Empire at large, "since, in the only great war on land in which we are likely to be engaged, whilst the resources of the Empire will be placed at the disposal of India, the war will be carried on under the Indian military administration." Hence no question could be fraught with graver consequences than that for which the Commander-in-Chief demanded urgency—namely, whether the administration is or is not equal to the discharge of these Imperial responsibilities.

The Indian Press has been sadly fluttered by the bogey of a Kitchener military autocracy—of a Napoleonic *imperium in imperio* to be set up on the ruins of the Viceroy's supremacy. Lord Kitchener himself, *pace* his critics, is absolutely opposed to any weakening of the ultimate control of all military matters vested in the Governor-General in Council. He has simply urged that such control should be exercised through a different and more appropriate channel. The Home Government has recognised the entire reasonableness of this view. With a stroke of the pen it has abolished the office of Military Member of Council, and has pronounced it inadmissible that there should be two officers holding seats on the Viceroy's Council for the purpose of giving expert opinions on purely military questions. Lord Curzon apparently cherishes the hope of nullifying this decision by a revival of the dual advisership in another form. Mr. Brodrick, however, is clear as to the determination of the Government to lend no countenance to the idea of a military "equipoise." On this point there has been no concession.

It had been contended that the combined control of Army Headquarters and of the Military Department would tax too severely the capabilities of any soldier, although the Viceroy himself should be the last to maintain that concentration of authority necessarily involves multiplication of labour. The Commander-in-Chief will henceforth be entirely responsible to the Viceroy in Council for everything necessary for the *personnel* and training of the Army, for strategical plans, for military intelligence, for schemes of mobilisation. All measures he may propose will be subjected financially to the expert criticism of a financial department represented in Council. Politically they will run the gauntlet, first of half-a-dozen trained heads of departments also sitting in Council, and next of the Viceroy himself. They are further liable to be referred home to the Secretary of State in Council, who commands the most experienced Indian military opinion. In the case of any measure of special magnitude and importance there is still the Cabinet to be reckoned with.

On the other hand, the Commander-in-Chief is relieved of



duties that are rather of a civil than of a military nature. Stores, ordnance, remounts, military works, clothing, medical service, and marine—for all these responsibility will now rest on the new Department of Military Supply, which will be in charge of a Member of Council.

The head of the Department understood to have been detailed for the work happens to be a distinguished officer of great Indian experience. But there is no regulation that excludes a civilian from the post. Lord Curzon warmly insists that it must always be filled by a soldier. Mr. Brodrick, though unwilling to suggest any limit on the King's discretion in the matter, agrees that a soldier should, as a rule, be selected. Nevertheless, the office as constituted bears a civilian rather than a military complexion. It is expressly laid down that the functions of the Military Supply Member will be "essentially those of a civilian administrator with military knowledge and experience." Thus the duplication of discussion involved in the old system entirely disappears.

The Secretary of State, in the masterly despatch in which he has laid down the lines which the system of Indian Army Administration is henceforth to follow, rules that the head of the Military Supply Department "will specially advise the Governor-General in Council on questions of general policy as distinct from purely military questions." Lord Curzon has asked for such a modification of this last clause as shall render the Supply Member "available for official consultation by the Viceroy on all military questions without distinction." On this point the Secretary of State is firm: "The Governor-General has the constitutional right to consult any member of his Council, officially or unofficially, on any subject." But it would be inconsistent with the Home Government's determination to alter the existing system of dual advisership in purely military matters to concede the new official "any special claim to be consulted" with respect to them. This authoritative interpretation of Mr. Brodrick's meaning must have been specially welcome to Lord Kitchener, who might not improbably and quite excusably object to an ambiguity of words that seemed to leave open a loophole for the creeping back of the very abuse which the Secretary of State had set himself to abolish.

A subordinate matter which seems to require explanation is the exclusion of remounts from the sphere of the Commander-in-Chief's control. To many experts it has seemed at first sight an inexplicable error that a matter so closely associated with the *personnel* of the Army should have been omitted from the list of subjects pertaining to the Army Department, in order to figure among those dealt with in the Department of Military Supply.

The whole question of remounts for the Army in India is avowedly one of pressing importance, which will, it is understood, engage immediate attention as soon as Lord Kitchener's "redistribution scheme" is in thorough working order.

As the horses bred in the country are only moderately serviceable for English cavalry, and wholly unfitted for artillery, India, with the exception of a few native cavalry stud-farms, is obliged to depend very largely for remounts on Arabia, Persia, Syria, and above all Australasia, and in the event of any important hostilities taking place the mounted troops would certainly require a fresh supply of horses from outside sources at the end of six months.

That a matter of such consequence should apparently be withdrawn from the control of the officer responsible for success in the field is only half explained by the undesirability of adding to his other labours the task of entering into large foreign contracts. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that as Lord Kitchener is responsible for the *personnel* of the Army, the appointment and control of all officers for remount work will be within his immediate jurisdiction; while, as the native cavalry stud-farms are regimental property, their management and upkeep will naturally be subject to his supervision. It may therefore be assumed that in a sense all horses imported from abroad will, after delivery in India, come under the care of the Army Department. Probably, however, this difficult question, the present solution of which does not by any means represent a unanimous official decision, may receive further consideration.

It has been the most plausible as well as the favourite contention in support of a system of dual control, that if in time of war the Commander-in-Chief should take the field, or if he should be absent on a tour of inspection, the Viceroy ought not to be left without expert military advice. When the whole Army is engaged in operations, the presence of the Commander-in-Chief in the field will probably be necessary. But that does not mean, and his absence on tour does not mean, that he is cut off from communication with the seat of Government. In these days of railways and telegraphs the old objections on this score are out of date.<sup>1</sup> At the worst, a perfected system of runners would ensure that the Commander-in-Chief when on tour should never be out of touch with the Viceroy for more than three days together; while in the field the field telegraph staff would bridge any distance. In the event of war on a large scale some senior general

(1) During his tour of inspection, Lord Kitchener, when within fifty miles of Gilgit, received at noon a Reuter telegram to inform him of Lord Salisbury's last illness. He despatched a message to Hatfield and received the answer by seven o'clock the same evening.

officer would be detailed by the Commander-in-Chief for the purpose of organising and sending up reinforcements, and this officer would represent the Commander-in-Chief in the counsels of the Governor-General.

The appointment of a Chief of the Staff cannot fail to lighten very considerably the burden of supreme command. The functions of the new official are not laid down with precision, the intention being that they shall be quite elastic in character. The officer who is to fill the post, although suggested by his future chief, will of course be nominated by the Indian Government. Meanwhile, it has not escaped notice as a fact of considerable significance that the Secretary of State should have assigned, as one of the reasons for giving Lord Kitchener a Chief of the Staff, the special heaviness of the task that awaits the Commander-in-Chief "on the completion of the strategic railways, for which authority will shortly be asked."

Mr. St. John Brodrick has never shown clearer proof of his recognised ability than in his skilful treatment of the thorny question which, on his initiative, the British Government was called upon to decide. The decision come to, if it has not in an equal degree proved satisfactory to both parties—if it has in effect accorded the oyster to one of the disputants and gracefully presented the shell to the other—at any rate aimed at retaining in the public service a Viceroy of Lord Curzon's unrivalled pre-eminence, while also maintaining at his right hand the first and foremost of contemporary military commanders. For his share in the result Mr. Brodrick has earned the approval of everyone—from the Sovereign himself to his simplest subject—who has studied the situation closely and impartially.

No formal refutation can be needed of the insinuation that the manner of Mr. Brodrick's despatch was calculated to wound the Viceroy's susceptibilities. It is difficult to imagine that any ill-will can subsist between two such close friends. Lord Curzon need not be credited with a hyper-sensitive disposition, and indeed if anything of *brusquerie* can be detected in the published correspondence, its first appearance is in the despatch from the Government of India. When the Secretary of State has been roundly assured that he fails to take a sufficiently wide view of the question to which he invites attention, he may be pardoned for his somewhat ruthless exposure of the hollowness of the "no funds" plea, as well as for his mention of "the startling discrepancy" between the views of the Viceroy and those of his principal military counsellor.

The objection to the Governor-General's much-discussed speech

of July 18th lies in his affecting to regard the Secretary of State's decision as neutralised by subsequent "concessions." Unless this attitude be speedily modified, the Home Government may be compelled to reconsider the whole situation, in the light of Lord Curzon's apparent intention to thwart the policy laid down for his guidance.

Such a despatch as that of the Secretary of State might not have been required if Lord Curzon could have been induced to realise the magnitude of the stake at issue and the crucial importance of dealing with the critical condition of the Army. The Secretary for India writes that, although the Viceroy has declared his willingness to consider any reasonable reform or readjustment, it could be wished that he had intimated what reforms or readjustments he thought possible. It seems somewhat strange that Lord Curzon, who during his recent six months' sojourn in England must have had frequent interviews with the Committee for Imperial Defence, and who, through almost daily discussions, must have known with accuracy the mind of the Cabinet, should have returned to India so completely out of touch with the views of the Home Government.

Lord Curzon is more than a great Viceroy: he combines the distinctive excellences of several of the greatest of his predecessors, all of whose careers his own brilliant record must necessarily overshadow. To the power of initiative of Lord Lytton, to the discretion and discernment of Lord Dufferin, and to the masterful diplomacy, bred in the bone, of Lord Lansdowne, he adds the fire of his own unique genius. His great qualities themselves go far to explain the somewhat impatient spirit in which he approaches questions of military interest. It might be too much to say that Lord Curzon has something of the old-fashioned civilian's way of appraising the judgment of military men very cheaply, but certain of his arguments have been frankly and not unfairly characterised by Lord Kitchener as justifiable "only on the assumption that military officers, however carefully selected, are incapable of rational or responsible action."

The magnifying of his office by the Viceroy is due to no unworthy personal ambition, but rather to the implicit belief that his absolute supremacy and unrestrained influence is for the good of the vast country over which, in all its racial complexities, he has been called to rule. It is little wonder that a personality so commanding and so fascinating should have hypnotised subordinate officials, or that Lord Curzon should have carried his Council with him through a veritable labyrinth of argument. Notwithstanding recent partisan utterances of the Indian Press, to an unbiassed public opinion the Viceroy's arguments will seem

less infallible. Believing that the workableness of a system depends chiefly on the goodwill of the workers, and feeling bound to assume that goodwill on the part of all engaged in the task of Indian Administration, the nation will take it for granted that the new system will, after all, prove both "workable" and successful. That "the military control of the Governor-General in Council" can be in any respect diminished—still less "imperilled"—by a measure which simplifies the procedure under which that control is exercised will be regarded as a paradox; while the assertion that the new system "imposes a heavy burden upon the Viceroy, while depriving him of indispensable advice," will be perceived to be wholly unsupported either by proof or by probability.

Lord Kitchener has secured his main point—that the Commander-in-Chief's requirements should in future be criticised (however severely) and if necessary disallowed (however ruthlessly) after and not before they have been considered by the Viceroy in Council. Henceforth he is free to conduct his own business; he goes straight to the Viceroy; his military proposals are not to be "minuted" on by young officers or shelved by a rival Department; while the fullest powers are reserved to the Viceroy.

Lord Kitchener has no reason to be dissatisfied with the outcome of the controversy, although his demands may not have been completely conceded. But Lord Kitchener is essentially one of those great public servants to whom the office, and not the official, is of supreme and final importance. Having recognised, after careful consideration, that the system laid down by the Secretary of State and accepted by the Viceroy is entirely workable, the Commander-in-Chief may be relied on to carry out his newly-defined duties with entire loyalty.

To Lord Kitchener his countrymen owe a debt of gratitude for his unceasing efforts to secure the greatest of British dependencies from the danger of aggression by ensuring the efficiency of its military forces. During the brief time still left him in which to complete his task it is not too much to hope that he will be able so to realise his scheme for strengthening the defence of India, that when his term of office expires she will be in a position, if need be, to speak fearlessly and effectively with her enemy whether within or without the Afghan gate.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

## FIRST LOVE IN POETRY.

THE aphorism "Love is Life," is regarded by many persons as a truism, yet paradoxically the only organisms exempt from mortality are the lowly, loveless Protozoa. These sexless, unicellular creatures reproduce by dividing, and the living products, which contain portions of the original organism, are, in course of time, also capable of reproduction. In this respect, the Protozoa are immortal, but in higher, multicellular organisms, the cells disintegrate, and death—the inexorable penalty exacted of development—follows. Yet in the breeding season, the higher organisms are capable of producing protozoa-like cells which, under certain circumstances, develop into beings, similar to the producing organisms. Here it would seem that "Love is Life"; but the consummation of love and courtship of mayflies, certain locusts, spiders and butterflies is speedily followed by the death of the passionate lovers, or as Fiona McLeod tells us, "all true passion is in love with death."

Among certain spiders, love is as Ovid described it,—"militiae species," for unless the male is wary as well as amorous, he is sure to be eaten by his enormous sweetheart. The love and courtship of all animals is fortunately not a similarly perilous business, but in all organisms love is characterised by marked physiological changes. Russel Wallace sees in the gay-adorning of animals and birds at the breeding season "a surplus of vitality"; many biologists regard it as the result of pathological changes, as evidenced by the higher temperature of the blood at the breeding season; even the fierce amatory tendencies of the gaudy stickleback, who builds his nest of the mucus he exudes, have been traced to pathological changes in his organism.

Dr. G. H. Savage, for so many years Superintendent of Bethlehem Royal Hospital, in his classical work on "Insanity," says :—

Love (in the more spiritual sense) has a powerful exercise in stimulating to bodily and mental action. Desire is one of the strongest of animal passions. The wild animal, such as a stag, which is docile or timid to a degree, will, when that *causa teterrima belli*, love, enters in, become a furious and dangerous antagonist. Education and the restrictions of society have done much to repress the appearances of emotion, and have controlled most markedly the exhibition of sexual longing. But the root of the evil lies deeper, and as soon as self-control is lost, one sees the

passions manifested in all their naked truth. Love under these circumstances will have to be looked upon as one of the causes and also of the symptoms of mental disorder.

It would thus seem that, whilst marked physiological changes occur in animals at the courting season, similar, although less apparent changes take place in young men and maidens. The manifestations of these changes are mainly psychological, the most noticeable perhaps being "the madness of love." It would be unwise to push this idea too far, even though the late Laureate tells us that a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love at the time when the pathological changes in the dove have resulted in his putting on a "lovelier iris."

When Tennyson wrote :—

Love will come but once a life,  
After loves of maids and men  
Are but dainties drest again.

and La Bruyère asserted "On n'aime véritablement qu'une fois; ce n'est que la première fois," they were referring to the tumultuous and passionate love of youth, with its arrogant hopefulness, its abandonment, its instability, its madness, and its melancholy—in other words, to an abnormal mental condition resulting from the psychological changes to which we have referred. When a man's bones and character are set, his actions are, as a rule, predicable, but it is impossible to foretell the actions of mercurial youth; and it is to the element of uncertainty in the "first loves" of poetry that so much of their interest and charm is due. There is, usually, more of the "ape and tiger" in man than in woman, as Byron has shown in the first love of Don Juan—a healthy, passionate, ill-trained youth, who, before circumstances and opportunity urged him on his wild career, may fairly be regarded as "an average young man of the upper classes." The inevitable consequence of being a young man is to fall in love, and Don Juan very early demonstrated that he had no intention of proving the rule by being the exception. "He thought about himself, about the stars and the action of the sky; he pored upon leaves and flowers; he heard a voice in all the winds; he missed the pathway, he forgot the hours; he lost his dinner; he longed for a bosom whereon to lay his head, and he took long, lonely walks"—all of which is evidence that he was either very deeply in love or insane or, more probably, both insane and in love. With Donna Julia, the object of his affection, we have no concern, for her *liaison* with Don Juan was not, unfortunately, her first experience of *la grande passion*. It is with first love, only, that

we propose to deal, and, up to the present, Don Juan has travelled the road that is familiar to all young men; but, unlike many young men who have not "turned to metaphysics," Don Juan (presumably because of his dabbling in the subject) was not proof against "the devil in the yellow moon," and "the soft hand laid on his, which only meant to clasp his fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze," but which he "thanked with a grateful kiss," or against—but Byron's own words cannot be bettered:—"I can't go on; I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun." Such is the "first love" of a typical young man, according to Byron, who sums up its delights by saying:—

But sweeter still . . . than all,  
Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;  
The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd; all's known—  
And life yields nothing further to recall,  
Worthy of this ambrosial sin.

In spite of this panegyric, there is nothing in Don Juan's first love that raises it above the mating-orgies of a spider or the passionate desire of an ape. It is animalism without a factor of restraining ratiocination. In Juan's second love adventure Byron introduces us to the dark-eyed, white-browed Haidée, with

sweet lips, that make us sigh  
Ever to have seen such,—

a child of nature whose crime and fate it was to love once and only—the dissolute Don Juan. She was constitutionally and racially of a passionate temperament and—whatever else may be said of her—she was first and always a typical woman, a "ministering angel," tender-hearted, pitying, unselfish, devoted. Before love entered her heart, she gazed on the half-clad, shipwrecked Juan, and "stripped herself of her sables and petticoat" to wrap him in, and in the morning "bent with hushed lips" over him "like to an angel o'er the dying, who die in righteousness." The transition from pity to love was inevitable:—

Juan seem'd  
To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,  
Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,  
A something to be loved, a creature meant  
To be her happiness.

And there followed, of course,

A long, long kiss of youth, and love,  
And beauty.



In short :—

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
 And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,  
 Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
 If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion.

A condition of delirious bliss such as this could not possibly last long; and the discovery of the clandestine love by Haidée's father, the night attack, the capture of Juan and the collapse of Haidée herself, followed each other with startling rapidity. "A vein had burst," and while pining away "the tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded brim"; "her sweet lips' pure dyes were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er," and she died, a victim to her "first love." Byron says :—

If she lov'd rashly her life paid for wrong—  
 A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
 In some shape; let none think to fly the danger  
 For soon or late, Love is his own avenger.

The love of Haidée—passionate, fierce, irresistible—was always purer than Juan's. Haidée loved Love. To her, Love was existence; to Juan, intensely devoted to himself, Love meant merely personal gratification.

In "Elaine"—the fair, the lovable—Tennyson describes the first love of a woman who in many respects resembled Haidée. Both women were beautiful, passionate, devoted, and in both there was a contemptuous disregard for conventionalities. The passionate abandonment of Haidée may be accounted for on the grounds of race and climate, but the wilfulness and infatuation of "Elaine," although noticed by her father, do not seem to have been regarded by him with apprehension. It was to Lancelot, the handsome lover of Queen Guinevere, that the current of her being set, and when she had seen him but once,

She loved him with that love that was her doom.

And all night long his face before her lived,  
 As when a painter, poring on a face,  
 Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
 Behind it . . . .

So the face before her lived,  
 Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full  
 Of noble things.

But the love of the "lily maid of Astolat" was misplaced, and although at the tournament Lancelot wore her "sleeve of scarlet

upon his helm," his heart belonged to Guinevere alone. When taunted with her love for him, Elaine replied in the beautifully pathetic words:—

I know not if I know what true love is;  
But if I know, then if I love not him  
I know there is none other I can love.

This is the language not of passionate desire but of deep, divine love. Hope had not then been frozen in her heart. In the frenzy of her first love she believed that Lancelot was experiencing emotions similar to her own, and that, eventually, her love must be reciprocated. When her father, because of her persistency and wilfulness, permitted her to seek out Lancelot, who had been wounded at the tournament, she went forth happily, even though there echoed in her heart the words "Being so very wilful you must die." The appearance of the wounded knight, "unsleek, unshorn, gaunt as a skeleton," forced from her "a little tender dolorous cry"; and when his large black eyes dwelt upon her:—

all her heart's sad secret blazed itself  
In the heart's colours on her simple face.

"Being so wilful," nothing would deter her from nursing Lancelot.

And never woman yet, since man's first fall,  
Did kindlier unto man.

and Lancelot

. . . loved her with all love, except the love  
Of man and woman, when they love their best  
Closest and sweetest.

It was, unfortunately, for this close, sweet love that Elaine yearned:—

He will not love me : how then ? must I die ?  
And now to right she turn'd, and now to left,  
And found no ease in turning or in rest ;  
And "Him or death," she mutter'd, "death or him."

Hope had been slowly leaving "the lily maid," but instead of her love succumbing, it was intensified and the characteristics of her abnormal disposition became more evident. When Lancelot returned to Astolat, he desired to recompense Elaine in some way for her services to him, and when pressed to disclose her wish,

suddenly and passionately she spoke  
"I have gone mad. I love you : let me die."

The mantle of reserve and restraint, woven by education and conventionality, which had partly concealed the tempestuousness of her temperament, suddenly slipped from her.

"Your love," she said, "your love—to be your wife."

"No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,  
But to be with you still, to see your face,  
To serve you and to follow you thro' the world."

But "faith unfaithful kept him falsely true," and Lancelot replied :

"Nay, noble maid . . . .  
This is not love : but love's first flash . . . .  
Most common . . . .  
And you yourself will smile at your own self  
Hereafter . . . ."

The love of Elaine, however, like the love of Juliet, was too strong for life to be tolerable when hope of love's reciprocation was impossible.

"Death, like a friend's voice from a distant field  
Approaching thro' the darkness, call'd,"

and the grim command Elaine was ready to obey.

"I fain would follow love, if that could be;  
I needs must follow death, who calls for me;  
Call and I follow, I follow ! let me die."

While she lay dying she wrote a letter to Lancelot, bidding her father clasp it in her hand when she were dead, to place her on her bed and "deck it like the Queen's for richness," and so take her on a barge to King Arthur's Court. Sad was the scene when the letter was opened by the King.

"Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,"

such were the words,

"I loved you and my love had no return,  
And therefore my true love has been my death.  
Pray for my soul."

What comfort could it be to the dead maiden to know

her love

Was but the flash of youth, would darken down  
To rise hereafter in a stiller flame?

And yet this mad flash of youthful love, unless it passes into a steady flame, seems inevitably associated with tragedy.

In "Maud," Tennyson portrays a lover who is the direct antithesis of Don Juan. Both men are passionate, but the lover of Maud is highly cultured, sensitive, neurotic, often morbid. His passion has been chastened by suffering; his desires have been curbed by long wrestling with the subtle forces of mind and matter. The acid of scepticism has eaten into his soul; he distrusts all men, and is suspicious of all things above and everything on the earth below. "I have neither hope nor trust," he says, and, again, "However we brave it out, we men are a little breed." Just as coming events are said to cast their shadows before them, so he feels, rather than realises, that love's tentacles are being put forth to envelop him in their embrace, and he cries out, defiant in his weakness,

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness  
of love.

In one of Austin Dobson's poems we are told:—

Love comes unseen, we only see him go;

and unseen, yet irresistible, Love came into the heart of this Sceptic, borne on "the beautiful voice of Maud." Against its eloquent influence he struggles, fiercely, pitifully, and vainly:—

For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet in the meadow grass, and adore  
Not her who is neither courtly nor kind  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

Insidiously Love wrestles with the Sceptic.

What if, with her sunny hair  
And smile as sunny as cold,  
She meant to weave me a snare?

is quickly followed by,

For what was it else within me wrought  
But, I fear, the new strong wine of love  
That made my tongue so stammer and trip?

Love has here no easy task; an arrow from Cupid's bow, a glance from a melting eye, a tender smile may bring down the average young man to the feet of a woman, but the character and training of the Sceptic enable him to battle, cunningly, against the

unseen god. "Sick, sick to the heart of life am I," he sighs amid his strugglings; but sighs avail him little. Love, the refiner, has come to sublimate from his heart all that was base and evil, and to leave behind, freed from all impurities, only the goodness within it.

Love never wrung a confession from Don Juan like to this:—

And, ah, for a man to arise in me  
That the man I am may cease to be,

or to this:—

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be,  
Has not his sister smiled on me?

Love, he confesses, has made "his life like a perfumed flame," and he cries in a very ecstasy,

It seems that I am happy, that to me  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea.

He is, in fact, as happy as such a man could possibly be. Incredulous of everything, he distrusts himself; he will go no further than admit "It *seems* that I am happy." Even when Maud confesses her love for him, there is a discordant note in his pæan of joy:—

My bride to be, my evermore delight,  
My own heart's heart, my ownest own, farewell;  
It is but for a little time I go . . . .  
Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell,  
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe  
That seems to draw . . . .

In spite of his distrust and morbid misgivings, Love eliminates one after the other his cultivated and cherished dislikes. "So now I have sworn to bury hate," comes freely, not grudgingly, from his lips, and, if Fate or circumstances had been kindlier, he would, doubtless, have developed into a perfect lover; but the common denominator of the majority of "first passionate loves" seems to be the happening of the unexpected. In the very garden where the hearts of these two lovers had rushed together, a tragedy occurs; a blow requires a life, and Maud raises "a passionate cry for a brother's blood." The golden bowl of Love is broken, and the Sceptic, lonely but no longer sceptical, nor altogether miserable, finds consolation in re-living his may-fly love in memory:—

It was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight  
To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair.

And, at last, through his sufferings, through the failing of his luckless love, he realises the wisdom of being in harmony with, rather than struggling against, the Inevitable :—

I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assign'd.

In Mr. Swinburne's poetry, early love obtains a considerable amount of attention. The physical beauty of women and the delights of sensuous love are depicted in words whose richness and mellifluous combinations dazzle the eye and intoxicate the ear, even when they do not convince the mind. The delirious pleasures of desire, the blissful coma of satiety, the charms of passionate possession are sung in sweet and scintillating or fierce and diamond-pointed rhythms—a diapason of word-music that holds the ear entranced. But a minor chord of regret, often of despair, always obtrudes itself in the melody, and it is this minor chord that lingers in the mind when the melody is forgotten.

“Love dies” is the burthen of the songs, whether it be the love of youth or mature manhood.

I remember the way we parted,  
The day and the way we met;  
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,  
And knew we should both forget.

and

No diver brings up love again  
Once dropped.

This idea is also gracefully expressed by Matthew Arnold :—

They must love—while they must : but the hearts  
that love longer  
Are rare : ah ! most loves but flow once, and return.

In the following lines, too, Mr. Swinburne expresses the idea of Tennyson :—“Love can come but once a life”—

And now the time is winterly  
The first love fades too; none will see  
When April warms the world anew,  
The place wherein love grew.

Here is a verse pregnant with despair :—

Ah, God, that love were as a flower or flame,  
That life were as the naming of a name,  
That death were not more pitiful than desire,  
That these things were not one thing and the same!

Of passionate love he says :—

Love can but last in us here at his height  
But a day and a night.

and,

Ah, Love, there is no better life than this  
To have known love, how bitter a thing it is  
And afterwards be cast out of God's sight,  
Yea, these that know not, shall they have such bliss?

For till the thunder in the trumpet be  
Soul may divide from body, but not we  
One from another.

and yet,

As the Cross that a wild nun clasps till the edge of it bruises her bosom,  
So love wounds as we grasp it and blackens and burns as a flame.

This passionate "burning," "bitter," "blackening" love has,  
however, its compensations, according to Mr. Swinburne.

Ah, one thing worth beginning  
One thread in life worth spinning,  
Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning  
With all the whole soul's will;

To lull you till one stilled you,  
To kiss you till one killed you,  
To feed you till one filled you,  
Sweet lips, if love could fill.

To say of shame—what is it?  
Of virtue we can miss it,  
Of sin—we can but kiss it,  
And it's no longer sin.

But in spite of all this very sensuous gratification, there is a fly  
in the amber.

Remembrance may recover  
And time bring back to time  
The name of your first lover,  
The ring of my first rhyme;  
But rose-leaves of December,  
The frost of June will fret  
The day that you remember  
The day that I forget.

and

O, Love! what shall be said of thee?  
The son of grief begot of joy?

Sad, although haunting in their sweetness, are the lines :—

Life treads down love in flying,  
 Time withers him at root;  
 Bring all dead things and dying,  
 Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,  
 Where, crushed with three days' pleasure,  
 Our three days' love lies slain;  
 And earlier leaf of pleasure  
 And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes,  
 It may be flame will leap;

Light love's extinguished ember,  
 Let one tear leave it wet,  
 For one that you remember  
 And ten that you forget.

Full of regret, too, are the lines—

One love grows green when one turns grey,  
 This year knows nothing of last year.

A more normal tone pervades "The Triumph of Time," and the idea of Mr. Swinburne in this poem meets, although only to cross, the main idea in the love-poems of Browning, Tennyson, and E. B. Browning.

In the change of years, in the coil of things,  
 In the clamour and rumour of life to be,  
 We, drinking love at the furthest springs  
 Covered with love as a covering tree,  
 We had grown as Gods, as the Gods above,  
 Filled from the heart to the lips with love,  
 Held fast in his hands, clothed warm with his wings,  
 O love, my love, had you loved but me!

And come what may after death to men  
 What thing worth this will the dead years breed?  
 Lose life, lose all; but at last I know,  
 O sweet life's love, having loved you so  
 Had I reached you on earth, I should lose not again  
 In death nor in life, nor in dreams or deed.

Longfellow who tells us :—

All things delight in youth and love  
 The fulness of their first delight

analyses, in the "Courtship of Miles Standish," two very uncommon specimens of lovers. The bombastic and impetuous,



although honest and intrepid widower, Miles Standish, had realised for the second time that "it is not well for man to live alone." He often thought, in spite of the fact that "his russet beard was already flecked with patches of snow," that the young Puritan maiden, Priscilla—"patient, courageous and strong"—held in his desolate life the place which Rose Standish, "the beautiful rose of love," had abandoned. By the irony of fate his friend, John Alden, a "comely and youthful scribe," was also in love with Priscilla. In the marrow of his bones was the stern stoicism of Puritanism; love was to him a sweet and almost sinful illusion—a luxury that savoured of Paganism, whilst the claims of friendship were inexorable. His anthropomorphic God, severe, cruel, relentless, was ever before his eyes; and when Miles Standish besought him "in the sacred name of friendship" to plead his cause with Priscilla, he saw in the request, the avenging hand of his petulant Deity.

This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,  
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,  
 Worshipping Ashtaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.  
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution.

When all allowances are made for the exactions of early Puritanism, it is impossible to regard John Alden without feelings very much akin to pity and contempt. Even in lowly organisms, love has a stimulating influence; they adorn themselves in beauty; their courtships are often characterised by elaborate gambollings and protracted gallantries; the bull seal will fight to the death rather than allow one of his mates to be removed from his small courting-plot; the asp will remain for days on the spot where his mate was killed; yet John Alden in the flush of his early love for Priscilla found the demands of friendship stronger than his professed affection for his lady! There was, indeed, an unwarrantable lack of passion in the whimpering "scribe" which Priscilla, a healthy woman as well as a sincere Puritan, detected and pityingly despised.

As soon as John Alden commenced to plead the cause of Miles Standish, she replied, in words becoming a simple, loving woman, rather than an austere Puritan maiden:—

That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.  
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,  
 Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another  
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,  
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman  
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,  
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

And then, in a tremulous voice, she said meekly, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

She might have added, "Take a lesson from Nature, John. Love is of no value to a woman, unless it fires the lover with an irresistible desire for possession." John, however, "paced up and down the sands and bared his head to the east wind"; he thought of "David's transgression," and balanced in his mind "Love triumphant and crowned and friendship wounded and bleeding." On hearing of his refusal by Priscilla, Miles Standish acted in his characteristically impetuous manner; he cursed John Alden and, forthwith, set sail, to wage war against the Indians, leaving John to "join in the morning prayer and in the reading of Scripture." Was ever a more lugubrious lover? Even after deciding to sail in the *Mayflower*, and "with one foot placed on the gunwale of the boat," John was unable to get his other foot into the vessel. He gazed above and saw "a snow-white cloud that seemed to point and beckon over the ocean"; then he glanced at Priscilla—"fixed were her eyes upon him . . . so reproachful, imploring," that he ranted out "Float O hand of cloud and vanish away in the ether . . . I heed not either your warning or menace . . . here for her sake will I stay, and, like an invisible presence, hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness," and so on *ad nauseam*. Five minutes later he gratuitously insulted Priscilla by telling her that women are like—

beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden  
More like the river Euphrates through deserts of Havilah flowing  
Filling the land with delight.

During the ensuing months, "urged by the fervour of love and withheld by remorseful misgivings," the courtship advanced very slowly. "Ever of her he thought, when he read in the Bible on Sunday, praise of the virtuous woman as she is described in the Proverbs," and he would sit by Priscilla's spinning-wheel and tell her:—

You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.  
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,  
Ever was spinning a thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.

Generalisation in matters relating to love is always distasteful to a woman; she prefers her lover to be a specialist, and John Alden's inclination to generalise did not please Priscilla, who merely desired to be all-in-all to the poetical scribe. John, however, seemed to enjoy his prosaic courtship, for when he held the skein of wool "sillily, awkwardly, with his hands extended

before him," and Priscilla wound "the thread from his fingers," their hands would sometimes touch and there were "electrical thrills through every nerve in his body." And this prolix clap-trap passes as love! A pigeon will woo his mate more ardently, more naturally, and more interestingly than did this milk-and-water scribe his Puritan damsel. In course of time "their lives that had run thus far in separate channels, rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other." Miles Standish returned melodramatically on the wedding day, forgiveness was mutual, and John Alden and Priscilla, whom the poet likens to Rebekah and Isaac, commenced what must have proved a very colourless existence in double harness.

Unfortunately, the picture of John Alden is untrue to nature. He is invertebrate and superstitious; his affection for Priscilla is the affection of an artist for a picture, or a poet for a tuneful verse; it is not sufficiently passionate or virile or egotistic to be love.

In the poems of Robert Browning there is a healthier tone, although the lovers are more complex than John Alden. Everywhere there is evidence of the poet's clear and comprehensive view of life. Physical love is not sneered at, nor is undue importance attached to its psychical or spiritual side. Because man is an animal, love, especially first love, must be passionate, irresistible; and because man is more than a brute, there must result from love something more enduring than the *ennui* of gratified passion. "I love once as I live but once," says Norbert, and again:—

Give my love its way;  
A man can have but one life and one death  
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfil my fate—  
Grant me my heaven now! . . .  
Hold you and have you and then die away,  
If God please, with completion in my soul.

Completion, indeed, would seem to be one of the most important ends of love according to Browning.

With yon trembling star  
We seem to pant and reach; scarce ought between  
The earth that rises and the heaven that bends;  
All nature self-abandoned; every tree  
Flung as it will, pursuing its own thought  
And fixed so; every flower and every weed,  
No pride, no shame, no victory, no defeat;  
All under God, each measured by itself.

See God's approval in His universe;  
Let us do so—aspire to live as these  
In harmony with truth, ourselves being true.

Love implies not merely the gratification of desires, but struggling, abnegation and suffering; otherwise its goal will not be completion. The negative of this is emphasised in the lines :—

Each life unfulfilled, you see :  
It hangs still patchy and scrappy,  
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,  
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy;

and the positive in :—

For life, with all it yields of joy and we  
And hope and fear—believe the aged friend—  
Is just our chance o' the prize of learning love  
How love might be, hath been indeed and is.

The idea of "completion" is even more definitely asserted in the following passage :—

See what love can do,  
Shown in my life—what work will spring from that.  
The world is used to have its business done  
On other grounds; find great effects produced  
For power's sake, fame's sake, motives in men's mouths  
So, good; but let my low ground shame their high!  
Truth is the strong thing! Let man's life be true!  
And love's the truth of mine. Time prove the rest.  
I choose to wear you stamped all over me,  
Your name upon my forehead and my breast;  
You, from the sword's blade to the ribbon's edge  
That men may see, all over, you in me—  
That pale loves may die out of their pretence  
In face of mine.

Browning claims even more for love than its stimulating effect towards completion :—

Because thou once hast loved me—wilt thou dare  
Say to thy soul and who may list beside  
"Therefore she is immortally my bride,  
Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair!"

This idea of the continuance of love after death is hinted at in "Evelyn Hope."

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while.  
My heart seemed full as it could hold.  
So hush—I will give you this leaf to keep  
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand!  
There, that is our secret: go to sleep!  
You will wake, and remember, and understand!

In some of his poems Browning's fancy takes flight to regions whither it is hard to follow, and there are few youths in the first

madness of their idolatry for their beloveds, who would pause to reflect that:—

love which on earth, amid all the shows of it  
Has ever been the sole good of life in it;  
The love, ever growing there, spite of the strife in it  
Shall arise made perfect, from death's repose of it  
And I shall behold Thee, face to face  
O God, and in Thy light retrace  
How in all I loved here, still wast Thou.

These are not the words of first and early love, but of a man whose years are behind him, who has sorrowed and suffered and—loved.

It would seem that Tennyson and La Bruyère are right. Love in early youth—passionate, fierce, irresponsible love—can come but once a life. It is, in fact, an indication of deviation from the normal healthy mental condition. Unless such love passes into a “steady flame,” its fate is almost inevitably tragic or, as in Berkeley's case, grotesque. Perhaps it would be well for everyone if first love came to such a happy termination as did Berkeley's in “Hyperion.”

“I was once as desperately in love,” he says to his rejected friend, “as you are now, and went through all the

Delicious deaths, soft exhalations  
Of soul: dear and divine annihilations,  
A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys and rarefied delights.

“I adored and was rejected. ‘You are in love with certain attributes,’ said the lady. ‘Damn your attributes, madam,’ said I, ‘I know nothing about attributes.’ ‘Sir,’ said she, with dignity, ‘you have been drinking.’ So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. . . . How glad I am she did not marry me!”

If the truth were known the pleasantest feature of first love would prove to be its memory. It must be an exquisite sensation to see the image of the woman one first loved appear in the purple smoke of the nocturnal pipe; to re-live in fancy “the days that are no more,” and to be able to thank Fate that things are as they are.

CHARLES J. NORRIS.

## MODERN OFFICERS.

OF the many tough problems that face the British Army in the near future, that of the adequate provision of its officers threatens to become more and more difficult of solution. It has been said quite recently by a distinguished officer that we shall soon find it easier to recruit the rank and file than our officers. Some foretaste of what may be expected may be gathered from what has already occurred. For some time past a very definite dearth has been made manifest in two notable branches of the Service, and the fact is the more remarkable in that it entirely upsets all previous experience. Till quite lately military aspirants were forthcoming, and in any quantity, without the asking. The competitors for entrance were always far in excess of the number of vacancies. Drawbacks and disabilities counted as nothing against the glamour of the King's uniform and the prospect of an adventurous career. Honour and glory, a certain social consideration, and a pleasant life in the long intervals of serious business, more than compensated for protracted exile, the risk of lethal climates, and gunshot wounds. Now the situation is changing rapidly. The hitherto unstinted supply of officers has been very appreciably checked; temporary shifts are being applied, and may mend matters for a time, but the evil is seemingly deep-seated, and there is strong reason to believe that the popularity of the Army as an opening for youths of the gentle and upper middle-classes is on the wane. The Army is, in fact, in a state of transition as regards officering it, and steps calculated to put things on a better footing are essential. We must take stock of existing arrangements, correct them where they are faulty, revise our methods offering better inducements, and in future avoid the causes that have produced the present tendency to hold aloof from the military Service.

It will be both interesting and instructive to ascertain how things have come to this pass. Two principal causes have combined to bring the Army into disfavour as a profession: one is the long course of depreciation and detraction to which officers have been subjected for some years past; the second is the absence of sufficient stimulus and the barrenness of adequate reward. The first has rankled deep in the minds of gallant men who have been at all times lavish of their best—their reputations, honour, lives—who have laboured steadfastly and with whole-souled devotion against all odds, ever exposed to deadly perils in the

performance of the most arduous and dangerous tasks, and have been too often ill requited or misappreciated, or even roundly condemned. The second, the poor guerdon, the miserable pittance, doled out with niggardly hand by an ungrateful country, has at last evoked the indignant protests of those who repudiate the miserly recognition of trying and irksome service. Soldiering is "not good enough," if I may use the common phrase.

We have been slow to realise how serious an injury was done to the Army by the hard measure meted out to our officers at the time of the South African War. No doubt, at that epoch of supreme stress and strain, when fierce anxiety and many grievous disappointments stirred the nation to its depths, condemnatory criticism rose quickly to the tongue. A scapegoat was demanded, and sins were visited at once on the nearest at hand. But the burthen was excessive and most unfairly imposed. The echoes of those stinging censures, too hastily deduced from imperfect knowledge and shouted from the house-tops with incessant vituperative clamour, are still ringing in our ears. We cannot readily forget the hard words, the cruel phrases, the harsh depreciatory judgments passed freely and continually upon the sorely-tried victims to adverse circumstance, largely the playthings of untoward conditions they did not create and were too often powerless to control. The whole character and quality of British officers were impugned. They were "stupid," their mental calibre was deplorable; their men were lions led by asses; they had no brains to start with, and were at no pains to cultivate their halting intelligence. Their shortcomings and failures were constantly denounced. They never took their profession "seriously"; they knew nothing of their business, and were at no pains to acquire the smallest smattering of military science. Their tastes and predilections, their chief object in life, their chosen employments, all lay towards frivolity and self-indulgence; sport stood first with them, then playing of games, philandering, social enjoyment. This distorted picture, so grossly exaggerated and over-coloured, painted by malevolent and unfriendly hands, long passed current as a faithful presentment of the British officer. It still survives in the minds of many prejudiced observers, and, as I have said, the damaging results have not been, and will not be easily or quickly, removed. We have here, in truth, a fruitful source of the unpopularity of the Army. We can understand why young men cease to be attracted by it; why older men actually serving in it are constantly desirous of leaving it, and the number of resignations continually increases; why parents are less and less disposed to encourage or permit their sons to join a profession which has been so unjustly decried.

The formidable indictment laid against our officers was never supported really by trustworthy evidence. Yet its effect was highly mischievous, and the evil still lingers. It is never easy to catch up and repel calumny when it has the start; mud thrown recklessly will stick, and the surface below seldom regains its pristine purity. Yet a categorical denial can be given to the worst charges; they can be and have been disproved up to the hilt. It will be well to take the most important *seriatim*, and dispose of them one by one. How far was the epithet "stupid" justified, how far is it right to characterise their mental calibre as low? How far can they be accused of despising and neglecting their own special business, and of taking no interest in any forms of general intellectual culture? It may be asserted unhesitatingly that the average standard of intelligence is as high among military officers as in any other class of educated English gentlemen. *Pace* the prigs and professors inclined to overrate their academic and pedantic standards, the Army can show many who have come to the front in varied lines of knowledge. An officer lately deceased, Colonel Leonard Irby, was one of the first authorities on British ornithology. Another, Captain Day, who lost his life in South Africa, had made a profound study of Oriental music. Officers have won laurels in literature as historians, romancists, playwrights; they have exhibited on the line at the Academy; they have been distinguished in scientific pursuits, and made their mark in the higher finance. It is a gross libel to call them ignorant and careless of their own professional work, to say that they neglect the study of strategy and tactics, and have shown neither knowledge nor aptitude in applying them in the field. There may not have been many von Moltkes on the veldt: great strategists are not wanted in the lesser walks of leadership: but numbers of officers, especially in the lower ranks, proved themselves sound tacticians, and we have the authority of the late Colonel Henderson—and no better could be adduced—in support thereof. In his preface to the book recording Count Sternberg's experiences of the Boer War he bears witness to the quick insight of company commanders into the new tactical lessons dependent on improved weapons, and the ready skill with which men were handled in widely extended formations over great areas.

Other failings—some accounted inherent, others the growth of faulty training and wrong ideals—are very incorrectly laid at the door of our officers. It is said they display a certain flabbiness of tone leading to hesitation in action, a want of decision and reluctance to accept responsibility in grave or suddenly-arisen situations of great moment. No doubt, to dry-nurse subordinates overmuch, to keep them too tightly in leading-strings, is rather



characteristic of our military methods, but it is contended that the younger officers were ready enough to cut themselves adrift and act in an emergency "on their own." Where they hung back it was to be traced to the system and not to personal defect. After all, seniors who have much at stake may be excused if they are more cautious and circumspect than the more reckless and self-sufficient youngster who has not yet tasted failure. A defect much emphasised was a lack of the fighting instinct, but this was surely a wild shot that went very wide of the mark. To be backward in coming to close quarters with an enemy has never been characteristic of British officers, men proverbially "spoiling for a scrap," and their eagerness to engage more often passes into a fault from over-rashness. They belong by every tradition to the "come on" rather than the "go on" school, and their unhesitating readiness to take up the rôle of leader has produced followers never surpassed in the records of war.

The frank acknowledgment of the injustice done to our officers, and their tardy rehabilitation in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, may go far towards restoring popularity in the Army. The second cause of abstention is more potent and less readily removable, nor is there much hope that the authorities admit the necessity for applying a remedy. Everyone knows that the bait held up is ludicrously inadequate, and that the date cannot be far distant when the returns made for services rendered, the payment in cash and kind, the rewards immediate and prospective of the military career, must undergo radical and complete change. Some day, soon, officers will refuse to come forward unless they are offered something nearer the market price of their service. At present their pay is the merest pittance; "less than what I give my butler," said Lord Wolseley, with indignant sympathy for his ill-used comrades. The present rates are a miracle of meanness. It almost passes belief, and is yet an incontrovertible fact, that they are exactly the same as in the days of Queen Anne. It is bad enough in the junior grades, where a few shillings per diem is the meagre allowance to cover unavoidable outlay upon costly uniform and the keeping up of appearances; but as an officer grows in rank and years, when possibly he has married and given hostages to fortune, he finds himself really on a starvation wage, although his contemporaries in other lines have mostly got themselves into good positions and substantial means of livelihood. The colonel of a battalion and officers in posts analogous are in receipt of less than £400 a year, and even a major-general's command is worth little more than twice as much to him. The moderately successful barrister or doctor, the

stockbroker, the financier of sorts, the *littérateur* or artist who has made even a small mark, is much better off than the veteran soldier of five-and-twenty years' campaigning service. A mistaken notion prevails that the officer is poor because he is extravagant and wasteful, and we perpetually hear of fresh demands for stringent sumptuary laws directed against these sybarites leading luxurious lives, dispensing lavish hospitalities at mess-table in the intervals of unlimited polo and cricket. Erroneous ideas once strongly held are often strangely tenacious with us, and people who have got it into their heads that military messes are centres of prodigal expenditure (although they are, as a rule, wisely and economically governed), are too slow to believe that the cost of daily maintenance in an average British regiment compares favourably with that of any body of young men at the university, on King's ships, or in City life. The rate may be higher in the cavalry, where officers with very considerable means are constantly to be met with, but orders are orders, and excessive expenditure is steadfastly tabooed. So far from increasing outlay, the congregate existence of the mess on co-operative principles makes distinctly for the lessening of cost.

Whatever benefits may be expected to accrue from the greater consideration in which our officers are held, and the material advantages that may, indeed must, yet be extended to them, it is at least certain that the process of amelioration must be slow. Such as they are they will no doubt continue to be for some time to come, only shedding their imperfections, retaining their best points, developing their finer and more estimable traits. They have many undeniable excellences, and displayed them even when most roundly abused. The deliberate opinions of great soldiers, speaking out of the fulness of knowledge and experience, are quite at variance with the hasty judgments of shallow observers too readily moved to find fault. "The officers of the British regular troops are the finest men in the world," said Lord Wolseley of his comrades, when giving evidence before the War Commission. Lord Roberts, referring more particularly to regimental officers, has said that "so far as my experience of history goes, the general standard of practical knowledge, of devotion to duty, and of readiness under difficulties was at least as high (in ours) as in any army which I have known or of which I have read. A certain percentage of failures in war is inevitable, but among the subordinate regimental officers in South Africa it was extraordinarily small. It was seldom that they displayed any want of initiative, and their knowledge of their duties in the field left little to be desired." We may contrast this generous criticism from a past-master in the art with the complacent sneers of the

prigs and professors who have barely passed the fringe of an abstruse subject. The worst blemishes exhibited by our officers have not been spared by other distinguished soldiers. Lord Kitchener has animadverted upon "the want of serious study of their profession by officers who are, I think, inclined to deal too lightly with military questions of moment." "I think," follows Lord Roberts on the same side, "that the younger officers should take their profession more seriously, and be better able to instruct their men in every detail." Again, Lord Kitchener is anxious "they should be trained to take responsibility. They should be induced to exercise their brains and to strike out ideas for themselves, even at the risk of making mistakes, rather than to stagnate or follow the dull routine which at present affects the officers and moulds them into machines of very limited capacity. The habit of acting on their own initiative should be fostered among officers in every way." Sir Henry Colville saw no reason why our younger men fresh from public schools, spirited, independent, and full of ideas, should not be encouraged to give them free vent, and praised, not blamed, if they ventured to take a line of their own when faced with any sudden and critical situation. It is the best way to prevent them from being puppets with no personal volition, acting only when others pull the strings. Subordinate leaders when being trained, and supposed to be training others in the field, have been too commonly reduced to mere ciphers, incapable of acting for themselves, directing or controlling others in independent movements. "Junior officers," General Baden-Powell insists, "should be made to really command their unit, however small, and be answerable for its efficiency and success. They will thus be able to command in any isolated position or in crises. The large majority of officers are keen enough and intelligent enough, but want to be given a real job by which to make their name and develop their professional interest."

We have here set forth the true ideals our officers should keep in view, and it will be well to consider how far they are being pursued. Everyone who knows them nowadays, who has an opportunity of associating with or becoming intimately acquainted with them and seeing them at work, will have been greatly struck with the marked improvement in them. Good as they always were, they are now infinitely better. A much higher tone prevails throughout the Army; that professional interest so desirable to cultivate has been greatly developed. It has been noticed that they take a much more serious view of life, are more steady and circumspect in conduct. "Ragging," never more than the foolish ebullition of ill-balanced youthful minds, is now a

thing of the past, and was indeed always despised and condemned by the general sense of the Service. All officers are anxious to study the scientific side of their business and give much thought to the military problems of the hour. The old reproach has quite exploded, that "shop" was tabooed at mess and when they were in company—after all a rather venial offence, due greatly to native shyness and a horror of seeming to "pose." They have their views nowadays and can express very sound opinions on intricate and difficult questions, such as recruiting, the defence of India, the value of and the necessity for a great general staff. Officers are eager to gain proficiency in foreign languages, as the long list of those who have qualified as interpreters will prove; and in recondite languages too. Russian has been especially popular, and the facilities recently offered by the War Office for residence in Japan with a view to study have been greedily snapped at. Candidates to compete for entrance to the Staff College constantly increase in number, and the enlarged accommodation provided at Camberley with the newly created Staff College for India is a very much appreciated boon. Something is being done towards providing professional libraries in the camps and out-garrisons, good lecturers are much in request, and the best information eagerly sought upon matters of military moment. Competitions for prize essays always secure large entries; where means permit, continental manœuvres attract many visitors; the tourist agencies book many travellers to make the round of European battlefields, and only expense checks the wider inspection of South Africa and Manchuria. Of a truth the times are greatly changed. The schoolmaster is abroad in the Army: education, theoretical and practical, is ever in full swing and cheerfully acquiesced in; there is little rest from morning till night: the idle and the *fainéant* have no sort of chance, and must expect to be distanced or shelved. It can no longer be said of officers (if it was ever true) that they put off their uniforms and turn their backs on their business after a brief daily sacrifice to the duty they despise, that they learn nothing, practise nothing, are imperfectly trained or not at all. The picture was always a caricature, it would be now a monstrous and absurd misrepresentation.

False opinions long current are tenacious of life, and it may not be easy to correct the old and erroneous impression that has for years obtained of the average British officer. We are apt to conceive of him as a gay, careless butterfly perpetually on the wing between camp and club and social gathering, an empty-headed dandy and a devoted man of pleasure. Upon the surface no doubt it looks as though he were greatly given to play, but we must not forget the old adage, and it is no less true that some

of the hardest workers are the best players. Officers have always been foremost in sports and games—famous cricketers, champion polo players and racket players, fine riders, steeplechase winners, and in the first flight in the hunting field. In no other army in the world could such a number of good horsemen have been turned out as in South Africa to officer the swarms of mounted troops without whom the Boer War would never have been brought to an end. No greater mistake could be made than to discourage and discredit those sporting tastes and love of a free, open-air life that develop the highest qualities of active leadership, quickness of eye, readiness of hand, prompt decision of character; and, despite their detractors, they have exhibited these hitherto, and in no small degree. Common sense we must earnestly hope will continue to approve of those practices which are in their way quite as essential as the constant poring over text-books and the interminable study of theory so persistently recommended by the academic purists, who would make our officers pale-faced, spectacled, round-shouldered pedants who have spent long hours at the desk and in the closet. An estimate passed by one of these upon a very distinguished South African soldier who had done great things in the field may be quoted in point. "So-and-so?" said our critic, who had all the precedents and dry-as-dust facts of military science at his fingers' ends. "Oh, he's a mere leader of men!"

The most hopeful sign for the future in our Army is the general diffusion among our officers of the desire to qualify and show up well in their business. It has characterised all classes of them, although from causes given it is at this present moment weakening and, it is to be feared, upon the wane. Till lately some of the hardest-working and most enthusiastic among them were to be found in the so-called *corps d'élite*. Guardsmen and cavalrymen yield to none in painstaking efforts to improve themselves and acquire knowledge; they freely come forward for service in all parts of the world, and are to be met with in positions of great trust and are qualifying for high command everywhere from the Niger to Gondokoro, disciplining and leading alien races as no other officers have ever done. Nowadays all categories of officers deserve high commendation regimentally. All alike have risen worthily to the new and somewhat irksome demands made upon them by modern ideas. The officer to-day is the chief instructor of his men, as a rule fully competent, well grounded himself and possessing unwearied patience in imparting knowledge. The close relations that grow up between teacher and pupil are forging more and more tightly the bonds between officer and private man.

Very marked progress ahead has been made in the scientific corps, and especially in the Royal Artillery. The garrison gunner has jumped easily into the first place as the representative of armed science. He exhibits the highest military intelligence; his horizon is unlimited; he controls, designs, invents, and in this last there can be no finality; we look to him to choose and recommend the best models for manufacture, to produce the most perfect man-slaying machines. He must be a master of the mechanical arts, a sound mathematician, an expert in "ballistics," an authority on powder, projectiles, explosives. He must be a "live" man, of brilliant parts, who will be called to high functions and has a fine future before him if he manages himself aright. His superior status as an artilleryman is recognised by authority, for he is paid better than his comrades of the mounted branches of artillery, and this increases his importance and raises him in their and his own opinion. He stands first nowadays as the highest type of artilleryman, and we have thus a reversal of the standard of excellence. But the "horse gunner," once the show man, the picked man, the chief glory of "the regiment," has still a magnificent rôle, and, with the steady advance in the weight and range of his weapons, will continue to perform it with all the gallantry and effectiveness of old. He is perhaps actuated with higher ambitions than when most anxious to emulate the finest achievements of cavalry, and we shall hear no more of the old story told against the horse artilleryman who protested that his battery could go anywhere and at any pace "if it wasn't that we had to drag these abominable guns behind us."

The question of staff officers, their selection, training, and organisation, has been much before the public of late, and very conflicting opinions are held upon the best methods of securing good men for this important service. An improvement in quality is deemed necessary, and the need is emphasised on the grounds that the staff system in South Africa was disappointing and left much to be desired. Where it failed most was that it ran short, and that, as in many other directions, the supply could not possibly equal the demand, as was inevitable under the conditions when a comparatively small force was rapidly expanded to nearly ten times its original size. At the outset there were staff officers and enough of the very best description, and it is manifestly unfair to judge the select few by the shortcomings of the ill-trained and imperfect lot of "pick-ups," as they were called, drawn in anyhow from anywhere, to fill the yawning gaps in the huge army so rapidly gathered together. Looking to the future the same failure may be expected, if not to the same extent. A large reserve of educated staff officers should be on hand at the next

great crisis, for a larger quantity of raw material is being passed through the mill. Many more officers trained for the staff will be stored, so to speak, in the regimental cadres, and available, of course, at the expense of the several units; but then, staff duties are commonly, but not always rightly, supposed to have the preference. There were no doubt errors and defects in the latest staff methods, and the want of the ancient branch of the quartermaster-general was seriously felt; but the fault was in the system and not with the individuals, some of whom were undeniably excellent staff officers. It is early days to speak of the changes tentatively introduced for the performance of staff duties—the separation of the higher work of counsel and superior control from the details of administrative routine which is being tried at the principal centres of command—but it is certain that the experiment is in the hands of a body of earnest and intelligent officers who do not intend to let it fail.

A great movement is now on foot, warmly advocated and pushed, which aims at the regeneration of our higher staff and the creation of a great school of generalship, through which the most capable commanders may be evolved, by bringing on the most promising, step by step as their competence is more and more established, until a monopoly is given to the men of brains and approved ability in war. This is on the lines of the great general staff of the Germans, but going beyond them, for, while von Moltke saw his advantage in utilising the services of his general staff to the full as such, it did not furnish all the superior commanders, as is strongly urged upon us. If we carry out the scheme suggested we may establish a higher standard of excellence, but we shall not necessarily secure a galaxy of Napoleons. Tests that are mainly academic will not invariably provide for the survival of the fittest; there is but one supremely satisfactory proof of the rare gift of generalship, and that is its actual tangible demonstration before the enemy.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

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available*



formists. An effective and lasting educational concordat, whatever form it may assume, will not be the work of politicians nor a bargain arranged by wire pullers, but the expression of those fundamental convictions which, forgotten by opportunists and controversialists, still subsist as our common Christian heritage.

An instance of this fundamental unity of sympathy and pre-supposition is supplied by one of the problems which underlie the education question—the vast problem of the relative duties of the State and of the family. There can be little doubt that our English Christendom is confronted with an attack of a most serious description upon the permanence of marriage and the integrity of the family as an institution. Economic and legal influences have already done much to weaken the cohesion of our homes. Impatience of restraint has inspired a crusade against the marriage law. Continental socialists are telling us that the family is an institution inconsistent with their schemes and ideals. Nonconformists, it goes without saying, feel as Churchmen on these points. I am convinced, therefore, that they will feel, as strongly as Churchmen, the need for insisting on the educational rights of parents, when they realise that nationalised education is an experiment in socialism. No family right or responsibility can be deemed more sacred than the duty of the father in the matter of his son's education. Socialism has raised the question of parental authority. Here is a test case.

It is true, of course, that a majority of parents take no effective interest in the religious education of their children, but it is also true that the religious subjects interest them more than any other. If the number who have ideas about religious education is small it must be remembered that, as the Hebrew prophets saw, social regeneration is always through "the remnant." It is, as of old, the small minority who "save the city." The interest which a tenth of the parents take in the higher side of their children's education is, beyond all comparison, our most valuable educational asset. To assert the rights of such parents is not to ignore the rights of the State. No subject must be admitted into the curriculum of a State school which is detrimental to sound education and good citizenship, and no instruction which is not positively conducive to these ends must be charged upon the public purse. We must admit the entire reasonableness of the demand of the Congregationalists that the interests of the State must not be subordinated to those of any denomination. There need be no controversy on any of these points. Let the responsibilities of parents be asserted with the greatest moderation, and with insistence on all reasonable safeguards; but let it also be understood that until they are recognised our education system will be built upon sand, and the religious difficulty will endure.

## II.

It is essential to my purpose that I should state somewhat fully my reasons for dissatisfaction with the type of religious teaching usually given in provided schools. In the first place, Mr. Gladstone was amply justified in describing the claim that it is "undenominational" as a "popular imposture." It is an imposture if only because it conveys the suggestion that such teaching does, if not equal justice, at any rate equal injustice, to the various sections of the community. A moment's consideration will show that it is more unfair to Romanists than to Anglicans, more unfair to the latter than to parents who do not desire their children to receive instruction in religious formularies, and more unfair to Churchmen and Nonconformists than to that large section of the community which is vaguely Christian by profession, and genuinely unsectarian in practice. Perhaps we Churchmen have insisted too much on the second of these inequalities and too little upon the third. We have not been at sufficient pains to make it clear that the most serious objections to the municipalisation of religious teaching are objections which are just as valid for the minds of Nonconformists as they are for our own.

In the second place, I would point out that the character of "undenominational" teaching has changed since 1871. It was then understood that there would be taught in the Board Schools the truths held in common by the Church of England, and the large Nonconformist bodies, and by teachers of the type which then prevailed, a type trained in denominational colleges and in voluntary schools. Such, at any rate, was the compromise agreed upon by Mr. Samuel Morley and Mr. W. H. Smith when the London School Board was formed. Though unfair to Churchmen in certain respects, it went far to secure the religious character of the schools, and, at any rate, saved the principle of definite religious teaching. Not a few Churchmen welcomed the possibility of an alliance with Nonconformists, and as a body, though we strongly protested in Parliament against the Cowper-Temple clause, we determined to make the best of the Act. Such a concordat could not last and has not lasted. It had no safeguards, and the character of the religious instruction given under it was bound to deteriorate as the old traditions gradually died out. The change at a crucial point is described by Dr. Dale and the other signatories of the minority report of the Royal Commission of 1886. "We are told," they wrote, "that there was a time when a considerable number of earnest men and women regarded teaching mainly as a religious work. . . . In our opinion teaching is likely to be regarded less and less as a religious vocation,

and more and more as an ordinary profession." The effect of this change in the character of the teachers was bound to have a profound effect upon the religious teaching given in our Board Schools. The late head-master of Marlborough in his valuable book, *Religious Teaching in Secondary Schools* (p. 13), describes the teacher who takes up his divinity lesson with some uneasiness, and "instinctively takes refuge in Jewish history, geography, scenery, and antiquities." "Such teaching has little to do with religion; it does not stir the heart or affect conduct." Dr. Bell points out that the evil is not diminished but much increased by the ordinary type of religious examination. "Religious teaching is often degraded to the level of unintelligent history teaching." A boy or girl might pass through a three years' course and get full marks on these papers, and have no connected ideas about the personality of Jesus, the special character of His teaching, the purpose of His coming, the broad outlines of His life, &c." (*ib.*, p. 84). Another headmaster, Archdeacon Wilson, has said: "The facts and history are under a few school boards admirably taught; but even this is a happy accident; it cannot be provided for, and it is far from general. Moreover, that is not the same thing as teaching the Christian faith—spirit, faith and religion." (Charge, 1898. *Fargie.*)<sup>1</sup>

The force of these criticisms cannot be appreciated unless it is remembered that in matters of religion a *suppressio veri* is

(1) The aggressively unorthodox tendencies of the new undenominationalism were illustrated in the presidential address of the president of the N.U.T., at Llandudno. In the course of a long attack on the value of definite religious beliefs, he said: "We are irrevocably committed to a Christian civilisation, and the Bible has been, is, and will be, in a deep sense the moral handbook of our race. Our ideal of character is the Christian ideal. At any rate, if we desire a child to become a good Christian citizen, it is impossible to exclude Christian ideas of character, and it would be ridiculous to say that the only book which you must not use in your teaching is the most important moral handbook known. If we wish to develop moral character, the best way to do it is to bring the child under the inspiration of great examples. Now, the highest and most universal of these is Jesus Christ. Therefore, a syllabus of moral instruction must culminate in a study of the life and teaching of Jesus. This does not mean making the Bible an infallible standard, but using it as displaying the best and most inspiring example of moral character within our reach. Now, the State can properly go as far as that, and to me it is inconceivable that any one who desires to see and make good citizens, who loves his country, and would, therefore, be glad to see this conflict ended, can raise any reasonable objection to this solution" (*School Guardian*, April 29th, p. 365). This is precisely the teaching of the reformed Hindooism which Anglican and Nonconformist missionaries find the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity in India. Indeed, it falls below it, for the teaching of the Brahma Somaj is definitely theistic, and includes the duty of prayer. We should know better where we were if Mr. John had substituted for his two columns of attack upon theology plain answers to the following three questions: Are the Resurrection narratives to be taught? Are they to be taught as having some bearing on the lives of the children? Are they to be taught by teachers who do not believe that Christ rose from the dead?

often a very effective *suggestio falsi*. The Royal Commission of 1886 report that "It is impossible to have negative positions which have not their positive side. . . . Thus for children to attend day schools in which no religious teaching was given . . . would leave the impression upon the child's mind that religion was a thing of inferior moment to the secular teaching." This view is confirmed by the experience of the Church Missionary Society in its 2,546 schools. The regulations of the Society admit the force of the argument against compulsory religious teaching, but yet require it, inasmuch as "to make it optional would convey to the scholars a false notion as to what education is." The undenominational teaching of the old type in this way minimised, by implication, the value in the religious life of worship and church membership. It introduced the children to a knowledge of a book, rather than into a life and a brotherhood. But the erroneous suggestions of the new undenominationalism are far more serious; it undermines not only Churchmanship but Christianity. To teach the Gospels and not the Gospel, to enter the Holy of Holies and not take off the shoes, is to dethrone Christ and to substitute for faith in Him a tepid theism, an emasculated morality, or even a thinly veiled secularism.

That an electorate which includes men of all beliefs and of none would injure the cause of Christian truth when it usurped the functions of the Church is a thesis which a writer who is appealing to Nonconformists need not elaborate further. This new Erastianism is as inconsistent with their Church principles as it is with those of the Tractarians. Mr. Gladstone expressed Nonconformist sentiment no less than his own when he wrote "Foul fall the day when the persons of this world shall, on whatever pretext, take into their uncommissioned hands the manipulation of the religion of our Lord and Saviour. The State labouring in its own domain is a great, nay, a venerable object; so is the family. These are the organic units constitutive of human societies. Let the family transgress and usurp the functions of the State; its transgressions will be short. . . . but the State is the master of all coercive means. . . . If the State should think proper to frame new creeds . . . we have no remedy except such as may lie among the resources of the providence of God. It is fair to add that the State in this matter is beset by severe temptations; the vehicle through which these temptations will work will probably, in this country, at least, be supplied by popular education" (*Later Gleanings*, p. 302).

To those who in despair would secularise education I can only reply that education is to a Christian a cure of souls, and that the State has no more right to make the pastorate of the Church

impossible than it has the right to prescribe or proscribe her worship. If the rejoinder be made that the Church can exercise her educational pastorate through her Sunday schools I reply that the Sunday school is an admirable institution, but that its influence is incomparably less than that of the day school. Adequate skilled teaching is not and cannot be given in it even to the small proportion of children who attend regularly and punctually. Further, the Sunday school fails just where it is most needed. It is very difficult for an ordinary teacher to give a lesson to scholars, the more intelligent of whom have never heard of David or St. Peter, and have no idea where Jerusalem is. Moreover, there are real grounds for anticipating that the secularisation of our day schools would seriously injure Sunday school attendance. It was so in Australia, and, much to the surprise of the Protestants who had supported the measure, it was so in Paris. On the other hand, as the Bishop of Manchester has pointed out, "It is something more than a coincidence that Lancashire, so strong in her Sunday schools, has been equally tenacious of her voluntary schools" (*Pastors and Teachers*, new preface). I have argued for the pastorate in the Church, but I must not be misunderstood. No religious body in the land has any *locus standi* in the matter whatsoever. The Church only acts *in loco parentis*. I claim no more than this: that if a working man desires a Christian education for his son (and this carries with it the supervision of his Church) it is just to him and advantageous to both the child and the State that his wishes should as far as possible be respected. It would be insane to destroy his educational liberty lest advantage should accrue to some religious body as its bye-product. The religious bodies do not deserve ill of the State, but rather the contrary. The religious neutrality of the State must not become an irreligious attitude of jealousy, suspicion, and ill-will.

I believe that I am expressing the view of by far the largest part of the seriously-minded working men when I say that all religious teaching should tend to make the scholar a worshipping member of a religious community. The working classes are to the last degree casual and irregular in the matter of their religious observances, and very indifferent to denominational distinctions, but they are not at all without perception of the advantages which their children may derive from close association with a Christian congregation. Let me quote the words of a Manchester layman who is exceptionally experienced in social work in large cities, and who confesses to have been influenced at the outset of his career by a strong anti-ecclesiastical bias: "I have learnt that nearly the whole of what measure of moral health the community possesses is the direct or indirect effect of the persons who are members of religious organisations. . . . I am convinced

that of all the good gifts which the elementary school can make to the child and to the community through him, the best of all is giving him religious training and making him a good member of a church or chapel" (Mr. T. C. Horsfall, *Reforms Needed, &c.*, pp. 42, 43). In Lancashire almost all working men would acknowledge that this is true.

To sum up, in protesting against the monopoly which is claimed for municipalised Bible teaching, the Church of England is only claiming that if religious teaching is to be given at all, it must be given with sincerity and thoroughness, and in a way which will not conflict with the views of religious parents. As the Archbishop has insisted, it must be given "genuinely and effectively." There is a growing tendency for it to be given in a way which is neither the one nor the other, and this tendency concerns Nonconformists and Churchmen equally. We hold for the most part the same convictions. We try to serve the same Master. We are confronted by the same dangers. Cannot we make common cause and, to a large extent, at any rate, work together in this matter? I know very well the immense irritation which has been caused by the wrongheaded or crudely-worded "church teaching" which is occasionally given in non-provided schools. Yet all the authenticated instances put together would probably do less harm than such a statement as was made by the respected teacher of an important Board school in the hearing of a friend of mine and before all the scholars: "If Christ had been the Son of God He would have come down from the cross."

### III.

On what lines are we most likely to be able to construct a compromise? Old shoes are, as a rule, the most comfortable, but it may be doubted whether the much-cobbled dual system will stand another patch. I agree with Mr. Lathbury and the group of Liberal High Churchmen who have urged upon Churchmen that they should accept unification upon conditions, but I entirely dissent from their scheme, which is that the Cowper-Temple clause should be repealed and the denominations be entitled to make the best arrangements they can for the religious education of the children. The scheme is simple and easily intelligible, inasmuch as it sacrifices everything to a single principle, the principle of religious equality. But it is too simple to work. If we are tied down to a solution of the religious difficulty which can be explained, while he is smoking a single cigarette, to a Sadducee, who is merely bored with the problem, well and good; I have no more to say. But if we are to regard the matter as serious, I would point out that the scheme is open to the following objections:—

- (1) It ignores the distinction between religious education and

religious instruction. It places the latter in a watertight compartment by itself, and shows forgetfulness of the fact that from the point of view of a Churchman the Christian tone of the school is as important as the denominational teaching which is given in it. "The method of dichotomy," as Bishop Creighton said, "has always the appearance of abstract justice; but the proposal of Solomon to apply it to a living organism revealed the true parent" (*Life*, II., p. 46). (2) It is most important for the efficiency of the teaching that most of it should be given by the ordinary teachers. (3) The scheme would tend to clericalise Church teaching, and to secularise, more than it is already secularised, the office of a teacher. Mr. Lathbury has accepted a suggestion which may be regarded as the *reductio ad absurdum* of his scheme, a prohibition against the teachers taking part in the religious instruction. (4) It would not work in the case of the Nonconformists, who are largely dependent upon lay ministrations which would not be available on week-days. (5) It makes no provision for the children of the State, and for those whose parents repudiate their responsibilities.

I will illustrate the necessity for something more complex than Mr. Lathbury's scheme. If our school system is to be unified, and denominations, or groups of denominations, are to be allowed any rights, whatever the form those rights assume, it would be to the interest of all parties, and not least a convenience to the authority, that they should be vested, as far as practicable, in denominational boards constituted in each area under general schemes. These schemes would be drawn up by the denominations, or by denominational groups, in consultation with the Board of Education. This provision would, as a rule, secure the appointment of men endowed with some breadth of outlook, and, in the case of the Church of England, a considerable representation of the laity. Again, if the ordinary school is to be in any real sense a Christian institution, we must secure in some way the co-operation of Churchmen and Nonconformists. All the members of the Manchester Conference are strongly of the opinion that it is perfectly possible in most schools for Churchmen and Nonconformists to work together to improve the Bible teaching and to secure our children against those tendencies which are inevitable when religious teaching is a purely municipal matter. If this could be done we should have just that opportunity for kindly co-operation which the situation seems so seriously to demand. I will leave aside some matters of detail which have not been forgotten and confine myself for the most part to the suggestions made in the letter which was published by the members of the Conference recently held in Manchester.

We would create for every school a visiting or advisory com-

mittee, which should manage the ordinary undenominational Bible teaching and the service held at the opening of school. This service usually consists of prayers and a hymn. The way in which it is conducted is a matter of the greatest possible consequence, and greatly varies. In a slum school situated in one of the very worst parishes in England I have heard it conducted with a brightness and simple reverence which was most impressive. In another school I have heard it conducted with shocking irreverence. In the latter case the master quite unconsciously had slipped into a bad habit, and there was no one to suggest greater care. As regards the constitution of the committee, any denominational Board which represented one-quarter of the children should have the right to appoint one manager. The rest, who might be a majority, if the authority so desired, might be appointed by the authority. The Act should enjoin regard to the proportional representation of the denominations of the parents, and to the qualification of experience in religious work among children. The services rendered to the community by the superintendents and teachers of our Sunday schools are of absolutely incalculable value, and they could often supply that knowledge of the children and of their homes which is so needed. It would be of advantage both to our day schools and our Sunday schools that they should be brought into touch with each other. The undenominational teaching should be given by qualified teachers, and no teacher should be deemed qualified who could not produce evidence that he had received instruction in that which he will have to teach, and who was not willing to declare, should there seem to be occasion to put the question to him, that he does not dissent from it. There would be sufficient occupation in the school, during the period allotted to religious teaching, for those who could not give it with any degree of sincerity and conviction. It would probably be advisable, though the suggestion may be omitted if it seems to unduly encumber the scheme, that there should be an interdenominational advisory committee for the area, to arrange the syllabus and to hear, in the first instance, complaints as to matters of religion. Under any scheme there should be an appeal to the Board of Education in all such matters, and the Board should constitute and act in consultation with a permanent committee of conciliation.

I understand how strong is the repugnance of very many Non-conformists to the proposal that denominational teaching should appear on the school time-table, and so be brought within the clauses of the Education Acts, which compel regular attendance. That is a point on which, in my opinion, Churchmen might meet their wishes without loss to our children. If a child were incorrigibly irregular he could be sent back to the undenominational



class. This would happen very seldom, and we must not dispute about trifles. But it is absolutely essential to a concordat that the teaching should be given in the ordinary school hours. The State has laid its hand upon practically all the working time of most of the scholars and of the pupil teachers. To place Church teaching outside the ordinary hours would be almost equivalent to proscribing it. Nor would it be right that it should be branded as something abnormal, and that the lads who received it should be regarded by their fellows as religious prodigies.

There is little force in the arguments against the segregation of the children which is involved in this proposal. In the first place there would be comparatively little of it. Almost all Non-conformists would be content with the Bible teaching, or with common instruction one day a week in that excellent manual, the Free Church Catechism. Moreover, if the ordinary Bible teaching were given under the conditions which we advocate, among which would be supervision by the representative of the Church on the visiting committee, it would be found in practice that our children would not be very largely withdrawn to receive their Bible teaching separately. If my prognostication were justified by the event (and I think that practical educationists will agree with me) we should have a pledge of unity infinitely more valuable than a uniformity imposed from outside by the brute force of a Parliamentary majority. What possible harm could come of the withdrawal of Church children to receive Prayer Book instruction one day a week? If the other children thought anything about it at all they would learn that religious convictions different to their own were to be tolerated and respected, a lesson very necessary to civil peace, and one which the nation has as yet very imperfectly mastered.

This anticipation is not a mere matter of speculation. It is confirmed to a very remarkable degree by the working of the system in a land of strife. A recent writer on Irish Education tells us that: "Compared with Great Britain, one of the essential points in the Irish system is that the schools are under the control of managers, the majority of whom, both in urban and rural districts, are the clerics of the various denominations. It is a thing to be thankful for that in a country like Ireland, where the religious difficulty is always one to be reckoned with in all public affairs, in connection with the primary schools it has long ceased to threaten the working of the system or to interfere with its sphere of usefulness. Faults may be found with the managerial method of controlling the schools, but its general approval by members of all creeds, and its success in exorcising the spirit of bigotry or religious intolerance immeasurably counterbalances any defects existing in it" (*Monthly Review*, May, p. 122).

On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary that Churchmen should remember that the teachers have both consciences and rights, and that it would not only be folly, but also gross ingratitude to ignore them. We must wholeheartedly concede the principle that the Authority should not be permitted to allow any question of religious belief to affect the teacher's professional advancement. But, subject to this governing principle, regard should be paid in distributing the teachers to the religious requirements of the scholars. This principle is at work in Bolton. The pupil teachers are chosen without regard and distributed with regard to denominational considerations. The employment by the Denominational Boards of incompetent teachers, and reflections on the creeds and churches of other people must be forbidden, and the religious rights of pupil teachers and the status of head teachers must be protected. Prize giving must be under control, or abolished.

The Roman difficulty might be met by allowing special rights to the Denominational Board with regard to the appointment of teachers in cases where two-thirds of the scholars were of the same denomination. The Romanists would accept, and probably require, a strict clause against proselytising, and the principal objections of Nonconformists would be largely met if there were a stringent clause as to educational fitness, and if the Authority had the power to appeal against any acceleration of a teacher's advancement for denominational reasons. A Roman friend tells me that such a scheme might work in the towns of Lancashire. It would seem, therefore, to meet the demand of Archbishop Bourne that there should be Catholic schools "in *all large centres* where a number of children too great for individual religious care out of school is to be found" (*Tablet*, October 1st, 1904, p. 525).<sup>1</sup>

It is a very strong additional argument for the proposal to create interdenominational visiting committees that they would elicit and organise much genuine and wholesome interest in our elementary school system. There is serious occasion for alarm lest the care of the great majority of the children of the country should fall into the hands of a bureaucratic caste. I am afraid of a new sacerdotalism. I plead for the influence of the man who is, educationally speaking, a layman, but who knows the children and cares for them. When education has been an unpopular cause, or where its advocacy has involved personal self-sacrifice, it has always been the Christian Church which has fought the battle

(1) The Roman Catholics must weigh against the conjectural and, I think, improbable losses which they may anticipate under such a scheme the gain in the matter of the instruction of their pupil teachers, and the advantage of access to their children in missions where they have no schools. Outside London and Lancashire they have 782 missions and only 553 schools. Single school districts in this and, perhaps, some other matters must be considered separately.

of the poor, and a very large proportion of the best educationists in every continent, and for fifteen centuries, have come from the ranks of her missionaries and ministers. Those who know how many Nonconformist schools were founded at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the noble work which was done by Duff at Calcutta, and is being done by Wilson of Bombay and Miller of Madras, will know what the cause of education owes to the Nonconformists. Let me give an instance of the kind of influence which I am anxious to retain in the schools of the poor, and which is rapidly disappearing. A friend of mine and his wife have devoted their whole lives to a squalid parish which they have had several opportunities of leaving for pleasanter surroundings. For twenty years they have sat at the receipt of custom every Monday morning to exchange greetings with the children and receive their savings. This labour of love has now been municipalised. My friend, who is an overworked church dignitary, secures two hours for his other multifarious duties. The teachers are worried by the distractions of another task and the visits of another official. The children lose just one of those influences which they most need, and the public—serve it right!—pays the least part of the cost of this officialism, the salary of the clerk. This little incident, which is perhaps all the more instructive because it is trifling, is, I fear, typical of much, and represents exactly the way in which the education of children should not be handled. No people take more interest in the children of the poor than the Nonconformists. It is in their power to bring into our school system an immense amount of this saving salt of genuine human interest.

Will Nonconformists accept such a scheme as is here outlined? I am fairly conversant with Nonconformist opinion, and I am quite convinced that most Nonconformists would welcome it if they understood that they were being invited to co-operate with Churchmen rather than to compete with them. They have every wish to be fair to us, but they have erroneously supposed that municipalised religion is neutral because it is not denominational, and scriptural because the Bible is used as a text-book. These two ideas are the real obstacles to a compromise which Churchmen can accept, and their falsity is gradually becoming apparent. Will the education authorities oppose the scheme? I do not think so. If the average member of one of these bodies spoke his mind he would say something of this kind: "We are not opposed to religious teaching in any way, but it is not our main interest or business, nor can we allow the sectional differences of Christians to interfere with the things which do concern us. Provided we are well represented on the advisory committee, the less we have to do directly with the religious question the better we shall be

pleased. If those who are interested in such matters will co-operate in looking after them we will give them every facility." Will Churchmen accept such a proposal? I am persuaded that they will. On countless School Boards they endeavoured heart and soul to make the best of a system which was utterly unfair to them, and have worked happily with Nonconformists after contested elections. Certainly at the present time there is a strong feeling among almost all Churchmen of responsible position that we must go to the furthest point which our consciences allow in order to co-operate with Nonconformists and to meet their views. The only things which we cannot sacrifice for the sake of peace are the principles of religious toleration and parental responsibility, and the demand for Christian teaching "genuinely and effectively" given. A very large number of Churchmen, the present writer among the number, would regard a century of strenuous conflict—(may God avert the necessity!)—as a smaller evil than a surrender on these points, but this surrender the scheme does not require. It involves a break with a past which is associated in not a few parishes with sacred and cherished memories, and it asserts imperfectly the principle of religious equality, but on a wide view it would raise the religious tone of the schools and secure far more definitely Christian instruction than is secured to our children as things are. Many Churchmen would accept the scheme with scruples and with regret, but it would be accepted, and by many of us enthusiastically. The kind of teaching which we desire may not be possible in every school. All that is claimed is that the impossibility should not be created by law.

In conclusion, let me plead for a wider and a more human treatment of the education problem. We need to realise more than we have done that a child's life is a unity, and that his home, his church, and his school must form a close alliance. The life of our provided schools in large towns must be interwoven with the best elements in the life of the neighbourhood. The influence of people who know the children in their homes must be welcomed. Under the existing system the State, so far as religion is concerned, has too often made a desert and called it peace. The people acquiesce in that most dead of all dead things, a municipalised gospel, just as they acquiesce in the drab uniformity of their smoky skies, partly because they have no opportunity of making a protest against it, partly because they know of nothing better. Higher ideals, a more vigorous life, will bring with them a greater desire for parental initiative, a larger sense of the complexity of the education problem, a greater toleration of local variations and of alternative methods and subjects, both secular and religious. We must have more liberty, and we must, at the same time, secure more co-operation between Churchmen and their Nonconformist

brethren. Unless all that is Christian in the community is summoned to take its part in the work, we cannot accomplish that most sacred task which God lays upon a people, and train our children "for life and not for a special occupation; train the whole man for all life seen and unseen; train men and not craftsmen, train citizens for the Kingdom of God" (Westcott, *Christian Aspects of Life*, p. 203).

It is an idea which runs like a golden thread through Tennyson's *Princess* that men and women are brought to their true selves by the influence of children. The thought is one which has received the highest of all sanctions. In a passage which seems not altogether without its application to our present troubles, St. Mark tells us that the disciples "came unto Capernaum, and when he was in the house he asked them, What were ye reasoning in the way? And they held their peace: for they had disputed one with another, who was the greatest. And he sat down and called the twelve; and he saith unto them, If any man would be first, he shall be last of all and minister of all. And he took a little child and set him in the midst of them: and taking him in his arms he saith unto them, Whosoever shall receive one of such little children in my name receiveth me: and whosoever receiveth me receiveth not me, but him that sent me."

H. J. BARDSLEY.

P.S.—My attention has been drawn to an important article in the *Monthly Review* (January, 1903), by Mr. Goldwin Smith, which might have been written with the express purpose of confirming the fears expressed above as to the results of the bureaucratisation of education and a general tendency to secularise it. Mr. Goldwin Smith quotes with approval evidence which tends to show the unsatisfactory moral and intellectual results of the American school system. "The parents are apathetic and indifferent." "The public take, in the large majority of instances, no interest in the schools." He speaks of "the apparent tendency of these day schools to diminish the sense of the responsibility of parents and to weaken the salutary influences of home life." All this is to illustrate "the danger of bureaucracy in the bringing up of children." "It is difficult to see, as things are, how spiritual influence can reach the children otherwise than in the shape of religion, or how religion can reach them otherwise than in its present organised forms." "The admission of the clergyman at certain hours is futile. His position is that of an interloper, and that the children see." The article also confirms my fears as to the positive evil which may be done by tacit suggestion. "The system tacitly infuses the idea that rising in life should be the great aim."

## BRITISH MILITARY FARMS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE air is full of schemes and projects for land settlement in South Africa. They exist at present in the minds of administrators and departmental officials both there and here at home. This being so, some account of the experimental practice, which during a couple of years was quietly essayed and carried on by the military in the Transvaal, should be both interesting and instructive.

Nearly five years ago, when every mouthful of food for the Army had to be brought up from the base, it occurred to one of the wise men in office that, in order to save the railways, a large portion of the food-stuff wanted for the troops and the hospitals in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony could and should be produced in those colonies. This idea was the spring which set in motion, by gradual evolution, a temporary military agricultural system, that comprised at the beginning of June, 1902, between seventy and eighty farms.

The first, started in December, 1900, was a 500-acre property, whose situation, close to Pretoria, reduced somewhat the risk under which it had to be worked. One is reminded of the epics of old Rome, as one hears of the means taken to safeguard the sowing, growth, and later in-gathering of crops upon the farms; means naturally most necessary up to the date of conclusion of hostilities, whereby safe delivery of the foods to their proper destination was insured, and difficulties of labour likewise were overcome.

To quote from a document furnished us by the chief inspector of the farms, the work originated and controlled by the Director of Supplies at Army headquarters was not intended to be of any permanent nature, but was started with the object of supplying provisions to the hospitals and our troops. The plan of working was as follows: Every available district was decided upon as a farming centre, according to its "position as a centre of farms; nearness to a garrison station; and suitable site for farm dépôt where animals, *personnel*, implements, &c., should be safe from raids by the enemy."

"*The farms were cultivated in rotation*, the whole animal, manual, horse and implement labour at the dépôt being concentrated upon each in succession until work there was completed, when the executive machine was transferred to the next farm—and so on. It was only found necessary actually to keep on each farm such *personnel* and light implements as would keep down

weeds, and irrigate the planted crops, enough animals to do the light haulage, and waggons to bring the market produce into the nearest *dépôt*. One overseer was found sufficient for each farm, and was provided with one horse. When sowing and harvesting of crops were being carried out on concentration principles, elaborate arrangements were made for the safety of the stock, &c., and by concentration of labour it was found that the work was done both more expeditiously, and with a less number of workmen, than could otherwise have been the case. The system necessitated that crops should be sown in rotation in order that they might be harvested also in rotation, and this was proved to be practicable.

The list of the properties worked is a long one, and we refrain from quoting it in full; it is sufficient to state that in Transvaal districts fourteen farms were worked in this way under the above-named direction in the neighbourhood of Pretoria (from two central farm *dépôts* there). In the Elandsfontein district there were five farms; around Johannesburg seven farms; on the Western line four farms; on the Northern line seven farms; on the Eastern line six farms; and around Standerton three farms.

Some of the properties were held originally by burghers who all fought against us, some of them having subsequently been prisoners of war, surrendered or on parole. A very small number of the farms were the possessions of loyal British subjects, and in these instances the owners were installed upon their own farms as overseers, there being in the Transvaal and Natal one chief and five subordinate inspectors to visit the properties. The proprietor of an estate we visited was before the war Eloff, the ex-President's son-in-law. The Eloff mansion is an immoderate-sized, three-storied, red, flamboyant villa. The land, some 170 acres, that upon all sides spreads about it is of as rich soil as any in South Africa. If Mr. Eloff should have been restored to what was originally his, it would appear to be only a fair thing that he should hand over to the military administration, or to the present civil Government, a very considerable sum, in return for an occupation of his property which has brought 150 acres of the land under cultivation, that had never before been turned up by a plough. For it was exceptional, prior to the war, in a farm of any size from 100 acres to the favourite Dutch 10 square miles, to have anything beyond an acre under cultivation.

The military farms had an average area of between 70 and 100 acres per farm under cultivation, and their aggregate produce, they having been all perfectly organised, was sufficient during the last six months of the war to provide the whole of the troops and the hospitals in the Transvaal and Orange River

Colonies with their daily rations of fresh vegetables, fresh fruit (in lieu of jam), and in part also with milk and a certain quantity of butter. This utilisation of resources at hand, by which thousands of pounds were saved to the Government, was a feat indeed, its execution being due in largest part to the capable organiser of the enterprise, but also very much, too, to the efficient deputies under him, and to the efforts put forth by virgin soil. At a property not remote from Eloff's lives the farm's chief expert inspector and his wife. A very rough road, once clear of the town, conducted over bare and open country rolling gently upwards. Under a long low-backed ridge upon this rising incline, when several miles had been covered, stood a screen of trees. The view in all other three directions lay open, and indefinitely uninterrupted. Turning in at a light iron gate, the cart ran smoothly over a sanded approach, whose boundary was the before-mentioned screen of cypresses. A small grove of blue gums sheltered the deep eaves of the wide house-front, along whose length lay right and left of the door the broad stoep, where the sun flickered pleasantly about some empty chairs. Roses, Passion flowers, and "golden shower" climbed and hung about the gleaming white-washed walls and wooden verandah. The tennis court, a little below the house, on the left, looked alluring too. Ease and diversion, however, stole but short half-hours of that enthusiastic workman, Mr. Hogg Robertson, who, son of the well-known Cambridgeshire seed-grower, and rearer of Kerry cattle, was inspector to the military of their farms.

Several of the properties that have been run as farms were previously only odd holdings of waste land. They have been worked together by the authorities, and for the first useful ends they have ever served. Those which were farms prior to the war have almost invariably orchards upon them, from which have been taken large produce of peaches, apricots, bananas, citrons, "pines," apples, grapes, &c. And here, in the orchard, our people made way for their first innovation. Of course, they were told nothing would grow under the shade of fruit trees; but nothing daunted, they planted that acre with rows of cabbage and lettuce, and it is a question whether likelier specimens than we saw there ever grew! The acre below the orchard was green with feathery tops of the long red *Altrincham* carrot. Then came peas in vivid green rows, showing, four inches above ground, for a seven days' growth. "In four or five weeks they will be ready," says the farmer.

An acre of "white Alexandra," from Cape Colony seed, is the next crop. Standing firmly six inches above the soil, these young cabbages appear to be very much in their element. They were



transplanted here from seed beds three weeks ago, and will be fit to be taken up in a month's time. After the cabbages are out of the ground the land will be turned up and manured, and the first crop of potatoes will go in. Some idea of the productiveness of the soil may be got from the fact that virgin soil, which has never been turned up before, yields its three crops of potatoes in less than a year, and at a rate of three and a half tons to the acre. This vegetable seems to be a very chief item of production. On the estates visited we walked through acre after acre of the healthiest-looking plants one would wish to see. The item to make a note of in this connection being, that this is the cold season, that in its despite all these crops are ripening crops, and that these potatoes will be taken up in just the exact middle of winter.

The soldier's appetite did not arrest itself to consider whether it was convenient to supply him or not, and those responsible for his maintenance were obliged, on removal of one crop, to plant another in quick succession, and this notwithstanding the menace offered by frosts, and in defiance of all precedents followed hitherto by inhabitants of the country—often, too, against all first principles in rotation of crops, which rule that two green ones must not successively be found upon the same piece of land. But this magnificent virgin soil and climate offered nothing save encouragement to experiment, and the result, in our military agricultural authority's note-book, was a memorandum to the effect that he has grown successive crops of potatoes from September to the end of July, and that he intended to attempt them also during the remaining intermediate months. Some idea of the quantity of potatoes being grown may be got from the fact that from the farms 80,000lbs. were supplied daily to the troops and hospitals in the two Colonies—Transvaal and Orange River Colony—or three tons from the acre, at a profit of £30 to the acre.

The farmer who works his land to the top of its capacity has a busy time. Barley cut at two months' growth was issued to remount depôts and field veterinary hospitals, oats and wheat being served in the same way, *i.e.*, cut green for winter forage.

Lucerne, a new immigrant (from South America), finds the soil here so congenial that nine crops have been taken off the land between July and February, representing at least 30cwt. to the acre; and another newcomer, that looked as well content as though the veldt had been Ireland, was St. Patrick's emblem's first cousin—the clover.

Endive and cress are other successful new introductions, "and in fact," said the enthusiastic expert, "put what you like into

the ground, it grows, and grows well!" Other marvels shown were a "drum head" cabbage, of three months' growth, four feet in diameter, and a mangel planted four months before of 20lb. weight, the root growing some twenty tons to the acre, and coming to maturity here in four as against seven months at home.

Top-dressing and manure, on seed brought from home, may be productive before very long of promising results in hay. At present that used is simply the grass cut in its wild state and put up green. On a rough estimation 1,500 tons is got from every 2,000 acres. It is valuable as fodder for the trek oxen in winter when grass is scarce.

Of course, different farms show different records. Some have been stock farms. Others only just pay on their vegetable produce for their farming, whereas the fruit on such may make an enormous profit, 11,000 orange trees yielding some 1,000 oranges each.

The dairy and poultry departments have given very satisfactory figures and other replies to investigation. On one farm the dairy has been small, but upon another, where is considerable shippin room, there were sixty-one milking and forty-three calving cows. In the dim light that follows the setting sun, one could still see the imposing double lines of the sleek beasts—some thirty on either hand, in one shed, and the rest in a smaller byre. The cowman on the farm had a somewhat responsible job, "Kaffirs" being only breeding stock, and the best milking cattle (Cape cows) not acclimatising kindly here. The food given them is bran mash, mealie meal scalded, oil and linseed cake, and forage—principally Lucerne—and in return their yield of milk is ten to twelve bottles, *i.e.*, ten times as much as the "Kaffir" gives. But the fact remains that many losses of the Cape cow occur, and experiments have been made to try and find locality and food that will be more congenial to her. In the future it is hoped that the Government will import the Kerry cow—a beast used to rough feeding, being in its native district essentially a poor man's cow. This breed gives besides, the phenomenal quantity of some thirty bottles of milk per day!

The Cumberland cowman's "old woman's" department at Eloff's was the dairy, where were displayed in half a dozen great pails the first cream we had seen in South Africa. "'Tis a'maist butter" said the complacent old man, and so it was. From this farm alone, sixty-five gallons of milk daily were sent into Pretoria to the hospitals, detail stores, &c. An additional ten gallons daily were retained to be separated, and the resulting two gallons of cream was made into butter, giving 40lb. weekly. Of course there have been losses of cattle and failure of crops; in a range of

between seventy and eighty farms, varied success must have been met. Locusts and hailstorms are arch enemies of the agriculturist in South Africa, and potatoes and vines are liable, following the rains, to attack from special and very damaging bacilli; but a general survey will show the drawbacks to have been few, and the enterprise, on the whole, to have been an amazing success. As before pointed out, the farms were worked most economically: the gain made having been all for the department; for prices charged by the farms to the Army Service Supplies were at the rate of 3s. a dozen for eggs, as against the contract price of 6s. and 7s.; 4s. a hundred for apples as against 12s. 6d.; and potatoes were charged 14s., as against the present market price of 25s., the farm's prices having been arranged to figure out as nearly as possible to peace rates.

Poultry-keeping was, upon the whole, very successful, and in this connection a valuable memorandum for poultry-wives is that Leghorns and pure Minorcas are the best for laying; the same crossed with the Cape bird for table purposes. Good hens of the above kinds give as many as 250 eggs each in the year if properly looked after, a main feature of this necessary care being to give laying hens particularly a free run, but very little food (Kaffir corn), and under no circumstances raw, and very seldom cooked, mealies. An interesting discovery in connection with poultry-keeping, as undertaken on these farms, is that poultry do not bear transplanting. Birds brought to Pretoria, even from Elandsfontein, do not do well, and the great object should be to hatch the creatures where they are intended to live, for they need to be acclimatised from birth to do their best.

The authority who has been abundantly quoted in this article has an idea that eggs placed in incubators on the mail steamers in a swinging position could be removed into frames on the railway carriages, and upon arrival the chickens would hatch, and so be born, not only in the country, but at the very place in that country where they were to live. Another memorandum from his pocket-book was, that the "silo" is a wonderful economiser of extra green stuff of all kinds: leaves of the mangel and cauliflower, mealie-stalks, &c., all are put through the chaff-cutter, and then they are thrown into, say, a 22ft. pit. A layer of straw covers the whole, and this being watered daily, is presently overgrown by a tall fungus, shortly after the appearance of which the ensilage is fit for fodder for trek oxen. The Pretoria district is not good for stock, and particularly in localities of the kind it will be found advisable, our authority believes, to employ steam traction. A steam traction plough would cost about £1,500 delivered at its destination. Set this over against the number of waggons and teams (six) which would be needed to do equivalent work and

reckoning these at £250 each, you would with the steam-plough have less care, a balance to the good on your outlay, and your furrows straight and deeper cut than can possibly be with ox teams and ploughs of the old pattern.

A further memorandum relates to irrigation. Our authority had a high opinion of Sir W. Wilcocks' views of the prospects of South African farming, and said his own experience fully bore them out. Sir W. Wilcocks, as most people interested at all in the subject know, was commissioned to report (on the qualification of his experience of twenty years in Egypt and twelve in India at irrigation) upon this subject to Lord Milner. As to irrigation measures undertaken by the director of the farms in question, they were quite of a temporary character, but proved amply sufficient for requirements, as the red earth, besides being everything desirable as a soil for all known vegetables and fruit, makes, when wet, a firm bottom, and especially when supported, where available by tree-trunks, steady and sufficient banks for the dam that must have its place upon every South African farm. When this can be made upon the slope of a hill two advantages are secured—watershed, and the necessity of making two confining walls only for the reservoir. The water is fetched from beneath the surface by means of an air motor, situate some 200 yards down the slope below the dam, and is pumped into the dam, from whence, by means of a close series of small sluices in the earth the entire farm is effectively, and quite simply and inexpensively, irrigated. Some few Colonials, the majority of them Canadians and Australians, applied some time ago that in any land allotment their wish to be settled upon any of these farms of the Government might be considered, and his late Excellency the Governor, Viscount Milner, gave consideration to their claims. Also published in orders about the same time ran a regulation that indulgence rates would be given the wives of those men who, having served through the campaign, gave guarantee of their intention to become settlers in South Africa.

A future for farmers in South Africa has been foretold, and plans for the encouragement of the pursuit of agriculture are in all the schemes for settlement; but—and this is the point it has been endeavoured to lay down here—farming by the British in South Africa is not up to date the problematical thing it is popularly supposed to be. Already under the British it has been essayed, and under the direction of the military authorities it has been proved a conspicuous success. The fact is doubtless an encouragement to the civil powers of government here, and will strengthen materially the hands of those who are interested in that indispensable side issue of settlement upon the land, viz., *in due time*, and with all

due safeguards under Government dispensation, immigration of British women.

Within the lines of communication during the war the cattle preservation department (military) also ran farms (thirteen) with the exclusive object of supplying markets altogether among the civil population. Forage crops and potatoes were their produce. The forage fetched 3d. a bundle on 3lb. bundles, and yielded some 1,200 bundles to the acre. Potatoes, which a year before these farms were started stood at prohibitive prices in the public market (being £4 and £5 a bag), were sold to civilians by these farms at 12s. to 15s. for the same quantity—150lb.

Stated shortly, the experience of this side-show also of the farming enterprise was successful: the department paid all its expenses, and the accounts of each farm showed a good profit. The overseers placed on the farms were men who had served through the campaign. In every case the men had been farmers in England, Scotland, or Ireland; an inspector coached them in necessary local tips, and their experience on the farms, in spite at times of shortage of labour, made them keen to continue the calling of farming in this country.

One should add, perhaps, that the farms were exceptionally favoured in some chief respects. In sheltered situations they suffered no climatic ravages, and neither plague nor pests. Pendant to the foregoing is the statement of the Land Settlement Board, which received hundreds of applications for land allotments from men who, having served in all the irregular corps, know something of the conditions of life in South Africa, and whose applications on that double head had a first claim to consideration. Many of the applications were made by groups of friends who wished to be put down on the land in that association, *i.e.*, in small colonies. And, of course, the Government lands in the new Colonies are considerable. There is the large tract of the unsurveyed north-eastern Zoutpansberg district, but this is feverish country, where probably a very thin white population will cultivate, with natives, tobacco and coffee. Then there is the Rustenburg Range—an excellent fruit country. There is the tract of the springbok flats, suitable for stock, provided water can be found there, and there is the Wakkerstroom cattle district, &c., &c.

E. F. HARVIE.

## THE TWO ATTACKS ON SCIENCE.

### I.

THE forces opposed to the extreme claims of science, are considerably stronger now than they were twenty years ago. We may say, with substantial, if not with absolute, accuracy, that whereas they then consisted mainly of what we may call a clerical party, they comprise now a philosophic party as well, intimately acquainted, as the other neither was nor is, with the details of the science whose extreme claims it questions; and an impression is gaining ground that the two will somehow, between them, roll away the stone from the sepulchre in which religion once seemed to be buried.

Now with the main conclusion which both parties desire to reach, I am myself in entire sympathy; but it appears to me that both—the philosophic no less than the clerical—are seeking to reach it by methods radically erroneous. Of these methods, the most popular and most easily understood is the clerical. It consists in attacking the evolutionary scheme in detail, with the object of showing that what is offered us as a process of automatic development could not have taken place, unless, at various points—such as the first appearance of life, consciousness, self-consciousness, the formation of general concepts, or the peculiar colouring of the underside of a bird's wing—the Deity had interfered with the wheels of his own machinery, either jogging them or inserting new ones. The philosophic method does not, except incidentally, involve any quarrel of this kind with the explanation which science offers us. It aims not so much at breaking through science as at getting behind it, and showing that, however true it may be within its own sphere, the matter with which it deals is a mere phantom or symbol, nothing being real but “spirits in a world of Spirit.”

### II.

Of the clerical method I propose to say little. Its character will be best explained by historical illustrations of its employment.

The first great blow, generally felt to be such, which science inflicted on religion, was that which destroyed the old geocentric astronomy. It was felt at once that if the earth were merely a paltry ball, wheeling and spinning with other balls round a body incomparably larger, the Deity's great white throne on a super-

terrestrial firmament, with the localised court of heaven and other allied conceptions, sank to the level of symbols which, if treated as facts, were absurdities. Consequently the entire theological intellect of Europe was occupied for generations in attempting to prove that Galileo was wrong, and that the heliocentric astronomy was a damnable and grotesque error. The next great blow came from modern geology, which was similarly felt to be fatal to the doctrine of direct creation; and accordingly it attacked modern geology no less rancorously than it had attacked modern astronomy. Then came a third blow of a yet more staggering kind—namely, that inflicted by the discovery of the process of organic evolution, which was felt to be fatal to the doctrine of the direct creation of life, as geology was to the doctrine of the direct creation of worlds. And now there have followed within the last twenty years other discoveries relating to life and brain, and the ultimate constitution of matter, in all of which the clerical mind rightly discovers a tendency to identify man's soul with the organic life of his body, and the organic life of his body with the general process of the universe. And at each of these latter stages the old drama has repeated itself. The clerical party have endeavoured to convict science of falsehood.

And what has been the result of this long series of onslaughts? Science advances slowly. Most of its great discoveries pass through a period during which their admitted and unavoidable incompleteness can be made to pass muster with many as a disproof of their truth; and consequently the attacking apologists have now and then enjoyed the semblance of a passing triumph; but the final issue of every engagement has been the same. The clerical party has suffered a crushing and ignominious defeat, and has had to admit on its knees what it set out to deny.

Such an unbroken succession of failures, all of them identical in kind, should surely by now have taught those who have experienced them the lesson that they fail, not because they are personally incompetent, but because their method is radically wrong—that they fail to discover in the evolutionary sequence of phenomena the "rifts" through which they hope to see the divine interference shining, for the simple reason that no such rifts exist—that they fail when they attack science, as they do, on its own grounds, because man and the universe, when studied as modern science studies them, neither can have, nor require to have, any other explanation than that which science offers us. This explanation is summed up in the principle with which science starts as its postulate, and ends with verifying as its conclusion, that all phenomena, from the stars to the thoughts of man, result from a single system of interconnected causes, or are so many

modes of a single and undivided substance, which are all equally transient and all equally necessary.

Now, shocking though this conclusion may be to the deepest instincts of most of us, we gain nothing by trying to persuade ourselves that it is less self-consistent than it is. The only reasonable course is to grasp our nettle boldly. Let us then briefly consider the main features of the scientific explanation of things as science gives it to us to-day; and though countless details remain to be filled in, its general self-consistency will even now be sufficiently apparent.

Existence presents itself to ordinary thought as made up of three elements—the conscious immaterial mind; the living, but non-conscious material body; and the moving, but non-living, non-conscious material universe: and ordinary thought was accustomed till very lately to look on these three elements as essentially independent things. The result of the later progress of scientific discovery has been to show us that these sharp distinctions between the three elements are imaginary. Thus, to take the case of matter as related to conscious mind, these two phenomena, even to men like Huxley and Tyndall, presented the appearance of a unique and obstinate dualism. Why should we here have a phenomenon with two sides, when all other phenomena exhibit only one? We are now in a position to realise that if any special difficulty is suggested by the connection between matter and consciousness, the difficulty is not why matter as it appears in the brain should have two sides—a matter-side and a mind-side—but why it should not exhibit this same double-sidedness always. If only men could envisage the processes of their own brains as they envisage the thoughts that form themselves in the sphere of consciousness, and if they paid no attention to matter of any other kind, their normal conception of matter would be thought visible and extended. Every thought would have its visible brain-equivalent, just as emotion has its equivalents in the expression of the human face. We should see the brain think, as we see a friend smile or frown, and in tracing the connection of the brain with the other parts of the organism, and the connection of the organism with the matter of the inorganic universe, what we really should have to explain, in relation to our own certainties, would not be the presence of consciousness the counterpart of the matter of the brain, but what at all events seems to be its absence from matter when arranged otherwise.

Such is the form in which, according to strict logic, the riddle of the universe may be said now to present itself. It can, however, be studied and described best by taking things in the customary order, and beginning with those arrangements of matter in which



mind, to all appearance, is conspicuous by its absence only. Now that all forms and species of organic life, vegetable no less than animal, have their origin in the simple organic cell, is a fact that has long been familiar to, and admitted by, everybody; and at last, and quite recently, as I observed before, the simple organic cell, which biologists had taken for their starting point, has been shown to have its counterpart in the so-called inorganic atom, all matter, therefore, being in a certain sense alive. Now thus far, apart from mere questions of evidence, there is nothing to provoke incredulity in the mind of the ordinary man. The only break in the series which ordinary thought detects is that which seems to occur between the organism and the conscious mind. During recent years, however, this interval also, like that which seemed to separate organic matter from inorganic, has been filled up by a scientific discovery, the importance of which is unparalleled in the annals of advancing knowledge. This is the discovery that, contrary to all traditional opinion, consciousness and mind are by no means coextensive and identical, but that, though without mind there can doubtless be no consciousness, consciousness is by no means essential to the existence and the operations of mind—that the larger part, indeed, of the mental life of each of us, with its memories, affections, reasonings, and purposive actions, lies as much outside the conscious sphere as the process of digestion does, or the growth of our nails and hair.

In this way the two great gaps or rifts which seemed to divide existence into three separate strata—the lifeless, the organic, and the mental—have disappeared, and the three are fused into one continuous whole. That is to say, we have in an ascending scale first, matter commonly called lifeless, but really consisting of atom-cells full of internal activity; then we have matter that lives in the sense commonly recognised by the biologist, but which is by the biologist not recognised as thinking; then we have matter which thinks, remembers, and even purposes, without personal consciousness; and, lastly, we have matter which is mind with a personal consciousness emerging from it.

In spite, therefore, of all incompleteness in detail, we have an account of things which, of things as science sees them, is an account practically complete in all its salient features. We are presented with the spectacle of an orderly and unbroken ascent from the cosmic nebula up to the mind of man; and that this unbroken ascent is a scientific reality is demonstrated in two ways—firstly, by the fact that all attempts to discredit it on scientific grounds have failed; and, secondly, by the fact that all scientific discoveries, however diverse, give it their cumulative support, converging towards it like arrows or footsteps travelling towards one centre.

It will, of course, be objected by the clerical and other apologists of religion, that what we have here is a system of pure materialism. Now I shall point out presently that it is really nothing of the kind; but first let me admit that it is, beyond all doubt, no less hostile than materialism to the religious doctrine of existence. For, though not a system of materialism, it is a system of pure determinism; and whether we are the puppets of outside matter, or the puppets of outside spirit, our position is, from the religious point of view, just as hopeless in the one case as in the other.

But to recognise that a doctrine is disagreeable is not to prove that it is untrue. Let us for the moment be content to accept the fact that, tried by scientific tests, the scientific doctrine is invulnerable, and go on to the question of whether we can undermine it philosophically.

### III.

If science, as claiming to provide us with a general explanation of existence, could really be convicted of being, or resting on, or implying, a system of materialism in the old sense of the word, its present philosophical opponents would be able to make short work of it. For what does materialism, in its old and still popular sense, mean? It means the theory that the facts of life and consciousness as we one and all experience them, are derived from matter as popular thought conceives of it. But this conception of matter as a brute dead mass, which has no life or even movement unless animated by some extraneous agency, is, amongst scientific thinkers, by this time wholly obsolete; and it has become so for the following reasons. One of these is the discovery, which, ever since the days of Berkeley, has been, for the philosophic world, growing more and more of a truism, that all the qualities by which we know matter, or which we attribute to it, are names for effects or ideas produced by it in our own minds—colour and sound, for example; and that thus, whatever matter may really be in itself, the traditional imputation to it of deadness or "brute" inertness was the gratuitous imputation of a quality invented by our own fancies. This discovery men of science all over the world have been rapidly learning from philosophy during the past fifty years, and they have at the same time by their own scientific methods been verifying it, and making it, in another form for themselves. Whilst learning from philosophy that the supposed deadness of matter is merely an idea that was formed by the imperfectly educated mind, they have discovered that matter, even in its seemingly inertest conditions, is to the eye of science as active as the mind itself—a something

which, whatever it is, never for a moment rests ; and, finally, in proportion as the emergence of mind from matter has become a process the details of which are traceable, the conclusion has been forced on even the least philosophic intelligence that if mind emerges from matter the elements of it must be in matter already. There has, on the scientific plane no less than on the philosophic, been a levelling up of matter to mind, instead of a levelling down of mind to matter. In this way, that objectionable explanation of man, which reduces him to a passing product of the general process of the universe, is now presented to us as a system not only of physical science, but of mental philosophy also ; and what I shall try to make plain to the reader is, that the philosophical attack on science is as wholly unfitted to accomplish its purpose as the clerical attack, though for a different reason. The clerical arguments fail because science repels and shatters them. The philosophical arguments fail because science absorbs them, consolidating its position by means of what was meant to destroy it.

The primary distinction between physical science, as such, and all the philosophic systems by whose aid it is being now assailed, consists of the fact that, in seeking to explain existence, the philosophies start with looking inwards, and science starts with looking outwards. Science seeks to explain the human mind through the universe ; the philosophies, to explain the universe through the human mind. And to the philosophies which are here more particularly in question—namely, those which have developed themselves since the days of Kant or Berkeley, this latter observation applies in a special way. "Modern astronomy," said Kant, "has annihilated my own importance." He was merely expressing the feeling which the first triumphs of science had produced in the mind of the Church a hundred years before, and were still producing then in the minds of all thoughtful men ; and, as has been well said, the course which metaphysical philosophy took from the middle of the eighteenth century onwards, was largely determined by a desire on the part of the philosophers to revenge man on a universe which had dwarfed him by its overwhelming magnitude, by showing that, big as it seemed, it depended in some sort or other on the quasi-creative power of the little human minds that confronted it.

This kind of philosophising, which ends in the extremes of modern idealism, sought to accomplish its object by pursuing two inquiries, one relating to the means by which the mind knows, the other to the nature of the objective world known by it : and with regard to one cardinal point, all its practitioners are in agreement. They all of them assume, or—as they prefer to say—they posit, the individual mind as a sort of mental Melchizedek, without father or mother, and without descent ; and they then proceed,

by interrogating their own consciousness, to discover what the nature of this mind is. How, they ask, does it get its ideas? Does it get them from experience, or is it born with them? To this question different philosophers have given different answers. Some have maintained that the mind gets all its ideas from experience; some, that it contains certain of them ready-made in itself, such as the ideas of time and space, or the rules of arithmetic, the former of which, it is said, must pre-exist in order that experience may be possible, whilst the latter possess a universality which no experience could account for. But all the later philosophers, such as those whom we are now considering, are at one in seeking to magnify the importance of the individual mind, and to vindicate what they call its "primacy," by insisting that it is, in its very nature, not passive but active. They represent it as a kind of loom, which, even if it is not itself the producer of its own wool, plays an active part in weaving the wool which experience gives it. Thus Hegel and Kant, however they may have differed otherwise, agree that the conscious mind consists of "a web of categories which it throws over the world, and by means of which it makes the world intelligible." "Nature," says T. H. Green, "requires a unifying intelligence to arrange sensation, which cannot be sensation itself." "Mind," says Professor Ward, "is active, matter inert." The ultimate object of all these contentions is evident. It is to exalt the individual mind at the expense of the scientific universe, and to exhibit it as in some sort the master, instead of the slave, of the latter.

Then, on the question of how the mind knows, follows the question of what is the object of its knowledge. And to this question are given two classes of answer. According to one school of philosophers, what we call the external world, is something really external to, and really independent of ourselves; but we know it only as the effects produced by it on our own consciousness in co-operation with the activities of our own minds. According to another school, the external world is not only not a world of matter as ordinary thought conceives of it, but it is not even an unknown external substratum producing in ourselves the phenomena which we call matter. It is not, in any true sense, an external reality at all. It is inside the mind itself; but the mind, for its own convenience, imputes to it an externality, as it does to the objects in a dream. To the ordinary man this latter doctrine will seem mere raving, or an idle restatement of the paradox that one man only exists, everything and everybody else being parts of a dream dreamed by him. But whatever may be the verdict which the ordinary man passes on it, it is the doctrine which finds at the present moment most favour among the philosophic opponents of science. "Matter," said Wundt, "is an abstraction from man's

unitary experience." The same thing in almost the same language, has been lately reasserted by Munsterberg, as the last word of philosophy; and Professor Ward, of Cambridge, in his work, *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, proposes to annihilate science and reintroduce us to God by showing that the material universe is merely one of two abstractions which the human "spirit," like a spider, spins out of its own entrails, thus presenting itself to itself as what he calls "a duality in unity."

Hence the material universe represents, according to one school, the work of the mind on some genuinely external reality; according to the other, the work of the mind on its own internal experiences. But, according to both schools, the mind is the hero of the drama, and reduces the universe of science to a condition of inoffensive helplessness.

Now, inconsistent as are many of these philosophic views with each other, and ridiculous as many of them must seem to the non-philosophic intelligence, there is not one of them that does not embody the results of acute reasoning, and, from certain points of view, does not appear indisputable. They deserve, therefore, in their bearings on science, to be very carefully considered. Do they, we must ask, really invalidate the authority with which science enforces any of those conclusions from which, in the interests of religion, we desire to make good our escape? And what we shall see is that, when they are applied to science, science does two things. It gives them a greater cogency than they ever had before by harmonising their contradictions, and turning their paradoxes into platitudes; and then, having thus strengthened them and placed them in proper order, it absorbs the whole into its own original system, and exhibits man with even greater completeness than before as a helpless and vanishing product of the general process of the universe.

#### IV.

In order to see with precision how this is, let us begin with the philosophic or introspective theories of how the human mind acquires any knowledge or ideas at all, and compare these theories as introspective philosophy gives them to us, with what science makes of them, as soon as it gets them in its grip.

The first question asked by the introspective philosophers is, as we have seen, this: does the mind derive all its ideas from experience, or does it possess some that are innate? And to this question, the introspective philosophers, looking on the human mind as a simple and self-existing thing, have some of them answered Yes, whilst others of them have answered No. As long as the

question was approached in this way, the terms of the discussion were so wanting in any precise connotation, and so many arguments could be used on either side, that it was impossible to establish a conclusion one way or another; but the moment we begin to examine the matter by scientific methods, and to realise that the mind is a highly complex organism, having a long pedigree, and evolved from simpler elements, all these difficulties, once so unmanageable, disappear, and science sets the vexed question at rest by giving an answer which is Yes and No at once.

The individual mind, it says, of the slowly-evolved creature, man, has ideas which are prior to its own individual experience; but it has none which were not derived in the first instance from the experiences of its human and sub-human progenitors. From the first moment in which the mind-matter, or general substance of the universe, nucleated itself into the cell or cells of which we are the direct descendants, the individual mind began to receive impressions made upon it by its own environment; and not only were the impressions reproduced in the subsequent organisms, but, in proportion as these organisms were evolved into greater complexity, the impressions received and transmitted were correspondingly strengthened and multiplied. The "connection of things" was, in Spinoza's language, to an increasing degree, reproducing itself in the "connection of ideas." Here we have an explanation of the necessity of mathematical truths. They are necessary truths, as apprehended by our own minds, because they are apprehensions, or we may say, internal echoes, of principles necessarily prevailing in the system of things external to us. Let a circle become conscious of itself, and it will know that every part of its circumference is necessarily equidistant from its centre. Similarly, the sense of time, when submitted to scientific analysis, is seen to come to us through the cerebral organ of memory, which retains, as though by a species of phosphorescence, images of past phenomena in the order in which they have actually occurred outside us; and all the other innate possessions of the mind are seen to have been acquired by us in precisely similar ways.

But the explanation which science gives us of the facts of the human mind, goes very much farther than the above illustrations suggest, and than most scientific philosophers even yet realise. If we take the scientific thinkers of the present day generally, we shall find that the view that prevails among them comes practically to this—Though they recognise man as an evolved product of the universe, they regard the individual, when once he has come into being, as severed from his cosmic parent by the cutting of an umbilical cord, and connected with it only by experiences which he, as a separate entity, acquires himself, or inherits from the experi-

ences of his ancestors. Now so long as this view prevails, scientific psychology generally lies justly open to a criticism which religious thinkers have directed against it. Scientific psychology—so these thinkers say—the psychology which denies to the mind any life or existence which is not that of the body fails, despite all its theories of the acquisition and inheritance of ideas, to explain intelligibly what that inner vitality, that effort, or (as they call it) that conation, is, which is, they say, involved in all mental and emotional processes. And the objection, though we cannot pause to consider it in detail here, is plausible; but it is plausible only for the reason that has just been indicated—namely, that the psychology of modern monistic science has not yet succeeded in completing its own inferences. It has been content with exhibiting the human mind and its processes as things which have been evolved from the common substance of the universe, and has failed to see that they have not merely been derived from, but actually are and continue to be, integral and unseparated parts of it. If science means anything, it necessarily means this, and all that it here requires to do is to make its meaning complete. It will then be able to answer all current objections.

Let us consider the argument that the whole mental process is essentially one of action, effort, or conation. Those who urge it imagine that if only they can make this point clear they have vindicated for the individual mind an independent existence, and exhibited it as something which, even if influenced by the universe, is distinct from it. And in a sense their contention is correct; but let science only arrive at a complete understanding of itself, and scientific psychology, instead of being disturbed by this fact, restates it and explains it as part of its own system, and makes it intelligible in a way which to the introspective philosophers was impossible. The individual mind, it will answer, *IS* active—more active than any beehive in the business of making honey; but in this it is not peculiar. There is activity and conation in every part of the universe. There is conation in exploding gunpowder; there is conation in the breaking sea; there is conation in the digestive organs. But the conation is in no case isolated. It is part of, and depends upon, the universal conation of Nature. The same thing is true of the brain, which is the organ or physical side of the mind. Its myriad cells are in a state of constant movement; so are the molecules that make up the cells, the atoms that make up the molecules, the ions that make up the atoms; but all these movements are part of a wider process, and are all determined by extra-cerebral causes, just as a flower is determined by causes outside itself—by soil, by air, by sun, by its parent plant or tree. The brain is set in motion firstly by the rest of the body,

on which it reacts like one part of a mechanism on another part ; and, secondly, by the air, the food, and so forth, which the body assimilates in its service, and which maintain its activity and condition it. Let food cease to enter the body, and the conation of the brain ceases. " Man is what he eats," is supposed to be the motto of materialism. It is really no more than a short way of saying that man and the universe are of one and the same substance, and that the substance which is outside man is constantly being absorbed into him in the form of what we call food, and by the process which we call digestion. The conation, in fact, of the brain or mind is to the universe what the conation of the governor of an engine is to the engine by which it is set in motion.

The same course of reflection leads us to a farther truth. It is a truth which relates not to our ideas, but to our emotions ; and here we touch on a point with regard to which the introspective philosophy is unable even to suggest to us any definite explanation whatsoever. " Every shade of inclination," says Haeckel, " from complete indifference to the fiercest passion, is exemplified in the chemical relation of the various elements towards each other, just as we find it exemplified in the psychology of man, and especially in the life of the sexes. . . . The irresistible love-passion that leaps over all bounds of reason or morality, is the same powerful 'unconscious' attractive force which impels the living spermatozoon to force an entrance into the ovum, in the fertilisation of the egg of the animal or plant—the same impetuous movement which unites two atoms of hydrogen to one atom of oxygen in the formation of a molecule of water." Similarly another writer, the late Mr. Frederick Myers, whose sympathies and temper were the very reverse of Professor Haeckel's, observes, in speaking of drunkenness, that " the influence over our organism of certain drugs—alcohol, opium, and the like—is sufficient to overpower in a large proportion of mankind, even the primary impulse of self-preservation," and resembles the chemical affinities of the lowest organisms, " which arrange themselves inevitably in specific relations to oxygen, malic acid, or whatever the stimulus may be."

In this way the facts of human emotion become correlated with, and are explained by, principles which prevail and operate throughout the mind-matter of the universe generally. But more suggestive still than either of the foregoing passages is the following from Du Prel, which brings us back from the emotions to ideas and to the intellect proper. " At first sight," says Du Prel, " it seems wonderful that the technical products invented and fabricated in conditions of clearest consciousness, should agree in fundamental character with the products of nature. Our surprise springs from the supposition which we make of a double source—



a dualism of forces—which does not at all exist. The brain-powers on which these technical inventions depend are not evoked by consciousness, but only illuminated by it. As, according to Spinoza, the flung stone, if it had consciousness, would suppose its flight to be voluntary, so we, if thought is lighted up by consciousness, suppose the process of thought to be an activity of consciousness. Instead of wondering that there is an unconscious thinking, we should rather understand that in fact there is no other. There is a thinking, indeed, that is accompanied by consciousness, but none that is caused by consciousness." What Du Prel means and perceives, though it is not very well expressed, is that the whole process of the universe is in some sense a process of thought, every molar, molecular, atomic, and corpuscular movement everywhere being the physical side of some movement of the universal mind; and this conception of things merely requires development to result in a conclusion much wider than that which Du Prel indicates.

Processes such as that of invention, to which Du Prel alludes, are merely examples of processes and faculties of a more fundamental kind, namely, those of reason understood in its widest sense, as including the logic of deduction which operates on the data of sensation, and the logic of induction, by means of which knowledge is obtained. It is only when we grasp man's mental faculties in their entirety that we shall be able to understand fully the scientific and philosophic significance of the identity of what goes on in the human mind with what goes on in the universe which presents itself to us in the guise of matter. Thus, when we consider the question in this comprehensive way, we shall see that what we call logic is a process which, pervading the entire mechanism of nature, is epitomised and humanised by the brain, and expressed by it in terms of consciousness. We may take for an example the case of simple propositions. All propositions, if they are true (such as two and two make four) are identical propositions. They are the subjective equivalents of facts which exist outside the mind. That is to say, we assert that two and two make four, and apprehend this truth as a necessary truth, because it is a truth involved in the general constitution of the universe.

And now comes the question which has puzzled all the introspective philosophers—the question of how the mind acquires those items of knowledge which reveal themselves to consciousness in the propositions which the mind asserts; and to this question the answer of science is as follows. The brain or the mind in its conation is the universe reproduced on a small scale, and doubtless in a most imperfect way, sorting or arranging the impressions which the nerves or senses convey to it. The mind

which sorts the impressions, and which "throws over the universe its web of categories," is part of the universe over which the web of categories is thrown. When the physics of the brain present us with our idea of the solar system, they do so because they and the physics of the solar system are one—just as a puddle of water reflects the stars, because light and the stars and the puddle belong all of them to the same world. Or perhaps the whole conception of things here indicated may be made clearer if we imagine the universe to consist of nothing but a limited atmosphere, and a patch of garden soil, with a sun to shine, and rains to fall on it seasonably; and then imagine that from the soil springs a rose-plant and a single rose. In this case it will be obvious that the rose is a flowering, not of its own plant only, but of the soil, the sunlight, the rain, and the air also. Our whole little imaginary universe will, in fact, be the true rose-plant. Let us enlarge our conception of this universe until it coincides with reality, and in place of the rose let us put the mind of man, and we have the conception of man's mind to which modern science leads us. This mind is merely a flowering of the cosmic plant or tree. Nothing is in the flower that was not first outside it. Nothing is in the sap of its thoughts that does not come to it from without, or which is not in it because it, and what is outside it, are parts of the same whole; and just as the mental flower is part of the cosmic tree, so is the cosmic tree part of the mental flower. Just as the cosmic tree would call the mind-rose "my flower," so would the mind-rose call its cosmic source "my tree."

And here we come to what is really the root of the matter. I had occasion to allude to it before, when dealing with the clerical attack on the consistency of the scientific system. I mentioned that the gap between material substance and consciousness, which to ordinary thought once seemed impassable, has been filled up by recent discoveries in the psycho-physiological sphere. Thus, when Du Prel speaks of thought as not necessarily accompanied by consciousness, and as not primarily caused by it, he is not indulging in any *a priori* or metaphysical speculation. He is speaking of an order of facts which are as capable of being observed accurately as the circulation of the blood is, or any similar process. The systematic and experimental study of the human being under various conditions, such as those induced by hypnotism, has shown that of the thinking, appetitive, reasoning, and remembering self, a small part only is comprised in the sphere of distinct consciousness; that the larger part is associated with no consciousness at all; and that between extremes are conditions in which consciousness is hazy or incomplete. The result of this discovery is to revolutionise our whole conception of personality. It has shown that, if we call a man's self those faculties and processes which are

going on in his own organism, he is as ignorant of the contents of the larger part of himself as he is of what is happening in the moon or the milky way. It is enough, in illustration of this, to mention the case of memory, which in each of us is a crowded register of things which we have never noticed, and of which it betrays its custody under rare conditions only.

Now bearing all this in mind, let us turn again for a moment to the ways in which modern introspective philosophy is trying to exhibit the whole world of science as created by, or dependent on, the activity of the mind of man. Modern idealists, Fichte, Wundt, Professor Ward, and Professor Munsterberg, try to represent all external things as part of the concrete experience of the individual mind. When, for example, I say that I see the sun, I mean that I experience a certain condition of consciousness; but in order to explain this concrete experience to myself, my mind, by a process of abstraction, divides it into two parts—a perceived sun which I represent as being outside me, and a perceiving mind which I represent as being inside; but neither of them, except as abstractions, has any existence. Thus, to take a favourite and familiar illustration, ten men, as they think, are looking at the same sun; but what really happens is that there is a so-called sun in each of them, which is not really an external sun at all, but an abstraction made by each of them from a similar "unitary experience."

Naturally the critics of this astounding theory have asked its upholders how they account for the fact that the simultaneous unitary experience of the ten men is the same; and some of the upholders of it have endeavoured to answer the question by "positing" (as they say) a universal human mind in which each of the individual human minds is contained. Such is the answer given by Fechner and Schuppe. It is enough to say here that this answer, which is nothing but an arbitrary assumption, is absurd, and that as an explanation it is futile. But still more absurd, for common-sense, is the suicidal climax to which logically all this method of introspective reasoning leads, namely, the conclusion that all existence is comprised in one mind only, and that the other nine men who are supposed to see nine other suns, are merely empty images in the dream of this tenth man. And yet it cannot be too strongly stated that on introspective grounds all these conclusions are more or less defensible, whilst the last and the most monstrous of them defies philosophical refutation. But let us take these arguments which are now pitted against science, and see what science does with them, not by refuting, but by absorbing, and so transfiguring them.

By showing that the human mind, with which all these arguments start, is not, as these arguments assume it to be, an

absolute self-existing unit of consciousness, but a complex organism evolved from simpler elements, of which organism consciousness covers a small part only, science does this: it extends indefinitely the borders of what we call self, so as to make it include a whole region of facts and processes, which, though comprised in the organism, are external to the conscious part of us, and to everything that we can call our own personal experience. It thus breaks down the dividing line between ourselves and the universe altogether. For, just as the conscious self is but a small though integral part of the organism which it calls its own, so is that organism an integral though a small part of the universe. We may therefore say of each individual human being that, in a strictly literal sense the entire universe is his body, or that it constitutes his extended self. He is a nucleated point of consciousness in the albumen of the cosmic egg. It will thus be seen that, if only one man existed, the extreme idealist position, which even idealists dread because it seems a practical absurdity, would in a sense be absolutely correct. The universe would in a sense be the body of that one man—the outlying cell of which his conscious Ego was the nucleus. But every one of the countless men who exist may with equal justice say the same thing of himself. The same universe is the extended body of each; the same universe is the extended body of all. Thus the external universe is for each separate mind more truly a part of it than it is said to be by the boldest idealist, and is also as completely independent of all individual minds as it is said to be by the crudest realist.

Such, then, are the ways in which science receives the attack now made on it by modern introspective philosophy. Such philosophy, instead of disintegrating it as a system of childish materialism, merely hardens and sublimates it into a system of universal mentalism. But does this mentalisation of matter—this explaining away of it, if Mr. Balfour likes the phrase—do anything for religion? On the contrary, it does but rivet afresh the fetters linking us to a universe which, though we know that in some sense it is a universe of mental activity, has no specific character that is cognisable or approachable by ourselves, and has no business with us individually which the search-lights of our consciousness can discover. If we wish to win a religious belief back again, we must approach science in ways that are widely different from the frontal attacks of the clerical party, and from these abortive mining operations of the philosophic. Of what the true way may be it is impossible for me to speak here. I will content myself with observing that if we are to follow the true way successfully, our first step must be to withdraw altogether from the false.

W. H. MALLOCK.

## THE EXTINCTION OF EGERIA.

Two comparatively recent events of an entirely different character—the unveiling by President Loubet of a monument to Gambetta and the assassination of the Greek Premier—are both, from different points of view, suggestive of a contrast between feminine influence on European politics in the last century and at the present time. Gambetta, as will presently be seen, had been nurtured in the palmy period of French and German stateswomanship; he believed that quality could alone supply the cement for the new *régime* which he did more than any other man of his generation to establish. The socio-political system of Athens has always been modelled on that of Paris. The receptions held under the shadow of the Parthenon by the ladies of the Delyannis family were not unsuccessfully copied from those given by Miss Tricoupis, the sister of the dead statesman's great rival, and almost as well known to English visitors as to Hellenic politicians and their wives. Miss Tricoupis, in fact, deserves to be remembered as the one mistress of socio-political diplomacy who inherited the tact and success of an accomplished Englishwoman—Lady Palmerston.

A function whose scene was the Roman Catholic Church, Cadogan Street, in the February of 1905, suggested a revival of those Balkan marriages, as they used to be called, which in the last century relieved with episodes, more or less romantic, the monotonous chapters of political intrigue dominating the contemporary narrative of Eastern Europe. The bride, Miss Margaret Dowling, belonged to an Irish family, the bridegroom, "H. S. H. Ghika," was described as a prince of several Empires. He had first become known to society in England during a mission undertaken with the purpose of interesting the English public in the emancipation of his Albanian compatriots from Turkish tyranny. Really all this sounds very like an echo from the diplomatic *coulisses* of Central Europe in the last century. That was the period when brides, actual or potential, as well as matrons of various qualities and degrees, were more visibly active upon the stage of Continental politics than had been the case since the third Republic replaced the second Empire, and the last in the line of royal stateswomen disappeared from Berlin. "Women are our chief want," was Gambetta's remark, made in the year of his death, about the third Republic. The fatal mystery of the pistol-shot in the hand at the Villa d'Avray, soon following that utterance, served to rescue a casual remark from oblivion, by making it the subject of

much speculative gossip in the *chronique scandaleuse* of the period. "A Frenchman," as Adolphe Thiers used to say, "always runs to a woman when he finds himself in trouble," without considering whether that resource may not aggravate, rather than allay, the evil. However banal Gambetta's observation, when repeated in cold blood to-day, may seem, nothing has happened to make it out of date. At the time of its being made, Paris was only one of the several capitals testifying to the importance of the "feminine factor." In France itself the memories were still fresh of a *régime* that had been the bright personification of woman's power in domestic as in foreign affairs, that had made the capital the pleasure resort of the millionaires of the entire universe, and that had secured the whole country twenty years of unbroken prosperity. Whether, in its rise, its establishment, the full-orbed splendour of its meridian, on its fall, *dux femina facti* might have served for the motto of Bonapartism at every stage of its career. Elsewhere, too, than in France, Gambetta had witnessed the political ascendancy of Society's crowned or uncrowned queens. At the time he made the remark now recalled little more than ten years had passed since the third Empire went down with the crash of Sedan. The fashionable tradesmen of the Place Vendôme and of the Boulevard Italien sighed for the profits of a dispensation whose leading spirit had been the brilliant lady, to-day a widowed and venerable exile at Farnborough Hill. Never had the genius of social mode and of political intrigue been so brilliantly embodied in feminine shape. And here a social memory of the second Empire recalls an instance of the conversational freedom that reconciled many to political despotism. The Empress herself had once said, "Ours is a dynasty without dynastic partisans," adding, "The Emperor is socialist. In me, what is not philosopher is legitimist. Rouher is Orleanist. Our one Bonapartist is Persigny." No suspicion of *blague* need attach to the lady's description of herself. Whether as a tradition of breeding or a result of social art, the composure of Eugénie was never ruffled by the agitations or *contretemps* of her court. Equally little has it failed her since, at the most trying conjunctures of her private life. In 1852, Victor Hugo sent forth from his Channel Islands asylum "Napoleon the Little." In 1853 Eugénie began to preside over the fashionable system. No hint, of course, in her presence was breathed of the pamphlet assailing her husband. She alone with perfect calmness led conversation towards the brochure. At a later date her demeanour under Taine's scathing criticism of Napoleon III. formed a striking contrast to the temper shown by one of her connections, the Princess Mathilde. *Apropos* of that

outburst of indignant loyalty, Eugénie more than once repeated what had passed between Rénan and Taine. "I am," said the latter, "inconsolable for the loss of so old a friend on account of a book." "Pooh," rejoined Rénan, "my 'Life of Jesus' has cost me the goodwill of a very much greater lady than a Bonapartist princess, the Church itself." The periodical rumours of any idea on the part of the ex-Empress to animate a political faction have always been without foundation. The courtesy of kinship alone prompted her reconciliation with Prince Napoleon a few years since. The Duc de Bassano has informally acted as her representative in the Bonapartist councils, periodically held at different places. Even through that sagacious deputy she holds no official communication with these gatherings. The wealth enjoyed by her to-day is due first to the fact of her marriage settlements having been made almost exclusively in English securities; secondly, to the far-seeing shrewdness with which later investments were directed by her famous physician, the discoverer of chloroform, a consummate man of business, Sir J. Y. Simpson, of Edinburgh. The ex-Minister of the Empire, Rouher, enjoyed her confidence till his death. Since then such Frenchmen as she may consult have never been officially associated with the State. They are, in fact, mostly eminent lawyers of a bygone day, like Grand Perret and Busson Billant. However retired her life may be, the name of the ex-Empress must always exercise on the Bonapartist atoms some attractive power. But the rare visits of Prince Victor Napoleon and of that Duc de Mouchy who married a Princess Murat, were beginning to be historical, even when, in 1880, Gambetta had formed the Cabinet which two years later the defeat on *scrutin de liste* was to dissolve. If I remember rightly, when Gambetta delivered himself of the sentiment that has opened these remarks, there was hanging on the wall opposite him the well-known engraving of the Empress Eugénie surrounded by her ladies. That group of Winter Halter's includes, amongst other imperial attendants, the Princess D'Essling, the Comtesse Marnesia, the Comtesse de Malaret, the Comtesse de Montebello, the Vicomtesse de Marismas, whose birth name had been Macdonald, the Duchesse de Bassano, and the Duchesse de Malakoff. The statesman, however, may not necessarily have been contrasting in his mind this galaxy of imperial divinities with the feminine deficiencies of his own polity. Not merely in France, but in other Continental States, he had witnessed practical proof of the powerful part played by women, equally in domestic affairs and in international relations. The southern imagination can scarcely conceive of a State without something in the way of a court, to be administered by the other sex, as the council chamber

is controlled by men. The tribute to feminine authority, paid by the organiser of the new democratic France, expressed an experience, not less than a regret. Within Gambetta's knowledge a series of remarkable women had assisted at, or presided over, the foundation of the German Empire, and had promoted its progress to maturity. The wife of William I. was a daughter of the Duke of Weimar; her youth had been passed in a place yet bright with the glories of Goethe and Schiller. She grew up to find herself the chief princess at a provincial court of more than metropolitan brilliancy, and the dictatress of the most gifted society of the day. When by marriage she became Princess of Prussia, in point of versatility and accomplishment, she had few rivals amongst the intellectual women of Europe. Her physical endowments were incomparable. Her shoulders, especially, were the admiration of a continent. That, perhaps, explains why all her early portraits represented her in evening dress. Neither as Prussian Queen nor German Empress did she find the opportunities equal to her ambition and to her qualifications. She therefore occupied her energies and ingenuity with the elaboration of a code of ceremonial etiquette, in comparison with which the routine of the Russian court seemed simplicity. Her fame, perhaps even at some points her influence, was not limited to her own land. Her mental temper was largely French. As in costume, so in conversation, the fashion she set her court was of a Parisian pattern. While Gambetta yet lived, her sayings and doings received almost as much attention in the Faubourg St. Germain or the Parc Monceau as if she had been a native grande dame. During the war, the French prisoners and wounded had been the objects of her personal concern. Accidentally meeting the brother of a French officer who had fallen at Woerth, she made a point of shaking hands with him in memory, as she said, of his dead relative. Among the great Churchmen of her time, above any Teutonic theologian, came Dupanloup. All divines, she declared, ancient or modern, were distanced by the Bishop of Orleans. Works of charity relaxed no detail of personal state. She prepared herself for a visit to a hospital as elaborately as if for a court function. Whether politeness or sentiment prompted her speech, she always said something for courts and drawing-rooms to remember. Seven years before his death De Lesseps had brought the highest order of the Legion of Honour to Herbertte, the French Ambassador at Berlin. The Empress Augusta was then little more than a breathing corpse, but she insisted on receiving the "Grand Old Man" of France, who was also the regenerator of Egypt. "Ah," she said, when the visitor was



brought up to her bath-chair, "you see, Monsieur le Comte, I wear in your honour a dress *couleur eau du Nil*." During her last long illness, William I.'s consort had a certain masseuse in constant attendance at the Palace. So determined was Europe to discover some fresh sign of the survival of feminine influence in politics that Gambetta, like others, must have heard innumerable stories as to the way in which her palace employment reflected a State importance upon this Silesian peasant. Even a mind so strong and a character so independent as the Empress Frederick's conformed to the Gallophil tradition established by her mother-in-law at the Berlin court. She did so with an original and gracious adroitness that extended her reputation for *esprit* to the French capital. After the war (1870-1), some years passed without a representative of the defeated nation appearing at the autumn military manœuvres of the German army. The Princess Imperial had not yet become the Empress Frederick, when, in 1887, a French officer's uniform appeared on the busy scene. Near this stranger was a lady, so completely covered with waterproof clothes as not immediately to be identified with the wife of the heir to William I. The date happened to be the ninth of September. "I am," said the princess to the French officer, "especially glad to welcome you to-day—the anniversary of the victory won by your country and mine in the surrender of Sebastopol." An account of the incident soon found its way to Paris, and was in many French mouths about the time that Gambetta exchanged the Quai D'Orsay for his little house in the Rue Didier. Such were the latest evidences of stateswomanship as a force. They soon became the commonplaces of the period. They all confirmed the idea that women were still the life and soul of politics. Once take away feminine animation or support, the affair would become a landscape without water, or a drawing-room without a mirror. These were only some of the then familiar manifestations of feminine force acting upon events. Almost every leader of men, civil or military, was supposed to be inspired, like a second Numa Pompilius, by his own Egeria. Among the smaller nationalities of Europe, as little as among the larger, there was none which could not invoke its own tutelary goddess, crowned or uncrowned, the ornament or pride, if not the actual guardian, of her race.

Gambetta boasted Spanish as well as Italian ancestors. And the Spain of his century was to know little rest until, after indeed Gambetta's death, a woman united all interests and classes in loyalty to an infant king, her son. The series of vicissitudes in the Peninsula began with Isabella. It was continued in socialistic conspiracies and democratic outbreaks. One act of the drama

ended with the Hohenzollern candidature and the Aosta monarchy in 1870. Then came the Federal Republic in 1873. Nor did the period of storm and change really close before Christina's regency in 1886. William III. of Holland lacked most of the qualities which go to the making of a great monarch. The innate and characteristic loyalty of his subjects received its chief reward from their gratification in seeing his consort, Queen Sophy (Sophia of Wurtemberg), revive for the court of the Hague some of its bygone intellectual splendour. Among its periodical luminaries were Froude, Kinglake, Lecky, Macaulay, Motley, Prescott, of prose writers; of poets, Browning, Longfellow, the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, and Philip James Bailey who wrote *Festus*, a member of the English bar, but first recognised as Shakespeare's and Schiller's equal in America, afterwards fortunate enough to secure the suffrages of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and his disciples. The French statesman was not indeed the actual contemporary of all these instances. He lived however, long enough to witness the ascendancy in society and letters, if not in politics, of several who were not his own countrywomen and whose names were already famous. He had heard of the French Academy's desire to honour the Queen of Roumania; though he did not live to know that "*Les Pensées d'une Reine*" had received the crown at the prize distribution in 1888. That event certainly formed one of European royalty's intellectual triumphs; for Carmen Sylva, the Prince of Wied's and the Duchess of Nassau's daughter, is the Queen of Sweden's niece. To her uncle-in-law, the only reigning monarch probably who ever wrote magazine articles, she owes some of the mental discipline received in her earlier years. Nor, to her literary tastes and poetic accomplishments alone, was this lady indebted for the influence she exercised and the example she set. During the Russo-Turkish war the donning of the Red Cross uniform, the daily and nightly devotion to the ambulance, gave eastern Europe the earliest among followers in the steps of Florence Nightingale. Almost contemporary with Carmen Sylva was another crowned lady who, within Gambetta's time, had created something like a *furor* in Paris. Queen Nathalie married the Prince of Servia in 1875. She was not of purely royal birth, but the daughter of a Bessarabian officer who married a Roumanian princess. Eastern Europe has not in our time produced a more strikingly handsome woman, nor one who in a higher degree united the personal endowments, characteristics of her race, with the accomplishments and arts of Western civilisation. The war entered upon by Servia for shaking off Turkish control brought into play womanly qualities that won her the admiration of her countrymen, and which, associating her name with certain

celestial apparitions, won for her the title, "the Madonna of Kossovo." The matrimonial sequel has long since been done to death by the gossipmongers of a continent. A further proof of feminine omnipotence in the Balkan States was given by the active part in the divorce proceedings, with which well-informed rumour connected Madame Christitch.

Throughout the last quarter of the nineteenth century, not only Servia, but all the neighbouring communities, were known by no one better than by Gambetta to be agitated by feminine forces, exercised alternately and indifferently, for good or evil, in the direction of dynastic intrigue or of parliamentary change. In Bulgaria the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg reminded many observers of the intellectual distinction, by which Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, first as Princess Royal, then as the Empress Frederick, had impressed the best judges, not merely of her adopted land, but of European society. Clementine's intellect showed itself scarcely less discriminating in all departments of contemporary thought or culture. She proved her aptitude for political affairs by training her son in the business of governing and by consolidating the realm under his control. A Daudet, a Zola, or an Offenbach, could desire nothing more suggestive or profitable in the way of inspiration than the royal or fashionable life of a Balkan State. No Frenchman could have appreciated more than Gambetta the ready-made feuilletons and comic operas to be found behind the political footlights of Eastern Europe. The Grand Duke of Hesse married the most famous divorcée of Europe, Madame de Kolemene, in the spring of 1884. The episodes leading up to that match seemed like so many plagiarisms from opera bouffe. They had begun in 1880 with the first appearance at the cafés of the Darmstadt students of the future Grand Duchesse, then the unattached wife of a Russian diplomatist. Like that frisky figure, nothing had been seen since Schneider in the "Grande Duchesse." Paris itself had been the scene of another socio-political vaudeville bearing a family likeness to the little plots already glanced at. Just a generation before Gambetta had passed away, society in the second Empire had welcomed a lady who, in her prime, must have been of altogether exceptional beauty. Her remaining good looks still made her the cynosure of the Bois de Boulogne. People were presented to her as the Princess of Mingrelia. With some trouble her Parisian hosts satisfied themselves that a land of that name existed somewhere, under the shadow of the Caucasus Range. She was accompanied by a cavalier, her husband, who wore the picturesque Mingrelian costume. Of their children, one son, Prince Nicholas, educated in Paris, became a Russian guardsman, aide-de-camp to

the Czar. A daughter married Prince Achille Murat. Mingrelia itself soon proved to be identical with the classical Colchis. The pair were of course called Medea and Jason. After attending, as they regularly did, the Sunday races at Longchamps, they held at their hotel smart receptions which often ended in a dance. The daughter's marriage with the Bonapartist Prince did not prove a bad match for the husband, who settled down very comfortably on his wife's Caucasian property. The fashionable world in Germany was less frequently entertained by apparitions, like those that were the commonplaces of Paris under the second Empire; but, a few years before the Franco-Prussian war, a good deal of decorously romantic interest had gathered round a favourite at the court of William I., generally known as the Countess Waldersee. The facts indeed were as simple as they were respectable. Miss Esther Lee, the daughter of an American banker, while making the grand tour of Europe, had fascinated Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, an uncle of the Prussian Queen. In November, 1864, a morganatic marriage made the fair American the wife of the Prince. The honeymoon had not ended when apoplexy carried off the bridegroom. Of the many suitors for the highly endowed young widow, the lady's choice fell upon Count Waldersee, a Prussian officer of great position, and of the highest promise. In a little time the new countess had become enthroned by acclamation as the lady paramount of society in Berlin. Her *salon* was the most distinguished in the capital, entirely devoted to the Bismarckian interest and anti-English faction. It became therefore the hotbed of fashionable opposition to the Princess who had married the heir to the Imperial crown.

The feminine careers just glanced at belong to a period unprecedentedly fertile throughout the world in the triumphs and surprises of the sex. During the prime of the second Empire, it would be difficult to say whether the largest number of secret agents in petticoats were popularly credited to the French Emperor, to the Russian Tsar, or to Lord Palmerston. Those ladies continued sporadically to subsist, if not to flourish, on their past reputations, till quite late in the nineteenth century. Gradually they came down to being second-class *lionnes* in suburban drawing-rooms, or the invading Egerias of Sunday newspaper offices. The most heroic specimen of the cosmopolitan adventuress of this class is merely the shadow of a name to the present generation. But the Limerick lady whose father was Ensign Gilbert, and who achieved notoriety as Lola Montez, had the *entrée* of courts and the confidence of sovereigns, more considerable than her first royal capture, Louis of Bavaria. Lola

Montez, upon her own level, was merely a type of her time. In a Bohemian sort of way, she illustrated, as faithfully as was done by more orthodox ladies on a higher grade, the congeniality of a boudoir or drawing-room despotism to the social and political conditions of the age. The *personnel*, the antecedents, and the kaleidoscopic drama of the Imperial court at the Tuileries, all seemed to the popular eye to symbolise the opportunities and the conquests of clever and graceful womanhood. They acted as an encouragement to ladies of every class and age to aim at proficiency in the social arts, generally associated with the success of Napoleon III. The fashionable influence of the Napoleonic legend was indeed a good deal more widely diffused than is sometimes remembered now. Thus the august and historic precedent for the twentieth century alliances between United States plutocracy and the British peerage is the marriage in 1803 of Jerome Bonaparte to Miss Elizabeth Patterson, daughter and heiress of the Baltimore merchant. The tutelary goddess had never been, even in later days, a Bonapartist monopoly. What the Imperial Eugénie had proved to her dynasty, Madame de Clinchamp was to be to the head of the Orleanists. That, from the legitimist point of view, could not be called an innovation. It was rather a revival of the old tradition of monarchical France, in which the *salon* had ranked with the church as a bulwark of the court. The connection may yet be restored, for it has of course never completely lapsed. Diplomacy and politics, English or Continental, still have, and will continue to have, their own queens and princesses. In London the cosmopolitan stateswoman, so frequent a figure a couple of generations since, possesses, as its chief, if not its only representative, the gifted lady who permanently coloured the international ideas of Gladstone, and whose intellectual fascination touched the thought and even coloured the literary expression of Froude and Kinglake.

A former Foreign Secretary, the late Lord Malmesbury, in his "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," mentions having met at dinner Madame le Hon, who is said to be de Morny's belle, "a handsome fair woman at the head of all the fashion." The imperialist whom this lady inspired and generally directed was President of the Corps Legislatif. The *régime* which followed the Empire has not produced many women powerful in the same way or degree as Madame le Hon. The first President, Adolphe Thiers, as has been already said, always carried his vexations or difficulties to a confidante. During his period of office, however, only one of his countrywomen played a really active part. This was Princess Lise Troubetzkoy. A great personal friend of the President, she held, exclusively in his interest, a *salon* that attracted

the high-class men of letters, politicians and diplomatists of the period. Her manner had an old-world touch, especially agreeable to Thiers' English friends. She made no pretence to conversational *esprit* or epigram, but inspired much that was witty, or at least felicitous, in her guests. Among those who, after Thiers had passed away, contributed most largely to Republican funds, was Madame Arnaud de l'Ariège (*née* Guichard). This lady, the widow of a well-known member of the Constituent Assembly, only died within the last few months. She was for years an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and gave to that writer the idea for one of the characters in "Notre Dame de Paris." Gambetta had no more loyal protectress or sagacious adviser. The Russian alliance has exercised on society in France an influence, not unlike that produced on the fashionable polity of England by the socio-political disruption which followed, first the Home Rule Bill of 1886, secondly the Tariff Reform movement of to-day. Certain articles, especially one by the French Deputy, Count Boni de Castellane, recently published in the Paris *Figaro*, as well as other newspaper pieces or platform addresses by M. de Pressensé and M. Octave Mirbeau, make it tolerably plain that the tendency of French culture throughout the country is to sympathise with the proletariat in dislike and distrust of the league with Tsarism. The representatives of birth and brains have discovered, like the masses, that the Russo-French *entente* originated with the arch-"roturier," President Felix Faure, whose plebeian snobbery was flattered by showing himself, together with the Muscovite autocrat, in the State carriages, just inherited by him from Casimir-Perier. These social censors of State policy admit the fact of an understanding between the official rings in the two countries. They insist upon the impossibility of a lasting and reciprocal amity between the victims of a semi-Oriental despotism and the citizens of a free republic. When, more than a generation ago, one first heard the suggestion of France regaining her place among the nations with Russian help, comments, curiously like those just referred to, might have been heard in the Paris *salon* of Madame Mohl, the wife of the well-known professor. Since then, indeed, in her "Nouvelle Revue," specially devoted to Russian interests, the exclusive sets that pass for *spirituel*, fitfully allow that, on purely intellectual grounds, the dwellers on the Neva and the Seine ought to be the best of friends. Apart from the fashionable disintegration, towards which political differences now and again tend, the fashionable leaders in the French capital to-day resemble the late Marquise de Gallifet, the well-known cavalry general's wife, in aiming at purely social, rather than semi-political, celebrity. The already mentioned Madame Adam, better known, perhaps, under

her writing name of "Juliette Lamber," still, as always, never fails to show the social courage of her political convictions. Madame Séverine, on the staff of the *Echo de Paris*, wields a pen so brilliant as, among the literary defenders of the *régime*, to promote her to a position, resembling that held by Madame Adam, in her more active days. The novelist of the Republic is "Gyp" (Comtesse de Martel de Janville). The palm of beauty among the *habituées* of President Loubet's court has long since been awarded to Madame Gautherot. Madame Dieulafoy, the traveller, follows the example of Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur by always dressing in male costume. The theatre reinforces the contingent of Republican divinities with Sarah Bernhardt and her sisters in art, Jane Hading, Réjane, Bartet, Reichenberg, Judic, and Granier. In another department of the stage Republicanism has partisans of equally unimpeachable zeal in Mdlles. Yvette Guilbert and Félicia Mallet, as well as in the one French singer of European reputation, Madame Calvé.

Among the personal features of French politics in the present day, few are more noticeable than the uniform success of Gambetta's "young men," under the successive dispensations, for which their master prepared the way. The influences moulding M. Delcassé showed themselves also in the development of the recent French Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The last-named curiously resembles in appearance M. Camille Barrère, French ambassador at Rome. Both of these, like Paul Cambon, are instances of the highest distinction achieved by Gambettists. To these must be added M. Pallain, governor of the bank of France. Madame Pallain is at this moment the best specimen of the official great ladies, who do the entertaining for the Republic. Her receptions and parties at the Bank of France, located in the splendid Hôtel de Toulouse, brilliantly fulfil Gambetta's social desideratum. Other hostesses resemble her in that tactful administration of mildly Republican sympathies, and so give the tone to the society of the day. Politics apart, the existing dispensation is helped even more by the great ladies who are its enemies than by those who are its friends. The opposition stateswomen make their drawing-rooms the battle-ground of at least three different causes. First there is the old royal family, the Legitimists, now merged in the house of Orleans. Then come the Bonapartes. Finally must be mentioned the Don Carlos faction, "Les Blancs d'Espagne." Thus it comes to pass that the best houses are virtually Republican, because Legitimism and Carlism are known to be impossible and Bonapartism is thought to be vulgar. In Germany, the two first Empresses in a series of three have already been retrospectively

glanced at. To the third might be applied Tennyson's remark about the lady of Burleigh in the familiar ballad. She has

Shaped her heart with woman's meekness,  
To all duties of her rank.

William II.'s consort presides over her domestic establishment and her court with the same precise and prudent vigilance, the same enmity to every form of profusion or disorder, that were displayed by either of her two predecessors. But the consuming and incalculable zeal of a sovereign who is his own Prime Minister, his own Chancellor, his own home administrator, as he can also be his own State artist, his own chief musician, and, on an emergency, his own chaplain, leaves little room for the refining influence of drawing-room activities and renders unlikely the appearance of any lady who will play to him the part which the Countess Waldersee is supposed to have filled towards his grandfather. To pass to other countries. In some respects the social environment of the Italian Sovereign resembles that of the Russian Tsar. In both cases, there is a Queen Mother of great enterprise and widely diffused authority. The results indeed are different. At Rome, the court is now on good terms with the church; the great opposition leaders with their respective wives have disappeared. No stateswoman counts, except King Humbert's widow, whose prerogative in every department of the nation's thought and work has increased, rather than diminished, since her husband's death, and everyone is happy. Whether, on a somewhat similar arrangement, St. Petersburg will eventually find equal reason for congratulating itself is rather beyond the scope of the present remarks.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



## MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN AMERICA.

It is but one more proof of Mr. Roosevelt's superiority to mere "politics" that he should have dared to raise the question of the American marriage and divorce laws. Presidents of the United States, as a rule, have Congress so absorbingly on their hands, and are so encroached upon by the business of patronage and of party manipulation, that public questions in which no one but the people is interested, and which cannot be twisted to any electioneering advantage, are apt to be let comprehensively alone with a facility such as even we in England barely compass. Of the two characters that meet in an American President, the character of party leader and the character of national leader, it is generally the latter that has to take the subordinate place. Mr. Roosevelt, I believe, has done more than most of his predecessors to preserve a balance between the two sets of presidential functions that has added to the authority of each. He is never so much of a Republican as to forget that he is also President of the United States, and his healthy partisanship and practicality save him from the yet grosser error of ignoring the means by which he was elected to his high office, the conditions and understanding on which he holds it, or the objects to which he is rightly expected to apply its prerogatives. There is not much danger of a President failing to remember and fulfil these latter responsibilities; he is too sharply and insistently reminded of their reality at the very first sign of any tendency to evade or overlook them. The danger is rather that he should yield too easily to their exigencies and never strike out at large beyond the narrow and narrowing bounds of party. An excursion, therefore, such as this of Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of the marriage and divorce laws, has a value of its own irrespective of whatever may be its practical issue. It helps to import into public discussion a fresh and unwonted spaciousness, to establish the juster proportion of things, and to broaden and clarify the national outlook. Clearly it is not as the head of a party, but as the representative of all the people, as one who feels himself entitled by his office to press upon the attention of his countrymen problems that lie beyond the capricious scope of politics, and yet are deeply related to the general welfare of society, that Mr. Roosevelt has brought the question on the carpet. There is, indeed, no political issue involved in it, and no party gain to be won from it. In his special Message to Congress on January 30th, Mr. Roosevelt states the bare and sufficient

facts. No statistics of marriage and divorce, he observes, have been collected since 1886, and he asks from Congress such legislation as will authorise their compilation. There is a wide-spread conviction, he remarks, that the divorce laws are dangerously lax and indifferently administered in some States, and that the result is "a diminishing regard for the sanctity of the marriage tie." His immediate aim is an official inquiry to bring out the facts. His ultimate hope is that, with these facts to guide them, the several States of the Union may be induced to co-operate in the enactment of uniform marriage and divorce laws.

It will be seen that in this statement of his purposes Mr. Roosevelt, rightly, as it seems to me, turns his back on the idea of bringing the domestic relations within the province of the Federal legislature. It would, of course, have been better had the Constitution reserved to Congress the right of legislating on marriage and divorce for the entire Union, just as it reserved to Congress the power to lay and collect taxes, to coin money, to fix the standard of weights and measures, and to enact a national bankruptcy law. As no such reservation was made, each State is free to regulate marriage and divorce in its own way, and this freedom can only be abridged or annulled, can only be taken away from the States and transferred to Congress, by a Constitutional amendment. Practically there is only one way of amending the American Constitution. Congress, by a two-thirds vote in each House, prepares and proposes the required amendments; but they do not take effect, they cannot be incorporated in the organic law of the land, until ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States. This is a tedious process at best, even when there is absolute unanimity as to the scope and object of the alteration needed. When no such unanimity exists—and I doubt whether any State would willingly surrender its local liberty in matters of marriage and divorce to the unfettered discretion of Congress—changing the American Constitution becomes little less than a sheer impossibility. It is thirty-five years since any amendment was proposed and ratified, and except as the result of some great national cataclysm, I do not expect to see the experiment tried again. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, shows good judgment in attempting nothing heroic, and in confining his efforts to the discovery and presentation of the facts, and to the manufacture of a public opinion that may gradually impress upon the several States the advantages of uniformity.

It is, of course, the uncontrollable liberty of the States that is at the root of the chaos of divergences and contradictions presented by the American marriage and divorce laws. State pride and patriotism almost make it a point of honour that each local

legislature, on all conceivable subjects, should have a policy of its own, and not tamely reproduce the enactments of other communities. A sort of rivalry in legislative experiment is generated by the close juxtapositions of the Federal system, by its multiplication of competitive loyalties, and the pitting of State against State in a vast law-making tourney. And some of the States are very primitive, very unsettled, very Western. Their legislators combine extreme inexperience with an extreme passion for social and political empirics. They have all the defective altruism of the stock, and a faith in the capacity of laws to make a new heaven and a new earth at least once a session that we for the most part have outgrown. The kind and quantity of the legislation passed by the local State Assemblies in America has to be examined to be conceivable. Laws inscribing the Ten Commandments on the Statute Book, laws abolishing—not merely regulating, but abolishing—immorality, gambling, vice, Sunday drinking, cigarette smoking for boys, and so on; curfew laws to drive minors off the streets at the stroke of nine; laws that have all the paternalism of the fifteenth century and the Arcadian simplicity of the age of gold—flow without seeming effort from these untrammelled and romantic legislators. The past weighs with them not at all; of traditions they have none; their guides are the local sentiment of people like unto themselves, their own elementary freshness of heart and emotion, which is one of nature's gifts to Americans, and that infectious sense of all things being possible that propagates itself so easily in their buoyant atmosphere. I know not where, outside the French Revolution, you will find so curious a union of practicality, idealism, and cheerful contempt for all experience as in some of the American State legislatures. They rush, with careless and instinctive enthusiasm, along that most fatal of routes—the political short cut; producing for every abuse an instantaneous and annihilating remedy, poulticing and plastering the ills of society one by one, with never a suspicion of how it may all react on the general tone of the body politic, of what may be its remoter consequences, or of the inseparably linked complexities of human affairs. To men of such propensities, and worked upon by the atmospheric influences at which I have glanced, no field can be more inviting or more crowded with opportunities than that of marriage and divorce. A bold occupation and development of it has come all the easier to Americans through their ingrained and impregnable indifference to theological considerations, through their intense individualism, and through their easy-going, sometimes misguided, often over-indulgent, but none the less genuine sense of chivalry. They are honourably ambitious to diffuse as much individual

freedom and happiness, and to prevent as much unhappiness, as possible; and the ambition is one which operates with peculiar force whenever the comfort or peace of mind of women is in question. It is, perhaps, more than anything else, with a view to promoting the welfare of women, and to asserting their right to a social and legal equality with men, that the American divorce laws have been framed in a spirit of such pronounced liberality. And in these days, when law-makers are more criticised than thanked, it is pleasant to record that American women have marked their sense of this legislative solicitude in a highly practical and gratifying fashion. More than eighty per cent. of the petitions for divorce are presented by women, and it is probably not overstating the case to say that the bulk of feminine opinion is adverse to any far-reaching change in the present laws.

Of the two main divisions into which Mr. Roosevelt's enterprise falls, the passage of a uniform Marriage Law will be the less difficult. That is not because the present marriage laws are less conflicting than the present divorce laws, but because the differences, except at one or two points, do not involve grave matters of principle. Practically all the States agree in not prescribing any special form of ceremony. Broadly speaking, any marriage celebrated according to the rites of any religious society is valid throughout the Union. In all States, except two, a civil or religious ceremony is optional. Only four States maintain the dual system of banns or licence. Some States require three witnesses, others two, and others, again, are content with one. In a still larger number witnesses are dispensed with altogether. In a few States the celebrant is directed or authorised to administer the oath and cross-examine the parties as to their legal right to marry. There is an equal latitude permitted in the choice of a celebrant. In New York any clergyman, or the minister of any religion, is competent to solemnise. So is "any religious society"; so, too, is the leader of the Society for Ethical Culture in New York City; any justice or judge of a court of record or municipal court, any police justice or police magistrate of a city, any justice of the peace, any mayor, any recorder, or any alderman. In Massachusetts, on the other hand, justices of the peace may only officiate if, in addition, they hold the post of city or town clerk, or city registrar, or if they have been specially commissioned to conduct the marriage service by the Governor. Nobody in Massachusetts—I believe the provision to be unique—is qualified to solemnise unless he can read and write English. In Maine women may be authorised by the Governor to officiate. Some States restrict the performance of the religious ceremony

to ministers dwelling in the State, while in Louisiana any clergyman, "whether a citizen of the United States or not," is competent to conduct the marriage service. A few States require a minister to file credentials of ordination and good standing, and in Ohio he must be in possession of a licence from a county judge of probate. In several States it is expressly provided that if the celebrant declares himself, rightly or wrongly, to be properly authorised, the marriage is valid. Here and there county supervisors and the speakers of the State House and Senate are competent to officiate. There is a good deal of divergence in connection with the time, form, and manner in which the record of the marriage is to be made, but the divergence turns mainly on unimportant details. Some States, however, make no provision on the subject. In the same way the practice of the States in regard to licences varies considerably. Some States have laid down no rules whatever on the matter, and in others it is specifically stated that no licence is necessary. The majority, while requiring a licence, differ among themselves as to when the application should be filed, what opportunity should be given for the filing of objections, when the licence should be issued, whether or not affidavits should accompany the application, which official should take charge of the business, and other more or less insignificant *minutiæ*. It is not until we reach the question of "the competent age to contract" that any difference of real moment is discoverable. Thirteen States make no provision on this point; nine have fixed the age at eighteen for a man and sixteen for a woman; eight at eighteen and fifteen; five at seventeen and fourteen; five again at sixteen and fourteen; four at fourteen and twelve; three at twenty-one and eighteen; two at eighteen and eighteen; one at fourteen and thirteen; and one at sixteen and thirteen. Twenty-three States require the consent of the parent or guardian if the man is under twenty-one and the woman under eighteen; fourteen require it if either is under twenty-one; two if either is under eighteen; two if the woman is under eighteen; one if the man is under twenty-one and the woman under sixteen; one if either is under sixteen; and eight States dispense altogether with such restrictions. Even more striking are the differences over "prohibited degrees." Consanguinity is a bar to matrimony all over the Union, and some States extend the prohibition to illegitimate as well as legitimate relationship. Twenty-five States pronounce marriage within certain degrees of affinity null and void. Sixteen States forbid first cousins to marry, while three place a like veto on lunatics and epileptics. Marriages between whites and negroes are prohibited in twenty-six States; between whites and Mongolians in six; and between whites and Indians in four.

On paper and at first sight these differences and contrasts seem imposing enough, but, closely examined, they do not put the possibility of reconciliation quite out of court. Some of them, it will be noticed, are purely formal and mechanical; others exist not because uniformity is objected to on principle, but because no effort has yet been made to attain it; others, again, are due to the prevalence in certain States of conditions that do not obtain, and need not, therefore, be provided against elsewhere—such, for instance, as the laws forbidding marriages between whites and negroes, Chinese and Indians; and except, perhaps, for the prohibition on the marriage of first cousins, there is no difference that involves any question of principle so vital as not to admit of adjustment and compromise. This prohibition would, no doubt, have to disappear from any law that it was hoped to make acceptable to all the States, but I do not imagine that the States which have adopted it would raise many difficulties over its surrender. Some, at any rate, have only written it on the Statute Book because they knew it could easily be evaded, and that first cousins who were bent on marriage had only to cross the borders into a more generous or less scientific State to carry out their purpose. The greatest abuse of all in the American marriage laws is that in nearly half the States they have been construed by the courts as “directory,” and not “mandatory.” In New Hampshire it is specifically provided that persons living together and acknowledging each other as husband and wife for a space of three years, or until the death of one of them, are to be held legally married; and in, I believe, twenty-three other States the courts have sanctioned “common law marriages.” Until that most grave and pernicious defect is remedied, until it is rigorously decreed that no marriage contracted within the borders of a State is valid unless all the forms and conditions prescribed by the laws of that State have been complied with, the first essentials of any real improvement are wanting. That one sovereign State should utterly disregard the laws of another sovereign State is one of the beauties of the Federal system to which time has accustomed us; but that it should suffer its own laws to be flouted by its own citizens, and within its own jurisdiction, seems an almost needless excess of anarchy. One of the first points with which a uniform law would have to concern itself would be to make all its provisions mandatory. What those provisions would be it is possible within certain limits to forecast. A law such as every State in the Union felt itself able to adopt would undoubtedly make a civil or religious ceremony optional, would licence every minister appointed or ordained according to the usages of his denomination to conduct the marriage service in conformity with the rites of

that denomination, would require the presence of at least two witnesses, would probably provide for the appointment of a new official, like our English registrar, to perform civil marriages, collect statistics, and superintend the observance of the legal conditions as to length of notice, term of residence, the filing of objections, &c., would be not unlikely to fix the "competent age to contract" at eighteen for a man and sixteen for a woman, and to abolish the legal requirement of the parent's or guardian's consent, would assuredly forbid marriages between whites and persons of colour, might well prevent the marriage of epileptics and lunatics, would establish and endorse the usual "prohibited degrees," and would be almost certain to adopt the principle of *legitimatío per subsequens matrimonium*.

It is at any rate conceivable that such a law would win a really national assent. On the other hand it is difficult even to imagine a law that would reconcile the divergent views of all the States on divorce. The divorce question and all its complex offshoots arouse, for one thing, an intensity of emotion and prejudice far greater in volume, and more heated in quality, than any that is concentrated on the regulation of marriage; and for another, it is in the field of divorce that American legislators have tried their most daring experiments, and produced the most contradictory results. From South Carolina, which grants no absolute divorces, and makes no provision for separation, to Tennessee where, after a year's residence, divorce may be granted on twelve different grounds, every variety of opinion has found expression in the Statute Book. The differences not merely in the actual provisions of the laws, but still more conspicuously in the spirit behind them, are so fundamental as to make even approximate uniformity appear unattainable. Bigamy and physical incapacity are the only causes which all the States without exception agree in regarding as grounds either for divorce or annulment of marriage; but even here there are reservations to be made. Iowa holds a bigamous marriage to be valid if the parties have cohabited since the death of the former husband or wife. Another State insists that action may only be brought by the former husband or wife or during their lifetime; and a third State declares that anyone whose husband or wife has been absent for five years, and is not known to be living, may lawfully contract a second marriage. In all States, except South Carolina, adultery is held to be a ground for divorce. Colorado includes under this term "immoral or criminal conduct," and in Kentucky it embraces "such lewd and lascivious behaviour as proves the wife to be unchaste without actual proof of act of adultery." Some States, while granting a divorce to the husband for the adultery of his wife, will only

grant a divorce to the wife for "living in adultery" by the husband; but the vast majority of States treat both parties in this regard alike. In forty States conviction or imprisonment for a felony entitles the innocent party to a divorce, and in four States it annuls the marriage. So far as five States are concerned the conviction may have taken place before the marriage; if concealed at the time of the marriage it is still a valid cause for divorce. In some of the States the mere fact of conviction is enough; in others the convicted person must have been sentenced to one, two, three, five, or seven years' imprisonment. At least two States refuse to divorce on these grounds if the conviction has been obtained by the evidence of either the husband or the wife. In one State, if the convicted person is pardoned by the Governor before being sent to the penitentiary, his or her conjugal rights are restored; in another a pardon makes no difference. In North Carolina, if the husband is indicted for felony, flees the States, and does not return within one year, his wife may secure an absolute divorce. In Louisiana and Virginia, the same relief is open to the husband if the wife, after conviction for felony, absents herself from the State for two years. Pennsylvania holds forgery to be a ground for divorce when the conviction is followed by a sentence of more than two years' imprisonment. In Rhode Island anyone found guilty of murder or arson is deemed to be civilly dead, and his or her marriage becomes *ipso facto* voidable. Louisiana grants a divorce when either party has suffered "condemnation to ignominious punishment."

Forty-three States agree that cruelty in one form or another is a cause for divorce. In Vermont it means "intolerable severity in either of the parties," and in Alabama actual violence "attended with danger to life or health, or when there is reasonable apprehension of such violence." In New Hampshire, when either party "so treats the other as seriously to injure health or endanger reason," it is cruelty. If a Kentucky husband habitually behaves towards his wife for not less than six months "in such cruel and inhuman manner as to indicate a settled aversion to her or to destroy permanently her peace or happiness," or if his treatment of her proves that he is possessed by "an outrageous temper," he may be divorced. In North Carolina cruelty is such treatment of the wife as "renders her condition intolerable or burdensome." Tennessee regards cruelty as, among other things, an "attempt upon the life of husband or wife by poison, or any other means showing malice," while in the same State the wife may secure a divorce if her husband's conduct "is such as renders it unsafe or improper for her to cohabit with him and be under his dominion and control," or if he offers such indignities to her



person as to "render her condition intolerable." Louisiana includes "public defamation by one of the other" among the cruelties that justify total divorce. In Texas all treatment, excesses, and outrages that are "of such a nature as to render their living together insupportable" are valid grounds for divorce. Arizona offers absolute divorce for cruelty, "whether by the use of personal violence or other means." In Indiana either party may obtain a separation *a mensa et thoro* when there is proof forthcoming of "such constant strifes as render their living together intolerable." Utah defines cruelty as any treatment that goes to the length "of causing great bodily injury or great mental distress," and California, Colorado, and North Dakota practically re-echo the definition, while Florida excels them all by making "the habitual indulgence of violent and ungovernable temper" a ground for absolute divorce.

All the States, with the exception of New York and North and South Carolina, treat desertion as a cause for absolute divorce. Here again there are almost as many interpretations given to the word as there are States. In twenty-one States it means wilful absence for one year; in twelve for two years; in twelve more for three years; and in two for five years. "Absence without word" for a period of three, five, seven, or ten years is also construed as desertion; so in some States is the refusal of either party to cohabit; so is vagrancy by the husband; so is voluntary separation for five years; so, too, is the joining of any religious sect that denounces marriage as unlawful. In Tennessee a tinge of patriotism seems to colour the local definition of desertion. It is described as being, in part, the refusal of the wife to live in or move into the State with her husband. Thirty-nine States have constituted drunkenness a ground for absolute divorce, three for separation, seven make no mention of it, and in one, Kentucky, it is held to annul the marriage. Habitual drunkenness for one year is sufficient in twelve States; for three years in three States; and for two years in one. The remainder attach no special time-limit to the adjectives "confirmed," "habitual," "gross." Tennessee makes it a condition that the habit shall have been contracted after marriage, and Texas adds that it must be such as "to render living together insupportable." In Kentucky, drunkenness by the husband must be "accompanied by a wasting of his estate" before the wife can obtain relief, whereas the husband may have the marriage annulled if the wife is a victim to habitual drunkenness for not less than a year. In Georgia, if both husband and wife have given way to intoxication, neither can obtain a divorce on that ground. California describes habitual drunkenness as "that degree of intemperance from the use of intoxicating drinks which disqualifies the

person a great portion of the time from properly attending to business, or which would reasonably inflict a cause of great mental anguish" on the innocent party. Drunkenness in Nevada only becomes a ground for divorce when it incapacitates the drunkard for the support of his family. In three States the law brackets drunkenness with the excessive use of opium, chloral, cocaine, morphia, and similar drugs.

Neglect to provide—called in some States "neglect" simply, in others "gross neglect of duty," and in others accompanied by such adjectives as cruel, wanton, and persistent—justifies absolute divorce in twenty-seven States and separation in four. In seven of the twenty-seven States the neglect must have continued for one year, in two for two years, and in one for three years. In the remainder no time is stated. Some States insist that there must be refusal as well as neglect to provide, and Colorado holds that suit can only be maintained on this ground against the husband if he is in good health. In six States "force, coercion, fraud, want of consent, duress," are causes for divorce, and in thirty-eight for annulment, though in seventeen of the thirty-eight they may be ratified by the act of the plaintiff, and the ratification will be accepted as a perfect defence. Pregnancy before or at the time of the marriage, unknown to the husband, and without his agency, is a ground for divorce in twenty-two States, but not in Iowa if the husband at the time of the marriage had an illegitimate child living, and the fact was concealed from the wife. In West Virginia the wife may secure a divorce if she discovers that prior to the marriage her husband was "notoriously a licentious person."

In all States that grant divorces re-marriage is permitted. In twenty-six States the permission is without any qualification, and holds good equally for the guilty and the innocent party. In other States it is granted, withheld, or limited at the discretion of the Court. Thus in Massachusetts, if the defendant wishes to re-marry within two years after the decree, he must petition the Court, and the petition may be denied. In Maine the innocent party may not marry within two years without the Court's permission, and the guilty party is not merely forbidden to re-marry within that time, but may not do so at all without the consent of the Court. In Vermont the defendant may not for three years marry anyone but the plaintiff, unless the latter happens to die. In Virginia the Court may forbid the defendant to marry anyone but the plaintiff. In North Carolina those who are divorced for desertion are forbidden to re-marry either during a term of five years, or, if the Court so pleases, during the lifetime of the innocent party. In Georgia the guilty person must give sixty days' notice of intention to re-marry; the case then comes before a jury, and may be

resisted either by the solicitor-general, or by any citizen of the county, or by the innocent party. Three States expressly forbid the guilty party to marry a co-respondent, and South Dakota allows the defendant only to marry the plaintiff. In Tennessee the party proved guilty of adultery may not marry a co-respondent until after the death of the plaintiff. Several States set a time-limit of from three months to three years, and forbid the defendant to marry until its expiration. In New York the defendant may only re-marry (1) if the plaintiff has re-married; (2) if five years have elapsed since the decree was issued; and (3) if during that time the defendant's conduct has been uniformly good to the satisfaction of the Court. I need scarcely say that all these regulations are practically meaningless. The divorced New Yorker, for instance, has merely to take the ferry-boat over to New Jersey to be able to laugh at the elaborate restrictions imposed by the State legislators on his freedom to re-marry. The local courts can neither follow him to New Jersey to prevent the marriage, nor refuse to recognise it when contracted.

Of late years there has sprung up in America an undoubted reaction against the laxity of some of the divorce laws. This reaction has resulted in two reforms. It has diminished the grounds on which a divorce may be granted, and it has extended the period necessary to establish a legal residence. Not very long ago it was possible to obtain a divorce by simply leaving husband or wife and spending thirty days in Oklahoma or ninety days in South Dakota. To-day there is no State in which an action for divorce may be brought without a preliminary residence of at least six months. Six months are held to constitute a legal residence in five States, a year in thirty-four States, two years in five States, and three years in four States. But that, of course, is no more than the fringe of the domicile question, and gives no hint at all of the innumerable conditions and qualifications that are involved in it. In some States the period necessary to establish a legal residence is shortened or extended according to the ground on which the divorce suit is brought. Thus, where abandonment is the cause of action, three years' residence instead of one year's is required in Alabama. Again, it makes a difference whether the parties were married in the State, whether they have lived in the State as man and wife, whether the act complained of occurred in the State or outside it, and, if the latter, whether it was a legal cause in the State of its occurrence. Some States insist that residence must be actual and *bona fide*, and others that the domicile of one or other of the parties when the offence was committed be proven by at least one person besides the plaintiff. Louisiana announces that if the marriage was solemnised in the State, action may be

brought by the wife regardless of the husband's domicile. Michigan will grant no divorce unless the defendant is domiciled in the State, and was so domiciled at the time cause arose or has been personally served in the State, or appears in court. In Massachusetts and a few other States it is decreed that if an inhabitant goes outside to obtain a divorce for a cause not recognised by the State of which he is an inhabitant, that divorce is without force or effect in his own State. Ohio makes it a ground of divorce if "the other party" procures a divorce in another State, and Ohio is by no means singular in this provision. Thus the wife of an Ohio man may make the trip to Nevada, and after a six months' residence divorce her husband, and the husband, by remaining in Ohio, may retaliate by divorcing his wife.

Not less multifariously diverse are the methods of practice and the rules of evidence. In Alabama service is either personally or by publication—if the latter, for three successive weeks. No confession is accepted, nor is a decree granted when both have committed adultery. In Georgia service by publication must be twice a month for two months, and in other States for six successive weeks. Colorado requires the guilt or innocence of the defendant to be determined by the verdict in every case. Some States, like Alabama, decline to admit confessions, in others they are admitted, and in others they are only admitted when corroborated. In some States the parties may testify, and in others they may not, and in yet others their testimony is limited to proving the fact of marriage and denying misconduct. In Iowa every divorce trial must be public; in Colorado trial by jury is obligatory, elsewhere it is specifically forbidden, while in Illinois it is optional at the request of either party. In New York the trial may be either by the Court, by a referee appointed by the Court, or by jury. Georgia grants no divorces "except on the concurrent verdicts of two juries at different terms of the Court." In Louisiana, except in certain special cases, no decree becomes absolute for a year, and in the same State, when the defendant fails to appear, an attorney is appointed by the Court to represent him or her. Suits for adultery must be brought within a year after the discovery of the act in some States, within three years in others, and within five years in yet others. In Colorado, Kentucky, and Washington, the local county or district attorney resists all undefended suits for divorce. In one State jurisdiction may lie with the Court of Chancery, in another with the District Courts, and in a third with the Courts of Common Pleas, the Supreme Court, the County Courts, or the Superior Courts. In some States separation may, at the option of the plaintiff, be decreed for any cause that justifies absolute divorce. In others this discretion may be exercised either by the

Court or the plaintiff, and in others, again, it is lodged in the Court alone. In Rhode Island separation may be decreed by the Court for any of the causes that justify absolute divorce, or "for such other causes as may seem to require the same. Fourteen States make no provision at all for separation. In some States the Courts are empowered, when the wife has obtained a decree, to allow her to resume her maiden name and even to change the names of her minor children. All the States except South Carolina grant alimony. Several of them permit "an allowance in the nature of alimony," to be decreed to the husband as well as the wife. In most of the New England States the Courts may *pendente lite* forbid the husband to restrain the wife's personal liberty, may make what provisions they please for the care and custody of the children, and may require the husband to deposit a sum of money for the purposes of the wife's suit and for her temporary support, whether she is the defendant or the plaintiff in the action. The facts are somewhat difficult to get at, but I believe similar powers are vested in the Courts of nearly all the States and are not allowed to rust for lack of use. In Louisiana, if a wife sues for divorce and has left, or declares her intention of leaving, her husband's dwelling, the judge may assign her a house in which to dwell until the suit is over, and may grant her an inventory of the husband's property and issue an injunction forbidding him to part with it. In most States measures are taken by the Court for the division or other disposition of property after separation or divorce. In Mississippi a divorce obtained by the wife is considered in law as the death of the husband, and she is looked upon as his widow, but when at fault she is barred of dower. In Tennessee a guilty wife loses the right of dower, and cannot under any circumstances claim permanent alimony.

I have no space left in which to consider how far the liberality of the laws has been still further abused by the trickery of lawyers and the laxity of the Courts; or what effect, if any, they have had in lowering the general standard of domestic morality and happiness in America; or whether a uniform law, supposing a uniform law to be possible, would really result in any great reduction of the number of divorces annually applied for and granted—a number at present exceeded by Japan alone. These are all points on which, after once admitting the contention that divorce is a remedy and not a disease, it would be easy to pass too hasty a judgment. My object has rather been to convey some idea of the extraordinary complexity of the task which Mr. Roosevelt is meditating, but the impression may perhaps be ventured that, as with so many other things in America, the divorce laws appear worse on paper than they are in fact.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

## FRENCH LIFE AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

“LES VENTRES DORÉS” AT THE ODÉON; “LE DUEL” AT  
THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

*Les Affaires sont les Affaires* of M. Octave Mirbeau, and now *Les Ventres Dorés* of M. Emile Fabre, prove satisfactorily how French playwrights of genius help to elucidate and illumine dark passages in their national history.

Indubitably, one of the enigmas of French political history is the wreckage, not merely of fortunes, but of reputations, in connection with financial scandals. How is it that the unscrupulous financier obtains his allies, too often one is bound to say his accomplices, amongst admired and popular personages in high political, social, and journalistic spheres—men with honourable lives behind them, whom it seems difficult to believe capable of flinging up in a moment high endeavours, patriotic sentiments, and even common honesty, under the stress of basely mercenary motives?

Here is a problem that spectators of M. Emile Fabre's intensely dramatic *chef d'œuvre* are assisted to solve. A *ventre doré* is a mighty financier. His peculiar “mentality” and “morality” stand revealed in the leading personages of the play; but what stand also revealed are the social conditions, the psychological processes of the patriotic Frenchman, and the sentiments and passions uppermost in his heart which make it fatally easy for the typical *honnête homme* to become, first the instrument, and then the scapegoat of financial adventurers.

“Good society,” said Lord Houghton, “exists for carrying forward the work of civilisation in the spiritual sphere.” From the point of view of Baron de Thau, the *raison d'être* of good society is the carrying forward of the work of financiers in the best possible world. And when the curtain rises on the Baron's splendid white and gold *salons*, it reveals *le tout Paris*—ministers, ambassadors, influential journalists, academicians, and of course the mightiest of the *ventres dorés*. Present, also, in all her elegance is the Parisienne; and the guest of honour is to be a dusky monarch, who is expected to grant the Baron strips of valuable territory. A colleague states that a rival *ventre doré*, M. Levy-Schleim, has begged the dusky one (over whom he has some power) not to appear at the *fête*; but the Baron merely shrugs his shoulders and replies—

“Sa Majesté peut choisir entre nous. Mais si elle me fait un affront . . . je la fous en république.”

Music—laughter—fashionable gossip. Everyone is in the blithest of spirits; and the blitheness is chiefly due to the brilliant prospects of “La Nouvelle Afrique,” a great financial enterprise in Mauritania,

of which Baron de Thau is "president" and Maurice Vernières, ex-deputy, is managing director. On the board, an imposing array of *ventres dorés*. And all the Baron's guests are passionately interested in the Nouvelle Afrique—see in it the path to infinite prosperity; and see, also, the amazing mansions they will build, the gorgeous *fêtes* they will hold, the royal *dots* they will give their daughters, out of the enormous profits. Such a whirl, in the splendid white and gold *salons* of Baron de Thau! And particularly excited are the elegant Parisiennes. Madame Vernières is *entourée*. Madame Vernières gaily explains how it was she who induced her husband—the excellent, most honourable ex-deputy—to accept the post of managing director of the Nouvelle Afrique. For years he had been a politician, remarkable only for his clean record, his extraordinary honesty. He was known as "*ce brave Vernières*." Everywhere he inspired confidence, respect. But his income, alas! remained stationary.

MADAME VERNIÈRES: "Il a fait partie du fameux ministère qu'on a appelé le ministère des honnêtes gens. Il a duré trente-sept jours. On a jamais bien su pourquoi il a été renversé. Maurice ne serait pas revenu au pouvoir. Il aurait vécu dans une médiocrité considérée, riche d'honneurs et léger d'argent. Aussi devinez-vous ma joie quand le Baron de Thau est venu chez nous parler de l'affaire de Mauritanie, et mon insistance et mes supplications auprès de mon mari. Il a fini par céder. Il cède toujours. Il crie et il plie. Le roseau peint en fer. En somme, il est bien gentil, et je l'aime beaucoup."

Joyously, the Parisiennes enumerate the follies they will commit when the Nouvelle Afrique has realised their extravagant expectations:—

MADAME VERNIÈRES: "On ne vit pas deux fois. Rien ne me divertit comme d'aller, de venir, de courir les magasins, de répéter des rôles, d'essayer des toilettes, de dépenser de l'argent, d'en gaspiller."

MADAME BRIANNE: "Ça, c'est une volupté!"

MADAME VERNIÈRES: "Il m'est bien permis d'avoir des fantaisies et de les satisfaire, puisque aujourd'hui Maurice gagne de la galette, la bonne galette, la sainte galette."

MADAME KLOBE: "Enfin, nos maris sont riches."

MADAME BRIANNE: "If faut que Georges me paye une automobile."

MADAME VERNIÈRES: "Moi, j'ai vu un collier de perles, rue la Paix . . . mon mari me l'offrira le jour où les actions atteindront le cours de deux mille."

Nor is this all. Someone or other has whispered the glorious news that gold has been discovered on the ground belonging to the Nouvelle Afrique. It is not official—but as good as official. When d'Angerville, one of the directors, is appealed to, he replies, "I am not authorised to speak." His reserve is immediately interpreted as a confirmation of the rumour. All around the Baron's *salons* go the intoxicating tidings, "Gold has been found."

However, Vernières has not caught the fever of the hour. The "*brave*" Vernières is prudent, level-headed. Finance is still something of a mystery to him; the odd ways of his colleagues arouse in him bewilderment and surprise. And he confesses as much to his

younger brother, Robert, who has gained a small footing in the financial world.

VERNIÈRES : " Ils ont une longue habitude de ces sortes d'affaires, une habitude qui me manque. Tiens, souvent des discussions éclatent entre nous au Conseil : c'est que mes collègues ont une mentalité spéciale, et même une moralité spéciale. Je ne sais comment les définir exactement. Ce sont . . . ce sont . . . "

ROBERT : " Ne cherche pas. Ce sont des financiers. "

No brilliant dreams has Vernières. He considers the Nouvelle Afrique (with its new wonderful railway) a sound concern, and anticipates for it a fine future. It must be conducted honestly and prudently. Possible accidents and dangers must be taken into consideration—such as a revolt of the Mauritanian natives. But here his speech is cut short by the entrance of the Baron and the board, and in them we meet a powerful group of *ventres dorés*.

The most powerful is the Baron. Quiet, courteous, gentlemanly, slim in his frock coat, with a low voice, and a trim grey beard, de Thau in no way resembles the brutal Isidore Lechat. Of course, his motto, too, is "*Les affaires sont les affaires*." Everything must give way to—affairs. Everything must be sacrificed to—affairs. If affairs can be improved or saved from disaster by a war, then let war be declared. And cynically the Baron explains—

" On se battait autrefois pour des questions d'honneur ; on se bat aujourd'hui pour des questions d'argent. Nous ne sommes plus des barbares. "

Chauvelot, of the bald head, is also calm and collected—and is notorious for having promoted innumerable companies that ended, to put it gently, unfortunately. He almost rejoices over a crisis. " Tempests ? " Old Chauvelot is not to be troubled by tempests—"*les vieux marins ne détestent pas ça*."

CHAUVELOU : " Pour le canal de la Coulebra nous avons maintes fois déclaré que nous le creuserions avec trois cents millions, nous en avons emprunté plus de sept cents et nous n'avons pas creusé le canal. . . . Ah, vous pouvez avoir confiance en moi ! Je n'ai pas de femme. Je n'ai pas d'enfants, je n'ai pas d'amis. Je n'ai pas de vices. Qu'est-ce que je ferais si je ne faisais pas des affaires ? "

Carrier, of the red beard—noisy and ill-bred—is the director of that corrupt paper, *L'Impartial*, as well as an important *ventre doré*. Many a prototype has he on the French Press. One pays heavily to have political and financial articles—enthusiastic or abusive—inserted in the *Impartial*. One is polite to its director: although one knows him to be a scoundrel who should be under arrest. But never, no, never will Carrier be arrested. Touch him—and he will produce *dossiers* and lists that prove public distinguished personages to be guilty of the most dishonest and contemptible practices.

CARRIER : " Des poursuites contre moi, Carrier, directeur de *L'Impartial* ! Ah, ils osent ! . . . Mais qu'ils prennent garde. Je trainerai dans la boue le Parquet, la Justice, le Gouvernement, la République ! "

Klobb is a sharp, sly Jew, with slithering movements and a crafty expression. In time of danger, Klobb trembles and Klobb



quails. When shareholders rage, M. Klobb disappears through a back door. And he goes livid at the suggestion that his "affairs" have aroused the interest of the Commissary of Police.

**KLOBB:** "Si on saisissait ces papiers, quel scandale! Il y a des billets, des reçus . . . de journalistes, de députés, d'hommes éminents et respectables. Nous ne pouvons pas les compromettre; ils ont eu confiance en nous. Enfin, parmi les membres de la Chambre que j'ai sollicités . . . plusieurs sont de notre partie. Les déshonorer serait déshonorer la République."

De Thau, Chauvelot, Carrier, and Klobb—such are the chief pioneers of the "Nouvelle Afrique." What wonder, then, that plain, honest Vernières should feel uneasy in such company!

A great "catch" is the ex-deputy! He, with his clean record, with his spotless reputation, with the confidence he inspires, is an invaluable acquisition to the board of the Nouvelle Afrique. His name is worth—millions. Small investors agree, "Vernières is in it; there can be no risk." Up run the small investors with their savings. A long line of small investors before the office doors, anxious to part with their money. Yes; Vernières the "brave" is an ideal acquisition. And thus the Baron and his colleagues humour his "whims" of prudence and honesty. But, at the same time, they fear him. A man of principles is inclined to rebel at the odd ideas and methods of financiers. Vernières, therefore, might commit some indiscretion, some folly.

**CHAUVELOT:** "Avec cet honnête homme, on est toujours sur le qui-vive."

But, as the Baron and his colleagues stand exulting over the success of the Nouvelle Afrique, suddenly, a tall figure that lingers in the *salon* for a moment, and then vanishes. His entrance causes a hush; a cloud passes over the fair sky; the Baron and his friends look uneasy. It is Baron d'Urth, another great *ventre doré*, who was once one of de Thau's associates, but now is his enemy. No open hostility—but it is notorious that d'Urth intends to revenge himself on de Thau. The latter, for a bet, succeeded in compromising d'Urth's wife; also, he kept d'Urth out of the Nouvelle Afrique. Baron d'Urth means mischief. And this de Thau learns positively from d'Urth's sister, the Princesse de Holsbeck, a clever adventuress, who hopes to restore her shattered fortunes by entering into financial relations, and, to bind them more closely, into matrimonial relations, with her host. In the *tête-à-tête* that follows, both the Baron and the Princess play a game. The lady warns de Thau that her brother has projects on hand, one project especially that . . . The breaking off of the speech with a gesture signifies much. In short, d'Urth is a force to be counted with.

**LA PRINCESSE:** "C'est une puissance qu'il faut ménager. Je souhaite que vous viviez en rapports cordiaux. Car à mon tour je serais désolée si une brouille sotté mettrait de l'aigreur et du froid entre un homme que j'admire et un homme que j'aime."

LE BARON : " Une brouille ne nous ferait pas ennemis. Tant de souvenirs communs nous unissent, nous lient."

LA PRINCESSE : " Sans doute . . . mais je ne peux pas m'engager pour lui. Je suis assez sûre de son affection pour affirmer qu'il n'entreprendrait rien contre mes amis . . . mes amis personnels. De cela, je réponds. Mais si le Baron de Thau et le Baron d'Urth étaient en guerre, je n'aurais, moi, aucune raison valable pour me jeter entre eux. Et alors . . ."

LE BARON : " Ah! Alors je ne suis pas votre ami?"

Thus skilfully does the Princess play with the Baron, who, finally, expounds his peculiar views on love and marriage.

LE BARON : " C'est qu'en amour l'homme est toujours l'obligé de la femme. Or, je suis d'un déplorable orgueil. Je déteste la posture d'un pauvre à qui l'on fait l'aumône. La reconnaissance est un trop lourd fardeau pour un homme. Aussi ai-je fait ce rêve quelquefois : d'être un bel homme, un très bel homme, une manière d'Antinoüs moderne. Et n'allez pas croire que c'eût été pour rechercher, courtoiser les beautés les plus éclatantes, qui, en vous tendant leur main à baiser, ont l'air de vous accabler d'une faveur royale. Non. Mon choix se fut plutôt porté sur une personne moins comblée par la nature, de façon que, les rôles renversés, elle eut pour moi la dévotion d'un amant pour sa maîtresse, la vénération d'une serve pour son seigneur, l'adoration naïve d'une fille sauvage pour son fétiche."

LA PRINCESSE : " Mais on conçoit très bien un amour féminin fait d'admiration et d'humilité. Et j'aimerais assez aimer ainsi."

LE BARON : " Ah, pourquoi ne nous sommes pas expliqués plus tôt avec cette franchise!"

And now does the Baron seek to discover his rival's intentions. What are d'Urth's weapons? Is he capable of dealing a crushing blow? The Princess becomes communicative—and when the Baron learns that it is d'Urth's plan to attack the Nouvelle Afrique in his paper, *La Quotidienne*, he is inexpressibly relieved. Only that! But here he makes the fatal slip that means (as we shall soon see) the commencement of disaster. *La Quotidienne* inspires him with no alarm. If this be d'Urth's chief weapon, no need to commit himself too seriously to an alliance with the Princess. And his attitude changes immediately. When the Princess presses for a private appointment, the Baron objects that he is "horribly busy."

LA PRINCESSE (*avec un cri*) : " Qu'est-ce que vous dites?"

LE BARON : " Dès que je pourrai me faire libre. . . ."

LA PRINCESSE (*étouffant de colère*) : " Eh bien, non, mon cher ami, je ne veux pas vous prendre une minute d'un temps si précieux. Ne vous dérangez pas pour moi. Nous nous retrouverons un jour . . . à mon retour. Je n'oublierai jamais cette conversation."

Humiliated, furious, the Princess takes her leave, and across the Baron's splendid *salons* pass ministers, ambassadors, academicians, influential journalists, mighty *ventres dorés*, elegant Parisiennes—*le tout Paris*. Music—laughter—cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" in honour of the dusky monarch, who has at last arrived. The *fête* is voted incomparable—is hailed as the "apotheosis" of Baron de Thau. There, by the side of his royal guest, he stands quiet, elegant, gentlemanly, while all around him reigns an increasing enthusiasm over the great and glorious Nouvelle Afrique. . . .

The next three acts pass in the offices of the company—and again, what excitement, what a whirl! But this time there reigns alarm; the gravest fears are entertained as to the safety of the Nouvelle Afrique; and so lifelike is the picture that the spectator feels his own interests are involved in the wonderful scenes of panic, of disaster, and of tragedy that succeed one another in hot haste. Shares fluctuate wildly—to *his* emotion; telegrams arrive in shoals, telephone bells ring constantly, to *his* anxiety. The directors, as they discuss ways and means, claim his closest attention; and he is even interested in the conversations of the clerks. Amongst the latter, old Chavard stands out prominently. He is as calm in a crisis as the "*vieux marin*," Chauvelot; and he has witnessed as many catastrophes. It is his proud boast that he has never invested a penny in the companies promoted by his employers.

CHAVARD: "J'ai connu les sociétés financières les plus prospères, les plus florissantes. J'ai été employé, payé par elles. Je n'ai jamais acheté de leurs titres. Bien m'en a pris. Ils valent quarante sous aujourd'hui."

Also, Chavard holds the honourable record of having arrived late at his office but once in his life—on the morning of his wife's funeral. He is all order, all zeal. And he has no patience with the clerks of to-day, who, in time of danger, shrilly announce their intention of flinging up their posts.

CHAVARD: "Les employés! On n'était pas comme ça de mon temps. J'ai vu disparaître bien des maisons. Nous restions fidèlement à notre poste et polis envers les directeurs jusqu'à leur arrestation."

In accordance with these principles old Chavard shows himself polite and imperturbable when the Baron and his colleagues arrive to discuss the hidden enmities and unforeseen perils which darken the prospects of the Nouvelle Afrique. The shares have fallen. There have been ugly rumours on the Bourse, and fierce criticisms in the newspaper of Baron d'Urth. Yes; d'Urth has been active, d'Urth has worked mischief. And only Vernières protests when it is suggested that the best way of beating d'Urth is to issue a new enthusiastic report of the state of the Nouvelle Afrique, and to "insert" further glowing articles in the Press.

VERNIÈRES: "Nous ne pouvons pas, dans un acte public, solennel, faire naître des espoirs chimériques. Ce serait nous charger d'une responsabilité trop lourde. Déjà quelques-uns des reproches qu'on nous adresse ne sont pas loin d'être fondés. . . . Et les mensualités versées aux journaux? Voilà une économie à réaliser. N'est-il pas temps, en effet, de les supprimer?"

CARRIER: "Ah, ne touchez pas à la presse."

LE BARON: "Nul emprunt ne peut réussir sans le secours de la presse, des hommes de bourse; ce sont les mœurs du temps. Nous ne l'avons pas faites. Par notre budget de publicité, nous soutenons certains journaux dévoués à . . . certains personnages, que nous mettons ainsi dans la stricte obligation de compter avec nous."

CARRIER: "Loin de réduire ces dépenses, il faut les augmenter puisqu'on nous attaque. Ce mois-ci ce sont des articles, des véritables articles, étudiés, documentés, que nous ferons insérer, en bonne place."

VERNIÈRES: "Et vous croyez que des journaux importants, sérieux, accepteront?"

CARRIER : "Comment vivraient-ils sans la publicité?"

VERNIÈRES : "Ils peuvent la choisir. On refusera vos articles."

LE BARON : "Non. On les fera payer plus cher."

Unable to win them to his views, Vernières offers, with the notes of his report, his resignation. But the suggestion of his retirement excites vehement protests, and especially the Baron pleads earnestly with him that his desertion in this hour of peril would amount to an act of treachery towards the small investors, whose principal confidence is in him. Vernières proceeds to formulate his conditions for remaining; but is interrupted all of a sudden by a summons to the telephone. Startling tidings! A revolt in Mauritania . . . the natives have crossed the frontier . . . the Nouvelle Afrique in the gravest danger. For a moment, consternation. But the Baron soon sees how the revolt can be turned to his advantage.

LE BARON : "Nous cherchions un prétexte pour appeler la France en Mauritanie. Ces pirates nous donnent une raison. Exploitions-la. Grossissons cet incident. Menons dans la presse, dans l'opinion, une campagne. . . . Ne ménagez par les promesses; on paiera ce qu'il faudra."

And after cries of "*Les Mauritans ont passé la frontière,*" "*attaqué nos soldats,*" "*insulté le drapeau,*" and also of "*Au travail!*" de Thau and his colleagues separate excitedly, with the object of making their accomplices in high quarters work in their interests; until they have forced the Government into sending a military expedition to Mauritania.

The curtain rises on the third act, where the infectious excitement of the preceding one is to reach even greater heights; and to gain over not only the *honnête homme*, Vernières, but the whole closely-packed theatre of spectators, to a kind of admiration for the brave struggle for existence of the Nouvelle Afrique; and, financier against financier, to hope for the survival of de Thau in his life-and-death battle with Baron d'Urth. Ere the revolt can be discussed in the Chamber, d'Urth does the Nouvelle Afrique such damage on the Bourse that the shareholders, panic-stricken, assemble before the office-doors. In the board-room sits the "*vieux marin,*" Chauvelot, listening imperturbably to the angry cries that arise from the crowd in the street. Then appear Klobb, pale with fear; Carrier, flushed and furious; and next, the Baron, always composed and gentlemanly. More shouts and hisses from the crowd—and these become frenzied when a hoarse cry from a *camelot* announces that Baron de Thau has committed suicide. Klobb and Carrier rush to the window and scream forth a denial, and at this point the Baron performs a "*grand geste.*" Seizing his hat, he rushes forth to show himself at the Bourse; but no sooner has he disappeared than the crowd outside breaks into the offices and surges into the board-room. Before us, the small investors. Before us, the same class of people that suffered the most acutely from the Panama affair. Before us—the *petit bourgeois*, the country *curé*, peasants, lonely women, and shabby, solitary old men, who storm and who weep at the rumoured

loss of their savings. Vernières they appeal to with cries of "Save us!" and "We have confidence only in you."

LE CURÉ : "Vous avez toutes mes économies."

LA PETITE DAME : "J'ai donné tout ce que j'avais, moi aussi . . . et on a tant de mal à mettre quelques louis de côté."

LE VIEILLARD : "Dites-nous que nous ne perdrons rien?"

The tumult is indescribable. Never, in the opinion of the critics, has so stirring and so poignant a scene been enacted on the stage. Vernières is pale and broken with pity and emotion; and again and again is he beseeched to deny the bad news. But, suddenly, a diversion. Into the room dashes the Baron with the cry, "*La hausse*." His dramatic appearance at the Bourse has restored confidence; the shares of the Nouvelle Afrique have risen; and joyously the small investors press round de Thau, and acclaim him as a "*brave*" and a "*great man*," and retire at last with cries of "We are saved!" and "*Vive le Baron!*" But scarcely are they gone than de Thau and his colleagues receive tragic tidings from Brussels. A bank that holds a large stock of Nouvelle Afriques is "*selling*." The news, once known in Paris, will prove disastrous. Only one *manceuvre* remains—to buy, and continue to buy, Nouvelle Afrique shares. The cost will be tremendous, and again Vernières protests. But with plausible arguments, and also with falsehoods, the four men overcome his scruples, and the curtain falls on this extraordinary act with the Baron and his colleagues shouting the instruction, "*Achetez—achetez—achetez*," to their brokers through the telephone.

Nevertheless, Baron d'Urth is master of the situation. In the fourth act the old clerk Chavard announces that the Nouvelle Afrique is doomed, and that—the Commissary of Police will not fail to visit the offices. No doubt the directors will be arrested, even the honourable ex-deputy Vernières—and here Chavard himself has a note of sympathy in his voice. Vernières' face, he admits, frightens him, recalls to him the expression of Rubelin, director of *L'Universelle*, when Chavard last saw him a few hours before he committed suicide; and Madame Vernières is anxious, poor woman, about her husband; she has telephoned to Chavard asking for news of him. So, shaking his head, the old clerk settles down to his accounts. Suddenly, Madame arrives. In the scene that follows, first with Chavard and afterwards with Vernières, we have the only breath of sentiment that M. Fabre has allowed to blow through the heated atmosphere of his play. Madame Vernières is no longer the pleasure-loving, voluble, self-satisfied Parisienne of the first act. She is tearful, agitated, very humble; but still Parisienne, in the sense that she is winning and pathetic, rather than tragical in her distress. She appeals at once to the old clerk; in all her grief and humility, conscious of her own charm, certain that he is sorry for her.

MADAME VERNIÈRES : "Où est mon mari?"

CHAVARD : "Il va revenir."

MADAME VERNIÈRES : " Mais c'est bien vrai, n'est-ce pas, monsieur, il reviendra ? Il ne vous a rien dit qui puisse vous laisser supposer qu'il ait une autre intention ? Je ne sais rien. C'est pourquoi je crains tout. Hier à midi, il a embrassé les enfants, il est parti, je ne l'ai plus revu."

Here Vernières enters, as Chavard has described him, bowed, dull-eyed, with the leaden face of a man who contemplates suicide. His wife receives no shock, does not wait to be appalled; she rushes to him, flings her arms around him, melts him, not by her own compassion for his state, but by claiming his compassion for the anxiety his absence has caused her.

MADAME VERNIÈRES : " Enfin . . . te voilà . . . Maurice . . . mon mari. Je te cherche depuis ce matin. Je t'ai attendu toute la nuit avec les enfants qui pleuraient de me voir pleurer. Si tu savais dans quelles angoisses j'ai été et les idées qui m'obsédaient. . . . Mais comme tu es pâle, qu'as-tu fait cette nuit ? Qu'est-ce que tu as ?"

Vernières begins to tell her; accuses himself of weakness, seeks to explain how he has been led step by step to commit actions that place him in danger of arrest, breaks down finally sobbing—

" Mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! Je suis un pauvre homme, un pauvre homme."

MADAME VERNIÈRES : " Tais-toi ! Je ne veux pas te voir pleurer. C'est moi, moi ; c'est ma faute, oui. J'ai voulu que tu acceptes ce poste que tu refusais. C'était pour que tu gagnes plus d'argent et que j'en puisse gaspiller, comme une folle. Je ne pensais qu'à moi, à mes plaisirs. Et je t'ai perdu. J'ai fait notre malheur à tous, le tien, celui des enfants. Pardon ! Je te demande pardon, Maurice."

Ruined, irrevocably ruined, is "*le brave* Vernières." Ruined, too, is his friend d'Angerville, who has even lost the *dot* of his daughter. And ruined—thousands and thousands of small investors.

However, it is not the piteous position of their victims that most concerns de Thau, Klobb, Carrier, and Chauvelot, when, in the fourth act, they hold the last board-meeting of the Nouvelle Afrique. Vernières stands aloof as they discuss how best to save themselves: but when they agree that the first step is to destroy the compromising documents in the safe, the ex-deputy hurries forward, places himself before the safe, and in a torrent of fine eloquence vows that it shall not be opened until each man present has written and signed a paper undertaking that the money still remaining in the Nouvelle Afrique coffers shall be divided among the small investors. The speech provokes a furious outburst. Klobb and Carrier are beside themselves with rage; and old Chauvelot declares that never in the course of his experience has he met with such utter madness. Vernières, however, produces a paper, which he himself has signed, and lays it on the table with the order that it be copied. Another explosion of indignant wrath. Carrier makes a dash at Vernières, but ere he reaches him the ex-deputy staggers, falls, and is lifted into a chair—dead.

" Messieurs," cries a clerk, entering excitedly, " the Commissary of Police."

He is told to keep him waiting. Chauvelot and Carrier throw open

the safe and heap the compromising documents upon the fire. Next, they perceive the paper signed by Vernières lying on the table. Found on Vernières, it would amount to a confession; the Baron and his colleagues would thus have nothing to fear. No sooner has the paper been slipped into Vernières' pocket than the Commissary of Police appears.

LE BARON: "Ah, monsieur, j'allais vous faire appeler. . . . Un grand malheur. . . . Notre administrateur—délégué . . . après une scène pénible. . . . Enfin. . . . Voyez. . . ."

Thus the *honnête homme* Vernières, a trouble and anxiety to his fellow-directors in his lifetime, becomes their serviceable scapegoat after his death. The document that had made them so indignant when he had insisted upon their signing it, remained, after all, signed only by himself. It not only pledged the signatory to make restitution of all the remaining funds obtained by the Nouvelle Afrique, but also acknowledged responsibility for the purchase of the company's shares with the company's money. Here, in the opinion of the legal expert, Maître Cousin, is the special act in connection with the management of the Nouvelle Afrique which renders the directors liable to criminal prosecution. But, suggests old Chauvelot, suppose this case—that only one man is responsible for that act? As a matter of fact, the delegated administrator, Vernières, had full authority to order the purchase of shares, and he is the solitary director who has recognised responsibility—and Vernières is dead and, consequently, beyond legal proceedings. "You forget," observes Maître Cousin, folding up his report, "you forget Madame Vernières' letter." And he goes on to explain that Madame Vernières possesses a letter written by her husband before his last interview with her—in a moment when he contemplated suicide—explaining how he had vehemently resisted any gambling with the company's money, and had only yielded his consent to the purchase of shares under the pressure put upon him by his colleagues. To justify her husband's memory, Madame Vernières intends to produce that letter. Old Chauvelot, alarmed, asks if nothing can be done? Some one, he declares, should interview this woman, should try to persuade her. . . . But the Baron interrupts him with a quiet gesture. "She is there," he says, pointing to the door of an outer room. A few minutes earlier a servant had told the Baron that a lady wished to see him.

The interview between the Baron and the young widow is one of M. Fabre's psychological triumphs. When Madame Vernières enters, we have still in our recollection all her tenderness and courage in that last meeting with her husband, and we certainly do not expect that the loving wife, so generously ready to consent that her husband (to quiet his mind) should despoil himself and her, so convinced of happiness with him in poverty and exile, could ever be induced to suppress the letter that testifies to the honesty of the dead man's intentions. And yet, when, at the close of the inter-

view, Madame Vernières has let herself be persuaded, as her husband before her had so often let himself be persuaded, by the simulated sweet reasonableness of de Thau, that the interests of the innocent victims of the Nouvelle Afrique, her own and her children's interests, and even the true interests of Vernières' reputation, demand from her the sacrifice of her own scruples, to further the success of the great Baron's financial schemes, we recognise the inevitableness of the result; and are left with no impatience and indignation against the fair Parisienne—"charmante," as Maitre Cousin observed, "*sous ses voiles de veuve.*"

But if the Baron has succeeded in extracting a promise of silence from Madame Vernières, he nevertheless has much to fear from his rival, d'Urth. His persecutor must be crushed—but how? At this point the Princesse de Holsbeck is announced. Another *tête-à-tête*, and once more do the Baron and the Princess play a game. However, this time she is not to be humiliated and beaten. She shares all her brother's secrets, and she holds proofs that make him responsible for the revolt in Mauritania; but she will assist de Thau upon one condition only—marriage. Cynically, the Baron reviews the situation. An alliance with the Princess places the terrible d'Urth in his power! And he hesitates no longer—accepts the Princesse de Holsbeck's condition.

Arrives another visitor—the relentless d'Urth himself. The scene is stormy, for d'Urth has come to demand that de Thau shall "disappear" for ever from the financial world. He can produce documents that would not fail to send de Thau to prison. . . . But here de Thau turns upon him and smilingly announces that he, too, has it in his power to place d'Urth in the hands of the police. And when the Baron announces his engagement with the Princess, d'Urth is compelled to admit that de Thau is the master.

And now, the end. From the ruin and tragedy caused by the collapse of the Nouvelle Afrique, only the *ventre doré* has emerged undismayed and unshaken. Indeed, Baron de Thau's power is mightier than on the day when he entertained *le tout Paris* in his splendid gold and white *salons*, for d'Urth, his one dangerous rival, he has defeated; and d'Urth, who stands second only to himself as a financier, he now persuades to become his partner.

LE BARON: "Voyons, nous venons d'échanger des paroles un peu vives. Ce n'est pas la première fois. Depuis cinq ans, nous nous faisons une guerre au couteau. Nous nous blessons et nous ne nous achevons pas. Nous sommes deux grands barons, mon cher, et d'une force égale. Allions-nous. Nous pouvons faire de grandes choses en commun."

To and fro walk the enemies of yesterday—associates. Baron de Thau has conceived a new tremendous "enterprise." Baron d'Urth is ready to assist in developing it. And the two "great barons" seat themselves at a table in a deeply business-like spirit.

After Mauritania, Malacca. After the railway, an isthmus.

BARON DE THAU: "Voici, mon cher, il s'agit de trouver cinq cents millions."



In *Le Duel*, M. Henri Lavedan is supposed by certain critics to have produced a play with a purpose; and, in the characters of a sympathetic priest, and of a bishop who is at once a saint and an accomplished worldling, as the supporters of the civil institution of marriage, to have supplied the Catholic party with strong arguments against anti-clerical objections to the influences of the confessor and director in modern French society, over women especially. As a matter of fact, *Le Duel* supplies no arguments in the case, and leaves precisely where it found it the problem of whether, in a spiritual emergency, women, as well as men, are more efficaciously helped to right conduct by priestly government, or by habits of self-reliance.

Thus, the young and beautiful Duchesse de Chailles, bound by an ill-considered and early marriage to a vicious morphomaniac, does not obtain permanent spiritual protection and assistance to resist the pleadings of her own heart, as well as of the devoted and impassioned Doctor Morey, from the Confessor she accidentally selects, the Abbé Daniel, who happens to be the brother of the man she loves and fears. True, the Abbé, in fierce controversy with his free-thinking brother, declares that nothing will make him abandon the charge of this soul, led by, what he believes to be, a divine miracle to seek his special protection. But when Doctor Morey, furiously resentful at the discovery that not only a priest, but his own brother, is the obstacle between himself and the woman he loves, throws alarm into the scrupulous Abbé's conscience by the taunt that jealousy of a stronger influence than his own, and of a human passion he cannot inspire, has much to do with the priest's zeal for the salvation of his penitent's soul, at the cost of her earthly happiness, the Abbé, in great perturbation of spirit, determines to run away to China; in other words, he does give up the charge of the Duchess's soul in order to look after his own.

Again, when the Duchess, in despair because she finds herself the cause of the quickening into hatred of the natural antipathy of these two brothers, arrives at the decision that her only way out of the entanglement she has got into is to become a Carmelite nun, it is not the tolerance nor the worldly prudence of the Bishop that prompts him to hold her back from this step by the assurance that her vocation is not for divine but for human love; but it is the information he has just received that the Duc de Chailles has simplified matters by jumping out of an extremely high window. For, how otherwise conceive it credible that a Catholic bishop, though never so liberal-minded, should advise a lady with a morphomaniac husband, carefully preserved in life by scientific medical treatment, not only that her vocation is human love, but that she is destined to "kiss the ten small fingers of a child" rather than "the beads of a rosary"?

We have in this play, then, no arguments helpful to the Catholic

party, or to the anti-clericals, upon the disputed question of whether the influence of the priest as confessor and director of women especially is moralising or demoralising in its results. But we find instead the vivid picture of the tender sentiments and early poetic associations that keep these influences living in the heart of the modern French woman, even when the religious beliefs that were the source and safeguard of the confessor's power have disappeared.

When interrogated by Doctor Morey, the Duchess affirms that she is no longer a Catholic.

LE DOCTEUR : "Avez-vous de la religion? Êtes-vous croyante? Pratiquez-vous?"

LA DUCHESSE : "Non."

LE DOCTEUR : "Vous faites bien. Rappelez-vous ceci, madame. Il ne faut jamais se mettre dans la main d'un prêtre."

LA DUCHESSE : "Et . . . dans celle d'un médecin?"

LE DOCTEUR : "Non plus! Dans aucune main. Il faut rester soi, indépendant, maître de son esprit et de son cœur."

Nevertheless, as we have seen, the force of her early poetic associations with the Church does place the Duchess in "the hands of the priest." And thus does she explain to the Abbé Daniel how first she happened to enter his confessional.

"C'était aux approches du soir. J'avais bien pesé ma faute et l'avais acceptée, je courais la commette . . . quand je passais devant votre église. La porte en était grande ouverte, et au fond de la nef, toute noire, scintillait—comme un regard—une lampe. Je m'étais arrêtée . . . l'étoile brillait. Elle me faisais signe, je franchis le seuil. Et voilà qu'aussitôt, des extrémités de ma vie, mille choses oubliées, qui n'étaient pas mortes, accoururent et ressuscitèrent en moi . . . virginales adorations, candeurs printanières, pailles des crèches, larmes sur les pieds de Marie, cantiques et rondes de Mai . . . odeur du buis vert des Rameaux et toutes les roses blanches de ma jeunesse! Mon cœur battait des ailes. . . Dans l'église déserte et sombre, j'avais, au seul bruit de mes pas qui n'étaient plus coupables. Je ne pensais pas marcher de mon plein gré, mais suivre quelqu'un qui savait le chemin . . . et il me sembla que c'était l'ange, gardien de mes purs et premiers sommeils, dont les pieds nus me guidaient sur les dalles. Un murmure étouffé, dans un coin plus ténébreux, où deux femmes étaient prosternées sur le sol, me fit tressaillir. Je devinai un confessionnal. Je voulais fuir, les forces me manquaient et je restais debout, la tempe appuyée au plâtre froid d'une colonne . . . quand soudain vous avez écarté un rideau, vous m'avez aperçue, et croyant sans doute que j'attendais mon tour, vous m'avez dit : 'C'est à vous!' Et je suis entrée."

Indignant, furious is Doctor Morey when he discovers the Duchess has become one of his brother's *pénitentes*. That she should seek the advice of the priest after having said she was no croyante, after having told Morey she loved him, after having promised to come to him, is an act, in the eyes of the impassioned Doctor, of cowardice and treachery.

LE DOCTEUR : "Vous me faisiez gratuitement des déclarations d'athéisme et ce faux étalage d'indépendance ne servait qu'à masquer de pauvres petites pratiques religieuses expédiées dans l'ombre, en tremblant, comme une mauvaise action! Vous vous seriez moins cachée pour aller chez moi? . . . et c'est la visite à l'église

qui devient le rendez-vous ! En me quittant, l'esprit troublé, la bouche sans paroles, le cœur à moitié investi par l'amour que je m'efforce d'y faire entrer . . . vous vous précipitez, toute chaude encore de ces émois et de ces luttes, chez l'homme du paradis, le marchand d'éternité, pour lui raconter l'histoire ! . . . En sa présence, vous retrouvez vos mots . . . et nos secrets, nos abandons, nos tendresses, nos résistances . . . vous jetez sans regrets toute cette moisson dans les plis de sa soutane ! . . . Ah ! non ! Jamais je n'aurais cru cela de vous ! Sans doute . . . j'aurais dû me méfier, quand vous avez, hier, baisé la main de cet évêque ? Il avait vu clair, lui ! Moi, j'ai les yeux crevés, je vous aime ! . . . Enfin, en jouant ce double jeu, vous avez commis une profanation, madame ! et qui reste inexcusable ! . . . Si vous m'estimiez, vous me deviez la vérité ! Il fallait me dire : 'Taisez-vous ! J'ai une religion qui me défend de vous aimer. Je ne la quitterai pas pour vous. Quittez-moi !'

But if Doctor Morey is violent, his brother is invariably calm, humble, docile—priestly. Impossible to infuriate the Abbé Daniel. He has learnt the lesson of gentleness and patience from Monseigneur Bolène, Bishop of Pi-Tchi-King, who has recently returned to France after having undergone horrible torture at the hands of the Chinese. He has been *fêted*, and he has received honours ; he is the hero of the hour—but the admiration and enthusiasm he inspires embarrass him. The soul of modesty and humility is Monseigneur. How he protests when the Duchess de Chailles, moved at the thought of his sufferings, raises and kisses his hand ; and with what vehemence does he refuse to be regarded as a martyr ! The fearful wounds he has received he dismisses as mere trifles, and his torturers he has long ago pardoned with all his heart. See this Chinaman who reverently approaches and kneels at his feet. He is Monseigneur's servant ; he would die for Monseigneur ; but—he was one of the torturers. "That was how we met !" says Monseigneur, sweetly. Then, always sweetly, and looking compassionately upon the Chinaman, "Poor child !" Never such charity, never such sanctity ! To tell the truth, the Bishop of Pi-Tchi-King strikes one as being a little too saintly, and a little too prone also to unseasonable jocularities. Thus, the Duchess cannot without hypocrisy profess grief at the news of her husband's death ; but the moment seems scarcely opportune for the poking of sly fun at her and at Doctor Morey.

LA DUCHESSE : " Il est mort ? Seul ? Sans moi ? "

L'ÉVÊQUE (*pointing to Doctor Morey*) : " Nous avons reçu son dernier soupir. . . Vous allez pouvoir maintenant, madame, mettre à exécution votre projet. "

LE DOCTEUR : " Quel projet ? "

L'ÉVÊQUE : " Entrer au couvent. "

LE DOCTEUR (*appealing to the Duchesse*) : " Vous ! Non ! Je vous supplie . . . réfléchissez encore. "

LA DUCHESSE : " J'ai réfléchi. Je voulais hier, en effet, mourir au monde un jour et me réfugier en Dieu. Mais Dieu m'a fait comprendre aussitôt que mon seul avenir était de vivre ici bas ma vie de femme. Je la vivrai donc. "

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

## A CAUSERIE ON CURRENT CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

M. FRÉDÉRIC BARBEY has made a very happy entrance into literature under the sponsorship of M. Victorien Sardou. *Madame Atkyns et la Prison du Temple* (Paris: Perrin, 5fr.) is a history of a great mystification, and the interest and importance of its hitherto unpublished documents lose nothing by M. Sardou's dramatic preface. The heroine of the book—the wife of Sir Edward Atkyns of Ketteringham, who married her from the Drury Lane stage—was a charming woman, not unlike Lady Hamilton in her personal graces and her capacity for blind and unswerving loyalty to a cause not her own. In a prolonged series of attempts to compass the escape of the unfortunate Dauphin from the Temple, this brave creature expended a fortune of more than two million francs; the result the reader must ascertain from the book itself. Nothing could be better devised to provoke profitable discussion than this able monograph, which ought to find almost as many readers here as in France. The literature of 1870-1871 has received a useful addition in *Mon Journal pendant la Guerre*, by the Comte d'Haussonville (Paris: Calmann-Lévy, 7fr. 50), which now sees the light through the filial care of the present bearer of the name. Throughout the stirring events of which he was a near witness, d'Haussonville kept a regular diary in which he noted particularly all his conversations with Thiers. "C'est vous qui êtes chargé de faire mes mémoires," Thiers himself remarked on one occasion; and if the Count accepted the charge somewhat more seriously than was intended, the reader and the historian are the gainers. There are noted some very curious particulars on the ideas which pursued one another in the mind of Thiers on the subject of the Orleans princes. "Est-ce qu'ils ne pourraient pas lever un corps franc, en prendre le commandement et venir guerroyer sur les flancs de notre armée?" he once asked d'Haussonville, choosing to ignore the lamentable show made by the royalist forces of the Restoration in 1815.

M. Ernest Daudet has done well to edit the *Mémoires du Comte Valentin Esterhazy* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 7fr. 50). The book covers the end of the reign of Louis XV., the whole of that of Louis XVI., and the Revolution. Esterhazy, a brilliant courtier and brave soldier—and also, like Madame Atkyns, a friend of Marie Antoinette—was excellently situated to observe the passage of events, and, as he wrote with much acumen and humour, his memoirs make singularly good reading. Perhaps the greatest privilege which victory in war confers is the power which the conquering nation always possesses to make its own view of history prevail; so that the interest of

rarity attaches to a narrative from the losing side, as in the case of *L'Histoire de la Compagnie Royale des Indes Orientales, 1664-1719* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 10fr.). In re-editing this work from the old and very scarce text of Grégoire de Chasles, M. Jules Sottas has aimed to produce "not a thesis but a simple relation of the facts, more or less neglected," of the great duel between France and England for the possession of India. The book should find its way into the library of every well-informed soldier and civilian under the Indian Government, but is somewhat too technical and statistical for the general student of memoirs.

As a work intended to arouse Frenchmen to due appreciation of their position and power in foreign affairs, *Une Année de Politique Extérieure*, by M. René Moulin (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 3fr. 50), should receive careful attention from all who are desirous of understanding the imperialising tendencies of the more ambitious spirits in France. An accord between England and Russia is suggested. *La Main-d'Œuvre dans les Guyanes* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 6fr.) has the pathetic interest attaching to the uncompleted work of an adventurous explorer. Jean Duchesne-Fournet, after journeys to Guiana, Cayenne, and Abyssinia, died suddenly of malarial fever in Paris, on January 27th of this year, at the age of twenty-nine. "Ainsi le destin se rit des plus beaux efforts," is the sad comment of M. Régismanset in his kindly preface. This work, which has been published at the desire of M. Fournet's family, is a direct and forcible piece of writing, excellent as a cursive description of the people and resources of the Guianas, but pretending to none of the pleasanter graces of literary travel-pictures. Two books of military *souvenirs* from the profuse press of Plon-Nourrit must be mentioned. The first, *Un Officier de Cavalerie*, is a modest chronicle of the life of General L'Hotte, who died recently in his eightieth year. Every man who loves a good horse or a good soldier will find it pleasant and informing. The other is *Souvenirs d'un Vélite de la Garde sous Napoléon I<sup>er</sup>*, the commonplace book of a brilliant, amusing officer of the Old Guard. The coincidence which has brought about the issue of the two journals at the same moment provides a happy means of comparing soldierly ideals and bearing under the First and Second Empires; the books thus form a very good companion pair. Within the past few weeks Paris has taken a sombre pleasure in recalling the terrible story of the Voulet-Chanoine mission. Voulet, an officer raised from the ranks, lost his head through the over-lavish praise of President Faure, and persuaded himself that Colonel Klobb, sent to take charge of his ill-conducted mission, wished to rob him of his glory. Hence the murder. Voulet, like other madmen, has not lacked for defenders in Paris, and there was thus every reason why the last diary of Colonel Klobb should be published. This pious work has now been accomplished by his widow, and proves the victim of the drama to have been an amiable, unselfish gentleman. The pages devoted to the pursuit of the wretched criminals, infuriated by the African

sun and the sense of their own guilt, are horrible and fascinating, and the actuality of the record is heightened by the fact of its continuance to within three days of the writer's death. M. Jules Lemaitre contributes an eloquent preface to the book.

When, in one of his stories of the sea, Mr. Kipling ironically lamented that the King's Navy had not an officer capable of writing decent prose, he must have had M. Loti in mind. *La Troisième Jeunesse de Madame Prune* (Calmann-Lévy, 3fr. 50) fills the English reviewer with respectful astonishment. The opening is inauspicious. "L'horreur d'une nuit d'hiver, par coup de vent et tourmente de neige, au large, sans abri, sur la mer échevelée, en plein remuement noir. . . ." Can this be the work of a naval officer, this passage instinct with immense and almost childish terror of the sea? the reader at once asks of himself. Where is that fine carelessness of death and discomfort, that gallant stoicism which we expect of our officers and men? There is no need to pursue our demands further; nothing could be more certain than M. Loti's utter lack of feeling for the grandeur and perpetual excitement of the ocean. An amazing photograph is on sale in France depicting the creator of "Madame Chrysanthemum" on board the *Redoutable*. In the rear of the gallant officer appear two Gilbertian sailors flanking a servant in footman's uniform, who holds up for the admiration of the world his master's pet cat. The picture is not more unseaman-like than the present book, which not even the magic of Lotean prose can dignify. Unjust to the Japanese, the writer is insolent to the English, and supremely ignorant of both races. If M. Loti's voice is that of the French Navy, very little value can be attached to the festivities at Brest. Yet for two things *Madame Prune* should decidedly be read: for its gallery of impressionistic drawings of *moussés* and dancing-girls, and the all but perfect resonance of its phrases. The third volume of *H. Taine: sa Vie et sa Correspondance* (Paris: Hachette, 3fr. 50) covers the years between 1870 and 1875, and the letters are accompanied by curious preparatory notes for *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*. Among the literary judgments is a severe one on Victor Hugo. "Notre Hugo est maintenant un cerveau à l'envers; sauf deux cents vers, ses 'Contemplations,' la *Légende des Siècles*, sont un mélange de folie et de parade, et rien ne me déplaît aussi fort que les charlatans mystiques." Another, on German literature, with a reference to Turgeneff: "On pilerait ensemble tous les auteurs allemands dans un mortier sans en tirer une goutte de son suc et de sa sève." The extracts suffice to show that the letters of this period are not among the least penetrating of Taine's many remarkable works. M. Emile Faguet has published a third series of his collected articles, *Propos Littéraires* (Paris: Société Française d'Imprimerie, 3fr. 50), containing sound judgments on Maupassant, Zola, and other modern French writers. In *Le Passé Vivant* of M. Henri de Régnier (Paris: Société du Mercure

de France, 3fr. 50) innumerable characters have their being. Delicately selected, described, and observed, they take their parts in an intricate narrative and many diversified episodes. *Le Passé Vivant* is a supremely clever piece of woven literature, abounding in acute psychological touches and subtle shades of characterisation. Of its philosophy, this is a fair epitome: "On croit vivre, et c'est la volonté des morts qui est en nous. Il faut faire ce qu'ils ordonnent. C'est en nous qu'ils se retrouvent, se reconnaissent, s'aiment. Nous sommes eux, ils sont nous, et ils sont plus forts que nous." M. de Régnier's tendency to lose himself in his own cleverness is apparent, and the danger of the tendency not less so. As chance has it, this theme of the dominance of our ancestors has been used by M. Daniel Lesueur, in *La Force du Passé* (Paris: A. Lemerre, 3fr. 50), as a superstructure for a novel of education. The character of Christiane de Feuillères is rather finely drawn. Admirers of Mrs. Humphry Ward's high type of novel will like both the heroine and the book. Jeanne Sevestre in *Fatale Méprise*, by M. Henri Baraude (Plon-Nourrit, 3fr. 50), is a character of another sort and more eternal cast; and the story of her life—resolved on the principle of Taine's maxim, "Le bonheur est le produit du milieu"—is a tragic study in that kind of strange misunderstanding between man and woman which seems by turns trifling and insuperable. The pieces which M. André Theuriet has collected in one volume under the title *Les Revenants* (Paris: Lemerre, 3fr. 50) are pleasant and touching portraits of middle-aged bachelors. Those who have already made the acquaintance of M. Jules Claretie's comedian Brichanteau will be very glad to greet his return to literary circles as *Brichanteau Célèbre* (Paris: Fasquelle). The old actor is a type of theatrical Sancho Panza, whose whole life is that of the stage; his education is, naturally, something better than the squire's, but his mental habit and his wholesome, human, and therefore optimistic outlook, together with his unflinching quotations, anecdotes, and instances, are Panzastic to perfection. Brichanteau gains at moments a refining tinge of Quixotic sadness, and he has always the uncommon advantage of the fluent, coloured, and delightful phraseology of M. Claretie's inimitable rubric, *La Vie à Paris*. French publishing seems to run in mysterious doubles; it is thus but natural that M. Frédéric Febvre should choose the moment for the issue of *Le Roman d'un M'As-Tu Vu?*—also, of course, a story of the actor's life—for which M. Marcel Prévost has written a characteristic introduction. *La Conquérante*, by M. Georges Ohnet, has appeared, and is having much success at all the libraries; it proves to be a straightforward story of strong and stirring workmanship, such as would be expected from the author of *Le Maître de Forges*. Something more than the usual word of praise must be reserved for *Dix Contes Vécus*, a collection of stories by M. Robert Huchard, son of the celebrated doctor of medicine. Although M. Huchard has only published, before this, a monograph on South Africa, he writes with a sure and free

hand, much good sense and gaiety, and a noteworthy command of moods and emotions. There is the very air of *le bon vieux temps* about his preface. "Corriger, moraliser, je ne le désire pas; enseigner, encore moins; défendre un parti quelconque, Dieu m'en préserve, je ne saurais lequel." A literature absolutely free from care was never more needed than at this hour, and M. Huchard may be encouraged to continue—in all honesty. To conclude this already long list of valuable French works of the month, the following titles should be noted by readers interested in special subjects:—*John Constable d'après les Souvenirs recueillis par C. R. Leslie*, par Léon Bazalgette (Paris: H. Floury, 6fr.). *Les Idées Socialistes en France de 1815 à 1848*, an important monograph by M. Gaston Isambert (Paris: Alean, 7fr. 50). *Les Sophistes Français et la Révolution Européenne*, par Th. Funck-Brentano (Plon-Nourrit, 6fr.). *Le Fils du Hobereau*, a forceful novel, in some sense an autobiography of the author, Etienne de Raucourt, who unfortunately died a premature death at the moment when fame and fortune were beginning to greet him (Paris: Combet et Cie., 3fr. 50).

It is passing strange that Italian as a language is not more widely read among English people. A slight reference to Thackeray will suffice to recall how general was its teaching in the early part of the nineteenth century, and its unmerited decline can only be ascribed to the passion for German fostered, for their own ends, by Carlyle and other writers—a deviation from the true literary path for which the English language has had to pay dear. Reasons for the study of Italian are many and valid. In the first place, it has the advantage—ineestimable in these busy times—of being the easiest language to learn in the whole world. Its classical literature is one of the richest we have, and its affiliation with Latin bestows on it a double dignity. The construction of the language is very similar to our own; its modern literature is more vivid and flourishing than that of any European country, France and England excepted. And, lastly, there is the admirable tradition of unbroken political friendship between the two nations which makes Italy, for the Englishman, almost a second home. *Con tutto il mondo guerra, Ma pace con Inghilterra*, as the old maxim runs.

It would fulfil only a part of the purpose of the writer of this *causerie* if he were to succeed in setting before the readers of Italian in this country some useful particulars of the current works of interest and importance which issue from the presses of Turin, Milan, Rome, and Florence. What is more earnestly hoped is that by showing to those who have acquired but little facility in this beautiful idiom the treasures of thought and expression they are now compelled to forego, the writer may induce them to take the initial trouble—it is not a great one—of providing themselves with the means of great pleasure and as great refinement. In the last article was mentioned *L'Idioma Gentile* (Milan: Fratelli Treves), an appeal for pure Italian, which still continues to be the centre of much discussion



and some controversy. Professor F. Radizza's *Psicologia della Lingua* (Turin: Fratelli Bocca, 3l.) may serve as a scientific complement to the work of Sr. De Amicis. Founded on the volume in Wundt's *Völkerpsychologie*, it aims to substitute for the old type of treatise a genuine, historical grammar, and contains excellent chapters on verbal representation, phonetics, signification, and the psychology of syntax. *Nel Presente e nel Passato* (Milan: Hoepli), the first volume of a new edition of the works of Sr. Gaetano Negri, is a collection of highly interesting biographical and historical studies of Garibaldi, Bismarck, Victor Emmanuel, the "five days" of Milan, and other events and persons of Sr. Negri's own time. To feminine readers may be recommended the *Saper Vivere* of Matilde Serao (Milan: Libreria Perrella), a newly augmented edition of which has just appeared. It is one of the rare guides to social usage—a subject surely as apt for literary treatment as the *ars poetica*—which are neither absurd nor vulgar, and perhaps the only one ever written with real charm of style. In passing, there is nothing in which the modern Italian seems to take a more engrossing interest than this art of polite society. A pleasant volume of impressions, in good Italian, Sr. Mario Pratesi's *Figure e Paesi d'Italia* (Rome, Turin: Roux e Viarengo) should find its way into the travelling-library of English visitors to Italy this summer. The treatment is discursive and the matter well diversified; characters and scenes are lightly sketched, and serve to convey a good impression of the great variety of Italian life. Of the novels and stories lately issued from the press, *L'Artefice* (Turin: Roux e Viarengo, 3l.), by Sr. Gino Galletti, the brilliant young author of *Vittorie della Vita*, is a psychological study turning on a necessarily familiar theme—the conflict between a man's love for his mother and his passion for a woman whom his mother dislikes. The craftsmanship is restrained and polished, and the sentences have the right ring of real literature. Seven stories are collected in *La Forbice di Legno*, by Sr. Carlo Dadone (Turin: Renzo Streglio, 1l. 50). The little book is a few months old, and has been unusually well received in Italy; the stories show a powerful imagination and a talent for narrative not wholly inferior to those qualities in our own short-story writers of the first rank. Matilde Serao's novels are so well known and sought after here that a mere mention of her new romance of love, *Fantasia* (Turin: Casanova, 3l. 50), must suffice for introduction when space is lacking. It need only be added that in style and observation the work is on the high level we have been taught to expect from this gifted lady. *Il Sogno di un Genio*, by Sr. Ugo Volgarengi (Turin, Rome: Roux e Viarengo), is an able treatment of the somewhat dangerous class of subject which has its natural home in Paris. Another volume from the same press is *La Sconfitta*, by Sr. Guglielmo Anastasi, a promising young writer, who is feeling his way to an excellent manner of his own. In the present instance the story, while not lacking in interest, is perhaps a little over-laboured. Nevertheless, the book is

decidedly one to read, and its writer deserves to be watched. Italy is particularly strong in its school of poets, to whom, by the way, special attention will be paid in this article at some future time. The fertile muse of Grazia Pierantonia-Mancini is inspired in her new volume of collected *Poesie* (Roux e Viarengo, 3l. 50), sometimes by eternally fascinating childhood, but occasionally by more sombre subjects. "Malinconio," "Cuore di Donna," "Bimbi e Fiori," and "Gli Scheletri" are so clearly phrased and conceived that it is hard to forego quoting them. The author of *Felicità Perdute*, Sr. F. Da Dalt, has had experiences unhappy enough to redeem his title from the imputation of that insincere use of poetical artifice which it is customary now to justify with the word "dramatic." In his distress, like all generous hearts, he has turned to the poor, and finds consolation for himself in consoling them. *Fremitus Cordis*, by Sr. Giovanni Grassi (Turin: Streglio), cannot claim the same justification. It is an exercise—a delightful and adroit exercise—by a professor with a turn for versification. Professor Antonio Zardo has published through the firm of Le Monnier (Florence) a valuable study of the life and work of Giacomo Zanella, "il poeta forte e gentile, che parve congiungere in perfetta armonia la fede avita coi progressi della scienza," to quote the editor's appreciation. *Fons Amoris*, by Sra. Clelia Bertini-Attilii (Rome, Milan: Albrighi e Segati)—observe how Italian poets cling to their Latin titles!—is well inspired. The authoress has drawn from classical poetry something of its directness and severity.

Ero fanciulla : mi rideva in petto  
La primavera della poesia.  
Cantava la serena anima mia  
Come trilla pel ciel l'usignuoletto.

This is unmistakable poetry. We have hardly a poetess in England now who could write such verses. The same desire for chastity of form is notable in the *Interludio* of a young poet, Sr. Alfredo Catapanio (Naples: Melfi e Ioele). The new volume of Sr. Cesareo, *Le Consolatrici* (Milan, Palermo: Sandron), contains a considerable variety of verses. Like Chaucer and like Coppée, but unlike the generality of modern Italian poets, Sr. Cesareo has a fondness for the story in verse, and the wisdom to choose his stories from his own time. This is the way of success, if only young poets would heed the lesson.

Those who wish to know of an able Spanish novel or two may be recommended to ask their foreign booksellers to procure *Miguelón*, by Sr. Mariano Turmo Baselga; *La Humilde Verdad*, by Sr. G. Martinez Sierra; and, in particular, *La Bodega* of Sr. V. Blanco Ibañez, one of the most capable writers of the new Spain which is slowly regenerating itself after the humiliating experiences which it has borne with such manliness and dignity. Three books yet remain for special mention. The exquisite volume of verse by

Emile Verhaeren which has been published by M. Edmond Deman, of Brussels, will be read and re-read by every sensitive amateur of poetry. As always is the case with the best modern art, there is a quality in the very sound of the lines which stirs the sources of one's tears:—

Les baisers morts des défunes années  
 Ont mis leur sceau sur ton visage,  
 Et, sous le vent morne et rugueux de l'âge,  
 Bien des roses, parmi tes traits, se sont fanées.

Again:—

Vous m'avez dit, tel soir, des paroles si belles  
 Que sans doute les fleurs qui se penchaient vers nous,  
 Soudain nous ont aimé et que l'une d'entre elles,  
 Pour nous toucher tous deux, tomba sur nos genoux.

To those who cannot read Russian, two French translations from that language may be commended. *En Prison*, the work written by Maxim Gorky while under arrest, has lately been published by Félix Juven, of Paris; and *L'Antéchrist*, Merejkowsky's powerful romance of Russian society in the eighteenth century, is issued by Calmann-Lévy. It may possibly interest some students of contemporary French politics to know that the selected articles and speeches of the late Paul de Cassagnac have been published by *L'Autorité*. There are no fewer than eight volumes.

W. LAWLER-WILSON.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

*Author of "Cenere," &c.*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

## CHAPTER VI.

NEXT day Antonio went to the Princess about the collection of her rents. She invited him and his wife to dinner on Sunday, and this invitation was followed by others. Regina accepted them all, but unwillingly. The dinners were magnificent, served by pompous men servants, whose solemnity, said Antonio, spoiled his digestion. Regina found the entertainments dull, and came away out of temper. The guests were elderly foreigners or obscure Italian poets and artists; their conversation might have been interesting for it touched on letters, art, the theatre, matters of palpitating contemporary life, but only stale commonplaces were uttered, and Regina heard nothing at all correspondent to the ideas sparkling in her own mind.

She was bored; yet no sooner was she back in the atmosphere of Casa Venutelli than she thought enviously of the Princess's saloons, where the servants passed and waited, silent and automatic as machines, where all was beauty, luxury, splendour, and the light itself seemed to shine by enchantment.

At last the day came when Antonio and his wife chose the furniture for their own Apartment in Via Massimo d'Azeglio.

"We'll go on Sunday and settle how to arrange it," said Antonio, and Regina thought dolefully of all the fatigue and worry awaiting her.

"Fancy coping with a servant!" she reflected, panic struck.

On Sunday morning they went to their little habitation. It was late in January, a pure, soft morning with whiffs of spring in the air. Regina ran up the hundred odd steps, and when, panting and perspiring, she arrived at her hall door she amused herself by ringing the bell.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle! Who is there? Mr. Nobody! What fun going to visit Mr. Nobody!"

Antonio opened with a certain air of mystery and marched in first. Then he turned and made Regina a low bow. She looked round astonished, and exclaimed with faint irony, "But I thought this kind of thing only happened in romances!"

The Apartment was all in complete order. Curtains veiled the half open windows. The large white bed stood between strips of carpet,

upon which were depicted yellow dogs running with partridges in their mouths. Even in the kitchen nothing was missing or awry.

Antonio stood at the window, leaving Regina time to get over her surprise. She hated herself because somehow she did not feel all the pleasurable emotion which her husband might justly expect of her. However, she understood quite well what she must do. She thought,

"I must kiss him and say, How good you are!"

So she did kiss him, and said How good you are! quite cheerfully. His eyes filled with boyish delight, and at sight of this she felt touched in earnest.

"Antonio," she cried, "you really are good, and I am very wicked. But I'm going to improve, I really, really am!"

And for a week or a fortnight she was good; docile and even merry. She was very busy settling her treasures in the cabinets, her clothes in the wardrobes, altering this table and that picture; never in her whole life had she worked so hard! The first night she slept in the soft new bed, between the fine linen sheets of her trousseau, she felt as if delivered from an incubus, and about to begin a new life, with all the happiness, all the renewed energy of a convalescent. By this time fine weather had come. The Roman sky was cloudless; springtime fragrance filled the air; the city noises reached Regina's rooms like the sound of a distant waterfall, subdued and sweet. In the sun-dappled garden below, a thin curl of water was flung by a tiny fountain into a tiny vase, dotted with tiny gold fish; monthly roses bloomed; and a couple of white kittens chased each other along the paths. The little garden seemed made expressly for the two graceful little beasts.

Regina passed several happy days. But when all the things were safely installed in the wardrobes and cabinets she found she had nothing more to do. The servant, of whom she had thought with so much dread, looked after everything, was well behaved and prettily mannered. She was an expense, but worth it. Regina's only worry was making out the account for the maid's daily purchases. She got used even to this; and again began to be bored. She stood before her glass for long hours, brushing, washing, and dressing her hair, polishing her nails and teeth. She looked at herself in profile, from this side and that, powdered her face, took to using *Crema Venus*, laced herself very tight. But afterwards, or indeed at the moment, she asked with impatient and disgusted self-reproach, "Are you a fool, Regina? What's all this for? What on earth is the good of it?"

Of her few visitors, almost all were tiresome relations; among them Aunt Clara and Claretta. Aunt Clara, jealous of Arduina's aristocratic acquaintances, had much to relate of banquets and receptions at which she had assisted.

"And Claretta, as I need not say——"

Claretta admired herself in all the mirrors, ransacked Regina's

toilet-table, passed through the little Apartment like a wind, upsetting everything. Regina hated the mother, hated the daughter, hated the whole connection, including Arduina, who nevertheless took her about, introducing her to countesses and duchesses at whose houses she met others of like rank.

"It's appalling the number of countesses in Rome," said Regina to her husband.

She was partly amused, partly wearied; she was not offended when the grand ladies failed to return her visits; and she no longer wondered at the shocking things said in almost all the drawing-rooms by the people most distinguished in the literary, the political, and even in the private world.

"Anything is possible," said Marianna, "and what is most possible of all is that the things they say are calumnies."

In the early spring Regina had a recrudescence of nostalgia and discontent. The little Apartment began to be hot. She stood for hours at the window with the nervous unquiet of a bird not yet used to its cage. From the "Pussies' garden" rose a smell of damp grass which induced in her spasms of home sickness. Sometimes she looked down through her eye-glass, and saw a certain short and plump, pale and bald young man, strolling round and round the little vase into which the fountain wept tears of tedium. Life was tedious also for that young man. Regina remembered seeing him on the evening of San Stefano in a box at the Costanzi, his face bloated and yellow as an unripe apricot; and she had included him in her incendiary hatred. Now he too was bored. Was he bored because he had come down into the garden, or had he come down into the garden because he was bored? Sometimes he stood and teased the gold fish; then he yawned and battered the flowers with his stick, the wisteria on the walls, the monthly roses, the innocent daisies.

"He must beat something," thought Regina, and remembered that she herself was itching to torment anyone or anything. On rainy days—frequent and tedious—she became depressed, even to hypochondria. Only one thought comforted her—that of the return to her home. She counted the days and the hours. Strange, childish recollections, distant fancies, passed through her mind like clouds across a sad sky. Details of her past life waked in her melting tenderness; she remembered vividly even the humblest persons of the place, the most secret nooks in the house or in the wood; with strange insistence she thought of certain little things which never before had greatly struck her. For instance, there was an old millstone, belonging to a ruined mill, which lay in the grass by the river side. The remembrance of that old grey millstone, resting after its labour beside the very stream with which it had so long wrestled, moved Regina almost to tears. Often she tried to analyse her nostalgia, asking herself why she thought of the millstone, of the old blind chimney sweep, of the *portiner* (ferryman) who had enormous hairy hands and was getting on for a hundred; of the

clean-limbed children by the green ditch, intent on making straw ropes; of the little snails crawling among the leaves of the plane trees.

"I am an idiot!" she thought; yet with the thought came a sudden rush of joy at the idea of soon again seeing the millstone, the ferryman, the children, the green ditches, and the little snails.

And outside it rained and rained. Rome was drowned in mire and gloom. Regina raged like a furious child, wishing that upon Rome a rain of mud might fall for evermore, forcing all the inhabitants to emigrate and go away. Then, then she would return to her birth-place, to the wide horizons, the pure flowing river of her home; she would be born anew, she would be Regina once more, a bird alive and free!

Antonio went out and came in, and always found her wrapped in her homesick stupor, indifferent to everything about her.

"Let's take a walk, Regina!"

"Oh, no!"

"It would do you good."

"I am quite well."

"You can't be well. You are so dull. You don't care for me, that's what it is!"

"Oh, yes, I do! And if I don't, how can I help it?"

Sometimes, indeed, she included even Antonio in the collective hatred which she nourished against everything representative of the city. At those moments he seemed an inferior person, bloodless and half alive, one among all the other useless phantasms scarce visible in the rain, through which she alone in her egoism and her pride loomed gigantic.

But the warm and luminous spring came at last, and troops of men, women, and flower-laden children spread themselves through the streets, in the depths of which Regina's short-sighted eyes fancied silvery lakes. In the fragrant evenings, bathed it would seem in golden dust, companies of women, fresh as flowers in their new spring frocks, came down by the Via Nazionale, by the Corso, by Via del Tritone. Carriages passed heaped up with roses, red motor-cars flew by, bellowing like young monsters drunk with light, and even they were garlanded with flowers.

Regina walked and walked, on Antonio's arm, or sometimes alone; alone among the crowd, alone in the wave of all those joyous women, whose thoughtlessness she both envied and despised; alone among the smiling parties of sisters, companions, friends, by not one of whom, however, would she have been accompanied for anything in the world! One day as she was going up Piazza Termini, she saw Arduina in the famous black silk dress with the wrinkles on the shoulders. Regina would have avoided her sister-in-law, but did not set about it soon enough.

"I've been to your house," said Arduina; "why are you never at home? it's impossible to catch you. What are you always doing? Where have you been? Even our mother complains of you. Why don't you have a baby?"

"Why don't you? And where are you going? How smart you are!" said Regina, with sarcasm.

"I'm going to the Grand Hotel, to see a very rich English 'miss.' You can come too, if you like. She's worth it!"

Regina went, so anxious was she for something to do. The sunset tinged the Terme and the trees with orange-red. From the gardens came the cry of children and twitterings like the rustling of water from innumerable birds. Higher than all else, above the transparent vastness of the Piazza, above the fountain, which clear, luminous, pearly, seemed an immense Murano vase, towered the Grand Hotel, its gold-lettered name sparkling on its front like an epigraph on the façade of a temple.

There was a confusion of carriages before the columns of the entrance, of servants in livery, of gentlemen in tall hats, of fashionably attired ladies. A royal carriage with glossy, jet-black horses, was conspicuous among the others.

"It must be the Queen," said Arduina. "I'd like to wait!"

"Good-bye to you, then," returned her sister-in-law, "where there is one Regina there's no room for another!"

"Good heavens! what presumption!" laughed the other. "Well, then, come on."

Arduina led the way through the carriages and through the smart crowd which animated the hall; then humbly inquired of a waiter if Miss Harris were at home. The waiter bent his head and listened, but without looking at the two ladies.

"Miss Harris? I think she's at home. Take a seat," he replied absently, his eyes on the distance.

Regina remembered Madame Makuline's awe-inspiring servants; this man provoked not only awe but a sort of terror. They went into the conservatory, and Arduina looked about with respectful admiration. The younger lady was silent, lost in the dream world she saw before her.

Apparently they had intruded into a *fête*. A strange light of ruddy gold streamed from the glass roof; among the palm trees, treading on rich carpets, was a phantasmagoria of ladies dressed in silks and satins, with long rustling trains, their heads, ears, necks brilliant with jewels. Bursts of laughter and the buzz of foreign voices mixed with the rattle of silver and the ring of china cups. It was a palace of crystal; a world of joy, of fairy creatures unacquainted with the realities of life, dwelling in the enchantment of groves of palms, rosy in the light of dream.

"The realities of life!" thought Regina, "but is not this the reality of life? It's the life of us, mean little people, which is the ugly dream!"

Just then, a splendid creature, robed in yellow satin, who, as she passed, left behind her the effulgence of a comet, crossed the conservatory, and stopped to speak to two ladies in black.

"It's Miss Harris!" whispered Arduina; "now you see!"



Regina had never imagined there could exist a being so beautiful and luminous. She watched her with dilated eyes, while from the far end of the conservatory breathed slow and voluptuous music overpowering the voices, the laughter, the rattle of the cups. Miss Harris drew nearer. Regina's eyes grew wild, she was overpowered by almost physical torture, by burning sadness. The rosy sunset light brooding over the palms as in an Oriental landscape, the warmth, the scent, the music, the dazzling aspect of the wealthy foreigner, all produced in her a kind of nostalgia, the atavic recollection of some wondrous world, where all life was pleasure and from which she had been exiled. Ah! at that moment she realised quite clearly what was the ill disease gnawing at her vitals! Ah! it was not the regret, the nostalgia for her early home, for her childish past! it was the death of the dreams which had filled that past; dreams which had perfumed the air she had breathed, the paths she had trod, the place where she had dwelt: dreams which were no fault of her own because born with her, transmitted in her blood, the blood of an once dominant race.

Miss Harris approached the corner where sat the two little bourgeois ladies, trailing her long shining train, her whole elegant slimmness suggesting something feline. The two foreign ladies accompanied her talking in incomprehensible French. Arduina had to get up and smile very humbly before the Englishwoman recognised her, shook her hand, and spoke with condescending affability. Then Miss Harris sat down, her long tail wound round her legs like that of a reposing cat, and began to talk. She was tired and bored; she had been for a drive in a motor, had had a private audience of the Pope, and in half an hour was due at some great lady's reception. She did not look at Regina at all. After a minute she appeared to forget Arduina; a little later, the two foreign ladies also. She seemed talking for her own ears; in her beauty and splendour she was self-sufficient, like a star which scintillates for itself alone. From far and near everybody watched her.

Regina trembled with humiliation. In her modest short frock she felt herself disappearing; she was ashamed of her lace scarf; when Miss Harris offered her a cup of tea she repulsed it with an inimical gesture. She felt again that sense of puerile hatred which had assaulted her at the Costanzi on the evening of San Stefano.

As they left the hotel she said to her sister-in-law, "I can't think what you came for! Why are you so mean spirited? Why did you listen so slavishly to that woman who hardly noticed your presence."

"But weren't you listening quite humbly, too?"

"I? I'd like to have seized and throttled you all! Good God, what fools you women are!"

"My dear Regina," said the other confounded, "I don't understand you!"

"I know you don't. What do you understand? Why do you go to such places? What have you to do with people like that? Don't you take in that they are the lords of the earth and we the slaves?"

"But we're the intelligent ones! We are the lords of the future! Don't you hear the clatter of our wooden shoes going up and of their satin slippers coming down?"

"We? What, *you*?" said Regina, contemptuously.

"Mind that carriage!" cried Arduina, pulling her back.

"You see? They drive over us! What's the good of intelligence? What is intelligence compared with a satin train?"

"Oh, I see! You're jealous of the satin train," said the other, laughing good humouredly.

"Oh, you're a fool!" cried Regina, beside herself.

"Thanks!" said Arduina, unoffended.

Returned home, Regina threw herself on the ottoman in the ante room, and remained there nearly an hour, beating the devil's tattoo with her foot in time to the ticking of the clock, which seemed the heart of the little room. Her own heart was overflowed by a wave of humiliating distress. Ah! even the ridiculous Arduina had guessed what ailed her!

Daylight was dying in the adjacent room, and the dining-room which looked out on the courtyard was already overwhelmed in heavy shadow. The open door made a band of feeble light across the passage of the ante-room, while in its angles the penumbra continually darkened. Watching it, Regina reflected.

"The penumbra! What a horrid thing the penumbra is! Horrid? No, it's worse! It's noxious—soul-stifling! Better a thousand times the full shadow, complete darkness. In the shadow there is grief, desperation, rebellion—all that is life; but in this half light it's all tedium, want, agony. It's better to be a beggar than a little bourgeois. The beggar can yell, can spit in the face of the prosperous. The little bourgeois is silent; he's a dead soul, he neither can nor ought to speak. What does he want? Hasn't he got the competence already, which some day everyone is to have? His share is already given to him. If he asks for more he's called ambitious, egotistic, envious. Even the idiots call him so! Satin trains—green and shining halls like gardens spread out in the sun, motors like flying dragons! And the gardens, the beautiful gardens "*half seen through little gates*," country houses hidden among pines, like rosy women under green lace parasols! That should be the heritage of the future, of the to-morrow, promised us though not yet come. But no! all that is to disappear! The world is small and can't be divided into more than two parts, the day and the night, the light and the shade. But someday it's to be all penumbra! Everyone's to be like us, everyone's to live in a little dark Apartment with interminable stairs; all the streets are to be dusty, overrun by smelly trams, by troops of middle class women, who will go about on foot, dressed with sham elegance, wearing mock jewellery, carrying paper fans; joyous with a pitiable joy. The whole world will be tedium and destitution. The beggars won't have attained to the dreams which made them happy; the children of the rich will live on nostalgia, remembering the dream

which was once reality to them. What will be the good of living then? Why am I living now?"

Then suddenly she remembered three figures, all exactly alike; three figures of an old man in a dreary room, who smiled and looked at each other with humorous sympathy, like three friends who understand without need of words. Work! Work! There's the secret of life!

The voice of the old Senator resounded still in Regina's soul. Since seeing him she had learned his story; his wife, a beautiful woman, brilliant and young, had killed herself, for what reason none could say. Work! Work! That was the secret! Perhaps the old Senator, panegyricising the working woman, had been thinking of his wife who had never worked.

Work! This was the secret of the world's future. All would eventually be happy because all would work.

"No! I don't represent the future as I have fondly fancied. I belong to the present—very much to the present! I am the parasite *par excellence*. I eat the labour of my husband, and I devour his moral life as well, because he loves me—loves me too much. I don't even make him happy. Why do I live? What's the good of me? What use am I? I'm good for nothing but to bear children; and, in point of fact, I don't want any children! I shouldn't know how to bring them up! Besides, what's the good of bringing children into the world? Wouldn't it be better I had never been born? What's the good of life?"

Surely her soul had become involved in the shadow darkening round her! Everything in her seemed dead. And then suddenly she thought of the luminous evenings on the shores of her great river at home; and saw again the wide horizons, the sky all violet and geranium colour, the infinite depths of the waters, the woods, the plain. She passed along the banks, the subdued splendour of all things reflected in her eyes, the water of rosy lilac, the heavens which flamed behind the wood, the warm grass which clothed the banks. Young willow trees stretched out to drink the shining water, and they drank, they drank, consumed by an inextinguishable thirst. She passed on, and as the little willows drank, so she also drank in dreams from the burning river. What limitless horizons! What deeps of water! What tender distant voices carried by the waves, dying on the night! Was it a call out of a far world? Was it the crying of birds from the wood? Was it the woodpecker tapping on the poplar tree?

Alas, no! it was her own foot beating the devil's tattoo; it was the clock ticking away indifferently in the penumbra of the little room; it was the caged canary moaning for nostalgia in the window opposite, above the lurid abyss of the courtyard.

Regina jumped to her feet; she was rebellious and desperate, suffocated by a sense of rage.

"I'll tell him the moment he comes in," she thought; "I'll cry,

Why did you take me from there? Why have you brought me to this place? What can I do here? I must go away. I require air. I require light. You can't give me light, you can't give me air, and you never told me! How was I to know the world was like this? Away with all these gimcracks, all this lumber! I don't want it. I only want air! air! air! I am suffocating! I hate you all! I curse the city and the men who built it, and the fate which robs us even of the sight of heaven!"

She went to her room, and automatically looked in the glass. By the last glimmer of day she saw her beautiful shining hair, her shining teeth, her shining nails, her fine skin which (softened by a light stratum of *crema venus*) had almost the transparent delicacy of Miss Harris's. Her resentment grew. She went to her dressing table, snatched up the bottle of *crema* and dashed it against the wall. The bottle bounded off on the bed without breaking. She picked it up and replaced it on the table.

"No! no! no!" she sobbed, throwing herself on the pillow, "I will not bear it! I'll say to him, Do you see what I'm becoming? Do you see what you're making me? To-day a soiling of the face, to-morrow soiling of the soul! I will go away—I will go away—away! I will go back home. You are nothing to me! Yes, I will tell him the moment he comes in!"

When he came in, he found her seated quietly at the table, busy with the list of purchases for the following day. It was late, the lamps were lit, the table was laid, the servant was preparing supper. The whole of the little dwelling was pervaded by the contemptible yet merry hissing of the frying pan and the smell of fried artichokes. From the window, open towards the garden, penetrated the contrasting fragrance of laurels and of grass.

	<i>livre. cent.</i>
Milk ... ..	0-20
Bread ... ..	0-20
Wine ... ..	1-10
Meat ... ..	1-00
Flour ... ..	0-50
Eggs ... ..	0-50
Salad ... ..	0-05
Butter ... ..	0-60
Asparagus ... ..	0-50

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Antonio came over to the table, bent down, and looked at the paper on which Regina was writing.

"I was here at five, and couldn't find you," he said.

"I was out."

"Listen. The Princess sent a note to the office asking me to go to her at half-past six; so I went."

"What did she want?"

"Well—she's beginning to be a nuisance, you know—she wants me to keep an eye on the man who speculates for her on the Stock Exchange."

Regina looked up and saw that Antonio's face was pale and damp.

"On the Stock Exchange? What does that mean?"

"What it means? I'll explain some time. But—well, really, that woman is becoming a plague!"

"But if she pays you?" said Regina; "and are you good at speculating?"

"I only wish I had the opportunity!" he exclaimed, tossing his hat to the sofa; "I wish I had a little of Madame's superfluous money! But this isn't a case of speculating. I'm to study the state of the money-market and audit the operations carried out by Cavaliere R—on the Princess's account; take note of the details of daily transactions; get information from the brokers: in short, exercise rigorous control over all the fellow does."

"But," insisted Regina, "she'll pay you well, won't she?"

"Beg pardon?" he said, mimicking the Princess.

"How much will she pay you?" shouted Regina.

"A hundred *lire* or so. She's a skinflint, you know."

"Supper's on the table, Signora," announced the servant with her accustomed elegant decorum.

During the meal Antonio expounded the operations on 'Change, and other financial matters, talking with a certain enthusiasm. She appeared interested in what he told her; yet while she listened her eyes shone with the vague light of a thought very far away from what Antonio was saying. That thought was straying in a dark and empty distance; like a blind man feeling his way in a strange place, it sought and sought something to be a point of rest, a support, or at least a sign.

Suddenly, however, Regina's eyes sparkled and returned to the world about her.

"Why shouldn't *you* be Madame's confidential agent?" she said; "her secretary? I remember what I dreamed the first night I saw her at Arduina's—that she was dead and had left us her money!"

"It would be easy enough," said Antonio.

"To get the money?"

"No—the administration of her affairs. True, one would have to flatter and cringe, and take people in, especially as she employs two or three others in addition to the Cavaliere. One would have to intrigue against them all. I don't care for that sort of business."

"Nor I," said Regina, stiffening.

She rose and moved to the window which overlooked the garden. Antonio followed her. The night was warm and voluptuous. The scent of laurel rose ever sweeter and stronger; patches of yellow light were spread over the little garden paths like a carpet. Regina

looked down, then raised her eyes towards the darkened blue of the heavens and sighed, stifling the sigh in a yawn.

"After all," said Antonio, pursuing his own line of thought, "are we not happy? What do we lack?"

"Nothing and everything!"

"What is lacking to us, I say?" repeated Antonio, questioning himself rather than his wife; "what do you mean by your 'everything'?"

"Do you see the Bear?" she asked, looking up, and pretending not to have heard his question. He looked also.

"No, I don't——"

"Then we do lack something! We can't see the stars."

"What do you want with the stars? Leave them where they are, for they're quite useless! If there were anything you really wanted you wouldn't be crying for the stars."

"Then you think I am lacking in——?" She touched her forehead.

"So it seems!"

"Perhaps the deficiency is in you," she said quickly.

"Now you're insulting me, and I'll take you and pitch you out of the window!" he jested, seizing her waist. "If my wits are deficient, it's because you're making me lose them with your folly!"

## CHAPTER VII.

SHE was certainly not guilty of folly in action, but her words became stranger and stranger. Antonio sometimes found them amusing; more often they distressed him. Though seemingly calm, Regina could not hide that she was under the dominion of a fixed idea. What was she thinking about? Even when he held her in his arms, wrapped in his tenderest embrace, Antonio felt her far, immeasurably far away from him. In the brilliant yet drowsy spring mornings while the young pair still lay in the big white bed, Antonio would repeat his questions to himself: "What do we lack? Are we not happy?"

Through the half shut windows soft light stole in and gilded the walls. Infinite beatitude seemed to reign in the room veiled by that mist of gold, fragrant with scent, lulled to a repose unshaken by the noises of the distant world. In the profound sweetness of the nuptial chamber Regina felt herself at moments conquered by that somnolent beatitude. Antonio's searching question had its echo in her soul also. What was it that they lacked? They were both of them young and strong; Antonio loved her ardently, blindly. He lived in her. And he was so handsome! His soft hands, his passionate eyes, had a magic which often succeeded in intoxicating her. And yet in those delicious mornings, at the moments when she seemed happiest, while Antonio caressed her hair, pulling it down and studying it like some precious thing, her face would suddenly cloud, and she would recommence her extravagant speeches.

"What are we doing with our life?"

Antonio was not alarmed.

"What are we doing? We live, we love, we work, eat, sleep, take our walks, and when we can we go to the play!"

"But that isn't living! Or at least it's a useless life and I'm sick of it!"

"Then what do you want to be doing?"

"I don't know. I'd like to fly! I don't mean sentimentally, I mean really. To fly out of the window, in at the window! I'd like to invent the way!"

"I've thought of it myself sometimes."

"You know nothing about it!" she said, rather piqued; "No, no! I want to do something you couldn't understand one bit; which, for that matter, I don't understand myself!"

"That's very fine!"

"It's like thirsting for an unfindable drink with a thirst nothing else can assuage. If you had once felt it——"

"Oh, yes, I have felt it."

"No, you can't have felt it! You know nothing about it."

"You must explain more clearly."

"Oh, never mind! You don't understand, and that's enough. Let my hair alone, please."

"I say, what a lot of split hairs you have! You ought to have them cut. I was telling you——"

"What do I care about hair? It's a perfectly useless thing."

"Well," he said, after pretending to seek and to find a happy thought, "Why don't you become a tram-conductor?" and he imitated the rumble of the tram and the gestures of the conductor.

"I won't demean myself by a reply," she said, and moved away from him; but presently repented and said,

"Do the little bird!"

"I don't know how to do the little bird!"

"Yes, you do. Go on, like a dear!"

"You're making a fool of me. I understand that much."

"You don't understand a bit! You do the little bird so well that I like to see you!"

He drew in his lips, puffed them out, opened and shut them like the beak of a callow bird. She laughed, and he laughed for the pleasure of seeing her laugh, and he said:

"What babes we are! If they put that on the stage—good Lord, think of the hisses!"

"Oh, the stage! That's false if you like! And the novel. If you wrote a novel in which life was shown as it really is, everyone would cry 'How unnatural!' I do wish I could write! could describe life as I understand it, as it truly is, with its great littlenesses and its mean greatness! I'd write a book or a play which would astonish Europe!"

He looked at her pretending to be so overwhelmed that he had no words, and again she felt irritated.

"You don't understand anything! You laugh at me! Yet if I could——"

In spite of himself Antonio became serious.

"Well, why can't you?"

"Because first I should have to—— No, I won't tell you. You can't understand! Besides, I can't write; I don't know how to express myself. My thoughts are fine, but I haven't the words. That's the way with so many! What do you suppose great men, the so-called great thinkers, are? Fortunate folk who know how to express themselves! Nietzsche, for instance. Don't you think I and a hundred others have all Nietzsche's ideas, without ever having read him? Only he knew how to set them down and we don't. I say Nietzsche, but I might just as well say the author of the Imitation."

"You should have married an author," said Antonio, secretly jealous of the man whom Regina had perhaps dreamed of but never met.

Again she felt vexed. "It's quite useless! You don't understand me. I can't get on with authors a bit. Let me alone now. I told you not to fiddle with my hair!"

"Stop! Don't go away! Let's talk more of your great thoughts. You think me an idiot. But listen, I want to say one thing; don't laugh. You want to do something wonderful. Well, an American author, Emerson, I think, said to his wife, that the greatest miracle a woman could perform is——"

"Oh, I know! To have a baby!" she replied with a forced smile. "But you see, I think humanity useless, life not worth living. Still, I don't commit suicide, so I suppose I do accept life. I admit that a son would be a fine piece of work. I'd enter on it with enthusiasm, with pride, if I were sure my son wouldn't turn out just a little bourgeois like us!"

"He might make a fortune and be a useful member of society."

"Nonsense! Dreams of a little bourgeois!" she said bitterly; "he would be just as unhappy as we are!"

"But I am happy!" protested Antonio.

"If you are happy it shows you don't understand anything about it, and so you are doubly unhappy," she said vehemently, her eyes darkening disquietingly.

"My dear, you're growing as crazy as your great writers."

"There you are! the little bourgeois who doesn't know what he is talking about!"

And so they went on, till Antonio looked at the clock and jumped up with a start.

"It's past the time! My love, if you had to go down to the office every day, I assure you these notions would never come into your head."

He hurried to wash; and still busy with the towel, damp and fresh with the cold water, he came back to kiss her.

"You're as pink as a strawberry ice!" she said admiringly, and so they made peace.



With the coming on of the hot days Regina's nostalgia, nervousness, and melancholy increased. At night she tossed and turned and sometimes groaned softly. At last she confessed to Antonio that her heart troubled her.

"Palpitations for hours at a time till I can hardly breathe! It feels as if my chest would burst and let my heart escape. It must be the stairs. I never used to have palpitations!"

Much alarmed, her husband wished to take her to a specialist, but this she opposed.

"It will go off the moment I get away," she said.

They decided she must go at the end of June. Antonio would take his holiday in August and join her, remaining at her mother's for a fortnight.

"After that, if we've any money left, we'll spend a few days at Viareggio."

Regina said neither yea nor nay. After the first seven months the young couple had only 200 *lire* in hand. This was barely enough for the journey; Antonio, however, hoped to put by a little while his wife was away.

The days passed on; Rome was becoming depopulated, though the first brief spell of heat had been followed by renewal of incessant and tiresome rain.

Antonio counted the days.

"Another ten—another eight—and you'll be gone. What's to become of me all alone for a month?"

Such expressions irritated her. She wished neither to speak nor to think of her departure.

"Alone? Why need you be alone? You've got your mother and your brothers!"

"A wife is more than brothers, more than a mother."

"But if I were to die? Suppose I fell ill and the doctors prescribed a long stay in my home?"

"That's impossible."

"You talk like a child. Why is it impossible? It's very possible indeed!" she said, still vexed; "whatever I say you think it nonsense—a thing which can't happen. Why can't it happen? It's enough to mention some things——"

"But, Regina," he exclaimed, astonished, "what makes you so cross?"

"Well, you just explain to me why it's impossible I should get ill? Am I made of iron? The doctor might forbid me to climb stairs for a while, and might tell me to live in the open air, in the country. If he took that line where would you have me go unless to my home? Would you forbid me to go there?"

"On the contrary, I should be the first to recommend it. But it's not the state of affairs at present. Oh! your palpitation? that will go off. We must see about an apartment on a lower floor—though, to say truth, I've got to regard this little nest of ours with

the greatest affection. We're so cosy here!" he said, looking round lovingly.

She did not reply, but stepped to the window and looked out. Her brow clouded. What was the matter with her? Detestation of the little dwelling where she felt more and more smothered? or irritation at her husband's sentimentality?

"This is Friday," she said presently, "I suppose I ought to go and bid your Princess good-bye. When is she going away?"

"Middle of July, I think. She's going to Carlsbad."

"Well, let her go to the devil, and all the smart people with her!"

"That's wicked! Aren't you going to the country yourself? Think of all the folk who have to stay in the burning city, workmen in factories, bakers at their ovens——"

"Precisely what made me swear!" said Regina.

Later she dressed and went to Madame Makuline's; not because she wanted to see her, but in order to occupy the interminable summer afternoon.

She pinched her waist very tight, and put on a new blue dress with many flounces and a long train; she knew she looked well in it and far more fashionable than on her first arrival in Rome, but the thought gave her little satisfaction.

As she was passing the Costanzi she saw the yellow faced gentleman who strolled in the Pussies' Garden. He was talking to a friend, plump as himself with round, dull blue eyes, a restless little red dog under his arm. Regina knew this personage also. He was an actor who played important parts at the Costanzi, and was admired by her almost to excess. Regina fancied the two men looked at her admiringly, and she coloured with satisfaction; then suddenly conceived something blameworthy in her pleasure, questioning if she had not directed her steps to the theatre in the hope of meeting the actor. She felt angry with herself, as a few hours earlier she had been angry with Antonio for "talking like a child." She arrived at the Princess's in an aggressive humour, and came in with her head very high. She did not speak to the servant nor even look at him, remembering that he always received her husband and herself with a familiarity not exactly disrespectful, but somehow humiliating.

Madame Makuline's drawing-room, though its furs and its carpets had been removed, was still very hot. Branches of lilac in the great metal vases diffused an intense, pungent, almost poisonous fragrance. Only two ladies had called; one of them was abusing Rome to Marianna, and the girl, unusually ugly, in an absurd, low red dress, was protesting ferociously and threatening to bite the slanderer. The Princess listened, pale, cold, her heavy face immobile. Regina came in, and at once Marianna rushed to meet her, crying,

"If *you* are going to say horrid things too, I shall go mad!"

Regina sat down, elegantly, winding her train round her feet as she had seen Miss Harris do; and having learned the subject in dispute, said, smiling maliciously,

"Most certainly Rome is odious."

"I'll have to scratch you!" cried Marianna; "and it will be a thousand pities, for you're quite lovely to-day! Now you're blushing and you look better still! Your hat's just like one I saw at Buda-Pesth on a grand-duchess."

"Rome odious?" said the Princess, turning to Regina, who was still smiling sarcastically; "that's not what you said a few days ago."

"It's easy to change one's opinion."

"Beg pardon?"

"It's easy to change one's opinion," shouted Regina, irritated; "besides, I said the other day that Rome was delightful for the *rich*. It's altogether abominable for the poor. The poor man, at Rome, is like a beggar before the shut door of a palace; a beggar gnawing a bone——"

"——which is occasionally snapped up by the rich man's dog," put in Marianna.

The other laughed nervously. "Just so!" she said.

The Princess raised her little yellow eyes to Regina's face and studied it for a moment, then turned to the lady at her side and talked to her in German. Regina fancied Madame had meant her to understand something by that look, something distressing, disagreeable, humiliating; and her laughter ceased.

June 28, 1900.

ANTONIO,—

You will read this letter after I am gone, while you are still sad. You will perhaps think it dictated by a passing caprice. If you could only know how many days, how many weeks, how many months even, I have thought it over, examined it, tortured myself with it! If you knew how many and many times I have tried to express in words what I am now going to write to you! I have never found it possible to speak; some tyrannous force has always prevented me from opening my heart to you. I felt that by word of mouth we should never arrive at understanding each other. Who knows whether, even now, you can or will understand me! I fancied it would be easy to explain in a letter; but now—now I feel how painful and how difficult it must be. I should have liked to wait till I was *there*, at home, to write this letter to you; but I don't want to put it off any longer, and above all I don't wish you to think that outside influences, or the wishes of others, have pushed me to this step. No, my best, dearest Antonio! we two by ourselves, far from every strange and molesting voice, we two, alone, shall decide our destiny. Hear me! I am going to try and explain to you my whole thought as best I can. Listen, Antonio! A few days ago I said, "Suppose I were to fall ill and the doctors were to order me to return to my native air and to stay for no short time in my own country, would you forbid me to obey?" And you ended by confessing you would be the first to counsel obedience. Well, I am really ill, of a moral sickness which consumes me worse than any physical disorder; and I do need to return to my own country and to remain there for some time. Oh, Antonio, my adored, my friend, my brother, force yourself to understand me! to read deep into these lines as if you were reading my very soul! I love you. I married you for love; for that unspeakable love born of dreams and enchantments which is felt but once in a life. More than ever at this moment I feel that I love you, and that I am united to you for my whole life and for what is beyond. When you appeared to me *there*, on the green river-banks, the line of which had cut like a knife through the horizon of all my dreams, I saw in

you something radiant; I saw in you the very incarnation of my most beautiful visions. How many years had I not dreamed of you, waited for you! This delicious expectation was already beginning to be shrouded in fear and sadness, was beginning to seem altogether vain, when you appeared! You were to me the whole unknown world, the wondrous world which books, dreams—heredity also—had created within me. You were the burning, the fragrant, the intoxicating whirlwind of life; you were everything my youth, my instinct, my soul, had yearned for of maddest and sweetest. Even if you had been ugly, fat, poorer than you are, I should have loved you. You had come from Rome, you were returning to Rome—that was enough! No one, neither you nor anyone not born and bred in provincial remoteness, can conceive what the most paltry official from the capital—dropped by chance into that remoteness—represents to an ignorant visionary girl. How often there in Rome have I not watched the crowds in Via Nazionale, and laughed bitterly while I thought that if the lowest of those little citizens walking there, the meanest, the most anæmic, the most contemptible of those little clerks, one with an incomplete soul, dropped like an unripe fruit, one of those who now move me only to pity, had passed by on that river bank before our house—he might have been able to awaken in me an overwhelming passion! My whole soul revolts at the mere thought. But do not you take offence, Antonio! You are not one of *those*; you were and you are for me something altogether *different*. And now, though the enchantment of my vain dreams has dissolved, you are for me something entirely beyond even those dreams. You were and you are for me, the one man, the good loyal man, the lover, young and dear, whom the girl places in the centre of all her dreams—which he completes and adorns, dominating them as a statue dominates a garden of flowers.

But our garden, Antonio, our garden is arid and melancholy. We were as yet too poor to come together and to make a garden. My eyes were blindfolded when I married you and came with you to Rome; I fancied that in Rome our two little incomes would represent as much as they represented in my country. I have perceived, too late, that instead they are hardly sufficient for our daily bread. And on bread alone one cannot live. It means death, or at least grave sickness for anyone unused to such a diet. And love, no matter how great, is not enough to cure the sick one!

Alas! as I repeat, I am sick! The shock of reality, the hardness of that daily bread, has produced in me a sort of moral anæmia; and the disease has become so acute that I can't get on any longer. For me, this life in Rome is a martyrdom. It is absolute necessity that I should flee from it for a time, retire into my den, as they say sick animals do, and get cured—above all get used to the thought, to the duty, of spending my life like this.

Antonio! my Antonio! force yourself to understand me, even if I don't succeed in expressing myself as I wish. Let me go back to my nest, to my mother! I will tell her I am really ill and in need of my native air. Leave me with her for a year, or perhaps two. Let us do what we ought to have done in the first instance, let us wait. Let us wait as a betrothed couple waits for the hour of union. I will accustom myself to the idea of a life different from what I had dreamed. Meanwhile your position (and perhaps mine too, who knows?) will improve. Are there not many who do this? Why, my own cousin did it! Her husband was a professor in the Gymnasium at Milan. Together they could not have managed. But she went back home, and he studied and tried for a better berth, and presently became professor at the Lyceum in another town. Then they were reunited, and now they're as happy as can be.

"But," you will say, "we *can* live together. We have no lack of anything."

"True," I repeat, "we don't lack for bread; but one cannot live by bread alone. Do you remember the evening when I asked you whether from our habitation you could see the Great Bear? You laughed at me and said I was crazy; and who knows! perhaps I am really mad! But I know my madness is of a kind

which can be cured; and that is all I want, just to be cured—to be cured before the disease grows worse.

Listen, Antonio! You also, unintentionally I know, but certainly, have been in the wrong. You did not mean it; it's Fate which has been playing with us! In the sweet evenings of our engagement, when I talked to you of Rome with a tremble in my voice, you ought to have seen I was the dupe of foolish fancies. You ought to have discerned my vain and splendid dream through my words, as one discerns the moon through the evening mist. But instead you fed my dream; you talked of princesses, drawing-rooms, receptions! And when we arrived in Rome, you should have taken me at once to our own little home; you shouldn't have put between us for weeks and months persons dear of course to you, but total strangers to me. They were kind to me, I know, and are so still; I did my best to love them, but it was impossible to have communion of spirit with them all at once. Above all, you ought to have kept me away from that world of the rich of which I had dreamed, which is not and never will be mine.

Do you see? It's as if I had touched the fire and something had been burned in me. Is it my fault? If I am in fault it's because I am not able to pretend. Another woman in my place, feeling as I feel, would pretend, would apparently accept the reality, would remain with you; but—would poison your whole existence! Even I, you remember, I in the first months worried you with my sadness, my complaints, my contempt. I knew how wrong I was, I was ashamed and remorseful. If we had gone on like that, if the idea which I am broaching now had not flashed into my mind, we should have ended as so many end; bickering to-day, scandal to-morrow; crime perhaps in the end. I felt a vortex round me. It is not that I am romantic; I am sceptical rather than romantic; but everything small, sordid, vulgar, wounds my soul. I am like a sick person, who at the least annoyance becomes selfish, loses all conscience, and is capable of any bad action. Again I say is it my fault? I was born like that and I can't re-make myself. There are many women like me, some of them worse because weaker. They don't know how to stop in time, on the edge of the precipice; they neither see, nor study how to avoid it. And yet, Antonio, I do care for you! I love you more, much more than when we were betrothed. I love you most passionately. It is chiefly on this account that I make the sacrifice of exiling myself from you for a while. I don't want to cause you unhappiness! Tears are bathing my face, my whole heart bleeds. But it is necessary, it is fate, that we separate. It kills me thinking of it, but it's necessary, necessary! Dear, dear, dear Antonio! understand me. Beloved Antonio, read and re-read my words, and don't give them a different signification from what is given by my heart. Above all, hear me as if I were lying on your breast, weeping there all my tears. Hear and understand as sometimes you have heard and understood. Do you remember Christmas morning? I was crying, and I fancied I saw your eyes clouded too: it was at that moment I realised that I loved you above everything in all the world, and I decided then to make some sacrifice for you. This is the sacrifice; to leave you for a while in the endeavour to get cured and to come back to you restored and content. Then in my little home I will live for you; and I will work; yes, I also will bring my stone to the edifice of our future well-being. We are young, still too young; we can do a great deal if we really wish it. Neither of us has any doubts of the other; you are sure of me; I also am sure of you. I know how you love me, and that you love me just because I am what I am.

Listen, after two or three weeks you shall come to my mother's as we have arranged. You must pretend to find me still so unwell that you decide to leave me till I am better. Then you shall return to Rome and live thinking of me. You shall study, compete for some better post. The months will pass, we will write to each other every day, we will economise—or what is better, accumulate treasures—of love and of money. Our position will improve, and when we come together again, we shall begin a new honeymoon very different from the first, and it shall last for the whole of our life.

Having reached this point in her letter, Regina felt quite frozen up, as if a blast of icy wind had struck her shoulders. This she was writing—was it not all illusion? all a lie? Words! Words! Who could know how the future would be made? The word *made* came spontaneously into her thought, and she was struck by it. Who makes the future? No one. We make it ourselves by our present.

“I shall make my future with this letter, only not even I can know what future I shall make.”

Regina felt afraid of this obscure work; then suddenly she cheered, remembering that all she had written in the letter was really there in her heart. Illusion it might be, but for her it was truth. Then, come what might, why should she be afraid? Life is for those who have the courage to carry out their own ideas!

It seemed needless to prolong the letter. She had already said too many useless things, perhaps without succeeding in the expression of what was really whirling in her soul. She rapidly set down a few concluding lines.

Write to me at once when you have read this—no, not at once! let a few hours pass first. There is much more I should like to say, but I cannot, my heart is too full, I am in too great suffering. Forgive me, Antonio, if I cause you pain at the moment in which you read this; out of that pain there will be born great joy. Reassure me by telling me you understand and approve my idea. Far away *there* I shall recover all we have lost in the wretched experience of these last months. I will await your letter as one awaits a sentence; then I will write to you again. I will tell you, or try to tell you, all which now swells my heart to bursting. Good-bye—till we meet again. See! I am already crying at the thought of the kiss which I shall give you before I go. God only knows the anguish, the love, the promise, the hope, which that kiss will contain.

Whatever you shall think of me, Antonio, at least do not accuse me of lightness. Remember that I am your own Regina; your sick, your strange, but not your disloyal and wicked

REGINA.

The letter ended, she folded and shut it hurriedly without reading it over. Then she felt qualms; some little word might have escaped her! some little particle which might change the whole sense of a phrase. She re-opened the envelope, read with apprehension and distaste, but corrected nothing, added nothing. Her grief was agonising. Ah! how cold, how badly expressed was that letter! Into its lifeless pages had passed nothing of all which was seething in her heart!

“And I was imagining I could write a novel—a play! I, who am incapable of writing even a letter! But he will understand, she thought, shutting the letter a second time, “I am quite sure he will understand! Now where am I to put it? Suppose he were to find it before I am off? Whatever would happen? He would laugh; but if he finds it afterwards—he will perhaps cry. Ah! that’s it, I’ll lay it on his little table just before I go.”

With these and other trivial thoughts, with little hesitations she had already considered and resolved, she tried to banish the sadness and anxiety which were agitating her.

She pulled out her trunks, for she was to start next morning by the nine o'clock express, and she had not yet packed a thing. The whole long afternoon had gone by while she was writing.

"What will he do?" she kept thinking; "will he keep on the Apartment? And the maid? Will he betray me? No, he won't betray me. I'm sure of that. I'll suggest he should go back to his mother and brothers. So long as they don't poison his mind against me! Perhaps he'll let the rooms furnished. How much would he get for them? 100 *lire*? But no! he's sentimental about them. He wouldn't like strangers, vulgar creatures perhaps, to come and profane our nest, as he calls it. And shouldn't I hate it myself? Folly! nonsense! I have suffered so much here that the furniture, these two carpets with the yellow dogs on them are odious to me. I never wish to see any of it again! And yet— Come, Regina! you're a fool, a fool, a fool! But what will he do with my *trousseau* things? Will he take them to his mother's? Well, what do I care? Let him settle it as he likes."

Every now and again she was assailed by a thought that had often worried her before. If he were not to forgive? In that case how was their story going to end? But no! Nonsense! It was impossible he should not forgive! At the worst he would come after her to persuade or force her to return. She would resist and convince him. Already she imagined that scene, lived through it. Already she felt the pain of the second parting. Meanwhile she had filled her trunk, but was not at all satisfied with her work. What a horrid, idiotic thing life was! Farewells, and always farewells, until the final farewell of death.

"Death! Since we all have to die," she thought, emptying the trunk and rearranging it, "why do we subject ourselves to so much needless annoyance? Why, for instance, am I going away? Well, the time will pass all the same. It's just because one has to die that one must spend one's life as well as one can. A year or two will soon go over, but thirty or forty years are very long. And in two years— Well," she continued, folding and refolding a dress which would not lie flat in the tray, "is it true that in two years our circumstances will have improved? Shall I be happier? Shall I not begin this same life over again—will it not go on for ever and ever to the very end? To die—to go away— Well, for that journey I shan't anyhow have the bother of doing up this detestable portmanteau! There!" (and she snatched up the dress in a fury and flung it away), "why won't even *you* get yourself folded the way I want? Come, what's the good of taking you at all? There won't be anyone to dress for *there*!"

She threw herself on the bed and burst into tears. She realised for the moment the absurdity, the *naughtiness* of her caprice. She repeated that it was all a lie; what she wanted was just to annoy her husband, out of natural malice, out of a childish desire for revenge.

But after a minute she got up, dried her eyes, and soberly refolded the dress.

When Antonio came in he found her still busy with the luggage.

"Help me to shut it," said Regina, and while he bent over the lock which was a little out of order, she added,

"Suppose there's a railway accident, and I get killed?"

"Let's hope not," he replied absently.

"Or suppose I am awfully hurt? Suppose I'm taken to some hospital and have to remain there a long time?"

This time he made no reply at all.

"Do say something! What would you do?"

"Why on earth are you always thinking of such things? If you have these fancies why are you going away? There! It's locked. Where are the straps?" he asked, getting up.

She looked at him as he stood before her, so tall, so handsome, so upright, his eyes brilliant in the rosy sunset light.

"To-morrow we shall be far apart!" she cried, flinging herself on his neck and kissing him deliriously; "you won't betray me! Say, you won't betray me! Oh, God! if we should never see each other again!"

"You do love me, then?"

"So much—so much——"

He saw her turn pale and tremble, and he pressed her to him, losing all consciousness of himself, overwhelmed by the pleasure and the passion which intoxicated him each time Regina showed him any tenderness.

They kissed each other, and their kisses had a warmth, a bitterness, an occult savour of anguish, which produced a sense of ineffable voluptuousness. Regina wept; Antonio said senseless things and implored her not to leave him.

Then they both laughed.

"After all you aren't going to the North Pole," said Antonio. "I declare you are really crying! Pooh! a month will soon pass. And I'll come very soon. At this hour we'll go out together in a boat, when the Po is all rosy——"

"If there isn't a railway accident!" she said bitterly. "Well! here are the straps. Pull them as tight as you can."

*(To be continued.)*



## THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

### I.

For a long time depression has reigned supreme on the Stock Exchange, and its members have borne hard times with exemplary patience. The monetary burden of the South African War has had far-reaching effects on the financial position of this country, and long after the conclusion of peace remained the primary cause of a want of enterprise on the part of the public, and of its inability to absorb the new issues of stocks, which were the legacy of the war.

Since then the Russo-Japanese War has accentuated the position, and, while the former campaign only really affected England, the latter has been the cause of depression and nervousness at all the great financial centres of the world, such as has rarely been witnessed in our time. Russia's huge indebtedness to France, as well as the constant fear of European complications, have served during the last eighteen months not only as points for "Bear" raids, but were distinctly at times causes for grave anxiety, if not for panics. The consequence was a continued want of enterprise and a hoarding of money. Buyers were scarce, sellers plentiful, a circumstance causing a set back in prices which, viewed in the light of our present experience, seems quite unwarranted. At last, however, there appears to have come a change over the stock markets, and signs are visible which point to the lifting of the veil of depression, and to an inclination on the part of the public to "come in." The beginning of the revival coincided with the decision of the belligerents in the Far East to accept President Roosevelt's proposal for a peace conference, and there can be no doubt that the actual conclusion of peace will at once stimulate "trade and industry" all over the world, and restore confidence among the investing public.

Japan has all through the war shown a wisdom and foresight which gives the world confidence that, while moderate in her demands, she will not agree to any terms, unless they secure for her a permanent peace, and as soon as the Mikado's Government has attached its signature to such a convention, the world will be ready to let its money hoards flow into channels of enterprise, and things will improve at a rapid pace. The Russo-Japanese Peace will mark a new era in the world's history, not only politically speaking, but economically and financially as well, and "little Japan" will become a prominent factor in the world. The facility with which she will obtain money from abroad will enable her to develop her country and resources, the importance of which are still unknown, while under her auspices China, too, will be opened up to the world,

and new industries will soon find employment for men and money, and revive that spirit of enterprise so essential to the world's welfare.

Such a revival will naturally benefit all the producing countries of the world, but, while in Europe the improvement may be gradual, the United States are sure to be the first to participate in the coming economic boom. The independence of America's geographical position, the vastness of her resources, and the wonderful energy of her people give her a peculiar advantage at the present moment, and the British public has not been slow to recognise the fact. While all other markets have been stagnant, we have, therefore, repeatedly had a "spurt" in Yankees, and though both external and internal incidents during the last six months have caused repeated sets back, prices for that period have been on the upward trend, and the outlook for American securities is distinctly good. Whoever follows the economical conditions of the States will be satisfied that they are in for a long spell of prosperity, which will show itself in a continued rise of its leading securities, the intrinsic values of which are so solid that no such incidents as forced liquidation, manipulations, or other strange policies can retard their progress for any length of time. Cool foresight and clever management on the part of those giants of finance, with which Wall Street abounds, have brought New York to its present position, and will be a prominent feature in enabling her to forge further ahead.

America's great pull consists in the abundance of her crops and the richness of her coalfields, as well as the magnitude of her iron and steel industries. For the last eight years her crops have been good, and the extension of the area which is annually used for sowing cotton and wheat secures an increase in the aggregate of the two crops, even if in one part or another of the country the crop is less plentiful than in a previous year. The coal industry has been much improved of late by the consolidation of conflicting interests, and it is now on a good paying basis. Thus money is not only made by the proceeds of crops and output of coal, but the railway companies which carry the cotton, the wheat, and the coal naturally benefit by those industries, which have been a guiding factor in the increase of receipts. Louisville and Nashville, and the Southern Railway which carry cotton; Atchinson, Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, and Great Northern which carry grain; and Eries, Philadelphia and Reading, and the Baltimore and Ohio which carry coal are the favourite American railway stocks dealt in on this side, and the increase in their traffics and the confidence in their future have led to active transactions on both sides of the Atlantic during the last six months. At the present moment most of these lines are waiting for the declaration of a dividend. It is a peculiarity of the American railway kings that they are very conservative in the distribution of dividends, and they are very fond of retaining a large portion of the earnings annually for "betterment," a policy which will, of course, ultimately benefit the investor. By these means the controlling men

have extended and improved their lines to such an extent that they have always been able to cope with the growing trade and increasing mileage, and the majority of the lines are now placed so soundly financially that dividends can be paid and the old policy still be pursued. Nothing shows more clearly the high opinion the public has of these railways than the fact that bonds bearing interest at 4 per cent. or less are taken up with avidity, while some years ago 5 per cent. and more had to be paid.

Amongst the industrial investments, the "steel stocks" are unmistakably the most prominent, and it is generally believed that they have a great future before them. At first the undoubted fact that the amalgamation of the steel industry had been over-capitalised caused these stocks to be criticised, and not only dividends for the ordinary shares were affected, but there were insufficient earnings to cover the 7 per cent. preference shares. To-day criticism is restricted. During years of hard work the corporation has been able to give a good account of its earnings, and the preference dividends are looked upon as practically safe. The orders on the books of the corporation are unprecedentedly large, the profits good, and a policy of writing off has largely counteracted the ill effects of the over-capitalisation. It only requires a steady continuity of present conditions to enable the corporation to pay again regular dividends on the ordinary shares. Another industry which must not be lost sight of is copper. The increasing demand for the metal has attracted attention to such companies as "Anaconda" and "Amalgamated Copper," for the present price of copper enabled them to work at a fair profit with every prospect of further improvements.

"Yankees" will thus justly remain favourites, and judicious investments should secure good returns. But it is not likely that they will entirely monopolise the enterprise of the public as soon as Europe and the other Continents recover from the long-standing depression. Our own gilt-edged securities have long been neglected, and many of them are cheaper to-day than during the South African War, and they are sure to get attention as soon as confidence is restored. "Kaffirs," too, are on the eve of better times. The general lethargy of the public and the slow acquisition of sufficient labour depreciated the Transvaal mines far beyond their deserts, and the general rise in the dividend-paying mines must ensue. The magnates show their confidence in the market by new purchases. The production is increasing every month, and never before has the outlook been so bright. The cheapness of money should assist the situation, and there is every likelihood that there will be no change in that direction.

J. S.-S.

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. CCCCLXV. NEW SERIES, SEPTEMBER 1, 1905.

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THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

THE Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW has been good enough to offer me at an early date the opportunity to express my views upon the subject of those researches which have recently so much attracted the attention not merely of the scientific world but even of the world at large. Whether these experiments have the right to command all the interest they have evoked is a question which I myself feel rather diffident to answer. But that they have so aroused the enthusiasm of all sorts and conditions of men compels me now to give utterance to what I do and do not think can legitimately be inferred from the facts I have observed; I feel it all the more beholden in me to express my indebtedness for the exceptional appreciation with which my efforts for some time past have been met from friends, and from all quarters. I do not think these experiments prove "spontaneous generation," if by this term is to be understood the appearance of life from the absolutely lifeless. Such a phenomenon, if it has ever taken place, and if it is even taking place around us, cannot, I fear, be proved to the satisfaction of all parties, and certainly not to that of those who have already made up their minds not to accept it. There may be, as they will again and again affirm—no matter to how high a temperature we may get—some secret source of energy. No matter how far we may trace the first beginnings of life, whether it is to the minutest microscopic cells, or to the atom itself, they would still maintain that the problem was not solved, and that in the atom itself is to be found the principle and the source of vital energy, and if this could be carried further they would fall back upon the electron or even on the aether. In this respect they cannot, strictly speaking, it is true, be met by any

contradiction. But their argument is of the nature of a metaphysical objection of the same kind as that which asserts the freedom of the will and the immortality of the soul. They admit of no answer, just as they admit of no proof, unless that proof be metaphysical, and unconvincing so far as its scientific aspect goes. I do not wish to be drawn into a quagmire if even in that quagmire I should discover what is true. The risk is too great, and our time is too short. There may be charms in groping in a bog, or in getting muddled, but for my part I prefer to keep out of it, at any rate so far as my investigations go.

By spontaneous generation I mean the development of what we have a right to think is living from that which we have hitherto had a right to think was not. The development of living organisms from inorganic matter would be without question quite a case in point. No doubt that inorganic substance may contain embedded in it some germ, or germs, till hitherto unknown, and of a nature quite distinct from any we have yet had reason to regard as living; the substances employed may by their very nature, as it is here claimed—or more accurately suggested—have the principle of vital process, in an elementary form, as a part and parcel of their being. It is so with the dynamically unstable substances which of their own account manifest radio-activity. These dynamically unstable bodies have to some extent some of the properties of life—they disintegrate, they decay, in their manifestations of that activity, but although this is merely analogy, and we must remember, as Darwin has well said, "Analogy is a deceitful guide"; still, if that analogy has prescribed or suggested results which have since been verified, its utility should have a greater claim to our attention than to be passed over with indifference and ignored. The products of radio-active bodies manifest not merely instability and decay but growth, sub-division, reproduction, and adjustment of their internal functions to their surroundings, a circumstance which I think will be found to be equivalent to nutrition. Whether we are to regard these products, strictly speaking, as living things is the point which remains to be decided. We have to define their properties, and we have also to define life.

Now their properties are as simple as they are well known, but before they are recapitulated here it would be well to repeat in outline one or two of the particulars which have led me to take up the line of argument I have ventured to pursue.

By the action of radium upon bouillon, when sterilised so far as such experiments permit, microscopic bodies appear, already more than once described. In the first instance, they are not as micro-organisms generally, or I should say, always are,

more or less of the same size so long as they are of the same kind; ordinary bacilli, provided they are of the same type, are found to be also of the same dimensions. They do not show signs which indicate that they have one and all sprung in a process of continuous growth from ultra-microscopic forms. But this is one of the characteristic features of the products now produced by radium. There can be no question that they spring—that in each case they have sprung—from the invisible, and grown to such a magnitude as to be seen. We find no such indication with ordinary bacteria. If these have not the marks of manufactured articles they afford at least the signs of not having sprung spontaneously into existence. They bear the stamp of an inheritance of many varying qualities from a long and probably varying line of ancestors, of probably countless generations, which have at last made them what they are. But the “radiobes” undergo many developments. After six or seven days, and at times even less, they develop nuclei; but later still they cease to grow, and then begin to segregate and multiply. These are some of the qualities which have led me to suppose that they are assimilative, and automatic, and not, strictly speaking, lifeless things.

Their growth is no indication of vitality, for crystals not merely grow, but grow to such dimensions that in this point no living microscopic organism has any chance to rival them; they, however, do stop growing at some stage or another, else we should have, as someone has insisted, diamonds as large as Mount Etna or the Himalayas. This, however, does not seem to be the point; when crystals reach their maximum dimensions, do they then throw off their superfluous particles and disintegrate themselves? In other words, do they show the *cyclic* process, pass into higher forms, and then decay, which is the test and the guarantee of life? There are critics who will criticise without in the least trying to understand. Some indeed are merely literary hacks who pose before the world as judges of everything and anything they can get the chance to talk about. The stoppage of growth at a particular size, and of reproduction by fission or sub-division, and then the total disintegration of the cell, or whatever we may choose to call it, after its steady regular growth up to that point, is not merely suggestive of vitality, but in a certain sense, as it seems, it is vitality itself. It is an indication of self-nutrition and a very clear as well as an assuring one. The sub-division or fission which accompanies the cessation of development in the mechanism of adding to its size, shows the stage when there is a balance between the accumulation of energy and its expenditure. The bodies obtained by M. Stephane Leduc in

1902, by the action of potassium ferrocyanide on gelatine, or by allowing metallic salts to crystallise in gelatine and other colloidal solutions, do not exhibit all these primary or elementary properties of living things, they do not, in fact, manifest more than a resemblance in appearance to the cells or unit forms of life. Their properties are not sufficient to justify the inference that they are living things, nor even that they possess to any marked extent any of the qualities that are associated with organic matter as it manifests vitality. On the other hand, it has been suggested that the "radiobes" (as I have ventured to designate them), if they are crystals, sub-divide by cleavage under the influence of internal strain, as, for instance, South African diamonds are found occasionally to do. It all depends upon the nature of the segregation whether it is like a fission or a cleavage. Photographs show this most distinctly as it occurs within fourteen days or so. The sub-division is clearly not of the nature of a cleavage. Neither is it, as has also been suggested, at all likely that these sub-divisions resemble those obtained by Professor Bütschli of Heidelberg, by the action on soluble salts of such substances as olive oil, and the bodies obtained by emulsion of these bodies in water which behave in some ways, or by their sub-divisions, much as if they were elementary forms of living things.

But here again it is upon the nature of the sub-divisions that we must rest our assurance as to what these sub-divisions mean. The sub-divisions are quite different from anything we should expect mere surface tension to effect.

A close examination of the mode of segregation at once shows that the "cell," if we may call it, becomes divided into segments, much in the same way as ordinary yeast cells are well known to do. A sharp corner, which is not unusual in the part so segregated, seems incompatible with the proposed theory of some over-balance in the force of surface-tension over the internal forces which tend to keep the body intact. Many minute bodies sub-divide, but they thus sub-divide in different ways. And the manner in which they are found to do this is as important, if not far more so, than the mere fact that they do so actually divide. Thus it may again and again be urged that there are many microscopic particles which are known to pass through some of the performances which our "radiobes" also do; but we have no knowledge of any bodies which can do them all except those bodies which we know are living things. If a bacteriologist were told that the objects of his observations were not strictly living things because Bütschli had obtained bodies certainly quite lifeless which could perform many of the actions which his bacteria do—because



Leduc had obtained other bodies which possess many other properties which his bacterial bodies have; that Le Bon, Schrön, Quincke, Lehmann, Ostwald, and a host of others had also observed minute so-called liquid and organic bodies, some of which are, accurately speaking, crystals—that therefore microbes must be crystals, he would reply, and very rightly so, that the argument was scarcely valid, and that here, at least, analogy was a deceitful guide. But the argument would not be worse than that of those who would assert that because certain things are not bacteria they therefore must be crystals. It has been suggested that the products of radium and bouillon are like the microscopic crystals described by those already mentioned, and also by Schenck in his admirable little work which has just recently been published.<sup>1</sup> But the bodies there described, some of which I have many times observed, I have never thought of classifying or identifying with the “plastide particles” in bouillon that I have styled “radiobes.” The two are totally distinct. One type, the smaller one, behave like bubbles, or, more accurately, like oily drops, possessing no indication whatsoever of an internal structure other than that which we may associate with crystalline forms. The larger ones are much too large, and show no signs of disintegration, but give the beautiful characteristic figures of crystals under the polariscope. Even the comparatively small ones give to some extent, at least, some slight polariscope effects. But they are obviously, to anybody who has seen them, quite different from those which are brought about in the culture medium under the influence of radium. They do not stain—at least I have not found them to do so—as the radium bodies do, and they do not manifest any of the properties which have so attracted our attention with the latter. The two—at least so far as I can judge—are totally distinct—as distinct as coal is from potatoes.

It will be urged—in fact it has been urged—that these bodies, if living, must be the result of imperfect sterilisations, and that the experiments of Pasteur completely proved that when sterilisations are properly carried out life does not spring from lifeless matter. This sounds very simple, very clear, and very forcible. But has it really any bearing on the question as to whether radio-activity can afford the internal energy of vital processes? Pasteur's experiments were on sterilised media not acted upon by sources of activity such as those which now form the subject of discussion. They have nothing whatsoever to do with the question as to

(1) *Kristallinische Flüssigkeiten und Flüssige Kristalle.*

whether radio-activity can afford the energy in dynamically unstable groupings placed in suitable surroundings, and which might afford in more complex aggregations the *flux*, so to speak, which constitutes the principle of life. I argue now for possibilities, and I say without fear or hesitation that whatever may be the aspect we should take of this conception, the bearing of Pasteur's observations on this point is as remote as it is on the question whether there are living bodies in Venus or in Mars. It is a matter about which I feel, without misgiving, that Pasteur, Tyndall, and Huxley would have thought as strongly as myself that their efforts had no bearing whatsoever on the point at issue.

Having cleared our minds on the subject of these previous experiments of thirty years ago, we may turn our attention more particularly to these new experiments themselves.

In the course of my previous work on phosphorescence I was induced to try whether the molecular groupings which, it was supposed, were formed during phosphorescence, by exciting sources, could also be produced in other organic bodies, whether they become luminous or not so long as they are similarly acted upon.

The first attempt was to bring about the condensation or formation of a complex aggregate round a nucleus, itself the seat of electro-magnetic disturbances, as in radio-active particles, that might set up an aggregation of molecules, probably of an unstable kind, in its vicinity.

The most promising step to take appeared to be to introduce some radium salt into a tube containing glycerine and then suddenly to cool the liquid by immersion in liquid air.<sup>1</sup> The liquid would thus have every opportunity of condensing round the ions embedded in the glycerine from the radium, and perhaps also the aggregates contemplated would have a similar opportunity of being formed, by the intense electro-magnetic pulses set up, or possibly by some catalytic actions. Crystals of glycerine were thus produced, but it was found that the radium was not necessary, the low temperature being sufficient to enable them to form. On being

(1) These experiments were made at the Cavendish Laboratory in October, 1904, and were exhibited to a host of people in Cambridge at the time. By a coincidence, M. R. Dubois, an eminent physiologist, shortly afterwards stated, in an inaugural address at Lyons last November, that he had observed the production of similar bodies, which he called *vacuolides*, by the action of radium on certain culture media. Up to the time of correcting the proofs of this article he has not, so far as I am aware, made any communication to any scientific journal on the subject. In abstracting my work for the *Revue des Idées*, July 15th, 1905, he refers to his speech and proposes to change the name of his *vacuolides* to *cobes*. He admits they are the same as radiobes.

removed from the cooling chamber and allowed to stand at the ordinary temperature of the room, they rapidly disappeared in about five minutes or so.

The experiment was also made with gelatine. Microscopic crystals were thus easily produced by immersion in liquid air, and the outward appearance of the colloid was greatly altered, as it became intensely opaque.

Bouillon, which was carefully sterilised under pressure at a temperature from  $130^{\circ}$  to  $140^{\circ}$  with radium for about thirty minutes at a time, was also tried. It was found in this case that after two days a culture was growing on the surface of the gelatine. Moreover, on repeating the experiment it was observed that the *culture* was still formed even when the tube was not frozen.

This was most remarkable, but the obvious explanation appeared to be that the cultures were contaminations and the result of imperfect sterilisation. So the experiment was repeated with controls. The result was precisely the same as before, in the tube containing radium, whilst the control tube showed no sign whatever of contamination. The radium was mixed with the gelatine medium in most of the experiments; in some, however, it was contained in another and smaller tube close to the surface of the gelatine, or in a side tube. In all the experiments which may be regarded as reliable, actual contact seemed to be necessary, although at first it seemed as though the  $\alpha$ -rays were sufficient. But in all such cases some of the radium actually got to the gelatine during the process of sterilisation.

In the earlier experiments the salt used was the chloride. It was sprinkled on a narrow glass slide over which a thin layer of gum was spread. The cultures were obtained only when the edge of the glass slide came in contact with the gelatine.

On looking up the matter I found that it was a well-known fact that gum acted on gelatine in such a manner as to produce oily drops.<sup>1</sup> Controls with gum alone, however, proved that the two effects were entirely different, the gum globules being confined chiefly to the surface, disappearing altogether after some days, whilst the radium effect increased.

Thus it seemed quite clear from these control experiments that the gum was not the cause of the culture-like appearances, whilst subsequent experiments with pure radium salt proved this beyond doubt.

The next step was to get sub-cultures by inoculation in fresh media. The sub-cultures did not show the slightest signs of growth for nearly six weeks. They then, however, did manifest

(1) Article "Gum" *Encyclopædia Britannica*. 9th Edition.

a tendency towards development, but only to a very small extent.

Thus it is at once evident that the original cultures were not bacteria.

The first experiments were repeated with radium bromide. About  $2\frac{1}{2}$  milligrammes of the salt contained in a small glass tube, one end of which was drawn out to a fine point, were introduced into an ordinary test-tube containing bouillon. The test-tube was plugged with cotton-wool in the usual way with such experiments, and then sterilised at a temperature of  $130^{\circ}$  C. for about thirty minutes at a time. On cooling, as soon as the liquid had coagulated, the fine end of the inner tube containing the radium was broken by means of a wire hook in a side tube. The salt was thus allowed to drop on the surface of the gelatine. After twenty-four hours signs of growth were already visible. On opening the tube and examining the culture microscopically the same results were obtained as previously.

Their appearance is indeed most striking. It is curious, however, that with the bromide the cultures, although produced more rapidly, did not spread far into the interior of the gelatine, as did those due to the chloride.

It is noteworthy that the consistency with which they appear, and their form at each stage of development, are not the least striking feature of their many characteristics. At first their appearance is that of diplococci; yet it will be observed that they are not all of the same size, but vary considerably through a considerable range from  $0.3\mu^1$  to mere specks, as seen in a 1-12 inch power. There is an indication of growth and of their having originated from ultra-microscopic particles.

At first they looked like crystals of carbonate of lime, but these are so very much larger and are visible with much lower powers. The latter are insoluble, whilst the former are soluble in warm water, so that the two cannot be identified. They might have been soluble phosphates, but the considerations which follow indicate that they are highly complicated structures and more like organisms.

The polariscope does not give the figures and changes of colour which are the characteristic features of a crystal. There is, however, a left-handed rotation imparted to the gelatine, and one which can easily be detected when the culture has penetrated some distance into the interior, the rotation amounting to several degrees in a centimetre thickness. Thus they appear to be more of the nature of colloided bodies, but like bacteria with an asymmetric structure.

(1)  $\mu$  is the one-thousandth of a millimetre, or the twenty-five-thousandth of an inch.

The very minute quantity which could be experimented with rendered it extremely difficult to investigate their chemical composition; but the method of prolonged observation, like the astronomical method in matters over which we have no control, enables us to study their structure and behaviour, and to decide the question as to whether they are crystalline or organised and living forms.

Upon this point, however, it is necessary that the use of the word "crystal" should stand for some definite thing. By a crystal I mean an aggregate of symmetrically arranged groups of molecules. Such aggregates are known to grow by piling up, as it were, one on to another. They grow by accretion, not by assimilation, from their environment. Sachs<sup>1</sup> regarded protoplasm as made up of minute crystals, but that seems perhaps to be using the word in a somewhat elastic sense, if protoplasm, a colloid substance, were to be included amongst crystalline bodies.

If colloidal bodies are aggregates of minute crystals, they are, however, not symmetrically arranged crystals, and the aggregate is not isomorphous with the constituent crystals, but on the whole amorphous.

An organism has a structure, a nucleus, and an external boundary or cell-wall, and its vitality may be described as being a continuous process of adjustment between its internal and its external relations.

Now a clear examination of the bodies produced by the action of radium on culture media will enable us to decide under which of these two heads these bodies come.

The earlier stage does not reveal any structure, but later on the existence of a nucleus of a highly organised body is distinctly shown; whilst after a while the segregation effects of growth and development, which it would appear rule crystals out of court, become distinctly marked. In such large bodies a satellite or offspring is usually visible and is suggestive of reproduction.

This sub-division is the most striking thing about them, and a clear idea of its actual nature cannot fully be derived from the photographs. When the body exceeds  $3\mu$  there is a tendency for it to divide up, and each part to lead a separate existence.

The growth is from the minutest visible speck to two dots, then a dumb-bell shaped appearance, later more like frog's spawn,

(1) *Physiology of Plants*, p. 206. His view that protoplasm is an organised substance consisting of crystalline, doubly refracting molecules (Micellæ) is now generally accepted. In the moist state each of these (Micellæ) is surrounded with an envelope of water in consequence of its powerful attraction. In their dry state they are in mutual contact. This theory of the internal structure of organised bodies was founded by Naegeli.

and so on through various stages until it reaches a shape largely different from its previous forms, when it divides and loses its individuality, and ultimately becomes resolved into minute crystals, possibly of uric acid. This is a development which no crystal has yet been known to make, and forces upon the mind the idea that they must be organisms; the fact, however, that they are soluble in water seems, on the other hand, to disprove the suggestion that they can be bacteria. But the stoppage of growth and the sub-division at a certain stage of development in such circumstances as these is a clear indication of the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations of the individual with its surroundings, and thus suggests vitality.

The continuity of structure, assimilation, and growth, and then sub-division, together with the nucleated structure as shown in a few of the best specimens, *suggests that they are entitled to be classed amongst living things, in the sense in which we use the words*, whether we call them bacteria or not.

As they do not possess all the properties of bacteria they are not what are understood by this name, and are obviously altogether outside the beaten track of living things. This, however, will not prevent such bodies from coming under the realm of biology, and, in fact, they appear to possess many of the qualities and properties which enable them to be placed in the borderland between crystals and bacteria, organisms in the sense in which we have employed the word, and possibly the missing link between the animate and inanimate. May it not also be the germ which, after countless generations, under gradually changing forms and in suitable environments, has at length evolved into a bacillus at which we gaze and gaze with hopeless wonder and amazement, each time we view it in the microscope to-day?

In their properties they are so like bacteria and yet not of them, nor of crystals, from both of which they differ widely, that they may with advantage, as we have said, be called *Radiobes*, a name at once suggestive both of their nature and their origin.

Thus the gap, apparently insuperable, between the organic and the inorganic world seems, however roughly, to be bridged over by the presence of these radio-organic organisms which at least may give a clue as to the beginning and the end of life, "that vital putrefaction of the dust," to which Dr. Saleeby has recently drawn attention.

Rainey obtained many curious results with salts of lime, but some of his observations may have been due to microbes, as in those days sufficient attention was not paid to the process of sterilisation, whilst crystals of lime would be insoluble in water.

Schenck's crystals, however, can be examined in the polari-

scope, and do not segregate and reproduce as the bodies we are dealing with invariably have been found to do.

May it not be that, amongst those unknown processes which, as Huxley expected, worked in the "remote prodigious vista of the past," where he could find no record of the commencement of life, the process now considered almost a universal one, of radio-activity, performed those reactions, that we now see taking place in gelatine cultures, slowly and yet spontaneously by virtue of even slightly radio-active bodies?

The earth itself, which is slightly radio-active, should act likewise, and the substances required are the ingredients for the formation of radio-organisms.

The only process taking place in matter which has since then revealed a hidden source of energy, not destroyed by heat, is radio-activity.

Whether the lowliest forms of life—so simple that the simplest amœba as we see it to-day would appear a highly complex form—whether such elementary types have arisen from inorganic matter by such processes as I have described, I know not. May it not be, however, and does it not seem probable, in the light of these experiments, that the recently discovered processes of instability and decay of inorganic matter, resulting from the unexpected source of energy which gives rise to them, are analogous in many ways to the very inappropriately called "vital force" or really vital energy of living matter? For this idea such physiologists as Johannes Müller so devoutly pleaded more than half a century ago. And may they not also be the source of life upon this planet?

Cannot this instability and decay of inorganic matter of atoms of highly complex structure, in suitable environments, be the seat of disturbances, of fermentations, and of metabolisms? The building up and breaking down through *catalytic* actions of great complex aggregates, not merely of *stable* crystalline forms, but of *unstable* dynamical aggregations, imparted by the unstable atom of a radio-active substance, to the agglomerated mass?

The results of these investigations of which I have given an account, although not affording an answer to this question, by giving rise to organisms such as bacteria (for it must be borne in mind that these are the descendants of countless generations, under gradually varying conditions), still afford beyond doubt organic forms of matter, as appears from their structure and behaviour, even if they are not crystals or bacteria of the types already known, and place also at our disposal a method of structural organic synthesis, of which the chemist, perhaps, has not hitherto made use with effect.

When working some time ago at the phosphorescent glow in gases, I was led from various considerations to infer that the luminosity was the result of great complex molecular agglomerations produced by the spark. The duration of the life-period, if I might so call it, of those molecular groups is greatly increased by letting them diffuse into another tube through which the spark had not previously been sent.<sup>1</sup>

The effect of glycerine and gelatine on phosphorescent liquids is also known to increase the duration of the luminosity, and this is probably due to diminution of the number of collisions.

I thus endeavoured to observe the effect upon the phosphorescent molecules by introducing glycerine or gelatine into a vacuum tube, immediately after sending a discharge of electricity through it, whilst the phosphorescent glow lasted.

If the glycerine or gelatine on being introduced is shaken inside the tube, some of the phosphorescent molecules would be caught by the liquid, which in turn should become phosphorescent. The cyanogen molecules, it was thought, would do this particularly on account of their persistent nature after the passage of the discharge. Bouillon,<sup>2</sup> which had been sterilised with the tube itself before being introduced, was also among the substances employed. The vapour, however, from these substances when in the liquid state was enough to prevent the phosphorescent molecules which could exist at low pressure from persisting, and thus the experiments for the time were dropped.

It seemed to me that the complex molecules of para-cyanogen, unstable, but at the same time persistent and yielding a vast store of energy in their disintegration, might act as nuclei which would in suitable media set up catalytic activity, and thus act as a means of synthesising complex organic compounds, a method not hitherto employed. It was for this reason that bouillon, of the composition used in the experiments with radium, was employed, since it contained all the constituents of protoplasm, and it seemed at the time quite possible, not to say probable, that the physical properties of the cyanogen molecule, as well as its chemical properties, justified the very shrewd conception of Pflüger, that the molecule of cyanogen is a semi-living thing.

The fundamental difference between living proteid as it constitutes living substance, and dead proteid as it occurs in egg-albumen, is in the self-decomposition of the former and the stable constitution of the latter.

(1) *Philosophical Magazine*, March, 1901.

(2) In this particular case it was the substance used for cultivating *photogenic micro-cocci*.



Verworn says :—“The starting point for further consideration is afforded by the fact that of the heterogeneous decomposition products of living proteid such as uric acid, creatin, and, moreover, the nuclein bases, guanin, xanthin, hypoxanthin, and adenin, a part contains cyanogen as a radical, and a part like urea, the most important of all the decomposition products of living proteid, can be produced artificially from cyanogen compounds by a re-arrangement of the atoms.” “This points strongly,” he thinks, “to the probability that living proteid contains the radical cyanogen, and thus differs fundamentally from dead or food proteid.” Thus, according to Pflüger, “in the formation of cell substance, *i.e.*, of living proteid out of food proteid, a change in the latter takes place, the atoms of nitrogen going into a cyanogen-like relation with the atoms of carbon, probably with the absorption of a considerable amount of heat.” Cyanogen is a radical which contains a vast amount of energy, and although not to be compared with that of radium compounds, its potential store is nevertheless very great, as appears from thermal investigations. Again, “the idea that it is the cyanogen especially that confers upon the living proteid molecule its characteristic properties is supported especially by many analogies that exist between living proteid and the compounds of cyanogen. Thus a product of the oxidation of cyanogen, cyanic acid,  $H_2C_2N_2O$ , possesses great similarity to living proteid. Pflüger calls attention to the following interesting points of comparison. (1) Both bodies grow by polymerisation by chemically combining similar molecules, like chains, into masses, the growth of living substance takes place thus, and in this way also the polymeric  $H_nC_nN_nO_n$  comes from cyanic acid,  $H_2C_2N_2O$ . (2) Further, both bodies in the presence of water are spontaneously decomposed into carbonic acid and ammonia. (3) Both afford urea by dissociation, *i.e.*, by intra-molecular re-arrangement, not by direct oxidation. (4) Finally, both are liquid and transparent at low temperatures and coagulate at higher ones; cyanic acid earlier, living proteid later.” “Their similarity,” says Pflüger, “is so great that I might term cyanic acid a half-living molecule.”

Pflüger's analyses have not met, to say the least of it, with widespread recognition. Further experimental confirmation is doubtless necessary before they can be ranked as theory.

The dynamical nature of the cyanogen molecule, however, together with the large store of potential energy it contains, constitutes the resemblance between it and radium compounds, but it must be borne in mind that the internal energy thus manifested by the molecular disintegration is of an entirely different order of magnitude. Nevertheless, there is a sufficient resemblance be-

tween the two to utilise each for the purpose of the experiments we have in view. Then the molecule of either might act as a nucleus which should by catalysis, or some other means, set up dynamically unstable groups, which, though not living in the sense that they possessed the  $n$  qualities of living proteid, may, by possessing  $(n - 1)$  of those qualities, be regarded as a mode of life in the sense in which many philosophers have used the word. If cyanogen is a half-living thing, as Fflüger supposed for the reason we have given, it is only natural to try if it would form growths in culture media, and the use of bouillon in my experiments was merely the logical outcome of this conception.

It seems quite beyond hope that even if we had the materials and conditions for producing life in the laboratory we should be able to produce forms of life as developed as even the simplest amœba, for the one reason, if for no other, that these are the descendants of almost an indefinite series of ancestors. But it is not beyond hope to produce others, more elementary ones, artificially; and the micro-organisms—I think I am justified in calling them such—which form the subject of this article, although not bacteria, still may be looked upon as approximating to these more closely, and certainly regarded as higher in the scale of being than any forms of crystalline or colloid bodies hitherto observed.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

## BRITISH NAVAL POLICY AND GERMAN ASPIRATIONS.

PERHAPS it was inevitable that some commotion should be created by the Admiralty's announcement of the visit of the Channel Fleet and the First Cruiser Squadron to the Baltic. A section of the German Press immediately tried to convince the German people that the countries which are washed by this sea have good claim to close it against other nations' warships, creating a *mare clausum*. This contention was, however, so preposterous that it was at once abandoned. It was possibly put forward to test the strength of public opinion in Scandinavia and Russia, and it entirely failed to meet with support. Neither Russia nor the Scandinavian Powers regard German predominance with favour. The irritation in Germany caused by the British naval visit, following closely upon the Anglo-French *fêtes* at Portsmouth, in which the North Sea Fleets of the two nations participated, was largely due to lack of knowledge on the part of the Germans of the facts preceding the decision of the British authorities. The visit was planned in no hostility. It was arranged some time before the two Emperors met in the Gulf of Finland, and prior to the Kaiser's announcement that he intended to visit King Oscar and the venerable King of Denmark. It is a political incursion, it is true, but no call will be made at any German war port, whereas German Fleets have been at Berchaven and at Plymouth in recent years.

When the reorganisation of the British Fleet was carried out this spring, it was announced that the Channel Fleet would in future cruise in the North Sea and in Scandinavian waters as well as in the English Channel. Since this reorganisation was completed the bonds of friendship between Great Britain and France have been securely cemented, and consequently the Channel Fleet has little or no purpose in cruising in the English Channel. A fleet should not carry out its sea training in a sea in which it is most unlikely it will have to fight. Thus, while the Channel Fleet will be seen from time to time in the Channel, where it has its base, it will cruise more frequently in the North Sea, and repeated incursions into Scandinavian waters will be made.

Since the German people have chosen to embark upon a scheme

of naval aggrandisement they must be prepared to accept with as good grace as may be the action which Great Britain, the supreme naval Power of the world, has been called upon to take as a counter move, but in no spirit of hostility. The seas are all one, as Lord Selborne has told us, and the British Navy will not abdicate its right to go anywhere it chooses. We have important trade interests in the Baltic, and, apart from other reasons, the presence of the Channel Fleet in those waters is essential.

It is to be hoped that the British people will not take German irritation too much to heart, because it is, after all, only human that they should feel a certain amount of annoyance. With the destruction of the Russian Fleet Germany was left "cock of the walk" in the Baltic and adjacent waters, and no time was lost in marshalling the active fleet of the Empire and taking it for a ceremonial cruise off the Scandinavian coasts. By the British visit in imposing force the effect of this demonstration has been immediately neutralised, and at a critical moment. Is it unnatural that the German people, proud of their new fleet and anxious to use it for the assertion of a pacific over-lordship, should feel sore? The Germans have watched with close attention the development of British naval organisation in the past nine months, and they have realised its significance. They have seen the Home Fleet given the title of Channel Fleet and increased from eight battleships to eleven battleships, and they have recently learnt that it is intended to further augment its strength by the addition of four battleships which have just returned from China seas. These fifteen battleships, with six associated armoured cruisers, will form in fact, though not in name, the North Sea Fleet of Great Britain. The re-constituted Channel (or North Sea) Fleet is more than equal in fighting power to the whole of the German Active Fleet. This truth has come upon the Germans as an unwelcome revelation after years of self-sacrifice undertaken in the confident anticipation that Great Britain was on the down grade, and that they had only to add to the strength of their naval forces in order to gain the complete mastery of the Baltic and the North Sea. They have been misled by the German Navy League and by leaders who have advocated an active naval policy. They find that while they have been borrowing largely year by year in order to pay for their new ships, Great Britain has shown no inclination to abdicate her historic position. The German people, as they look upon the powerful Channel Fleet cruising at their very doors, will be reminded that it is merely the advance guard of Great Britain. In the home ports are a dozen more battleships held on the leash, in commission and stored ready to sail at a few hours' notice and fight.

Within a few days' steaming are nine battleships of the Atlantic Fleet, which can sweep up the Channel and into the North Sea. Owing to the wisdom which has been shown in the direction of British foreign policy, this country is now on the friendliest terms with France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, while evidences of a *rapprochement* with Russia are not wanting. For the present, Germany stands alone. In southern waters the British Fleet has no probable objective.

After all the efforts which the German people have made, the British Fleet remains to-day more than twice as strong as the Fleet which the Kaiser has nursed with so much persistency; and on every hand British opinion supports the Government in its determination to maintain the two-Power standard. Economically and geographically Germany is in a hole, and the ebullitions which lately appeared in the German Press were merely expressions of chagrin now that the German Government realises that it has been checkmated by the British authorities. With the disappearance of the Russian Fleet and the *entente cordiale* with France, the British Fleet dominates the world in a manner and to an extent unparalleled in the past hundred years, and it is realised in the Wilhelmstrasse that the naval position of Germany for the present is well-nigh hopeless. All the plans for playing the part of "honest broker" have miscarried, and the German Fleet is left in a position of complete isolation. Ship for ship the German men-of-war in commission in the Baltic are weaker than those of the British Channel Fleet alone.

At a moment when the Admiralty at Berlin is forced to recognise the comparative weakness of the German naval forces, Prince von Bülow is occupied with the uncongenial task of endeavouring to make Imperial revenue balance with the rapidly increasing expenditure. The peoples of the States which form the German Empire have found that Imperialism is expensive; the outlay on the "little war" in South-West Africa is mounting up by millions sterling. The contributions of the States to the expenses of the Empire are in several cases in arrears, and from many quarters the Imperial Treasurer has been informed that they cannot increase their quotas. It is at this moment (1) when Berlin is worried by extreme financial stringency; (2) when a crisis in the affairs of Sweden and Norway is revealed; (3) when the "little war" is developing into a campaign, muddled and expensive, and (4) when the Russian forces in the Baltic have practically disappeared, that the British Channel Fleet is proceeding on its cruise in Baltic waters, and neutralising the naval pre-dominance of Germany. The German people would be more than human if they did not feel some discomfiture at this dramatic

revelation of the failure of the policy upon which they have placed their money, and in the pursuance of which they have year by year added to the debt of the Empire. In spite of all their efforts they are relatively little better off than they were before they embarked on the policy of expansion in 1898. They have toiled and sacrificed, but owing to the recent action of the British Admiralty, undertaken in no spirit of antagonism but merely in self-defence, they have made little headway. The British authorities, learning from the German handbook of method, have added to the strength of the British Fleet and at the same time materially reduced the expenditure. This is the situation as the Channel Fleet, with its attendant armoured cruisers and torpedo craft, under five admirals, carries out its sea training in the Baltic, under the eyes of Northern Europe.

The completeness with which the British Navy dominates European waters is not accidental. It is the result of definite policy, wisely framed and rapidly carried out. Nine months ago the First Lord of the Admiralty sketched in outline a new scheme for the reorganisation and distribution of the British Fleet. In the interval this scheme has been completed, and it is possible now to assess the value of the change which has been effected in the fighting weight and efficiency of the British Navy. The nation has failed to grasp the significance of the changes because they have figured so little in the newspapers. Have they not got the Army to discuss? So far as the intelligent discussion of naval questions is concerned, the House of Commons does not contain six members who are qualified to express an opinion, and even the few members who take an intelligent interest in naval affairs have either too little time or insufficient information to enable them to become masters of the intricate details of the organisation of what is, after all, the greatest Navy in the world. The fact that the fighting weight and efficiency of the British Navy have been more than doubled in the present year has called forth little praise, though a good deal of scepticism was uttered when the prophecy was made.

Much ignorant criticism was indulged in because the Admiralty decided that in the cause of good administration it was essential to take stock of the Fleet and reject from the fighting line those vessels which were not in a condition either to fight or run away. This aspect of Admiralty policy made an unfavourable impression upon the House of Commons, for the simple reason that sound business opinion has little weight at St. Stephen's. It is forgotten that naval architecture is a progressive science, and that the magnificent battleship which is the pride of the nation to-day will be condemned as obsolete fifteen or

twenty years later, and that the time comes when, in view of the further application of science to the destruction of man, it is the truest economy to place old ships on the scrap-heap instead of frittering away large sums on their repair or reconstruction. The radical fault in the past—and this applies to all navies—is that constructors have failed to realise the limited life of a man-of-war, and have built ships as though they were to last for a century. Down to the adoption of the new policy of the Admiralty ships were built, manned, and stored on the same general principles as held good in Nelson's time, when vessels were the sport of "the unbought wind," were absent from any base of supplies for many months together, and could be patched up with advantage time and again, and their lives lengthened almost indefinitely. Regrettable as it may be to throw aside as useless ships built within comparatively recent times, this is the sound policy. After a lapse of ten or fifteen years guns, armour, and mechanical equipment become antiquated. The cost of repairs rises alarmingly after a man-of-war has been in the Service more than ten or fifteen years. Had the Public Accounts Committee had any grasp of the sound principles of financial administration they would have realised the ruinous policy which was being adopted in tinkering up obsolescent and obsolete ships at a ruinous cost to the country. By glancing through the Dockyard Expense Accounts they would have seen that this policy was casting upon the country a heavy burden of expenditure without adding to the efficiency of the Fleet. They would have called the attention of Parliament in 1903-4 to the continued outlay upon ships which under no circumstances could prove of much value in time of war. Business men throughout the country would have stood aghast had they realised that £114,704 was thrown away upon the refit of the twenty-year-old battleship *Howe*, that £32,135 had been devoted to a vain attempt to render the battleship *Hood* fit for the line of battle, and that no less than £77,000 had been laid out in useless alterations to the ancient battleship *Colossus*, built at Portsmouth two years before Queen Victoria celebrated her Jubilee; while no less than £58,715 was frittered away on the cruiser *Aurora*, with her old soft armour and her inadequate fighting equipment. These are merely specimen items illustrative of the old policy.

Year by year the country was being led to devote to repairs large sums which could have been spent with far more advantage on the construction of entirely new men-of-war. In the first ten years of the life of a ship the expenditure on repairs is comparatively small; at the end of this period, owing to wear and tear (and when through the advance of science the vessel is losing year

by year its usefulness for war purposes), the expenditure upon repairs increases at an alarming rate, and in view of the approach of the period when the vessel will be unfit to lie in the line with modern ships, a wise administration should hesitate to embark upon costly schemes of partial reconstruction, since, as a rule, it is impossible to modernise the fighting equipment owing to mechanical difficulties. The wiser course is to recognise that ships of war deteriorate rapidly, and to build definitely with this truth in view. Since it is recognised that a battleship's fighting life extends to about fifteen years only, it is rank wastefulness to build it as though it were to last for an indefinite period. It is the truest economy to recognise that naval construction is a progressive science, and that after a lapse of ten or fifteen years the country will have obtained the full return for the expenditure upon battleship or cruiser, and that then the cost of repairs should be kept to a minimum pending the date when the ship must inevitably be removed from the fighting list and her place taken by an entirely new man-of-war. Down to the adoption of the new Admiralty policy this economic truth was not realised; Parliament judged the strength of the Fleet by quantity rather than by quality, and congratulated itself on the frantic efforts which the Admiralty were making to tinker up obsolescent vessels which no Board of Admiralty, face to face with imminent war, would dare to trust with the defence of the Empire. The change of policy will result eventually in an economy of millions sterling in the Estimates.

In conjunction with this scrap-heap policy the Admiralty determined to act upon another almost self-evident principle of naval warfare—concentration. Years ago Nelson uttered the aphorism that war is a business of position, and Captain Mahan has told us :—

Like the land, the sea, as a military field, has its important centres, and it is not controlled by spreading your force, whatever its composition, evenly over an entire field of operations, like butter over bread, but by occupying the centres with aggregated forces—fleets or armies—ready to act in masses, in various directions from the centres. . . . Concentrated forces, therefore, are those upon which warfare depends for efficient control, and for efficient energy in the operations of war. They have two chief essential characteristics—force, which is gained by concentration of numbers; and mobility, which is the ability to carry the force rapidly as well as effectively, from the centre to any outlying field where action, offensive or defensive, becomes necessary.

This is a commonplace upon which war must be waged if victory is to be achieved. Down to the adoption of the Admiralty's new policy the necessity for concentration was not



recognised. Scattered over the seas we had a number of isolated squadrons entirely composed of ships of secondary fighting value; the best of these vessels were without armour protection on their sides, and mounted no guns bigger than the 6-inch weapon which war experience in the Far East has shown to be comparatively useless, and the worst of them were so old and inefficient that even under the most favourable circumstances they could not emerge successful from a contest with any probable enemy. About 10,000 officers and men were thus locked up in the Pacific, in the North Atlantic, at the Cape of Good Hope, and elsewhere. They were not only in ships which could not fight when war occurred, but during the time of peace they had no opportunities to perfect themselves in essential war training because the custom was for these vessels to cruise singly, occupied in what was known as "showing the flag." Entered in the Navy and paid in order that they might defend the empire, these officers and men were cabined and confined in ships of no fighting value, and it was inevitable that when war occurred they would have had to follow the example of the Russians—interning their ships in neutral ports and giving their parole not to do any war-like acts. In this way the Navy in peace time was neglecting the essential training of this large *personnel*, equivalent to a third of the whole Japanese Fleet, with the practical certainty that in the event of war these officers and men would have become mere spectators of the naval operations. This policy was dangerous, unfair to the officers and men concerned, and grossly wasteful, since the maintenance of these vessels cast upon the country an unnecessary burden, besides robbing it of the services which the crews might otherwise render in battle. The Admiralty faced this anomaly courageously, and they realised that war is a matter of massed forces. The Pacific, North American, and South Atlantic Squadrons were disestablished, and the non-fighting ships in other divisions of the Fleet were recalled. The ships were useless, but the officers and men were valuable. For the most part, these vessels, recalled from their lonely cruises in distant seas, were either put on the scrap-heap or taken to non-naval moorings, there to lie as England's forlorn hope.

The Board of Admiralty economised in two directions; first, they recognised that a ship of war has only a limited life; and, secondly, they decided that non-fighting ships in distant seas could exercise no influence on the course of war. With the officers and men thus set free the Admiralty were enabled to carry out the policy of concentration so effectively summarised by Captain Mahan and amply supported by all the teachings of history, and to reorganise the reserves of ships in the home ports.

As lately as December last Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham were crowded with an immense variety of vessels, old and new, in motley mixture, not a single one of which was ready for war. Year in and year out they swung idly round their buoys, interfering with the active life of the harbours, and an innocent source of pride to ignorant civilians. Each summer it was the custom to mobilise the Fleet for war. What followed? Immediately the drafting officers at the naval depots were at their wits' end to find officers and men to commission a portion only of the reserve ships. Owing to the employment of so many officers and men in the non-fighting forces in distant seas, the available resources of the Admiralty proved unequal to the demand, and each year there was the recurring outcry for more officers and men, with the result that between 1888 and 1894 the *personnel* of the Fleet rose from just over 60,000 to 131,000. In spite of this growth the number of officers and men available for fitting out for sea even the most modern of the ships in reserve at the home ports was insufficient, without entirely dislocating the whole of the naval organisation. When the Admiralty issued its annual orders for mobilisation all the men undergoing gunnery, torpedo, navigation, and signal courses at the various instructional schools had to be withdrawn and those establishments closed. Officers and men on leave after long periods of foreign service received instructions to report themselves at one or other of the ports for duty, and for a period of many days all was confusion and disorder. The departments which were responsible for carrying out the orders of the executive worked their hardest, but the system was bad, and it was impossible to do more than they accomplished by strenuous effort.

When the crews had been collected from all parts of the United Kingdom the ships were commissioned, and officers and men realised that they had been drafted to vessels of whose mechanical and fighting equipment they were almost completely ignorant. Sympathy between the *personnel* and the ship itself is essential to war-like efficiency. During the previous twelve months the ships had received only casual attention, and the natural result was that their machinery was not in perfect order. After more or less numerous delays, by superhuman efforts the captains succeeded in getting their charges to sea for machinery trials. It is common knowledge that a large proportion of the ships failed to satisfy the Admiralty standard of efficiency, while others passed the test; but the records of the manœuvres show that many of these ships, specially commissioned from the reserve, broke down.

Improvements in the system of reserves were, it is true, made latterly, but the method of organisation was radically wrong, and

by no means could the ships in reserve be considered ready to do service in war. Under the most favourable circumstances from a fortnight to a month must have elapsed before all the vessels in reserve could have been fitted out for sea. In war time much may happen in a month. In face of this recurring difficulty and source of weakness the Admiralty decided to introduce an entirely new system. In his memorandum of December last Lord Selborne stated :—

It will have been noticed that, whenever a portion of the Fleet has been specially commissioned for manœuvres, the only difficulties which have occurred during these manœuvres have been in connection with the ships so specially commissioned. . . . The increase in the number, size, and horse-power of the ships in commission has more than swallowed up the increase in the *personnel*, and consequently an adequate provision for the ships in the Fleet Reserve has not yet been made. . . .

The following is the plan adopted for the reorganisation of the Fleet Reserve. The fighting ships will be organised quite separately from the obsolete or non-fighting ships. They will each have a captain, a second-in-command, and a proportion of the other officers, including engineer, gunnery, navigating, and torpedo officers. They will have a nucleus of two-fifths of their war complement, but in that two-thirds will be included all the more expert ratings, especially the torpedo ratings and the principal gun numbers, and each ship will periodically proceed to sea for the purpose of gunnery practice and of testing her machinery. They will be grouped homogeneously at the three home ports according as their destination may be determined for reinforcement in time of war. Each group so formed will be commanded by a flag officer, who will himself take the reinforcements in time of war to the fleet which they are to reinforce, and *he and he alone will be held responsible that every possible step has been taken to reduce breakdowns of machinery to a minimum, and that the fighting efficiency of his ships when mobilised is without flaw.* In addition, there will be a sufficiency of ratings kept at home to enable the Board to commission an emergency squadron without dislocating the schools or nucleus crews, or having recourse to a general mobilisation.

The stocktaking of the Navy already referred to was carried out last year. With the banishment of obsolete ships disappeared the necessity for an outlay of several millions on dockyard, store-house and anchorage extension at several places, four and a half millions being saved at Chatham alone in proposed dockworks. Only vessels of real fighting value were retained at the ports. These were commissioned in January last, and within a few weeks the nation was provided with a new Fleet in reserve, but ready for instant service. In the early months of this year the three divisions cruised separately in order to give the officers in command time and opportunity to "shake down" their ships, and this summer manœuvres were held to test the new scheme. Under the superintendence of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson tactical exercises were organised in the English Channel, the reserve divisions

being directed to engage in mimic battles with the Channel Fleet and the First and Fourth Cruiser Squadrons in order to test the nucleus crew system, and give the Admirals an opportunity of showing their tactical ability.

Within a few days of the order being issued by the Admiralty two hundred fighting vessels were concentrated in the Channel ready for war. Never before had the British Navy assembled in such force, but owing to the absence of activity at the naval ports the manœuvres passed off without attracting much attention. During that week the whole of the British Navy in home waters was mobilised as if for hostilities, but because there was an absence of the confusion and disorder always associated with former mobilisations, and the training classes ashore continued as usual, the event did not create any sensation. In order to send the ships of the Reserve Divisions to sea practically no preparations were necessary, as each vessel had on board a sufficient crew to navigate her and fight, and each officer and man was thoroughly acquainted with the ship and her idiosyncrasies, and was familiar with his special duties. No extra men had to be drafted to the ships because the nucleus crew represented the minimum required. Instead of proceeding out of port one by one, leaving behind a certain number of "lame ducks," as was the case in the past, the ships of each port left in battle order, each Division under its own Rear-Admiral.

As was anticipated there was a complete absence of all mechanical defects, and the ships of the Reserve Fleet took part in three pitched battles in the Channel against Divisions of the Channel Fleet and its associated cruisers. The reserve vessels were manœuvred with complete success and their guns well fought. One hundred and sixteen vessels forming the reserves in commission at the home ports were thus quietly despatched to sea, exercised, and dispersed without any of those breakdowns which were the inevitable accompaniment of manœuvres in former years. This huge assembly of fighting vessels completely demonstrated that the whole fighting force of the country is now ready to strike at a moment's notice with its whole strength, officers and crews being familiar with their ships. The manœuvres revealed that for the first time in the history of the British Navy the Fleet had been organised so as to enable it, in case of war, to strike first, and to strike with all its power. The strength of a fleet consists not in the number of ships, but in readiness to proceed to sea immediately, and fight instantly, on the declaration of war or before. Only by these means can England be sure that she can act upon her traditional policy of making her enemy's shores her frontiers, and thus crushing her foe, or foes, without interfering

with the ordinary life in these islands and the progress of commercial and industrial activity.

Whilst thus organising the Reserves the Admiralty also carried out their policy of concentration. It had become apparent to all observers of the trend of international affairs that the Mediterranean had ceased to be the prime centre of strategical importance. Hitherto Great Britain had concentrated in the Midland Sea her main fighting fleet. In consequence of the good relations existing between this country and France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, the assemblage of twelve battleships and a large number of cruisers in the Mediterranean became unnecessary. Owing to the growth of the German Fleet under the inspiration of the Kaiser, and its concentration in the Baltic, it was apparent that the centre of naval power, so far as Great Britain was concerned, as indeed for the whole world, had shifted from southern to northern waters, and a complete reorganisation of British naval force was urgently necessary as a precautionary measure. Four battleships were consequently withdrawn from the Mediterranean and added to the eight battleships already entrusted with the defence of the English Channel and the North Sea, and the old Channel Squadron, brought up to a strength of eight battleships and re-named the Atlantic Fleet, was based on Gibraltar, becoming a pivot force which could swing round into the Mediterranean or into the English Channel and North Sea as the circumstances of war might dictate. With each of these three battlefleets a squadron of armoured cruisers was associated, squadrons consisting of vessels of high speed, with armoured protection on their broadsides.

This was the situation down to the battle of the Sea of Japan. With the destruction of the Russian Fleet by Admiral Togo the Admiralty were able to complete their scheme of redistribution. Directly the news was received that Admiral Rojdestvensky had been annihilated, orders were issued directing the return of the five battleships which had been sent to Chinese waters in order to neutralise Russian influence, and the two battleships which were on their way out to the Far East as reliefs were also directed to return home. The Admiralty thus had at their disposal seven modern first-class battleships, and there was no difficulty in effectively disposing of them. The Admiralty plan was as follows :—

Name of Ship.	Displacement.	Attached to.
Albion .....	Sister Ships of	} .....Channel Fleet.
Glory .....		
Ocean .....	12,950 tons ; built in 1898-9	} .....Mediterranean Fleet.
Vengeance .....		
Goliath .....	12,950 tons ; built in 1898.	} .....Atlantic Fleet.
Canopus .....		
Centurion.....	10,500 tons ; built in 1892.	} .....Reserve in Commission.

In the meantime the Channel Fleet had been temporarily reduced to eleven battleships, but by allotting to Admiral Sir A. Wilson four of the ships recalled from the Far East, this force will be immediately raised to a strength of fifteen battleships, leaving nine battleships each in the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets. Never before has a British flag-officer been given a command so large in quantity and so imposing in quality as is thus placed under the orders of Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson, a born strategist and tactician, and an officer who has devoted himself with absolute singleness of purpose to the country's service. Should war occur before Admiral Sir Arthur Wilson has to haul down his flag, the country will realise that he is one of the great men which the nineteenth century produced. The Admiralty could not have had an officer better fitted for the command of this force, one of the gratifying features of which is that it is homogeneous, consisting of three groups of ships:—

The *Exmouth*, *Russell*, *Duncan*, *Montagu*, *Cornwallis*, and *Albemarle*, sister ships of 14,000 tons and 19 knots speed. The *Triumph* and *Swiftsure*, of 11,950 tons, and 19½ knots speed.

The *Cæsar* and *Prince George*, sister ships of 14,950 tons, and 17 knots speed, and the *Revenge*, of 14,150 tons, which will shortly be relieved by a sister ship to the *Cæsar* and *Prince George*.

The *Albion*, *Glory*, *Ocean*, and *Vengeance*, sister ships, of 12,950 tons, and 18½ knots speed.

By these measures the redistribution of the Fleet has been completed and the gigantic triumph of organisation which has been achieved may be judged from the following statement showing the forces ready for war in "the Near Seas" to-day and a year ago:—

	September 1905.	September 1904.
North Sea, English Channel, and Atlantic as far as Gibraltar.....	Channel Fleet of 13 battleships and 6 armoured cruisers ..... Atlantic Fleet of 9 battleships and 6 armoured cruisers ..... Reserve Divisions (ready in all respects for war with trained crews), 12 battleships, 4 armoured cruisers, 21 protected cruisers and 86 torpedo craft.....	Home Fleet of 8 battleships, with 6 armoured cruisers. Channel Fleet of 8 battleships. None.
Mediterranean .....	9 battleships and 4 armoured cruisers...	12 battleships and 4 armoured cruisers.
Totals of armoured ships.....	43 battleships and 20 armoured cruisers .....	28 battleships and 10 armoured cruisers.

[In addition, there are now, as before, twenty-five torpedo-boat destroyers and twenty torpedo boats in full commission at the home ports,

with eight submarines, but they are trained under a rear-admiral; the new Fourth Cruiser Squadron is available for home service, and every sea-going training ship is of war value, whereas in the past they were non-fighting ships.]

It is almost unnecessary to point the moral, even for foreign observers. The visits between the British and French Fleets which have occurred this year have indicated that in the present generation, at any rate, the English Channel will not be the scene of conflict. France has definitely abandoned all hope of challenging the supremacy of the English Fleet. The English Channel and the Mediterranean are now centres of concord and friendship, and since all causes of international difference between Great Britain and the Powers of Southern Europe have been completely removed, the Mediterranean Fleet itself may almost be regarded as an additional reserve to the Channel Fleet, and the Channel Fleet itself can no longer regard the Channel as its cruising ground. It was a dictum of Nelson's that a fleet should cruise in the waters in which it will most probably fight, and since the English Channel and the Mediterranean are thus ruled out as probable scenes of conflict, it naturally follows that the Channel Fleet will in future be seen with increasing frequency in the North Sea.

This frontier of the British Empire has been threatened by the growth of the German Navy, and it is as natural that Great Britain should safeguard her interests in this direction as that France, Russia, and Germany should patrol their land frontiers with troops. The presence of the Channel Fleet in the North Sea is no more a menace to Germany than has been the old *régime* to France when the main fighting fleets of the British Navy cruised in the Mediterranean and the English Channel. A few years ago these waters seemed likely to be the scene of a gigantic struggle for naval supremacy. That danger is passed, and we have been celebrating its elimination at Brest and Portsmouth. Some allowance may be made for German irritation in these circumstances, and the British people will do well not to indulge in any wordy reprisals. In the struggle which Germany has been waging Great Britain has won, and she can afford to regard the consequent irritation with forbearance, and hope for the day when the rulers of the German Empire will realise that the British people have a well-founded admiration for the German Army and Navy, and for the German people and their methods. While safeguarding our own interests, we can afford to wait patiently for an awakening of a better feeling in the German Empire, with which we have so many natural ties. The German people need only cast back their minds

to the successive years immediately succeeding the Kaiser's accession, when his Majesty was at Cowes, honoured and popular, to understand the feeling of real friendship which might unite the two Empires. Germany has nothing which we covet; we have no cause of quarrel with her, and desire none. The policy of England is merely to hold steadfastly what she has won—and first among her possessions is the supremacy of the seas, the northern as well as the southern seas, the North Sea as well as the English Channel and Mediterranean. It is the old traditional policy, and by it we must stand.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.



## MR. WELLS AS A SOCIOLOGIST.

I PROPOSE in this paper to make a short commentary and criticism on Mr. Wells's *A Modern Utopia*, that pleasing imaginative excursion into the future of politics and society, presented by him in recent numbers of this REVIEW, and now re-published in more permanent form as a book.<sup>1</sup> But as my space is limited I shall be obliged to confine myself almost entirely to the claim which he himself makes on its behalf as a serious contribution to the science of Sociology, both in its methods and in its subject-matter. Now, although I have read the book with genuine pleasure as an imaginative construction of the kind with which his other works have familiarised us, I confess I was somewhat surprised when I gathered from an article by Mr. Wells in the May number of the *Independent Review* that he had intended his work to be taken much more seriously, and especially when I ascertained that its design was not so much to supplement as to actually supplant, both in its method and its results, the works of the founders of Sociology, as well as the entire line of their legitimate successors down to the present time. The method of Comte and Herbert Spencer of founding conclusions as to the future of Society mainly on generalisations of the ways and means by which it has advanced in the past, he characterises as a delusion, and declares that the proper and distinctive method of Sociology, on the contrary, "its very backbone," in short, "is the creation of Utopias and their exhaustive criticism"; and further, that the existing political and social world is to be measured by the standard of these Utopian ideals, and not *vice versâ*. And accordingly we find that this is precisely what Mr. Wells has done in his *A Modern Utopia*. He has given us his personal version of the social ideals of the future, has elaborated his picture, after the manner of the novelist, with profuse descriptive details, conversations, didactic dissertations, and the like, all rich and seemingly life-like in their imaginative setting; and has held up the whole before us as a model or standard to which not only existing society but Sociology itself, and the past and present generations of its exponents, are to be brought for judgment. What then, we ask, are the particulars of this Utopia? Roughly, they are the following:—The whole world is to be a single State with all national boundaries obliterated or abolished, a synthesis of all the races, tribes, and nations existing on the earth, all speaking the same language, all like friends and brothers, at peace with each other—European, Negro, Mongolian, Semite—and all freely

(1) *A Modern Utopia*, by H. G. Wells (Chapman and Hall, 1905.)

marrying and inter-marrying as they choose. He tells us further that the political power of this vast confederacy is to centre in an order of men called the Samurai, who are to be the only administrators, officials, and voters in his World-State, an order closed to mere wealth, but freely open to all who by their intellect, virtue, heroism, and self-restraint are deemed worthy of it. He further explains that this World-State is to be the sole land-owner, as well as the owner of all natural sources of supply whatever—food, fuel, electricity, wood, water, and the like—except what it delegates to local governments and municipalities, who hold of it as of a feudal superior, and who let these out in turn to individuals to carry out what experiments or industrial plans they please, in perfect freedom; the State meanwhile, in the persons of the Samurai, looking on and making a ring, as it were, for the best players in this game of industry and of life, to fight it out in; the winners being rewarded, not with wealth mainly (for most of that reverts to the State), but with positions of dignity and honour. He goes on to tell us, too, that in his World-State units of physical energy will be the medium of exchange instead of coin, units of electrical energy chiefly, in which all accounts will be kept; and that as employment will naturally flow from place to place according to where the supply of energy is the cheapest, the price of this energy will tend to be always uniform, and not to vary in value as gold and silver do when they are either too plentiful or too scarce. Again, disputes between employer and employed are to be referred to conferences between the representatives of each, at which a minimum wage will be fixed, although individuals will be allowed to make special bargains for themselves above that rate; while the State will make itself the reserve employer, and will undertake to transport the workmen from one part of the world to another as they are wanted. As for the criminals, habitual drunkards, and ne'er-do-wells, they are to be segregated and shipped as exiles to islands in the outer seas, the State taking the necessary means to prevent either them or the incompetent and useless citizens from having children born to them. On the other hand, as the bearing of healthy children is a real service to the community, all married women having children will be kept by the State; the danger of an excess of population being carefully watched and guarded against by marriage laws; while marriage itself may be terminated by the infidelity of the wife, by drunkenness, crime, desertion, violence, or the failure of children after three or four years of married life.

Such in rough brief outline is an abstract of the ideas to which Mr. Wells has given a rich imaginative setting in his *A Modern*

*Utopia*, and which with a wealth of detail, in itself quite admirable, he has painted in large letters on the walls of the world, not only for the contemplation of the merely curious, but for the instruction of statesmen, publicists, and sociologists. Should others send in pictures differing from this of Mr. Wells in this or that particular, whether of form or essence, he will not object, for it is his special point that it is in the comparison of these personal Utopias with one another, and of existing institutions in turn with them, that the true method of Sociology consists. You choose from the collection the Utopia you most fancy, as you would a picture from the walls of the Academy, and when by a consensus of opinion Society has agreed on the most excellent, there is nothing to do but to set to work to realise it in the actual workaday world. But how, it will be asked? Now, it is in the answer to this question that the weak, indeed, the fatal spot, in Mr. Wells's Sociology will be found. For it is distinctive of his doctrine that he will have nothing to do with the ordinary methods, the ordinary ways and means of either existing statesmen or existing Sociologists. He expressly asserts that all inquiries concerning the expedients whereby to meet the failings and imperfections of existing institutions, although of importance to the politicians, have nothing to do with Sociology. And the reason he thinks the consideration of these ways and means is of little or no value is, that they depend on *past* experience, whereas the action of human beings cannot be depended on to follow any generalisations or laws of human nature founded on the past in the same way in which masses of matter may be depended on to follow the law of gravitation, or its particles the laws of chemical affinity. For to do this all men, he contends, would have to be as alike as two beans or grains of sand, whereas they are not so. Even two sheep are not exactly alike, nor, if it comes to that, even two atoms! And as for human beings, each man or woman is so individual, so unique a creature, that he or she cannot, he thinks, be generalised, lumped, or classified under any laws whatever drawn from the actions of human beings in the past. You never can predict what the next new man or woman you meet will do; and indeed it has been often said that a whole three-volume novel might be written and yet not exhaust the uniqueness, the individuality, or the peculiarities of any living child of Adam! Mr. Wells admits, it is true, that if you could take men "by the thousand billion," you could generalise about them as you do about atoms; but because the human race is neither as small as a country parish, nor as innumerable as the sands of the sea, he does not see how its actions can be generalised. Now if this were true, it is evident that the past

of human history and civilisation could be of little use for our guidance in the future. But one naturally asks, would nothing less than the "thousand billion" for which Mr. Wells stipulates be sufficient for a generalisation on human beings and their actions? Would not the mankind of the present day, with its diversity of races and types, be sufficient, especially when taken with the very extensive knowledge we already have of the life and times of the past? Mr. Wells thinks that men are very much like sheep and other living things in having this individuality and uniqueness—only more so. It is true that no two sheep are quite alike when narrowly inspected, any more than any two men; but would not a single flock of sheep, or, at any rate, the relation between a few sample flocks, be sufficient to determine the laws that will regulate the actions of sheep in the future as in the past? Or would nothing less than a whole world full of sheep be sufficient for Mr. Wells? Be this as it may, however, it is certain that generalisation from human life and experience in the past is not the true method of Sociology with Mr. Wells. To give his assent to any such doctrine would have been to bring his Utopia for judgment to the bar of history, of civilisation, of experience; whereas what he insists on is, that generalisations from history, civilisation, or experience are to be brought for judgment before the bar of his or another's Utopia. And even if his Utopia were to prove as glorious and as perfect a creation as the millennial reign of the saints, how are you going to get men to unite to bring it to pass, if each man is so unique a being that you can no more rely on his agreeing with his neighbour in his beliefs and ideals, than in his taste in wines or the pattern of his clothes? But soft you! for Mr. Wells has another method still in reserve, a method that will require no scheme of principles, no generalisations drawn from the Past, no constructive scheme of ways and means founded on evolution, to bridge the transition to his Utopian dream and gradually bring it to pass. It is a method much more simple, the method namely of the conjurer, the faith healer, the Hindoo mahatma and fakir. All you have to do is to hoist your Utopia on high, like the serpent in the wilderness, and get men to gaze at it until they become thoroughly hypnotised and possessed by it. This once done, the rest follows naturally and without any scheme of constructive policy, or other scientific body of ways and means for bridging the intervening stages that have to be travelled before it is reached. All you have to do is to give the order, and the old world will dislimn, and the fairy Utopia will take form and substance in its place, arising like a dream out of the mist, or the love goddess from the foam of the sea.

Now I grant you that had Mr. Wells formed his Utopia, like Mahomet his Koran, on a special revelation from Heaven; or had he, like Rousseau, been fortunate enough to catch the ears of the leaders of public opinion in a time of revolution, as in France; or had he been merely the ordinary benevolent despot with a sword in his hand, there might have been some hope for him and his Utopia; but to protest on the one hand that he is only a simple, uninspired individual repudiating the help alike of supernatural agency and the sword, and only appealing to science and reason, and yet, on the other hand, to repudiate the methods of science and reason whose very essence is to construct your future by the light of the Past, even when something new is always being added to it—this is to cut away his own standing ground. Even Rousseau could not get his Utopia except by the return to a fictitious Past, and by a vast array of ways and means, which only failed because they were based on a false Sociology. The truth is, the construction of these model Utopias is as simple and cheap as the construction of air castles or millenniums, for they consist precisely of those combinations of things about which all people are so agreed that it is not thought necessary to mention them. We should all like, for example, to see a reign of peace on earth with the sword beaten into a ploughshare, and all men alike, Hindoo and Hottentot, Chinaman and European, living in amity as friends and brothers, all speaking the same language, and all obeying a single code of the purest and highest laws; we should all like to see the governing classes of the world men of the highest honour, intelligence, and integrity, like the Samurai, men of plain living and high thinking; we should all like to see poverty abolished, crime banished, happy homes, healthy offspring, beautiful public architecture, and the triumph everywhere of artistic mechanical inventions for the comfort and conveniences of life. But all this needs no preaching and enforcing. What is wanted is the combinations of ways and means by which the world is to be conducted to these ideal goals of the future—gradually and from stage to stage—combinations of religion, of science, of government, of material and social conditions, and the like. You may preach peace, for example, till doomsday, but with no result; but if you can only contrive to make the material powers of rival nations so nearly equal that the results of fighting are too uncertain to be risked, you will have struck on one of the most powerful persuaders to peace—as even old Thucydides saw. But Mr. Wells, who begins by ignoring all the ordinary ways and means derived from science, from evolution, and from the history of civilisation, puts himself in the position of the dog-fancier who aims at a particular shape of head or jaw in his breed of dogs,

while ignoring the scientific laws of breeding by which they are to be effected; or of the engineer who would like to span the ocean by a bridge, but ignores the difficulties which attend it; or of the doctor who loves to contemplate the image of perfect health, but ignores the laws of the organs and functions by which it is to be reached; or of the theologian who would fix your gaze on Paradise, but without a scheme of salvation by which it is to be attained. Now it is the aim of Sociology to help forward the realisation of Utopias like this of Mr. Wells from stage to stage, by penetration into the present world, and the working of its organised machinery—of religion, government, science, material and social conditions, and the like—combined with generalisations founded on the ways and means by which mankind has advanced in the Past. But because, when minutely scrutinised, no two men, as no two sheep, are exactly alike, but each is individual and unique, Mr. Wells has no faith in any such ways and means, and will have nothing to do with them.

And this brings us flush on the central fallacy in Mr. Wells's whole conception, and it is this, that he thinks the uniqueness and unlikeness of individuals on which he lays so much stress is a problem for the sociologist, whereas it is really the problem of the novelist or dramatist. The problem of Sociology deals entirely with the laws of *men in the mass*, who can be predicted not to fly off at a tangent from each other, but to follow their chosen leaders as surely, if not quite as regularly, as sheep, whether it be in matters of taste, of fashion, of art, of politics, or of religion. But are not these leaders themselves to be regarded as uniques of whose future nothing can be known, the reader may ask? As individuals, yes, but as leaders or representatives of groups or classes, no; otherwise they would not have been chosen as leaders. For the office of a leader, that, indeed, for which he is chosen, is not so much to propose some new *end*, ideal, or Utopia (for usually that has already been agreed upon) as to suggest the best *ways and means* of reaching it. So long as he stands alone in the uniqueness or individuality of his genius, character, or ideals, he is not yet a real, but only a potential leader. And it is because individual great men in their capacity as leaders, *follow* the instincts and traditions of the masses whom they are privileged to guide; and because the instincts and traditions of the masses, in turn, follow the general laws of evolution proper to all living things, that a science of Sociology, basing itself on generalisations drawn from the evolution of mankind in the Past, is possible.

But as for Mr. Wells's contention that the present science of Sociology and its exponents are to be brought before the bar of Utopias like his own, or those of Rousseau and the rest, for con-

sideration or approval, instead of his and their Utopias being brought before the bar of Sociology—the thing is as absurd as if he were to ask the present exponents of the science of Biology to stand cap-in-hand before the ancient creators of the mermaids, centaurs, and other fabulous creatures of the imagination, and do homage to them.

But it is only when we trace the component parts of his Utopian World-State to their origin that the immeasurable complacency involved in this claim of his to bring all existing Sociology and Sociologists before it for judgment becomes apparent. For it will be found that all those parts of his scheme which are not merely modified versions of current social aspirations and dreams, have been culled from the works of those very economists and sociologists whom he affects to ignore; while at the same time he is careful to kick away the ladder by whose aid he reached his conclusions. His single World-State, for example, with its reign of universal peace and human brotherhood, is a part of the current social ideal; although his mixing up of all races and colours in a common promiscuity of marriage is decidedly new. That his World-State, again, should be the sole owner of the land and instruments of production is a commonplace of modern Socialism; and is defended by Socialists, be it remembered, not as the Utopia of some individual genius, thrown off at a happy venture, but as the next stage in the normal evolution of Industry, founded on its evolution in the past. That the World-State exists for the free play, elevation, and expansion of individual minds, and should form a ring around them for that purpose; and that the causal and *initiating* factor in all progress (if not the controlling factor) is to be found in the new ideals of truth, beauty, and right, inaugurated by great men like the elect of Mr. Wells's Samurai, is to be found in my *Civilisation and Progress*, published twenty years ago. That the general wealth, expressed by units of recognisable value, should take the place of coin as a measure of value, has often been broached, and was propounded to me in detailed form more than a decade ago by Mr. Perdicaris, the late captive of Raisuli the bandit of Morocco; and a similar idea placed on a mathematical basis of ideal units is to be found in Mr. Kitson's book on the *Money Problem*, dating from Mr. Bryan's candidature for the American Presidency. As for Mr. Wells's miscellaneous proposals, as, for example, the restraints on population by marriage laws; the dissolution of marriage itself for drunkenness, crime, violence, or the failure to have children; the establishment of State bureaus for the employment of out-of-works, and for distributing and transporting labour from the points where it is congested to those where it is wanted; disputes between employers

and employed referred to conferences between the representatives of each; the restriction of voting power to those who can show they have earned the privilege by character and ability; the segregation of criminals, and the like—all these have been so worked into the very texture of current sociological literature in books, magazine articles, and contributions to the Press, that it would be invidious to attempt to assign them to any particular authors.

And this brings us to Mr. Wells's most important claim on behalf of his Utopia, which is that whereas all former Utopias, like those of Plato, More, Harrington, Rousseau, and the rest, were fixed and rigid arrangements cut out of the moving progressive world, and protected by walls, or by the seclusion of mountain glens and the like, complete in themselves, and exempt from all progress, change, or decay, his Utopia, on the contrary, is a progressive one, changing and evolving with the years, and with the changing material and scientific conditions of the world; that, in short, it is a dynamical self-evolving construction he has given us, and not a stereotyped, immobile, and statical one.

Now, if this were true, it is evident that Mr. Wells would have given us the body of principles on which this evolution would proceed, as Comte, for example, did when he based his conception of the future of Western Europe (which Mr. Wells, be it remembered, thinks is Comte's great contribution to Sociology) on generalisations drawn from the evolution of Society in the past, but adapted to new conditions. But this, as we have seen, is precisely what Mr. Wells has refused to do, on the ground that it is not the proper method of Sociology, for the reasons we have seen.

The truth is, this Utopia of Mr. Wells is a purely personal imagination of its author, founded, like any other millennial dream, on what he personally would like to see realised; its details culled, like an artistic bouquet, from existing sociology, political economy, and politics, but with no scheme of operative causes by which it is to be realised, except that new men in the future will have new ideas as they have always had in the past; and that these new ideas will fight each other until the strongest prevail, the Samurai guarding the ring, and seeing fair play done; a proposition as true but as barren as that so long as human beings are born alive they will be found kicking, and that so long as they continue to live they will continue to do or to think of something new. As for his Utopia being one with a principle of evolution in it, and not rigid and fixed like those of his predecessors,—had he embodied his ideas in an abstract discourse, they would have been seen to be as immovable and fixed as the statues of the gods around the walls of a pantheon, but by draping his figures,



after the manner of the novelist, in appropriate costume, he would lead us to believe, skilful conjurer that he is, that his Utopia is really alive and moving, with all the possibilities of evolution and progress in it. We see the intellectual, high-minded, and grave Samurai moving calmly about in their white cloaks with purple borders, like old Roman senators; the women dressed after the manner of "the Italian ladies of the fifteenth century," in soft coloured stuffs, their hair plaited or coiled, but without hats or bonnets, and without changes of fashion. We see the men, too, talking and acting as in life in their hours of relaxation, drinking (but in strict temperance) the soft and kindly Burgundy with their lunch, or "the tawny port three or four times, or it may be five, a year when the walnuts come round," not without good mellow whisky in moderation, "nor upon occasion the engaging various liqueur"; the line, however, being stringently drawn at ginger-ale and lemonade, and those terrible mineral waters which only fill a man "with wind and self-righteousness"! But we are not to be deceived by this show of life and colour, for having discarded all the methods, laws, and principles of evolution, we know beforehand that when once his puppets are placed in position they will be as much fixed and rooted there in their ultimate destiny as are the draped waxwork figures in the show-rooms of Madame Tussaud; the only principle of movement or change in all the scheme being this:—that new men will have new ideas, and do new things, and so the world will wag as of yore.

One might pursue the matter further from other points of view, but the above, perhaps, will be sufficient for the purpose. I cannot, however, close this paper without entering my protest, in the interests of Sociology, at the tone which Mr. Wells has chosen to adopt towards the work of the Sociological Society in general, and of the past and present exponents of Sociology in particular. One would have thought that common decency and modesty would have restrained him from speaking of the work of Comte and Herbert Spencer as that of a couple of "pseudo-scientific interlopers"; of characterising Spencer's work as "an accumulation of desiccated anthropological anecdotes that still figures importantly in current sociological work"; and of Comte's great law of the Three Stages as "a smart saying passing muster when men talked metaphysics and history and nonsense after dinner." After these amenities one can have little doubt as to the kind of treatment that will be meted out to the more recent exponents of the science. And accordingly we find Mr. Francis Galton's careful and important contributions to Sociology dismissed with a sneer; those of Dr. Westermarck as "entertaining

anthropological gossip," while Dr. Steinmetz finds himself "in the position of Mr. Karl Baedeker scheming a tour through chaos." Mr. Kidd, too, comes in for his share of reprobation, and coupled with his name is my own, to which, however, I should not have referred were it not that I am prepared to offer Mr. Wells a challenge. After a passing contemptuous reference in general terms to our works, Mr. Kidd and I are definitely told that "no one will ever build on these writers," that "new men must begin again on the vacant site," and that "the search for an arrangement or method continues as though they were not." Now Mr. Kidd may well be left to speak for himself, and the followers of both Comte and Spencer are sufficiently able and numerous to defend themselves or their masters from these aspersions; what I have now to say concerns my own position only. The reader may remember that in an appendix to his *Modern Utopia* Mr. Wells has added a chapter entitled the "Scepticism of the Instrument," a paper read originally before the Oxford Philosophical Society, and that in this paper he claims to have discovered a new way of focussing the intellectual instrument for the purposes of knowledge. I have not space to go into the matter here, but if priority of publication in matters intellectual gives a claim to precedence in the rights of property in ideas, I may be permitted to remind him that the substance of the positions he has taken up is to be found in my first essay, "God or Force?" written more than a quarter of a century ago, and in my essay on "Herbert Spencer" a year or two later, and both republished in my *Religion of the Future*. But the challenge I wish to make Mr. Wells is in reference to his *A Modern Utopia*, and it is this:—Barring the drapery that is proper to the novelist, let him put his finger on any single sociological idea or principle of the first rank in its range and scope in his book, or synthesis of ideas or principles, whether in reference to the Samurai, to the economics of Utopia, the relation of the sexes in Utopia, the treatment of the vicious and of the failures, the restraint on population, or indeed on any other division of the great sociological problem (with the exception, perhaps, of the mixture of races in unfettered marriage promiscuity) that is not to be found in the works of one or other of the acknowledged Sociologists and Economists, and published years in advance of his own book, and I, for one, will willingly concede his claim to have advanced by his work, *A Modern Utopia*, the science of Sociology, but not till then. If he shall succeed in doing this, we can then return afresh to the discussion of his main contention, which is that the proper and distinctive method of Sociology, and indeed its very backbone, is "the creation of Utopias and their exhaustive criticism."

JOHN BEATTIE CROZIER.

## THE LEGITIMATE EXPANSION OF GERMANY.

To understand rightly the views expressed by the writer of this and other articles dealing with political developments in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, it is perhaps best to begin with two assumptions. One is that for the next hundred years (let us say) of the world's history there will be fourteen "educating" nations—Great Britain, the United States of America, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, and Japan; in a lesser degree also, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, and Greece. Each one of these nations or congeries of nationalities will seek to extend its commerce, influence, language, literature, and rule over other peoples more backward in civilisation, and therefore obliged to submit to the direction of a superior race.

The second assumption is that in dealing generously (in theory) with other people's territory, in allotting great tracts of Africa, Asia, and South-East Europe to the domination of this, that, or the other educating State, we are not perhaps offering much more than a costly honour. It is as though one invited a rich person to adopt, feed, name, clothe, educate, and endow a poor child or a family of poor children, and afterwards resign himself or herself to seeing such children [having arrived at years of maturity and independence] leave the care of their adoptive parents and perhaps display little gratitude for the long and costly tutelage that has fitted them to play their own part in the world. There are some tracts of land still remaining in South and North America, in South, East, and North Africa open to colonisation, namely, empty of native races and awaiting occupation by the adventurous European or Asiatic. But for the most part the countries in Africa, Asia, and South-East Europe which are still independent of civilised control, and which excite the mutual jealousy of the educating Powers, are lands already peopled with races who require *education*, but who are sufficiently numerous, brave, and strong to resist *spoliation*. England, for example, in attempting to govern the great Indian peninsula and its appurtenances undoubtedly benefits her commerce and finds lucrative employment for a few thousand natives of the United Kingdom; but neither there nor in Egypt is she acquiring new homes for the foundation of white men's colonies. It is inevitable that the time will come some day, whether it be fifty years, a hundred years, or two hundred years hence, when these and similar portions of the

British Empire will be independent, self-governing communities, retaining, it is to be hoped, as grateful a recollection of the splendid and often unselfish part which Great Britain has played in their regeneration as we now bear towards the memory of the Roman Empire and what Rome did to put us in the path of true civilisation.

What rôle shall be given by common consent to Germany in this more or less unselfish mission of education and development? The British Empire has nearly reached the limits of that domain in which it will exercise exclusive political influence during the next hundred years. To Egypt we may add a Protectorate over Arabia; and the Indian Empire must always be expected to control the foreign policy of Afghanistan and Tibet to such an extent that neither of these countries can be made the base for an attack on India. The true imperial mission of France is to restore to European civilisation Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, to keep order and extend commerce over the Sahara Desert and over much of West and West-Central Africa and Madagascar. In the Far East the work of France in Indo-China will be on the same lines as that which Great Britain is doing in the Malay Peninsula and in India; France also will take her share in the control and development of the Pacific Archipelagoes. The United States of America must lead the hegemony of the New World. Russia, despite her disappointed hopes in Manchuria, and the cessions of territory she may have to make to Japan in the Furthest East, will under a more enlightened system of government recover more than the ground she has lost, and will be the great civilising power of Northern Asia. Italy may have something to say as to the political future of Albania. She is already creating a thriving African State on the coast-lands of Abyssinia, and to her will fall the lot of administering law and re-introducing European civilisation into the lands of Tripoli and Barka—nearly a fourth part of North Africa. Spain will work with France in the restoration of Morocco. Portugal is already developing a great African empire on the West and East coast-lands of that continent, besides her by-no-means-negligible footholds in China, India, and in that Malay Archipelago, where the principal rôle has long since been definitely allotted to Holland. Belgium may become the mistress of the Congo Basin. Greece has her future more or less definitely marked out in the islands remaining under Turkish rule in the Ægean Sea and along the coasts of Asia Minor. . . .

Where does Germany come in? Where, after all these tasks have been distributed and taken up, is the future special mission of Germany? In what direction can a Greater Germany be called into existence? How can fifty-six millions of the best

educated, most intelligent, warlike, and thrifty people of Europe, if not of the world, play a part commensurate to their merits?

If they follow the line of least resistance they will mark out their path in a south-easterly direction. The German Empire of the future will be, or should be, a congeries of big and little States, semi-independent in many respects, bound together by allegiance to a supreme Emperor, by a common Customs Union, an Army and Navy for the defence of their mutual interests. This Empire will include the present German kingdoms, duchies, principalities, and republics, and, in addition, a Kingdom of Bohemia under a Habsburg or a Hohenzollern, a Kingdom of Hungary, Kingdoms of Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, Principalities of Croatia, Montenegro, Macedonia, a Republic of Byzantium, a Sultanate of Anatolia, a Republic of Trebizond, an Emirate of Mosul, a Dependency of Mesopotamia; the whole of this mosaic bound together by bands and seams of German cement. Wherever there is vacant land and a suitable climate German colonies will be established, as they have been in Transylvania and Syria [as also in Southern Russia and in the Caucasus]. The territories of this German League would thus stretch from Hamburg and Holstein on the Baltic and on the North Sea to Trieste and the Adriatic, to Constantinople and the Ægean, to the Gulf of Alexandretta, to the Euphrates and the frontiers of Persia. Even if it did not reach to the actual shores of the Persian Gulf it would extend to the junction of the Euphrates and the Tigris, and might share with Great Britain the joint control of the Shat-el-Arab or the estuary of the Euphrates. This League of Central and South-Eastern Europe would have as coaling stations for its fleet and depôts for its commerce footholds on the continent of Africa, in China, the Malay Archipelago, and the Pacific, and possibly the West Indies. To obtain the right to found such a splendid, continuous, and self-contained empire, Germany might have to make sacrifices, surrenders, and sales in various directions. She must in the first place renounce all idea of the incorporation within her limits of the Low Countries (Holland, Belgium, and Luxemburg); she must restore to France the fortress of Metz and that small area round about it of French-speaking Lorraine, which lies to the west of the Moselle and the River Seille. To Scandinavia she must give back the little district of Hadersleben (the slice of Slesvig which is inhabited by Danish-speaking people, bounded on the south by the Hadersleben estuary and by the Gjelds Au River). To Italy, German Austria must restore the Trientino [that peninsula of German territory inhabited by an Italian or Rumanch-speaking people which lies to the south of the Tirol]. Italy also may demand and acquire a Protectorate over the future

principality of Albania. [In the future there will be an inevitable drawing together of the deep-seated ties between Italy and Greece. Italy and Greece must decide between them whether Albania is to be a Greek or an Italian principality, or a humble partner in a tripartite Greco-Italian alliance.] In the allotment of the territories of the Balkan Peninsula, Epirus must be given to Greece, and Greek territory might be extended northwards into Thessaly as far as the River Vistritza. To Greece of course Crete would be allotted, together with Rhodes, Samos, and most of the islands off the south-western coast of Asia Minor. Smyrna perhaps will be made into a Free City within the German Empire, like another Hamburg.

Armenia—Russian and Turkish—might be erected into a principality and placed under the control of a regenerated Russia. It is not easy at the time of writing to say what should be done with the Arabic-speaking district round Aleppo, whether it would be justifiable to place that for a time under British protection as an appanage of Cyprus, or whether upon receiving due guarantees as to the treatment of British commerce under the German *régime* in the Nearer East, the Aleppo district might also be handed over to German supervision. France, in consideration of the restoration of Metz and the complete withdrawal of all German right of interference in North Africa, might be ready to waive her somewhat shadowy claims to a Protectorate over northern Syria; but this much is certain: any re-arrangement of the political control in the Nearer East must include in its programme a strong, independent Jewish State in Syria and Palestine, stretching thence to the west bank of the Euphrates, a State which shall at any rate include both Jerusalem and Damascus. This must be an Eastern Belgium, neutralised and guaranteed by the civilised Powers; a buffer State, a Switzerland between the still glowing ambitions of Germany and Britain. Persia should be in like manner neutralised and guaranteed—a pivotal State where the old civilisation of Iran may be given every opportunity to revive.

In West Africa the German colonies will probably remain pretty much as they are, territories open without differential treatment to the trade of all nations. Germany, however, must renounce all covert attempts to gain a political foothold in Liberia. Moreover, though a coaling station might be retained on the south-west coast of Africa, Germany would do well to sell to British South Africa her at present useless possessions of Damara- and Namaqua-land. In South-Central Africa, if Belgium refuses to take up the task of governing the Congo Free State with justice, mildness, and commercial fairness of treatment, France may probably be willing to cede to Germany her rights of pre-emption over

that domain, which, together with German East Africa, would form a magnificent share of the Dark Continent.

Not a few of these suggestions may at first sight seem ridiculous, and very adverse to British interests, commercial and political. "Why," it might be asked, "should we exchange the present low Customs tariff and Free Trade of Turkey to a German control which would be exercised first and foremost in favour of German commerce?" But it would be possible, of course, in considering German claims to extension of influence over the Turkish Empire, to bargain with Germany as we have done with France in North Africa for the equal treatment of our own goods—for Free Trade, in fact. At the present time, in the German Cameroons, British trade is under precisely the same conditions as German, and prospers equally. I believe there is not differential treatment either in German East Africa or in German South-West Africa. There has been a foolish attempt on the part of Germany to establish differential treatment in the Pacific and in New Guinea. For my own part I believe that both Germany and France would prosper far more in their commercial interests if they imitated us (unless we, too, backslide!) in establishing Free Trade—a fair field and no favour for all comers.

Then, again, it may be said that the present writer is ridiculous in disposing of the lands of the Turkish Empire without taking into consideration the stubborn resistance which the Turks might offer. The fact is, however, that all our recent ideas in these directions have been enlarged and changed by the success which has attended the British in Egypt and the French in Tunis through the maintenance of native dynasties. We should, after all, only be inviting Germany to deal with the Turkish Sultanate as we are asking France to deal with the Government of Morocco, or as England now deals with Siam, Afghanistan, Haiderabad, Maisur, Baluchistan, Oman, Zanzibar, Uganda, and Barotse. The adoption of the scheme herein outlined does not mean that Germany would set to work to massacre the Turks and put a German peasantry in their place; but once this plan were agreed upon between Germany and the rest of the civilised world, she would henceforth control the foreign relations of the Balkan States and of Turkey. There might still be a Sultan of Turkey, but he would reside at some appropriate capital in Muhammadan Asia Minor, with a German Resident at his Court, and, at first, with Germans to teach him sound finance and good government. In joining this German League, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, would enjoy the same freedom and independence as are attributed at the present day to the Kingdom of Saxony or the Kingdom of Bavaria. The

Emperor of this great confederation might be a German and a Hohenzollern, and he might fix his residence at Berlin or at Vienna; but that would be merely because at the present day the Kingdom of Prussia is superior in population and power to any one of the States mentioned as forming part of this League.

Perhaps the beneficent work of Rome, which was shattered by the uprising of Muhammad, may be again rebuilt upon a surer basis. Britain and Ireland, France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal may band together to do the work of the Western Empire; while Germany and her Magyar, Slav, Ruman, and Greek Allies restore the edifice which Constantine founded at Byzantium. Some of my readers may live long enough to see William II. or Frederick IV. crowned in Saint Sophia Emperor of the Nearer East.

H. H. JOHNSTON.



## ON TAKING ONESELF SERIOUSLY.

NEVER has mediocrity been so triumphantly successful as now, and that is the reason we take ourselves so seriously. Never before has it attained such a high level of excellence; and if, for that reason, we miss those grand and lonely peaks that represent the supreme glory of the past, we can at least cheer ourselves by the comfortable reflection that we are each a glorious little peak. That being conceded, it goes without saying that, occupied as we are with ourselves, we really have too much to do to bother about the greatness of our friends.

In the past, the great man was surrounded by a band of ardent worshippers who circled about him and trumpeted forth his praise. In these degenerate days, if there is a great man, he is not usually surrounded by satellites, for the satellites are practically employed circling about themselves. So the great man girds up his loins and wisely proclaims his own greatness.

Then, too, it is a bother to chant another man's praises if you are quite convinced—and you are probably right—that he is no greater than you are; so you abstain from the folly of it and devote all your energies to blowing your own little trumpet with seraphic vigour. In the past the little bands of ardent worshippers were quite disinterested, a merit to which the occasional ardent worshipper of the present cannot always lay claim. Our modern attitude is one of doubt, and so, when we hear a pæan of praise, we close one eye and ask "Why?" The fact is, we decline to take anyone else seriously, but we make up for that by taking ourselves with redoubled seriousness. In previous ages there were no newspapers which took upon themselves the rôle of Fame, poising aloft a laurel-wreath ready to drop on the head of the best advertised genius. In those blissful days, so little appreciated now, when the world could neither read nor write, hero-worship was so popular that the lauded one found it unnecessary to take himself too seriously, for others kindly did it for him.

This is undoubtedly an age of emphasis and capitals. If you do not see the capitals in print you are sure to see them in the attitude. Woman, Millionaire, Foet, Statesman, Composer, Dramatist, Novelist, Artist—to mention only a few—may not be spelled with a capital, but I venture to say that one can never have the honour of meeting any of these worthy people without recognising the capital in their haughty intercourse with their fellow-men.

Possibly it even permeates the lower strata of society, but one can only judge by the experience that comes in one's modest way. The gentlemen who are at this moment shovelling in our winter coal may take themselves seriously. Possibly the one with the coal-sack lightly twined across his shoulders has his own opinion as to the superior way in which he shovels the coal down the hole. It is more than probable that the plumber who came this morning to screw up a leaking tap takes himself seriously. I think he does, for he left a small boy and his tools to remind me of him, and he has proudly retired from the scene. Still, I really think that the disorder generally attacks those who work with what "the reverend gentleman is pleased to call his mind," and it is most fatal where, besides dollars and cents, the sufferer demands the tribute of instant applause.

Supposing the greatest singer in the world were to sing only to stolid faces and dead silence, and were to receive no applause for two or three years, her attitude towards the public would undoubtedly become one of praiseworthy modesty. It is this frantic, ill-considered admiration which gives her such a mistaken sense of her own importance. If the last work of the last great mediocrity in the way of novelists were to be ignored, and only reviewed a couple of years after its publication, many an estimable gentleman or lady would step down from their pedestal and walk quite modestly on a level with their fellow-beings. If the poets received their meed of praise long after they were nicely buried, instead of at afternoon teas, they would write better, indeed they would. Weak-tea praise has never been good for the mental stamina, and it is awfully misleading. Because a gushing thing with an ardent eye protests over a tea-cup that your poems are the most beautiful poems she has ever read, it is not necessary to believe her. Do not on the strength of that go home and snub your old mother, who, to her sorrow, has been educated to believe that among her goslings she has hatched a swan. Gosling or swan, in these days at best you can reach no higher altitude than to be called a minor poet.

I have always wondered who was the first reviewing misanthrope who called the modern singers "minor poets"?<sup>1</sup> Why should that branch of the writing art have evoked his particular animosity? Do we say minor historian, minor novelist, minor painter, minor composer? Why should we belittle an artist who may be infinitely greater than all these, and damn his art with an adjective? It is not for us to judge if a poet be minor or major. That is usually the business of the future, and there is no prophet among us able to prophesy which of our poets will join

(1) Mr. H. D. Traill, I believe [Ed. F. R.].

the immortals. Thank Heaven, advertising is only a temporary earthly product and has no influence on immortality.

The misfortune of our age is that the tools for the divine arts have become so cheap and handy. Literature especially is at the mercy of every irresponsible infant with ambition and a penny to spare. Why, the snub-nosed board-school youngster down there, skipping joyfully along the gutter, has a sheet of paper and a lead-pencil the excellence of which was beyond the imagination of Shakespeare. It is this cheap and fatal luxury which makes such triumphant mediocrity and so little greatness, and it is the fault of the newspapers, the publishers, too much education, and afternoon teas. May they all be forgiven!

The truth is, the poets should not be published, nor should the newspapers be permitted to crown the singer with a laurel-wreath still dripping with printer's ink. The poet should be handed down as was old Homer, and sung in the market-place; if then in the future there is enough of him left to be considered at all, let him then be considered seriously, but let him not, oh, let him not do it for himself prematurely, for fear. Remember the famous and classic tragedy of Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall!

Once I came upon an editor—a great American editor!—who in a moment of frenzy was sincere. I was looking respectfully at that tomb of fame, his waste-paper basket.

"Did you pass a fellow going down?"—and he threw a scowl after the departed one. "That is Jones." He really didn't say Jones, but he mentioned a name so famous in literature that the tram-cars proclaim it along with the best brands of whiskies, soap, corsets, and sapolio, and it adorns sandwich-men in the gutter by the dozens; hoardings bellow it forth silently, and the newspapers devote pages to it, as if it were the greatest thing in patent medicine.

"I made him,"—and the editor thumped his sacred desk. "I boomed him and I printed his first confounded rot," and he strode up and down the room with a full head of steam on.

"I've always said it is the advertising that does it, not the stuff one advertises. Proved it, too, and then sat back and watched their heads swell. He is the last. A year ago he sat in that very chair and gurgled obsequious thanks. Last week we invited him to dinner and he forgot to come. To-day he came in to say that if I don't pay him just double what I have been giving him he'll take his stuff to the *Rocket*, for the *Rocket* editor has made him an offer. And this to me who boomed him and made him out of nothing! Oh, by Jove!"

"That is only the artistic temperament," I said, soothingly.

“Artistic temperament! There is no such thing. It’s only another name for d—d bad manners and a swelled head.”

I was greatly interested in this artless definition of the artistic temperament, and I went off deeply pondering as to what constitutes a swelled head.

Now, swelled head and taking yourself seriously are much the same, only that swelled heads are common in all grades of society. I once had a butcher who had it, being convinced that he was most beautiful to look upon. He used to put a great deal of his stock-in-trade on his curling brown locks. He was not a bit proud of the inside of his head, to do him justice, but he was so absolutely sure of the effect of his shiny hair, his big black moustache, his red cheeks and his round brown eyes. He was a very happy man. Now, you may take yourself seriously, but in a crevice of your mind you can still have the ghost of a doubt. But a swelled head never has a doubt. I have been told by those who have had an opportunity of studying, that swelled heads are not uncommon among shop-walkers, literary people, butlers, and members of Parliament, and that musicians even are not all as great as they think they are. The last distinguished fiddler I had the joy of hearing, scratched with so much temperament and so out of tune! What a mercy it is that so many people do not know a false note when they hear it!

It has even been whispered that some painters who paint very great pictures (in size) are really not so wonderful as they think they are. But if anyone is excusable for a too benevolent opinion of himself, it is surely a painter who stands before an acre of canvas, and squeezes a thousand dear little tubes, and daubs away and has the result hung on the line. Then we go to the private view, turn our backs on it and say, “Isn’t it sublime—did you ever!”—Ah me! it is no use being modest in this world. Take yourself seriously, clap on a swelled head, and you will impress all such as have time to attend to you. Have we not come across the pretty third-rate actress who puts on the airs of the great, and refers to her wooden impersonations as “Art”? O Art, Art, what sins have been committed in thy name! Have we not met the pet of the papers, the celebrated lady novelist? How did she get her exalted position? Goodness knows! She sweeps through society with superb assurance, and she is really so rude at afternoon teas, that that alone proves how great she is; she only relents when she meets editors and reviewers. She coos at them, and well she may, for she is crowned with the laurel-wreath of the best up-to-date advertising.

Once I met a little politician who thought he was a statesman. A rare instance, of course. Circumstances made me helpless, so

to speak, and so he inflicted on me all the speeches he did not make in the "House." He gave me to understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer consulted him on all intricate matters of finance; that he was, in fact, the power behind the throne. Now the truth was, and he knew it and I knew it, that his serious work consisted in paying those little tributes his constituency demanded, subscribing bravely to drinking-fountains, almshouses, and fairs—the kind with the merry-go-rounds—and, in his enlightened patriotism, opening bazaars, and also dancing for the good of his party. His supreme glory was to write "M.P." after his name, which made him much sought after at innocent dinner-parties that aspired to shine with reflected glory. On such occasions he was often in great form, and delivered extracts from those tremendous speeches he never made. But everybody was deeply impressed, and it was rumoured in the suburbs that he would certainly be in the next Cabinet.

If you have a grain of humour you can't take yourself too seriously, for then you do realise how desperately unimportant you are. The very greatest are unimportant; what then about the little bits of ones who constitute the huge majority? Was there ever anyone in the world who was ever missed except by one or two, and that not because he was great or even necessary, but only because he was beloved by some longing, aching heart? The waters of oblivion settle over a memory as quickly as over a puddle which is disturbed by a pebble thrown by a careless hand. Alas!

Perhaps the most tremendous instance of the unimportance of the greatest was Bismarck's discharge by his Emperor, with no more ceremony, indeed less, than the British housewife employs to discharge her cook. The greatest man of his time, the creator of an empire, the inspirer of a nation! To whom in his very lifetime statues were erected, north, south, east, and west. To whom the ardent hearts of the young went forth in adoration; whose possible death could only be reckoned on as a misfortune that would leave the country in chaos, when that iron hand should drop the reins. Then one memorable day he dropped the reins, not because death was greater than he, but simply because a young, untried man wished to do the driving himself. So he was discharged. What happened? Nothing. Since then, who can believe in the importance of anyone? If the world can do perfectly well without such a giant, why take yourselves so seriously, you little second-rate people who have written a little book that is dead as a door-nail in three months, you little second-rate spouters of talk on the stage, forgotten as soon as the light is turned out, you little second-rate musicians

with your long hair, your bad nerves, and your greed for adulation? Why, there have been greater folks than all of you put together, and they have been forgotten as a summer breeze is forgotten. Then what about you? Why, even shop-walkers, and butlers and parlour-maids, though undoubtedly very important, should think of Bismarck and not be so dreadfully haughty!

Then, too, how many persons think themselves great who are only lucky, vulgarly lucky! There is that solemn puffed-up one! Would he be so important if he had not married a rich wife who can pay the bills? And there is that other dull piece of prosperity who owes all his success to his pretty and clever wife, who knows just how to wheedle good things out of the really great. And yet how seriously he takes himself! There is the lucky parson who thinks he attracts such shoals of worshippers to God's house. Why, it is not he at all, but a royal princess who has strayed in and whom all the dear unworldly sheep are following. Yet how seriously he takes his reverend self! There is the great medical light, who, while curing an eminent personage of nothing in particular, interspersed a few racy anecdotes that made him roar. No wonder his waiting-room overflows, and that he is called in consultation all over the land. He is bound to be knighted. Why? Goodness knows.

There is the popular M.P. "I am the great I am," he all but says as he comes in. Once he was a modest man with modest friends; now he thinks he is a great man, and he wisely turns his back on his modest friends because he realises that he can serve his country best in the higher social circles. The first time I ever saw a real live M.P. was in America; and I held my breath, I was so impressed. We were even stirred by an Englishman who came over, and who only aspired to be an M.P. He talked of nothing but himself and his political views, and he used to point out the majesty of his own intellect. That was possibly the result of the American atmosphere; it is rather given to that! He is not yet an M.P., and over here he has lucid intervals of modesty. In a fit of humility a real M.P. once confessed to me that it would answer all practical purposes if he sent his footman to that magnificent building on the Thames, where the English legislator covers his gigantic intellect with that silk hat which represents nothing if not perfect propriety.

One curious phase of taking ourselves so seriously is the enormously increased importance of the Interesting. Society fairly bristles with the Interesting. Sometimes one wonders where the uninteresting go. Modern society demands that you should be

something, or do something, or say something, or at least pretend to. You elbow your way through the other struggling mediocrities, and behold you arrive, and that proves that you are interesting, whereupon you are invited to luncheon and dinner and things to meet the other Interests. Now I ask, as one perplexed, are you ever invited to meet the thoroughly uninteresting? And yet don't the uninteresting ever want to eat and meet people? Of course they do, but the world does not want them at any price!

Is there, perhaps, a dreary corner of the earth where the uninteresting one is not invited to meet, come together, and from this modest refuge wistfully watch the Interesting asked out to breakfast and other revels? But, really, have we the courage, these days, to invite anybody without asking an "interesting" person to meet them? Have we the moral courage to invite anyone to meet only—oneself? Of course a stray uninteresting may wander into the haunts of the other kind. One does sometimes meet a human being at a terribly intellectual afternoon tea or at a serious dinner-party, whose conversation does not absolutely thrill one's pulses.

Fortunately the world's standard of what is interesting varies, or there would be an appalling monotony in its circles, but it is understood that you must be celebrated, or notorious, or well advertised, or cheeky, and even dishonest if it is on a magnificent scale. At any rate, you must take yourself seriously and get a swelled head.

Each Interesting carries about with him his own barrel-organ, on which he grinds out his little tune, not always so great a tune as he honestly thinks, but still, it is his very own. You may have all the virtues enumerated in the dictionary, but if you have not done something, or said something, or been something, and if you are only a well-meaning, law-abiding citizen, and regularly pay your bills—a humdrum virtue which the hard-up Interesting occasionally ignore—then you had better give up and retire to the dull society to which you belong.

In studying the Interesting one discovers that they do not always carry their credentials on the outside. Sometimes, it is humiliating to confess it, one nearly mistakes them for the other kind; still, it is always an honour to sit on the outskirts of a Great Mind, and humbly wonder in what forgotten corner genius has so triumphantly hidden itself. However, an uninteresting celebrity is quite a different affair from the uninteresting pure and simple, who are never asked to meet anybody, and certainly not to meals.

There was once, so we were taught at school, an age of stone and an age of iron. After much study I have decided that we

have arrived at the age of Lions. Not the four-legged, dangerous kind, but the two-legged ones who drink tea and nibble biscuits. The analogy is even more solemnly striking, for they both have enormous heads. The Lion is evolved from the Interesting. First you have to be interesting, and then you must practise roaring, modestly at first, but not too modestly; then louder and louder until society simply cannot ignore you, you make so much noise, and so you become a Lion; and in these days it must be a very pleasant business to be a Lion, the only drawback being that the supply rather exceeds the demand. However, no matter how excellent a thing is, there is sure to be some trifling drawback.

Even when you take yourself seriously, the effect you produce, if not irritating, is often so delightfully funny! But one ought to be thankful for that, for the world owes a debt of gratitude even to the unconscious humorist. It is so much easier to make people cry than to make them laugh! We are all little ready-made tragedians; do we not come into the world with a cry? I feel convinced that it is easier to write a great tragedy than a great comedy. Life's keynote is minor. We can turn on tears at short notice, but humour is not every man's province.

"Our customers," the courteous attendant of a circulating library said to me recently, "don't like funny books, and so we don't stock them." Perhaps for this reason the discouraged humorist in search of amusement seizes rejoicing on those refreshing people who take themselves seriously. It adds, indeed, the last epicurean touch to his delight, that they do not know how awfully funny they are.

ANNIE E. LANE.



## CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

WHAT is precisely the spirit of the Radical Party, which, after having imposed a portion of its programme upon the opportunists, governs France to-day with the co-operation of the Socialists?

It is above all an anti-religious spirit. The Radical has in fact no other conception; this particular one absorbs all his activity and contains his whole policy.

A remarkable proof of this has been afforded by the accession and duration of the Combes Ministry, whose chief personifies the complete Radical pure and simple, the Radical type.

Before he became the trusted agent of militant freethought, M. Combes at one time wished to enrol himself in the service of the Church. In his youth he entered a congregationist seminary, professed the scholastic philosophy, and donned the soutane, without, however, having received any order of priesthood. At the moment of his withdrawal from clerical life he had just finished a thesis devoted to the psychology of St. Thomas Aquinas, for his degree as Doctor of Letters. But on throwing off the soutane he likewise discarded all the beliefs which it connoted, and—most significant of all—he was thenceforth to combat those beliefs with unwearying and ever-increasing ardour. The profession of medicine, which he afterwards practised during about thirty years, is in France one of those callings which much favour the development of political views. The number of doctors who sit in the Chamber and in the Senate is very considerable; for doctors, especially in country neighbourhoods, rapidly acquire influence over the electors. We have seen doctors become ministers of one office or another—of agriculture, for instance. M. Combes was Minister of Public Instruction in 1896. He proved resolute in imposing vigorous measures upon the teaching religious bodies, preparatory to finding an opportunity for destroying them. This was his dream, and was looked on by the quondam Seminarist as a mission. Six years later, M. Combes had the satisfaction of realising that the Radicals recognised him as the man who was cut out for this task. He was indeed but the more evidently fitted for it, in that he possessed hardly any other aptitude.

The manner in which M. Combes was chosen to succeed M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and to improve without limitation upon the destructive methods brought into operation by the latter, is a nice indication of the predominant rôle which has for a long while fallen to the share of the Radical group in France.

This party does not represent the majority, yet it reigns and governs; for it manages to impose its own conditions upon the other parties, whether moderate or advanced. Thus it attracted to itself M. Waldeck-Rousseau, opportunist both by origin and temperament, and transformed him into an agent of Radical policy. It is known that M. Waldeck-Rousseau did not wish to destroy all the teaching religious orders (*congrégations*), nor the whole body of clerical schools. The Radicals accepted a restricted programme, in order that they might avail themselves of the man who personified it; then, the first part of the work having been accomplished, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau being worn out in the battle, they suggested to him that he should designate as his successor M. Combes, whom they had held in reserve. M. Waldeck-Rousseau had convinced himself that his successor would not push matters much further than he himself had done. This was a complete illusion. After the space of a few months it was found that the situation had entirely changed. The destructive programme had far overstepped the limits fixed by M. Waldeck-Rousseau; and the laws which the late Minister had succeeded in passing were being applied to an end which he had refused to pursue. All the teaching congregations suppressed; 15,000 schools closed: this was the result which Radical policy had attained. The idea of the separation of Church and State—so long deferred—suddenly appeared heading the list of projected reforms. M. Combes, who did not at first wish to undertake it, professing himself attached to the old tradition of the Concordat, now received a fresh mandate and conformed to it resolutely, un-deterred by any sense of self-contradiction. The Radical party was on the look-out for events which might serve to aggravate religious strife, on occasion they even promoted their occurrence, and they perseveringly strengthened the *entente* that had been signed with the Socialists.

These latter are equally anti-religious, but not after the Radical fashion. For them the warfare against the Christian idea forms merely an item in their programme, a preliminary reform which would permit the realisation of social changes properly so-called. They look upon society as an organic whole which recognises no power superior to human will. The present life is their sole objective. All happiness, as well as all right and all justice, must be drawn from terrestrial life, which is envisaged as a domain sufficient unto itself, having nothing either to hope or to fear from any authority other than that of man. It is now ten years since M. Jaurès explained in the Chamber the fundamental attitude of the Socialist world towards religion. He said (Feb. 11th, 1895): "If God himself were to appear before the multitude in palpable

form, the first duty of man would be to refuse him obedience, and to consider him as an equal with whom matters can be discussed, not as a master to whom one submits. . . . Herein lies the beauty of our lay education." In the same speech he said also: "The idea that must be safeguarded above every other is the idea that there is no such thing as a *sacred* truth; the idea that no power and no dogma should limit the perpetual effort, the perpetual research of the human race—humanity seated like a grand commission of investigation whose powers are unlimited; the idea that all truth which does not come from ourselves is a lie." In the Chamber and in Radical and Socialist circles these words, often repeated and amplified, have always been considered as a fundamental declaration which should serve as preface to all programmes of economic and civil reform. M. Jules Guesde, the Collectivist, the adversary of M. Jaurès, is equally resolute in his opposition to God; but whilst M. Jaurès preaches in the main a front-face revolt against a God who may perhaps exist, M. Jules Guesde maintains that there is no God. The two methods amount in practice to a formal denial. Each of these prophets wishes to organise a new society, a new humanity, which shall judge of everything from a simply human point of view, and to found institutions, a legislature, and a code of morals upon the principle of atheism.

But the Radicals look upon reforms, whether social or political, merely as pretexts, more or less useful according to circumstances, that shall divert the mass of mankind from the path traced by religion. Theirs is a negative programme: that is to say, simply anti-religious and destructive. According to them, laicisation means the complete invasion of every domain in which religion exercised an influence, and the disorganisation of religious power itself. It is with this design that they have now arrived at voting the separation of Church and State, after having for twenty-five years led their forces of war towards the conquest of the schools.

This conquest for long presented a peculiar character, which to-day appears quite extraordinary. It was accomplished in the name of the pacification of minds divided into believers and unbelievers. From 1878 till about 1895 the refrain of the Secularists was that France was suffering from internal discord: that between Christians and Freethinkers there was an invincible opposition of which the public elementary school (the communal school) had become the theatre, suffering the deplorable consequences. They affirmed that they had no wish to allow the school to remain a scene of intrigue, where the teacher knew not what attitude to take. Between freethinking parents and

Christian parents the teacher was condemned, they said, either to offend the Freethinkers by teaching Christian principles according to the official programme, or to neglect the obligations of that programme. A solution was proposed, by which friction and contradiction might be avoided. After long debates the famous "neutrality" motion was adopted, which dispensed the teacher in public schools from giving any religious instruction. Religion was passed over in silence. Parents who wished their children to receive religious instruction might send them to church after school-hours; or sectarian schools, now all become private schools, might exist for the benefit of those families which demanded a Christian scholastic education.

In theory this solution might appear legitimate and logical. In reality the crisis went on growing more fatally complicated and acute.

First arose the question of morals. Suddenly freed from the doctrine and tradition which made morality rest upon divine authority, the teachers in primary schools did not know how to teach morals. An enormous number of special books called "scholastic manuals" were provided for their use. But these manuals were some of them very mediocre, vague, and insignificant, some of them still inspired by Christian belief or tendency, some of them imbued with an anti-religious or sectarian spirit. There were also a great number of atheistic manuals. The first result of this new effort to realise the principle of neutrality was to render the opposition of feelings more vehement than ever. Another result was to bring into relief the uncertainty and confusion into which moral instruction found itself plunged. The general disorder aroused apprehension and provoked various complaints. France then went through a period of absorption in the crisis of moral pedagogy. Fresh dissidences continued for a long time to break out, provoked by that very neutrality whose original object had been to dissipate them. In spite of everything the Radicals persisted. They maintained that if secularisation produced so much inconvenience, it was merely because it was not complete and not sufficiently rigorous. In their opinion the religious orders (*congrégations*), expelled already from the public schools, should also be swept out of the private schools, and even from the soil of France. The operation in question has eventually been brought about under cover of the lengthy disturbances aroused by the Dreyfus case.

This complete destruction had been prepared for and announced during a period of twenty-five years. It was the goal (and not even the final goal) of the campaign prosecuted under the flag of neutrality. As long ago as 1881, Paul Bert, who approved of the

law allowing the congregationists the right of giving private instruction, declared that this measure had merely a provisional character, and that after a longer or shorter delay the congregations must all disappear. Repeating the words of a member of the Convention (Dupont de Nemours), he condemned them as being "a great crime against nature and against society." But he judged it necessary to proceed to their suppression gradually and by successive stages.

Allied to the opportunists and affiliated to that group, Paul Bert was a Radical both by origin and temperament. Man of science, naturalist and physiologist, he had been entirely and actively employed for twenty years in combating religious influence. He had the authoritative instinct which is the crowning characteristic of the Radical mind. In many thunderous speeches he asseverated: "Nous formerons des consciences solides," that is to say—and he did not disguise his meaning—consciences emancipated from religious belief, from prayer, and from dogmas—consciences which would be governed according to the laws traced by himself.

Although in his professional work he was vowed to scientific methods, Paul Bert suddenly and determinedly put all that aside in order to follow his passion for free-thought. He did not examine the relations which exist between the religious idea and the needs of the individual and of society. Neither did he dream of seeking for any new principles to fill the void created by the abolition of creeds; or, rather, he placed all his trust in science, employed in the service of politics. Paul Bert was certainly one of the most fully accredited and intelligent representatives of the Radical Party. From which fact one may judge of the spirit which animates Radicalism, and for a quarter of a century has led that party, under the pretext of bringing about philosophical neutrality, to develop, to maintain, and to provoke religious strife in every sphere.

The separation of Church and State, which has now become the great question, has also been decided with a view to complete secularisation, that is to say, laicisation. The latter process goes on ever extending, and it is impossible to guess where it will end. Perhaps it will never end. For the Radical's own specific tendency is to insist that every man shall become like himself and think as he does on every subject. He still remains the Jacobin of whom Taine once gave a memorable definition. The Jacobin was distinguished by an ardent and imperious determination to mould France, and the whole human race, according to his own design. Every Radical is persuaded that he is the perfect and exclusive type of a citizen. But differences in temperament create

diversity even among Radicals; so that they can never succeed in achieving the requisite unity. Thus some years ago we found one of the most zealous Radicals, M. Brisson, accused by M. Naguet (a still more advanced Radical) of having remained a Catholic without knowing it, because he had shown himself hostile to divorce. M. Naguet, who demands that divorce should be granted at the wish of only one of the married parties concerned, described in M. Brisson's resistance a proof that he was an hereditary and unconscious Catholic!

If the dissimilarities between Radical politicians are somewhat marked in degree, we need not be surprised to find analogous differences in another sphere, namely, among the lay free-thinking teachers.

These teachers have for twenty-five years been subjected to a *régime*, to a hygienic method, calculated to encourage in them all manner of pretensions. Many very important persons in the Radical world have told them time and again that they are henceforward the sole representatives of the universal conscience, and have impelled them to combat religious influence. A function and a mission have even been conferred upon them, particularly during election time. As electoral agents they are much sought after, but also occasionally much dreaded even by the Government, for many of them have formed the habit of behaving with the independence and authority of party chiefs. In the department of primary education alone they number at least forty thousand.

This is a power in the State, and a formidable one; for, after having felt the stir and excitement of Radical politics, they have begun in large numbers to take their own course, to propagate and to practise another Radicalism, more violent and extravagant than that upon which they themselves have been formed. The free-thinking schoolmasters have gone far beyond their masters, and the latter have been reduced to attempts at resistance of an extraordinary and very inefficient kind.

It is not merely professional authority and discipline that are endangered, it is the whole field of moral and national general ideas which is threatened and compromised. The elementary teachers are not alone in setting an example of hardy and turbulent independence—far from it; professors of secondary education imitate them in the colleges (*lycées*), and also the professors of higher education in the universities. A spirit of revolt is abroad and stimulates all the instincts of anarchy. Thousands of teachers are to be seen assembled in congress, despite the Minister who is their chief. The latter is often reduced to shutting his eyes and his ears, in order not to perceive that his authority is being ignored. Sometimes he half capitulates, in the vain hope

of avoiding complete capitulation before his subordinates : he goes and presides at a congress which he would have preferred to interdict ; to escape the humiliation of being defied to his face he pretends to be in agreement with the schoolmasters to whose injunctions and to whose challenge he defers.

An educational Press, radical, anti-religious, and anti-patriotic, has been instituted, and is rapidly developing. The teachers now possess a great number of special journals, which serve as vehicles for the promulgation of various ideas which the schools, even lay schools, ought to reject. The symptoms of this profound disturbance become daily more numerous and more significant. Educational associations are frequently found calling upon deputies and senators holding the most advanced opinions to attend their meetings—not only Socialists, but also theoretical Anarchists, and men who preach a contempt for patriotism. M. Hervé, formerly a *professeur de lycée*, who has distinguished himself in this way to a previously unheard-of pitch of audacity (having notoriously written that he would like to plant the flag of France “in a dung-hill”), has now become a journalist and debater, and counts many adherents among the lay instructors of youth, as also among Socialist politicians. The teachers must naturally feel encouraged to remain faithful to him on seeing that M. Jaurès, though much annoyed by the extravagances of M. Hervé, does not however dare to break completely with him ; and that, though sometimes disavowing his lead, he continues to remain his colleague on the administrative council of the united Socialist Party.

The ravages which Radical policy has caused in the teaching world may be appreciated from a single fact which has caused many of the Freethinkers real alarm. Among the lay teachers, even among those who are thorough Republicans, and in no sense Christians, there are a great number who offer resistance to the anti-national propaganda. They have even begun to organise in order the better to fight against it. They have, for instance, founded an association, the name of which has a patriotic sound. One of them, M. Comte, the head of an important Parisian lay school, sat in the higher council of public instruction as the member elected by the other teachers, his colleagues in primary education. No sooner had this M. Comte put forward the notion of a patriotic association than he became the object of denunciations by the Radicals and Socialists. Some little while after this the time arrived for him to submit himself as a candidate for re-election to the higher council. He sent in his name and engaged upon the contest, asking for the support of those Republican and free-thinking teachers who desired to uphold the patriotic idea. He was not re-elected ! School-teachers led astray by Jacobin

sophistries were by that time sufficiently numerous to thrust aside a man whose sole guilt had been to declare himself a patriot. Quite recently, in the neighbourhood of Brest, a number of teachers rose up in revolt against a *sous-préfet* who had dared to strike a member of the teaching staff who was making anti-militarist propaganda. In the congresses organised by the Radicals, with the co-operation of the Socialists, it has become customary to hear teachers speaking against the military profession, and against the old idea of patriotism, which in its turn is treated as a superstition like the Christian faith.

The belittling of one's country and of the army is a corollary, in fact, of the contemptuous hatred for religion testified by Radicalism. During the first period of laicisation, Paul Bert showed himself convinced that the fostering of national sentiment might replace religious faith. Paul Bert died before he could gain a glimpse of the error into which he was falling. He did not see the spirit of independence and revolt, which he directed against the Church, afterwards turning to attack patriotism. But this contagion is to-day a striking and general experience. At the congress held last year at Amiens by the League of Education (the association which prepared and dictated all the legal enactments of laicisation) the teachers decided to suppress the motto, "By book and sword," which had originally been adopted by the founder of the League. A weekly review, *Le Volume*, edited by M. Payot, a high educational official charged with administering public instruction in several departments, each week pours, as one may say, contempt and derision upon martial glory. This review, destined to form the opinions of the teachers, and in consequence that of the masses, has published over and over again declarations like the following: "Most certainly, war will not bear examination." Speaking of some text-books used in the schools, which recall military victories of former times, *Le Volume* deplors that "the great majority of the teachers have themselves received, and continue to give, a semi-barbarous education." Or, again, *Le Volume* delights in drawing complacent pictures of the sufferings provoked by war, no matter in what country, and ironically exclaims: "Excessive labour, poverty with its attendant train of vices, tuberculosis, misery of every description: this is the price paid for military glory; these are the benefits of war!" Fifteen to twenty thousand teachers in primary schools, male and female, read out similar lessons almost every week, and repeat them to those around them. No doubt from time to time *Le Volume* declares that it does not condemn war and the army without qualification; and it glorifies the victories won of yore by the soldiers of the Revolution, of 1793, or of 1800;



but it always contrasts these soldiers and their spirit with the military spirit of preceding ages and of the present time. Naturally the teachers and the public pay no attention to this distinction, and repudiate militarism in every age.

The state of mind of the teachers is a grave subject of anxiety for the Republican Government. Their ambition and their vanity have been excited to such a point; they have been told so often that they are the priests of free-thinking society; they have been promised so many rewards and advantages, both in money and distinction, that one hardly knows now how to make them listen to reason. They have not received the half of what has been promised them, and, moreover, they have become accustomed to exact as much as possible. Deceived and irritated, they swell the party of discontent, and with ever-increasing ardour wage warfare against the present social system. Groups of them are continually putting forward revolutionary and anti-military manifestoes. The Government is afraid of them, and the more so because the Government itself is obliged to live under the continual menaces of the anti-militarists. And, since the teachers have much influence, a portion of the public is following their example and becoming hostile to the army.

There are other symptoms which might be pointed out in order to illustrate the gravity of the crisis which is agitating France. I am confining myself to-day to the question of public elementary education, because that is what attracts the principal efforts employed by Radicalism in its attempt to take possession of the French mind. A *Manual of Primary Instruction*, published in 1889 by M. Le Provost de Launay (then deputy and now senator), thus sums up the legislative measures adopted during a period of fourteen years:—

Between 1875 and 1889 a dozen different laws were promulgated, creating an entire new organisation, enlarging the rights of the State, modifying the prerogatives of general councils and municipal councils, burdening departmental and communal finances, restricting the liberty of private education and that of associations, and imposing strict obligations upon the fathers of families. . . . The very important law of October 30th, 1886, which comprises sixty-eight articles, has been interpreted by a dozen decrees, one of which (that of January 18th, 1887) includes no less than a hundred and ninety-five articles. These decrees themselves have given occasion for a certain number of orders,<sup>1</sup> and the order of January 18th, 1887, completed on July 24th, 1888, is elaborated in two hundred and seventy-one articles. Furthermore, these decrees and orders have been commented on by as many as thirty ministerial circulars, dating from November 11th, 1886, up to the present day.

A whole series of financial combinations has been tried in order to effect the transformation of the schools and to multiply their

(1) *Arrêtés*, general decisions arrived at by ministers.

numbers. The towns, the departments, and the State have made united efforts. Even before the law of laicisation a special pay department, the Caisse des Ecoles, had absorbed a hundred and seventy-two million francs in primary education alone. This department disappeared, leaving behind it a programme of fresh expenses amounting to four hundred and sixty million francs. Two years after the general process of laicisation had been taken in hand, M. Combes (then merely a senator) announced that the budget for education was destined soon to attain a figure of two hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty million francs per annum.

In 1889 a detailed and complete statement of the results of laicisation was undertaken by ministerial order. It demonstrated that during a period of ten years (1879-1889) the municipalities had removed 5,218 schools from the authority of the religious orders. Nearly all these had soon after been re-established under the title of *écoles libres*, thanks to the voluntary contributions of the Catholics.

In twenty years (1879-1899), besides their share of taxation for the purposes of official education, carried out as it is against their wishes, the Catholics have supported more than thirteen thousand private congregationist schools (2,798 for boys, 10,245 for girls, 339 mixed), which had a total number of scholars amounting to 1,217,586. In Paris the foundation of these establishments had cost, in 1890, 23,350,000*frs.*; and their annual maintenance represented a voluntary expense of 2,548,000*frs.* Every diocese in France maintained the struggle upon its own territory.

During the Combes ministry the thirteen thousand congregationist schools which had managed to subsist until then were closed, their teachers dispersed, and their pupils driven perforce to the official schools. Fresh expense ensued, the extent of which is not known.

The Catholics continue to resist. Schools closed to the religious orders are re-opened under the direction of lay masters or mistresses.

But the separation of Church and State, already voted by the Chamber, and soon, no doubt, to be voted by the Senate, will open a new field for disputes. It is done in order to diminish the influence of the priest, and above all in order to counteract his moral teaching. The goal of all these efforts is always education, and this the Radicals want to get completely into their own hands.

We cannot calculate what the final result will be, nor yet the various phases of the crisis before us; but one very important fact is evident: this is the profound discontent of the masses, who are becoming restive under the infringements made upon their liberty, the fresh incidence of taxation, and the decrease of public spirit.

The anti-militarism developed within the school, round about the school, and in industrial and agricultural centres, appears to be a national peril and renders more visible the damage caused to morals and to both public and private interests.

This anxiety is bringing about a *rapprochement* between men who for long believed that no tie could ever again unite them. Liberals, citizens hitherto indifferent to religious matters, Conservatives, Catholics, have again adopted the practice of acting in concert for the defence of their common interest, which they have now discovered as though it were a fact newly come into being. Religious liberty, and even the religious idea itself, have been replaced in the forefront of their programme of political action.

To whom is due this result which seemed formerly so impossible? To the free-thinking Radicals themselves. They flattered themselves that religious faith was dead and buried: they have caused its resurrection by the very obstinacy with which they have attacked it.

But the struggle for religious liberty has in its turn given cause for another awakening; for a very large number of citizens, persuaded that the soul of France is in jeopardy, are reflecting upon the sentiments which gave life and strength to that soul. National traditions are being spoken of once more; respect for the past is being asserted, without, however, creating illusions as to the needs and realities of the present. A hundred years of revolution have made the French very uncertain in regard to the political attitude which they ought to adopt. The greatest misfortune of the Bourbon monarchy was not its overthrow in 1792, but the fact that, having been restored in 1813 and in 1815, it could not manage to retain its ascendancy. The kind of royalty affected by Louis-Philippe has proved the uselessness of sham copies. Republic; Empire; another Republic; religious, military, and social crises: what form will this long agitation finally assume? No one can guess.

One fact only can be clearly distinguished, a fact utterly unexpected twenty-five years ago: this is the *rapprochement* between very diverse classes of people with a view to reconstituting in the country a spirit of unity and liberty which shall be in accordance with general tradition. All the constituent elements of the nation are mingling and fermenting. We know not what metal will result from this vast process of fusion. We can count with certainty on further crises following upon that which has but just opened with the first vote upon the separation of Church and State.

EUGENE TAVERNIER.

(Translated by Helen Chisholm.)

# THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGION AND TOTEMISM AMONG THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.

## II.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF TOTEMISM.

It is significant that the rudiments of a native religion in Australia, so far as they are known to us, make their appearance for the most part either in the south-eastern districts or on the northern coast, but are, on the whole, conspicuously absent from the centre,<sup>1</sup> while on the contrary magical ceremonies for the multiplication of the totems attain their highest vogue among the Central tribes, and gradually diminish in number and importance as we approach the sea, till on the Gulf of Carpentaria they have almost disappeared.<sup>2</sup> Now it can hardly be an accidental coincidence that, as Dr. Howitt has well pointed out,<sup>3</sup> the same regions in which the germs of religion begin to appear have also made some progress towards a higher form of social and family life. That progress in Australia is marked by two great steps: individual marriage has been substituted for group marriage,<sup>4</sup> and paternal descent of the totem has prevailed over maternal descent, as well as over an even older mode of transmitting the totem which still survives among the Arunta and Kaitish. In regard to the first of these changes, whereas group marriage exists to this day as an institution among several of the Central tribes, such as the Dieri and Urabunna,<sup>5</sup> it has dis-

(1) The Warramunga respect for the Wollunqua water-snake and the Dieri custom of leaving food for the dead are exceptions.

(2) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes*, pp. 14 sq., 23, 311 sq., 315-319.

(3) A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, p. 500.

(4) A. W. Howitt, "Further Notes on the Australian Class System," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xviii. (1889), pp. 66 sqq.; *id.*, "The Dieri and other Kindred Tribes of Central Australia," xx. (1891), pp. 98 sqq.; *id.*, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, ch. v.; Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 92 sqq. The evidence marshalled by these writers appears to me to render it practically certain that in Australia individual marriage has everywhere been preceded by group marriage, and that again by a still wider sexual communism.

(5) A. W. Howitt, "The Dieri and other Kindred Tribes of Central Australia," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xx. (1891), pp. 53 sqq.; Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 55 sqq. On this subject Dr. A. W. Howitt writes to me: "When I wrote the paper quoted from I did not know of the *pirrauru* [group marriage] practice in other tribes. It exists in all the Lake Eyre tribes, and I am satisfied that it also extended to the Parnkalla at Port Lincoln, to the Kurnandaburi at Mount Howitt, and the Wakelbura in East Queensland." For the detailed evidence see Dr. Howitt's book, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 175 sqq.

appeared from all the other tribes known to us, only leaving traces of itself in the classificatory system of relationship, and in the licence accorded to the sexes on certain occasions, especially at marriage. In regard to the second change, the inheritance of the totem in the paternal line is fixed and invariable among the tribes on the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, but as we pass inland from them we find that it gradually grows rarer and rarer, until among the Arunta and Kaitish tribes, in the very heart of the continent, it totally disappears, and is replaced by an entirely different mode of determining the totem.<sup>6</sup> For in these tribes a person derives his totem neither from his father nor from his mother, but from the place where his mother first became aware that she was with child. Scattered all over the country are what Messrs. Spencer and Gillen call local totem centres, that is, spots where the souls of the dead are supposed to live awaiting reincarnation, each of these spots being haunted by the spirits of people of one totem only; and wherever a pregnant woman first feels the child in her womb, she thinks that a spirit of the nearest totem centre has entered into her, and accordingly the child will be of that local totem, whatever it may be, without any regard to the totem either of the father or of the mother.<sup>7</sup> This mode of determining the totem has all the appearance of extreme antiquity. For it ignores altogether the intercourse of the sexes as the cause of offspring, and further, it ignores the tie of blood on the maternal as well as the paternal side, substituting for it a purely local bond, since the members of a totem stock are merely those who gave the first sign of life in the womb at one or other of certain definite spots. This form of totemism, which may be called conceptional or local to distinguish it from hereditary totemism,<sup>8</sup> may with great probability be regarded as the most primitive known to exist at the present day, since it seems to date from a time when blood relationship was not yet recognised, and when even the idea of paternity had not yet presented itself to the savage mind. Moreover, it is hardly possible

(6) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 144, 163 *sqq.*, 169 *sqq.*, 174-176. The descent of the totem must be carefully distinguished from the descent of the exogamous class, which is invariably in the paternal line among all these Central and North-central tribes, except the Dieri and Urabunna, among whom the descent both of the totem and of the class is in the maternal line.

(7) Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 123 *sqq.*

(8) But this peculiar form of local totemism must not be confused with another form of totemism, in which hereditary totem clans inhabit each its own separate district of country or quarter of a village; for this latter species of totemism, which combines the local with the hereditary principle, seems to be a very late development. See my *Totemism*, p. 90; A. C. Haddon, *Head-hunters*, pp. 132, 171; *Reports of the Cambridge Anthropological Expedition to Torres Straits*, V. (Cambridge, 1904), pp. 159, 172 *sqq.*, 188 *sqq.*

that this peculiar form of local totemism, with its implied ignorance of such a thing as paternity at all, could be derived from hereditary totemism, whereas it is easy to understand how hereditary totemism, either in the paternal or in the maternal line, could be derived from it. Indeed, among the Umbaia and Gnanji tribes we can see at the present day how the change from local to hereditary totemism has been effected. These tribes, like the Arunta and Kaitish, believe that conception is caused by the entrance into a woman of a spirit who has lived in its disembodied state, along with other spirits of the same totem, at any one of a number of totem centres scattered over the country; but, unlike the Arunta and Kaitish, they almost always assign the father's totem to the child, even though the infant may have given the first sign of life at a place haunted by spirits of a different totem. For example, the wife of a snake-man may first feel her womb quickened at a tree haunted by spirits of goshawk people; yet the child will not be a goshawk but a snake, like its father. The theory by which the Umbaia and Gnanji reconcile these apparently inconsistent beliefs is that a spirit of the husband's totem follows the wife and enters into her wherever an opportunity offers, whereas spirits of other totems would not think of doing so. In the example supposed, a snake spirit is thought to have followed up the wife of the snake man and entered into her at the tree haunted by goshawk spirits, while the goshawk spirits would refuse to trespass, so to say, on a snake preserve by quartering themselves in the wife of a snake man.<sup>9</sup> This theory clearly marks a transition from local to hereditary totemism in the paternal line. And precisely the same theory could, *mutatis mutandis*, be employed to effect a change from local to hereditary totemism in the maternal line; it would only be necessary to suppose that a pregnant woman is always followed by a spirit of her own totem, which sooner or later effects a lodgment in her body. For example, a pregnant woman of the bee totem would always be followed by a bee spirit, which would enter into her wherever and whenever she felt her womb quickened, and so the child would be born of her own bee totem. Thus the local form of totemism which obtains among the Arunta and Kaitish tribes is older than the hereditary form, which is the ordinary type of totemism in Australia and elsewhere, first, because it rests on far more archaic conceptions of society and of life and, secondly, because both the hereditary kinds of totemism, the paternal and the maternal, can be derived from it, whereas it can hardly be derived from either of them.<sup>10</sup>

(9) Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 169 sq., 176.

(10) I may remark in passing that the irregularity or total absence of paternal

I have said that the form of totemism which prevails in the most central tribes of Australia, particularly the Arunta and Kaitish, is probably the most primitive known to exist at the present day. Perhaps we may go a step further, and say that it is but one remove from the original pattern, the absolutely primitive type of totemism. The theory on which it is based denies implicitly, and the natives themselves deny explicitly,<sup>11</sup> that children are the fruit of the commerce of the sexes. So astounding an ignorance of natural causation cannot but date from a past immeasurably remote. Yet that ignorance, strange as it seems to us, may be explained easily enough from the habits and modes of thought of savage man. In the first place, the interval which elapses between the act of impregnation and the first symptoms of pregnancy is sufficient to prevent him from perceiving the connection between the two. In the second place, the custom, common among savage tribes, of allowing unrestricted licence of intercourse between the sexes under puberty has familiarised him with sexual unions that are necessarily sterile; from which he may not unnaturally conclude that the intercourse of the sexes has nothing to do with the birth of offspring.<sup>12</sup> Hence he is driven to account for pregnancy and child-birth in some other way. The theory which the Central Australians have adopted on the subject is one which commends itself to the primitive mind as simple and obvious. Nothing is commoner among savages all the world over than a belief that a person may be possessed by a spirit, which has entered into him, thereby disturbing his organism and creating an abnormal state of body or mind, such as sickness or lunacy. Now, when a woman is observed to be pregnant, the savage infers, with perfect truth, that something has entered into her. What is it? and how did it make its way into her womb? These are questions which he cannot but put to himself as soon as he thinks about the matter. For the reasons given above, it does not occur to him to connect the first symptoms of pregnancy with a sexual act, which preceded them by a considerable interval. He thinks that the child enters into the woman at the time when she first feels it stirring in her womb, which, of course, does not happen until long after the real moment of conception. Naturally enough, when she is first aware of the mysterious movement within her, the mother fancies that something has that very moment passed into her body, and it is equally natural that in

descent of the totems among tribes who have strict paternal descent of the exogamous classes is one proof amongst others that these classes are of more recent origin than totemism; in other words, that totemism is older than exogamy.

(11) Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 124 sq., 265.

(12) This latter consideration has already been indicated by Mr. W. E. Roth (*North Queensland Ethnography*, *Bulletin No. 5*, Brisbane, 1903, §83, p. 23.)

her attempt to ascertain what the thing is she should fix upon some object that happened to be near her and to engage her attention at the critical moment. Thus if she chanced at the time to be watching a kangaroo, or collecting grass-seed for food, or bathing in water, or sitting under a gum-tree, she might imagine that the spirit of a kangaroo, of grass-seed, of water, or of a gum-tree had passed into her, and accordingly, that when her child was born, it was really a kangaroo, a grass-seed, water, or a gum-tree, though to the bodily eye it presented the outward form of a human being. Amongst the objects on which her fancy might pitch as the cause of her pregnancy we may suppose that the last food she had eaten would often be one. If she had recently partaken of emu flesh or yams she might suppose that the emu or yam, which she had unquestionably taken into her body, had, so to say, struck root and grown up in her. This last, as perhaps the most natural, might be the commonest explanation of pregnancy; and if that was so, we can understand why, among the Central Australian tribes, if not among totemic tribes all over the world, the great majority of totems are edible objects, whether animals or plants.<sup>13</sup> Now, too, we can fully comprehend why people should identify themselves, as totemic tribes commonly do, with their totems, to such an extent as to regard the man and his totem as practically indistinguishable. A man of the emu totem, for example, might say, "An emu entered into my mother at such and such a place and time; it grew up in her, and came forth from her. I am that emu, therefore I am an emu man. I am practically the same as the bird, though to you, perhaps, I may not look like it." And so with all the other totems. On such a view it is perfectly natural that a man, deeming himself one of his totem species, should regard it with respect and affection, and that he should imagine himself possessed of a power, such as men of other totems do not possess, to increase or diminish it, according to circumstances, for the good of himself and his fellows. Thus the practice of *Intichiuma*, that is, magical ceremonies performed by men of a totem for its increase or diminution, would be a natural development of the original germ or stock of totemism.<sup>14</sup> That germ or stock, if my conjecture is right, is, in

(13) As to the Central Australian totems, see Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, appendix B, pp. 767—773. Amongst the two hundred and one sorts of totems here enumerated, no less than a hundred and sixty-nine or a hundred and seventy are eaten.

(14) When some years ago these *Intichiuma* ceremonies were first discovered on a great scale among the Central Australians, I was so struck by the importance of the discovery that I was inclined to see in these ceremonies the ultimate origin of totemism; and the discoverers themselves, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen, were disposed to take the same view. See Baldwin Spencer, F. J. Gillen, and J. G. Frazer, in *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xxviii. (1899), pp.



its essence, nothing more or less than an early theory of conception, which presented itself to savage man at a time when he was still ignorant of the true cause of the propagation of the species. This theory of conception is, on the principles of savage thought, so simple and obvious that it may well have occurred to men independently in many parts of the world. Thus we could understand the wide prevalence of totemism among distant races without being forced to suppose that they had borrowed it from each other. Further, the hypothesis accounts for one of the most characteristic features of totemism, namely, the intermingling in the same community of men and women of many different totem stocks. For each person's totem would be determined by what may be called an accident, that is, by the place where his mother happened to be, the occupation in which she was engaged, or the last food she had eaten at the time when she first felt the child in her womb; and such accidents (and with them the totems) would vary considerably in individual cases, though the range of variation would necessarily be limited by the number of objects open to the observation, or conceivable by the imagination, of the tribe. These objects would be chiefly the natural features of the district, and the kinds of food on which the community subsisted; but they might quite well include artificial and even purely imaginary objects, such as boomerangs and mythical beasts. Even a totem like Laughing Boys, which we find among the Arunta, is perfectly intelligible on the present theory. In fact, of all the things which the savage perceives or imagines, there is none which he might not thus convert into a totem, since there is none which might not chance to impress itself on the mind of the mother, waking or dreaming, at the critical season.

If we may hypothetically assume, as the first stage in the evolution of totemism, a system like the foregoing, based on a primitive theory of conception, the whole history of totemism becomes intelligible. For in the first place, the existing system of totemism among the Arunta and Kaitish, which combines the principle of conception with that of locality, could be derived from this hypothetical system in the simplest and easiest manner, as I shall point out immediately. And in the second place, the existing system of the Arunta and Kaitish could, in its turn,

275—286; J. G. Frazer, "The Origin of Totemism," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, April and May, 1899. Further reflection has led me to the conclusion that magical ceremonies for the increase or diminution of the totems are likely to be a later, though still very early, outgrowth of totemism rather than its original root. At the present time these magical ceremonies seem to constitute the main function of totemism in Central Australia. But this does not prove that they have done so from the beginning.

readily pass into hereditary totemism of the ordinary type, as, in fact, it appears to be doing in the Umbaia and Gnanji tribes of Central Australia at present.<sup>15</sup> Thus what may be called conceptional totemism pure and simple furnishes an intelligible starting-point for the evolution of totemism in general. In it, after years of sounding, our plummets seem to touch bottom at last.

I have said that a primitive system of purely conceptional totemism could easily give rise to the existing system of the Arunta and Kaitish, which appears to be but one remove distant from it. Among the Arunta and Kaitish the choice of the totem is not left absolutely to chance or to the imagination of the mother. The whole country is parcelled out into totem districts, each with its centre, where the disembodied spirits of the totems are supposed to linger, awaiting reincarnation; and the child's totem is determined by the particular totem centre to which its mother happened to be nearest when she felt her womb quickened; one of the local spirits is supposed to have entered into her. Thus the wide range of accidents which, under a system of conceptional totemism pure and simple, might settle the totem of the individual, is, under the existing system, restricted to the accident of place; and in virtue of this restriction an original system of purely conceptional totemism has, while it retains the conceptional principle, developed into a species of local totemism. How the restriction in question has been brought about can only be a matter of conjecture. But it is not difficult to imagine that when several women had, one after the other, felt the first premonitions of maternity at the same spot and under the same circumstances, the place would come to be regarded as haunted by spirits of a particular sort; and so the whole country might in time be dotted over with totem centres and distributed into totem districts. Any striking natural feature of the landscape, such as a conspicuous tree, a curiously-shaped rock, or a pool of clear water, would be likely to impress itself on the mind of women at such times, and so to lend a certain uniformity to their fancies.

Thus the hypothesis that totemism is, in its origin, a savage theory of conception seems to furnish a simple and adequate explanation of the facts. But there is one feature of totemism, as that system commonly meets us, which the hypothesis does not account for, namely, the exogamy of the totem stocks; in other words, the rule that a man may not marry nor have connection with a woman of the same totem as himself. That rule is, indeed, quite inexplicable on the view that men and women regard themselves as identical with their totem animals; for as these animals mate with their kind, why should not men and

(15) See above, p. 454.

women of the same totem do so, too, seeing that they are only slightly-disguised forms of their totem animals? But the truth is, exogamy forms no part of true totemism. It is a great social reform of a much later date, which, in many communities, has accidentally modified the totemic system, while in others it has left that system entirely unaffected. Native Australian traditions represent, doubtless with truth, exogamy as an innovation imported into a community already composed of totem stocks; <sup>16</sup> and these traditions are amply confirmed by a study of the social organisation of the Australian tribes, which proves, as Messrs. Howitt, Spencer, and Gillen have rightly perceived, that the primary exogamous unit was not the totem stock, but the moiety of the whole tribe. Each tribe was, in fact, divided into two halves, all the children of the same mother being assigned to the same half, and the men of each half were obliged to take their wives from the other half. At a later time each of these halves was, in some tribes, again subdivided into two, and the men and women in each of the four quarters thus constituted were forced to take their wives or husbands from a particular one, and only one, of the remaining three quarters; while it was arranged that the children should belong neither to their mother's nor to their father's quarter, but to one of the remaining two quarters. The effect of the division of the tribe into two exogamous halves, with all the children of the same mother ranged on the same side, is obviously to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters. The effect of the division of the tribe into four exogamous quarters, coupled with the rules that every person may marry only into one quarter, and that the children must belong to a quarter which is neither that of their father nor that of their mother, is to prevent the marriage of parents with children.<sup>17</sup> Now, since these successive bisections of the tribe into two, four, or even eight exogamous divisions, with an increasingly complicated rule of descent, have every appearance of being artificial, we may fairly infer that the effect they actually produce is the effect they were

(16) Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 392 sq., 418-422; *id.*, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 429, 438 sq.; A. W. Howitt, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 480-482. As Dr. Howitt here points out, the tradition which represents the totemic system of the Dieri as introduced for the purpose of regulating marriage appears to be merely one of Mr. Gason's blunders.

(17) This observation, the truth of which can easily be demonstrated in a tabular form, was communicated by me to my friend Dr. A. W. Howitt, who did me the honour to mention it with approval in his book. See his *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 284-286. The conclusion here stated was briefly indicated in my paper, "The Origin of Totemism," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, May 1899, p. 841, note 2. Nearly the same observation was afterwards made independently by Mr. E. Crawley in his book, *The Mystic Rose* (London, 1902), pp. 469-472.

intended to produce; in other words, that they were deliberately devised and adopted as a means of preventing the marriage, at first, of brothers with sisters, and, at a later time, of parents with children.

That this was so I regard as practically certain. But the question why early man in Australia, and, apparently, in many other parts of the world, objected to these unions, and took elaborate precautions to prevent them, is difficult to answer, except in a vague and general way. We should probably err if we imagined that this far-reaching innovation or reform was introduced from any such moral antipathy to incest, as most, though by no means all, races have manifested within historical times. That antipathy is rather the fruit than the seed of the prohibition of incest. It is the slowly accumulated effect of a prohibition which has been transmitted through successive generations from time immemorial. To suppose that the law of incest originated in any instinctive horror of the act would be to invert the relation of cause and effect, and to commit the commonest of all blunders in investigating early society, that of interpreting it in the light of our modern feelings and habits, and so using the late products of evolution to account for its primordial germs; in short, it would be to explain the beginning by the end, instead of the end by the beginning.

Further, the original ground of objection to incestuous unions certainly cannot have been any notion that they were injurious to the offspring, and that for two reasons. In the first place, it is a moot question among men of science at the present day whether the closest interbreeding has, in itself, when the parents are perfectly healthy, any such harmful effect.<sup>18</sup> However that question may be finally decided, we cannot suppose that the rudest savages perceived ages ago what, with all the resources of accurate observation and long-continued experiments in breeding animals, modern science has not yet conclusively established. But in the second place, not only is it impossible that the savage can have detected so very dubious an effect, but it is impossible that he can even have imagined it. For if, down to the present day, the Central Australians, who practice strict exogamy, do not believe that children are the result of the intercourse of the sexes, their still ruder forefathers certainly cannot have introduced exogamy at a more or less remote period for the purpose of remedying the action of a cause, the existence of which they denied.

But if the prohibition of incestuous unions was based neither

(18) See Ch. Darwin, *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*<sup>2</sup> (London, 1875), II., ch. xvii., pp. 92—126; A. H. Huth, *The Marriage of Near Kin*,<sup>2</sup> (London, 1887); G. A. Wilken, "Die Ehe zwischen Blutsverwandten," *Globus*, LIX (1891), pp. 8—12, 20—24, 35—38.

on what we might call a moral instinct, nor on a fear of any evil, real or imaginary, which they were supposed to entail on the offspring, the only alternative open to us seems to be to infer that these unions were forbidden because they were believed to be injurious to the persons who engaged in them, even when they were both in perfect health. Such a belief, I apprehend, is entirely groundless, and can only have arisen in some mistaken notion of cause and effect; in short, in a superstition. What that superstition precisely was, in other words, what exact harm was supposed to be done by incest to the persons immediately concerned, I am unable to guess. Thus the ultimate origin of exogamy, and with it of the law of incest—since exogamy was devised to prevent incest—remains a problem nearly as dark as ever. All that seems fairly probable is that both of them originated in a savage superstition, to which we have lost the clue. To say this is not to prejudice the question of the effect for good or ill which these institutions have had on the race; for the question of the working of any institution is wholly distinct from that of its historical origin. Just as a bad practice may be adopted from a good motive, so, on the other hand, an excellent custom may be instituted for a reason utterly false and absurd.

I have said that the introduction of exogamy affected the totemic system of some tribes, but not that of others. This I will now explain. Where totemism had become hereditary, that is, where every person received his totem either from his father or from his mother, the introduction of exogamy naturally resulted in making the totem stocks exogamous. For when the tribe was split up into two intermarrying moieties the hereditary totem stocks would be distributed between the moieties, the whole of each stock being placed in one or other of the moieties, and not divided between the two. From this it would follow that as each moiety was exogamous, so necessarily were all the totem stocks of which it was composed. The exogamy of the hereditary totem stocks was thus a direct, though accidental, consequence of the exogamy of the two moieties. On the other hand, where the old conceptional, as opposed to the newer hereditary, type of totemism survived, as we see it, in a slightly modified form, among the Arunta and Kaitish tribes, the introduction of exogamy would have no effect on the totem stocks as such; that is, it would not make them exogamous. The reason is simple. Exogamy was introduced, as I have pointed out, at first to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters, and afterwards to prevent the marriage of parents with children. But under a system like that of the Arunta, where, in virtue of the accidents which determine the totem of each individual, brother and sister may be of different

totems, and the totem of the child may differ from that both of the father and of the mother, it is obvious that to make the totem stocks exogamous would not necessarily effect the purpose for which the rule of exogamy was devised; for even with strict exogamy of the totem stocks it would still be open to a brother to marry a sister, and to a parent to marry a child, in all the cases—and they would probably be the majority of cases—in which the totem of the brother differed from that of the sister, and the totem of the parent differed from that of the child. When we find, therefore, that the rule of exogamy is not applied to the totem stocks in the very cases where, if it were applied, it would be powerless to prevent the marriage of brothers with sisters, and of parents with children, we can hardly help regarding this omission to apply the rule in these circumstances as a strong additional proof that exogamy was devised expressly for the purpose of preventing such marriages. Further, it appears to demonstrate that the machinery by which exogamy was introduced and worked was not the organisation of the community in totem stocks, but its bisection, single or repeated, into two, four, or eight exogamous divisions, or classes and sub-classes, as they may, with Dr. A. W. Howitt, be conveniently designated. For we have to remember that though, for the reason I have given, the Arunta and the Kaitish do not apply the principle of exogamy to their totem stocks, they fully recognise and act on the principle, the whole community being divided into eight exogamous classes, a division which is quite distinct from, and probably far later than, the distribution of the community into totem stocks.

Finally, I have to point out that, if the present theory of the development of totemism is correct, the common assumption that inheritance of the totem through the mother always preceded inheritance of it through the father need not hold good. If the transition from the conceptional to the hereditary form of totemism was effected in the manner in which it seems to be actually taking place at present among the Central Australian tribes, it is clear that the change could be made just as readily to paternal as to maternal descent. For it would be quite as easy to suppose that a spirit of the husband's totem had entered into his wife as that a spirit of her own totem had done so: the former supposition would give paternal descent of the totem, the latter would give maternal descent. Only we have to bear in mind that the notion of paternity among these tribes is a totally different thing from what it is with us. Denying, as they do explicitly, that the child is begotten by the father, they can only regard him as the consort, and, in a sense, the owner of the mother, and therefore, as the owner of her progeny, just as a man who owns a cow owns

also the calf she brings forth. In short, it seems probable that a man's children were viewed as his property long before they were recognised as his offspring.

From the foregoing discussion it follows that, judged either by the type of social organisation or by the relation of magic to religion, the Central tribes of Australia are the more backward, and the coastal tribes the more progressive. To put it otherwise, in aboriginal Australia social and religious progress has spread or is spreading from the sea inland, and not in the reverse direction.

This conclusion is no more than might have been anticipated on general grounds without any knowledge of the particular facts. For the interior of a country is naturally less open to foreign influence than its coasts, and is therefore more tenacious of old ways. But quite apart from any foreign influence, which before the coming of Europeans seems hardly to have affected the Australian race, there is a special cause why the coastal tribes of Australia should take the first steps towards civilisation, and that is the greater abundance of water and food in their country as compared with the parched and barren table-lands of the interior.<sup>19</sup> Central Australia lies in the desert zone of the southern hemisphere, and has no high mountains to condense the vapours from the surrounding ocean. The most extensive tract of fertile and well-watered country is on the east and south-east, where a fine range of mountains approaches, in the colony of Victoria, the limits of perpetual snow.<sup>20</sup> And in the north, on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, a heavier rainfall produces a more abundant vegetation and a more plentiful supply of food than can be found in the arid wilderness of the interior. Thus, even among the rude savages of Australia, we can detect the operation of those natural laws which have ordained that elsewhere all the great civilisations of the world should arise in well-watered and fertile lands within the atmospheric influence of the sea. An abundant supply of good food stimulates progress in more ways than one. By leaving men with leisure on their hands it affords

(19) This cause has been assigned by Dr. Howitt for the social advance, and by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen for the decrease of *Intichiuma* magic, on the coast. See A. W. Howitt, "Further Notes on the Australian Class Systems," *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, xviii. (1889), p. 33 sq.; *id.*, *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*, pp. 154 sq.; Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 173, 311, 318.

(20) A. R. Wallace, *The Geographical Distribution of Animals* (London, 1876), i. 387 sq. Mr. Wallace here states that the Victorian mountains actually reach the limit of perpetual snow. But this, as Prof. Baldwin Spencer tells me, is a mistake.

them greater opportunities for observation and thought than are enjoyed by people whose whole energies are absorbed in an arduous struggle for a bare subsistence; and by improving the physical stamina of the race it strengthens and sharpens the intellectual faculties which, in the long run, are always depressed and impaired by a poor and meagre diet. Thus, if in Australia the tide of progress, slow but perceptible, has set from the sea towards the interior, it has probably been in large measure under the impulse of a more plentiful supply of food, which in its turn is due to the heavier rainfall on the coast and the neighbouring regions.

But it is not merely by starving the vital energies and hence cramping the intelligence of the race that the physical character and climate of Central Australia have retarded progress and favoured the survival of a faith in magic after that faith had begun to waver in more fertile districts. A little reflection will probably convince us that the more variable the course of nature throughout the year, the more persistent probably will be man's efforts to regulate it for his benefit and the firmer will be his faith in his power to do so. In other words, the more marked the changes of the seasons, the greater will tend to be the prevalence of magic and the belief in its efficacy, though naturally that tendency may be counteracted by other causes. On the other hand, where nature is bounteous and her course is uniform or varies but little from year's end to year's end, man will neither need nor desire to alter it by magic or otherwise to suit his convenience. For he makes magic, just as he prays and sacrifices, in order to obtain what he has not got; if he already possesses all he wants, why should he exert himself? It is in times of need and distress rather than of abundance and prosperity that man betakes himself to the practice both of magic and of religion. Hence in some tropical regions of eternal summer, where moisture, warmth, and sunshine never fail, where the trees are always green and fruits always hang from the boughs, where the waters perpetually swarm with fish and the forests teem with an exuberance of animal life, ceremonies for the making of rain and sunshine and for the multiplication of edible beasts and plants are for the most part absent or inconspicuous. For example, we hear little or nothing of them, so far as I remember, among the Indians of the luxuriant forests of Brazil. Far otherwise is it with countries where a brief summer alternates with a chilly spring, a fickle autumn, and a long and rigorous winter. Here of necessity man is put to all his shifts to snatch from a churlish nature boons that are at once evanescent and precarious. Here, accordingly, that branch of magic which aims at procuring the necessities of life may be expected to flourish most. To put it generally, the practice of magic for the control



of nature will be found on the whole to increase with the variability and to decrease with the uniformity of the course of nature throughout the year. Hence the increase will tend to become more and more conspicuous as we recede from the equator, where the annual changes of natural conditions are much less marked than elsewhere.<sup>21</sup> This general rule is no doubt subject to many exceptions which depend on local varieties of climate. Where the contrast between a wet and a dry season is sharply marked, as in the track of the monsoons, magic may well be invoked to secure the advantages or remedy the inconveniences of heavy rain or drought. But, on the whole, this department of magic, if not checked by civilisation or other causes, would naturally attain its highest vogue in the temperate and polar zones rather than in the equatorial regions; while, on the other hand, the branch of magical art which deals directly with mankind, aiming for example at the cure or infliction of disease, tends for obvious reasons to be diffused equally over the globe without distinction of latitude or climate. And the same causes which impel men to practise magic for the control of nature confirm their belief in its efficacy; for the very changes which the magician seeks to bring about by his spells are silently wrought by the operation of natural law, and thus the apparent success of his efforts greatly strengthens the wizard's confidence in his imaginary powers.

Nowhere, apparently, in the world are the alternations of the seasons so sudden and the contrasts between them so violent, nowhere, accordingly, is the seeming success of magic more conspicuous than in the deserts of Central Australia. The wonderful change which passes over the face of nature after the first rains of the season has been compared even by European observers to the effect of magic; what marvel, then, that the savage should mistake it for such in very truth? It is difficult, we are told, to realise the contrast between the steppes of Australia in the dry and in the rainy season. In the dry season the landscape presents a scene of desolation. The sun shines down hotly on stony plains or yellow sandy ground, on which grow wiry shrubs and small tussocks of grass, not set closely together, as in moister lands, but straggling separately, so that in any patch the number of plants can be counted. The sharp, thin shadows of the wiry scrub fall on the yellow ground, which betrays no sign of animal life save for the little ant-hills, thousands of whose inmates are seen rushing about in apparently hopeless confusion, or piling leaves and seeds in regular order around the entrance to their burrows. A desert oak, as it is called, or an acacia tree, may here

(21) On the uniformity, nay, monotony of nature in the equatorial regions, see A. R. Wallace, *Tropical Nature* (London, 1878), pp. 1. *seq.*

and there afford a scanty shade, but for weeks together there are no clouds to hide the brightness of the sun by day or of the stars by night. All this is changed when heavy rains have fallen and torrents rush down the lately dry beds of the rivers, sweeping along uprooted trees and great masses of tangled wrack on their impetuous current, and flooding far and wide the flat lands on either bank. Then what has been for months an arid wilderness is suddenly changed into a vast sheet of water. Soon, however, the rain ceases to fall and the flood subsides rapidly. For a few days the streams run, then dry up, and only the deeper holes here and there retain the water. The sun once more shines down hotly, and in the damp ground seeds which have lain dormant for months sprout and, as if by magic, the desert becomes covered with luxuriant herbage and gay with the blossoms of endless flowering plants. Birds, frogs, lizards, and insects of all sorts may be seen and heard where lately everything was parched and silent. Plants and animals alike make the most of the brief time in which they can grow and multiply; the struggle for existence is all the keener because it is so short. If a young plant can strike its roots deep enough to reach the cool soil below the heated surface, it may live; if not, it must perish. If a young animal grows fast enough to be able to burrow while the banks of the water-hole in which it lives are still damp, it, too, stands a chance of surviving. Now it is just when there is promise of a good season that the natives of these regions are wont especially to perform their magical ceremonies for the multiplication of the plants and animals which they use as food.<sup>22</sup> Can we wonder that the accomplishment of their wishes, which so soon follows, should appear to them a conclusive proof of the efficacy of their incantations? Nature herself seems to conspire to foster the delusion.

J. G. FRAZER.

(22) Spencer and Gillen, *Native Tribes of Central Australia*, pp. 4, 170. I have reproduced the graphic description of these writers almost verbally.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

### § 1.

THERE is among the literary works of Dryden *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, which is tolerably familiar. It is not only important in itself (because Dryden is a prince among critics, and the Essay in question is one of the chief documents of literary criticism), but of no little significance in reference to Christopher Marlowe. For what is one of the striking facts in connection with this masterful young dramatist? From the very beginning of his career, from his very first play, *Tamburlaine the Great*, written probably before he left Cambridge, and produced in 1587, when he was twenty-three years old, Marlowe boldly threw in his lot with the Romantics, with the Moderns, with what turns out to be the characteristic English school of poetry and drama. It is a remarkable example of the young man's strength and independence of mind. Marlowe himself was no mean scholar. He was trained in the Classics, his plays are crammed through and through with classical allusions. Around him existed a worship, tacit or voluble, of the classical idea of Drama. The three Unities, the singleness of action, the avoidance of death scenes on the stage, the preference for narrative (in the mouth of some messenger) instead of actual performance before the eyes, some lingering regard for limitation in the matter of characters, and a real respect for literary reserve, coldness, formality, as opposed to extravagance in diction and richly-dight rhetoric—in a word, the canons of Aristotle as interpreted by his followers in later times and by the practice of a Corneille—were the established fashion of the time. And what does Marlowe do? He absolutely discards the Unities; he tells a dragging, shapeless, fantastic story instead of giving us a plot; he has a long array of *dramatis personæ*; his pages are full of murders and deaths, to be enacted in full sight of the audience; he uses language often verbose, stilted, extravagant, and always high-flown. In short, he adopts the Romantic ideal in all its fulness—which was quite enough to make the Aristotelians turn in their graves, and actually caused Ben Jonson (who was a

scholar) to blaspheme against *Tamburlaine* as "scenical strutting and furious vociferation." Let me add at once, for fear of misconception, that Ben Jonson was one of the first to recognise another great point in the Marlowe revolution. Marlowe practically created blank verse, at all events for stage purposes, and Ben Jonson, in one striking phrase, has immortalised "Marlowe's mighty line." But on the Romantic side, Jonson was his enemy. And if we may judge by what followed in the course of history, he was wrong. Confused, shapeless, turgid, Marlowe's plays may often have been; but they make Shakespeare possible, or, if I must speak strictly by the book, they made Shakespeare's task easier. He, too, was a Romantic, and the greatest of Romantics, an author who filled the English stage with dramas constructed on a method wholly different from that of the Classical model. Ben Jonson shook his head over Shakespeare also, and wished he had blotted a thousand lines. The thing, however, was done, and done for all time. Criticism has hobbled after the great revolution ever since. It has never quite reconciled itself to the frank abandonment of the Classical creed, and has often puzzled in a half-hearted way whether what is permissible in Shakespeare, because he is Shakespeare, must also be condoned in others bred in the same Romantic School. Coleridge understood, perhaps, because he was a critical genius; but Matthew Arnold never quite made up his mind on this point, except so far as to call—and to excuse—elements which he did not altogether like by the name of "Celtic." But observe another sequel. What is the art-work, above all others, which renders Classical criticism obsolete? It is the Novel, concerning which, fortunately, no arbitrary dogmatic rules have been or can be laid down. Would it be fantastic to say that the Marlowe revolution made the English novel possible? Hardly, I think, because the English novel carries out in its fashion the Romantic programme, although, I suppose, it also holds on to Chaucer and mediæval legend. Poor Samuel Richardson would certainly rub his eyes if he were told that he was a disciple of Marlowe. But would Fielding<sup>1</sup> disown him, with his masculine robustness, or Scott, with his discursive, meandering and loosely-knit method?

And now let us return to Dryden, whom it looks as if we had forgotten. *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* is a dialogue between Dryden (Neander), his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard (Crites), Sir Charles Sedley (Lisideius), and Lord Buckhurst (Eugenius). It was published in 1688, a century, roughly speaking, after Marlowe and the young Shakespeare. The four interlocutors, already mentioned, take a boat on the river, for a

(1) Fielding was indebted to Cervantes.

great battle with the Dutch is going on (the scene is laid in the early part of June, 1665), and Admiral Opdam's flagship is to be blown up. But the speakers are only moderately excited about the fighting. They are really interested in literature, and very soon enter upon the historic battle-ground of Ancients *versus* Moderns. Crites and Lisideius are all for Classicism; Eugenius and Neander for modern plays, which they hold to be better than Greek and Roman. But how shall we define a play? Lisideius does not answer badly. "A play is a just and lively image of human nature, representing its passions and humours, and the changes of fortune to which it is subject, for the delight and instruction of mankind." Thereupon Crites enters upon a stock panegyric of the Classical Unities; Eugenius rallies the ancients and makes fun, especially of the plots and characters in Terence; and Lisideius gives respectful praise to the orderliness and exactness of the French Classical drama, and, above all, Corneille. What can be more disorderly and absurd than the English "tragi-comedy"? What can be worse than Shakespeare's plan of running thirty and forty years into two or three hours' commerce on the stage, and crowding the scene with unnecessary characters? And then Dryden (Neander) speaks in his own person, in defence of the English school. How had Lisideius defined a play? As "a just and lively image of human nature." That one word "nature" really gives the whole show away. For nature is not stilted or orderly. What can be more artificial and less natural than the French Classical School? Where is their comedy before Molière? Why, it is only on the pattern of Spanish intrigue-drama, and on these lines every comedy is like every other. You call the English tragi-comedy absurd. Why? It is like nature, which is always mixing the serious with the humorous, the light with the grave, and putting weddings and funerals side by side. So Dryden goes on, proving that the complication of a main plot by a subordinate plot adds liveliness to the narration—most of the classical verse being "cold" and wanting in passion—while as to the multiplicity of characters instead of one prominent personage, this gives variety, and variety, if it is not mere confusion, is always pleasing.<sup>1</sup> Here, then, we have the case of a Marlowe or a Shakespeare admirably stated as against a Seneca, or a Corneille. The Modern School is not afraid of variety, complication, change of scene, abundance of characters, above all, of passion. The Ancient is afraid of all these things. She is a prim lady, the ancient drama, constantly occupied in saying "prunes" and "prisms," and very much interested in correctness of deportment and good form. The

(1) Saintsbury's *History of Criticism*, vol. ii., 376. (London, 1902.)

Modern drama is a sparkling, careless, emotional young hoyden, sometimes quite alarmingly unconventional, generally very voluble and frank, and not always remarkable for her manners. The great thing is that Dryden sees why the British drama of Elizabeth and King James was so good and his *Essay* is a theatrical Declaration of Independence. If Marlowe and Shakespeare have in them any of those attributes we call "divine," then Dryden, prince of critics, is distinctly on the side of the angels. Had Aristotle read Shakespeare, he might, according to Dryden, have seen fit to alter his canons.

### § 2.

A few words—and they shall be very few—on the personality of the dramatist. There is not very much to tell, and many of the details belong to the region of conjecture and controversy. A certain American critic—Miss Agnes Repplier, I think—once spoke, in an admirable phrase, about Coleridge that "he must have been a very beatable child." Probably some of his friends might have said something of the kind of Marlowe; his rivals and enemies could only have wished that he had been beatable, instead of being beyond all their competitive agencies. There undoubtedly was a strain of perversity in him, as we shall see later, which explained the furious hostility of Greene and, it may be, caused his violent death. Meanwhile let us note a few facts. Christopher Marlowe was the eldest son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker of some repute in Canterbury, and was born on February 6th, 1564, and christened at the church of St. George the Martyr on the 26th of that month. He was educated at the famous King's School at Canterbury, where the scholars were paid four pounds per annum and could retain their scholarship for five years. Marlowe, after having received the emoluments of his scholarship for four years, instead of five, proceeded to Benet's or Corpus Christi College at Cambridge. Mr. J. H. Ingram, an enthusiastic admirer of our poet, and his thick and thin defender against all the charges of his enemies,<sup>1</sup> says that he went with one of Archbishop Parker's scholarships, founded to help poor students at the University; Mr. Alexander Dyce, one of the best of Marlowe's editors, thinks that he had no scholarship to help him. But without that help it is doubtful whether he could have managed to get an Academic education at all. At all events, the young man seems to have done well at Christ's. He matriculated at the age of seventeen, in March, 1581; took his Bachelor's degree in 1584, and his Master's degree in 1587.

(1) "Christopher Marlowe and his Associates," by John H. Ingram (p. 56). (London, 1904.)

Perhaps he translated Ovid's *Amores* while at Cambridge—for it is not much better than schoolboys' work. Also he worked at, if he did not complete, his *Tamburlaine*, first part.<sup>1</sup>

Whether during or after the University course he "trailed a pike in the wars," or became an actor, is extremely doubtful. As to the first point, he shows a considerable acquaintance with military affairs in the second part of *Tamburlaine* and in *Edward II*. The second point rests on a scurrilous ballad of the time, probably quite untrustworthy. The stanza runs thus :

He had also a player beene  
Upon the Curtaine-stage,<sup>2</sup>  
But brake his leg in one lewd scene  
When in his early age.

This is the place, perhaps, in which we should address ourselves to a question which has often been debated—in what sense and to what extent Marlowe was a sceptic and an atheist. If we had in hand a complete life of the poet, or were in any sense laying stress on his biography, it would doubtless be necessary to discuss the subject at some length. But Marlowe is more important to us as poet and dramatist than as a private individual, and as, under any circumstances, we can never arrive at any certainty owing to the paucity of our materials, I shall pass over the matter with only a few remarks. We shall never know what Christopher Marlowe was in his private capacity. We have not the slightest idea of his personal appearance. There is not, I believe, a single trustworthy portrait of him in existence. The one which is prefixed to Cunningham's edition is, in all probability, a likeness of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a well-known and eccentric Elizabethan nobleman. Alleyn, the great actor, who is identified with most of Marlowe's creations, is duly portrayed at Dulwich, but the man who gave Alleyn so many opportunities of theatrical reputation is unrepresented. Truly, the actor lives more in the popular eye than the dramatic author!

Now the charges of scepticism and atheism against Marlowe depend mainly on four documents. There is a contemporary ballad, the author of which is unknown, *The Atheist's Tragedie*, which under the anagram of "Wormall" (Marlowe) and "blaspheming Tambolin," says many hard things against

(1) His name was spelt in a variety of ways, the sixteenth century not being particularly careful in matters like these. There are at least ten different spellings—Marlo, Marloe, Marlow, Marlowe, Marley, Marly, Marlye, Marlen, Marlin, Marlyn—the University records being conspicuous offenders.

(2) The "Curtain" was in Shoreditch.

him. The importance of the testimony resides in its contemporary character, if we can trust the second stanza :

A truer storie nere was told,  
 As some alive can shoue;  
 'Tis of a man in crime grown olde,  
 Though age he did not know.

Then in 1597, four years after Marlowe's tragic death, Thomas Beard issued a book, entitled *The Theatre of God's Judgments*. "Marlin," he says, "by profession a scholler, but by practice a playmaker and a poet of scurrilitie," was guilty of all sorts of profanities, which he proceeds to describe. Beard, it may be remarked, was a Puritan, and probably had professional reasons for abusing playwrights. His very phrases reek of unctuous religiosity. "A poet of scurrilitie," "suffering his lust to have the full reines," "See, what a hooke the Lord put in the nostrils of this barking dogge"—we know the mint in which such phrases are coined. But by far the most important documents are Robert Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" and the "Note containing the opinion of one Christopher Marly," of which the author was Richard Bame or Bome, or Baines. Robert Greene was a contemporary poet, also educated at Cambridge (St. John's College, where also was Thomas Nash). Apparently he was desperately jealous of Marlowe's success; certainly he was a social outcast, a mere bookseller's hack, and an utterly untrustworthy person. He died in penury, and so far as one can discover, he was never intimate with the "famous gracer of tragedians" whom he exhorts to repentance. The letter which Greene indited on his death-bed was edited by Henry Chettle, who declares that he struck out from the original manuscript its most offensive portions. Nash, when it was suggested that he had written some parts of this letter, passionately and indignantly denied any kind of authorship: and when both Marlowe and Shakespeare protested (for it is in this "Groatsworth" that Shakespeare was called "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers" and "the only shake-scene in a country") the latter poet, at all events, managed to get some kind of explanation and apology from Chettle. The "Note" of Baines or Bame is usually printed—in an expurgated form—at the end of editions of Marlowe's works. It forms a part of the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum and is much too scurrilous for me to quote here. Mr. Ingram, in an appendix to his book on Marlowe, practically dismisses it as a forgery. Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, of course, accepts the traditional view of the dramatist's beliefs. It ought to be added that Baines was hanged at Tyburn.



Now what are the probabilities in this case? What view shall we take of Marlowe's religious opinions? The truth is probably half way between Mr. Ingram's out-and-out advocacy (for he whitewashes Marlowe with a certain fervour of championship which strikes the ordinary reader as excessive), and the appalling assertions of Richard Baines. Marlowe was probably intended for Holy Orders when he obtained the scholarship at Corpus; and as he proceeded to his Master's Degree, it was only at the end of his academic career that he discovered how impossible it was for him to make public profession of the Christian faith. The opening of *Dr. Faustus* looks like a little bit of autobiography. Dr. Faustus in his study is reviewing possible careers.

Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin  
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess.

Shall he be a logician, a philosopher? No, disputation cannot be the end of life. A physician then? But Faustus is already that, and much good has it done him. If only the doctor could raise men from the dead or make them eternal! Well, shall he be a lawyer? No, that is a servile and illiberal trade. Divinity remains, and the study of the Bible. Yet this is too perplexing. We are told that the "wages of sin is death," and that "if we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us." Therefore, we *must* sin, apparently, and *must* die.

What doctrine call you this? Che sara, sara.  
What will be, shall be. Divinity, adieu!

Perhaps Marlowe went through a similar experience, and because the promptings of his own literary genius were too strong for him, went to London, as Faustus went to black magic. There was, as a matter of fact, no theological instinct in Marlowe: he was much too independent, inquiring, in the proper sense of the term, sceptical. Throughout his plays, he handles Religion and the Christian faith with extreme freedom, and although it is true that he is only speaking through the mouths of his characters and not in *propria persona*, the frequency of this attitude conveys something of the author's own state of mind. Take the following. In the prologue to the *Jew of Malta*, Machiavel says:

I count religion but a childish toy  
And hold there is no sin but ignorance.

The Jew himself has much to say about Christianity.

For I can see no fruits in all their faith,  
But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride.

(*Jew of Malta*, I., i.)

Will you then steal my goods?  
Is theft the ground of your religion?

(*Jew of Malta*, I., ii.)

Some Jews are wicked as all Christians are.

(*Jew of Malta*, I., ii.)

In the *Massacre of Paris* Guise cries out :—

Religion, O diable!

In *Tamburlaine* frequent references occur, for the Scythian King overrides all human creeds.<sup>1</sup> Neither "Mighty Jove" nor "Holy Mahomet" can protect their worshippers. The Christians "ringing with joy their superstitious bells" are equally powerless. In *Edward II.* (i. 4) the poet rides a tilt against Roman Catholicism.

Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms,  
For these thy superstitious taper lights  
Wherewith thy anti-Christan churches blaze.

Marlowe aimed at "knowledge infinite" and the Church often stood in the way. But he is no atheist in the strict sense of the term. He may disbelieve, like his hero Edward II, in immortality, "I am assured that death ends all." But, if we may take to himself some lines in *Tamburlaine*, he had some vague belief in a supreme deity or First Cause.<sup>2</sup> And throughout *Dr. Faustus* there sounds the cry of Conscience, Remorse, and an offended God. On the whole, then, we may take it that Marlowe like many young poets and men of genius—like Byron, like Shelley, like Swinburne—was a free-thinker, exceedingly independent in his views. It is unlikely that his contemporaries should so have regarded him, if this independence had not been notorious. Perhaps even he allowed himself among friends and intimates to utter some of those startling irreverences, to which young scholars have all through the ages

(1) Cf. *Tamburlaine*, (II.), Act II., Scene ii. :—

Then if there be a Christ, as Christians say,  
But in their deeds deny him for a Christ.

(2) *Tamburlaine* (II.), Act II., Scene ii. :—

Open, thou shining veil of Cynthia,  
And make a passage from th' empyreal heaven  
That He that sits on high and never sleeps,  
Nor in one place is circumscribable,  
But everywhere fills every continent  
With strange infusion of his sacred vigour.

Also, *Tamburlaine* (II.), Act V., Scene i. :—

The God that sits in heaven, if any God  
For He is God alone and none but He.

been addicted. But we need not believe every word that envious Greene or scurrilous Baines wrote. He would not have enjoyed the friendship of such men as Sir Roger Manwood, Sir Thomas Walsingham and perhaps Sir Walter Raleigh, such honourable poets as George Chapman, Spenser, and Shakespeare, if he had been on the level of Greene, or Nash, or Kyd. It may be mentioned in passing that Marlowe was, in May, 1593, ordered to appear before the dreaded Star Chamber, but as he was dismissed on his own personal security, there could not have been much evidence available against him as an evildoer. Doubtless he was wild, or he would hardly have died in a brawl. But he was always called "kind Kit Marlowe," a careless spendthrift, perhaps; a libertine possibly; but a generous, good-hearted, brave, lovable boy, as well as "the Muses' darling."

It is as "the Muses' darling" that we have now to consider him, especially in reference to that kind of revolution in drama which he inaugurated. He finds, in the first place, in blank verse a new vehicle for dramatic diction. I do not mean that he actually invented it, for certain tragedies in blank verse had been performed at Court or before private societies. But, before the appearance of *Tamburlaine*, writers for the regular theatres—the professional dramatists, so to speak—had been in the habit of using either prose or rhyme in imitation of the French classicists. In the Prologue to the first part of *Tamburlaine*, Marlowe himself comments on this. He says:—

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,  
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war.

From rhyme Marlowe did indeed deliver the English stage; but the clown's business was a more difficult matter, as it was imperatively required by the stage-manager and generally supplied by some of his hack-hands. As to the technical qualities of Marlowe's blank verse, that is a subject by itself, on which I have no space to enlarge. On the whole, it is not so broken up, as in Shakespeare's speeches; each line temporarily concludes the sense, and so far as this goes, it is much more monotonous to the ear. But in certain qualities of rhythm, fire, exaltation, and even in music, it is in no way inferior, if we compare the best specimens of the two. Take, for instance, the following:—

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening áir,  
Clád in the beauty of a thóusand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flámíng Jupiter,

When he appeared to hápless Semele;  
 More lóvely than the mónarch of the sky  
 In wanton Arethúsa's azúred arms.

*Doctor Faustus.*

Particularly observe the musical charm of the fifth line, and, indeed, the rare beauty gained by a constant change in stress and accent. Yet Shakespeare gets a higher beauty by interlinking his lines, instead of concluding the sense with the line, like Marlowe. For instance :—

Daffodils,  
 That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath.

For sheer rhetorical majesty, however, Marlowe is hard to beat. Take the two well-known lines which begin the speech I have already quoted from :—

Was this the face (*i.e.*, Helen's) that launch'd a thousand ships  
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilion?

*Doctor Faustus.*

Marlowe must have known this to be good for he has used the phrase before. In *Tamburlaine*, Act ii. 4, he says :—

Helen, whose beauty summoned Greece to arms  
 And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos.

And Shakespeare must have known it, too, for he uses it in *Troilus and Cressida*, II. 2.

Why she is a pearl,  
 Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships.

We can also see in another instance how a phrase grows with Marlowe. In I. *Tamburlaine*, V. 1., the hero says of his queen :—

So looks my love, shadowing in her brows  
 Triumphs and trophies for my victories.

In *Dr. Faustus* we have it altered and amplified thus :—

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,  
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
 Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.

Marlowe, indeed, when he gets hold of a good phrase, sticks to it. For instance, in *Faustus*, we have the well-known

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.

repeated in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. (Act iv.)

And he'll make me immortal with a kiss.

So, again, in the *Passionate Shepherd* there is the refrain :—

Live with me and be my love.

It is found again in Ithamore's mouth in the *Jew of Malta*, IV. 4.

Thou, in those groves, by Dis above,  
Shalt live with me and be my love.

Someone remarked once that Marlowe did not repeat himself. He could not have read the plays very carefully.

### § 3.

*Tamburlaine the Great*, Marlowe's youthful drama, took, as we are told, the town by storm. So great was its success that a second part was written to carry out the career of the Scythian to its conclusion and to receive fresh plaudits from the populace. The author was only twenty-three, be it remembered, when he penned this astounding play, and although it is not so famous, nor so well-known, perhaps, as *Dr. Faustus* or *Edward II.*, it contains most of the qualities both of his poetry and his genius. Let us look at this piece a little critically, for it will give us an insight into much that is characteristic of our poet. At first sight it is almost formless. The story, such as it is, is only a monotonous recital of Tamburlaine's triumphs, his boastfulness, his self-confidence, his audacity, well justified, it is true, by the results in each case, but not calculated to make the hero sympathetic. It is a one-part play, if ever there was one; and the hero, played by Alleyne himself, a young man at the time, is only a fantasia on a single note, a character with one quality—ambition. As to the other characters, and there are a great many of them, they are hardly defined at all—with one curious exception, the eldest son of the Scythian, a young man called Calyphas, who objects to bloodshed and war, and uses much the same phrases about "honour," as the immortal Falstaff did after him. Listen to this :—

I know sir, what it is to kill a man :  
It works remorse of conscience in me :  
I take no pleasure to be murderous,  
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst.

. . . . Take you the honour, I will take my ease—

. . . . The bullets fly at random where they list,  
 And should I go, and kill a thousand men,  
 I were as soon rewarded with a shot,  
 And sooner far than he that never fights—  
 (II. *Tamb.*, Act iii., Scene i.)

Naturally his two brothers spurn so dastardly a warrior, but it is odd that Marlowe should have drawn him as son to Tamburlaine. What are we to say, however, of the female characters, of Zenocrate, the hero's wife, or Zabina, or Olympia? Well, we can only say that the young poet had not yet learnt to draw his female characters, if, indeed, he ever did learn. For the most part, the ladies in his plays are quite colourless, or only just tinted with some faint wash of emotional colour. Abigail (*Jew of Malta*) is as unimportant for dramatic purposes as Zenocrate; Isabella in *Edward II.* has just a little more reality. Marlowe could bring Catherine de Medicis in *The Massacre of Paris* on the stage, and yet make her lifeless; Dido (*Queen of Carthage*) has much more flesh and blood, but then she had been already drawn by Virgil. It is not in psychology, either masculine or feminine, that Marlowe is strong. Why, then, should *Tamburlaine* take the town by storm? Why should we call it a stupendous piece for any young man of three and twenty to have written? There are many reasons. It is written in the true spirit of romance. It is full of gallant and masterful vigour. It is replete with imagination. It is composed in swinging blank verse, of great nobility and power. It contains many striking and some very beautiful passages. It is everywhere keenly sensitive and alive to "the poetic moment," as Mr. Saintsbury calls it, the sudden up-rush and outburst of the divinest words. And it is inspired by a striking idea, which animates alike the play and its hero. We shall meet with this idea again, and therefore we may as well emphasise it at once. It is the idea of power, personal, individual power, as the highest aim of human effort. Power may be gained by actual force of arms, as in Tamburlaine's case; or by knowledge, as in the case of Dr. Faustus; or by money, as in the case of Barabas. But it is always something personal and individual, the only thing a man should try to win, the only thing worth having in the whole universe. Power may, and probably will, lead to ruin and death, as it did Faustus and Barabas, Tamburlaine and the Duke of Guise. But, whether fatal or no, it is the goal of all worthy and unworthy ambition, and life is well lost in its achievement. We are here probably in touch with the very essence of Marlowe himself; no man has ever written himself so plainly over all his work. Marlowe, in one aspect, is the Scythian King, in another is Guise, in another

is Faustus, although we can never think of him either as the Jew of Malta or as the base Edward II. Pride, ambition, lust of power, passionate egotism are at any rate what he admires and what he sets himself to depict. But lest we should suppose that this reckless, grasping eagerness to succeed, to be at the top, to triumph over all difficulties and to conquer all perils, represents the whole character of our first great Elizabethan dramatist, let us repeat to ourselves that the one attribute which his friends were fondest of giving him was kindness. "Kind Kit Marlowe!"

In *Tamburlaine* this fiery eagerness to succeed, to gain power, is wholly enlisted for materialistic aims. Power is envisaged indeed in a somewhat brutal force, for all the world as though Marlowe were anticipating the philosophy of Nietzsche. In the belief of the Scythian king—and he gives potent evidence of the reality of his faith—earthly glories are better or more actual than spiritual, the force of a man's right arm stronger than creeds and friends. What good is it for kings to appeal to dumb and deaf deities, Mahomet or what not? There is no sacredness about kingship, and still less about historic faiths. Old time-honoured things, thrones and principalities, altars and superstitions, are swept away, and—which seems to suit Marlowe's mocking humour—by a base-born Scythian shepherd. Verily thus spake Zarathustra! Yet in the personality of his hero, there is much to soften and redeem the crassness of this materialism. I said just now that psychology is not Marlowe's strong point. Anything like an analysis of a complex individuality, with all its lights and shadows marked—such as Shakespeare achieved in his high creations—is alien from his genius. But a strong personality with a clearly-marked, over-mastering impulse is well within his power. *Tamburlaine* is full of belief in his star. He has an immense craving for dominion; he is materialistic ambition personified. This is part of Menaphon's description of him:—

Of stature tall and straightly fashioned  
 Like his desire, lift upwards and divine. . . .  
 Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,  
 Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms:  
 His lofty brows in folds to figure death,  
 And in their smoothness amity and life:  
 About them hangs a knot of amber hair  
 Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was,  
 On which the breath of heaven delights to play,  
 Making it dance with wanton majesty.

[*I. Tamb.*, Act iii., Scene i.]

No common hero this. But see how his creator softens the crude outlines with suggestions drawn, doubtless, from the con-

sciousness of his own nature. There is Tamburlaine's love for Zenocrate—a pure, beautiful, passionate love. When Zenocrate is dying, this is how her lord weeps for her :—

Now walk the angels on the walls of heaven  
As sentinels to warn th' immortal souls  
To entertain divine Zenocrate. . . .  
The cherubins and holy seraphins  
That sing and play before the King of Kings,  
Use all their voices and their instruments  
To entertain divine Zenocrate :  
And in this sweet and curious harmony,  
The God that tunes this music to our souls  
Holds out his hand in highest majesty  
To entertain divine Zenocrate. . . .

[II. *Tamb.*, Act ii., Scene iv.]

and he prays that his life may be as short as are the days of sweet Zenocrate (this constant repetition of a name is very characteristic of Marlowe) having discovered, apparently that love is stronger than material ambition.

This is not the only thing, however. From lust of power Tamburlaine (or his creator) steps on to a much nobler lust, the lust of knowledge. The craving in the first case is interpreted as part and parcel of a grand and unquenchable curiosity. Listen to this :

Nature that fram'd us of four elements  
Warring within our breasts for regiment,  
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds :  
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend  
The wondrous architecture of the world,  
And measure every wandering planet's course,  
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,<sup>1</sup>  
And always moving as the restless spheres,  
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest. . . .

[I. *Tamb.*, Act ii., Scene vii.]

I forbear to quote the last lines of the passage, because Tamburlaine talks about "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown," and that is a melancholy anti-climax after what has preceded. Of course the Scythian is a bombastic swaggerer as well. The lines, universally laughed at,

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!  
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

addressed to the Kings whom, with bits in their mouths, he was driving in his chariot, himself dressed in "a copper laced coat and crimson velvet breeches," as Henslowe's Diary tells us,

(1) *Cf.* "And follow knowledge like a sinking star."



sufficiently prove his thrasonical vehemence. But watch him when he is face to face with Death. He bears himself with no little nobility :

See where my slave, the ugly monster Death  
Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,  
Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,  
Who flies away at every glance I give,  
And when I look away, comes stealing on !

[II. *Tamb.*, Act v., Scene iii.]

But great as *Tamburlaine* is, there is something more to be said than that Marlowe took from old chronicles, Pedro Mexia and Petrus Perondinus, a figure which he converted into a hero. He wrote a striking play, but he also proved his own incontrovertible title to be a poet. Let us try in however inadequate a fashion to get at Marlowe's chief quality and tear the heart out of his mystery. What is it that Shakespeare saw in him? We shall come hereafter to the relations between the two, but meanwhile it is more than probable that the later poet had the earlier in his eye when he wrote the well-known lines in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Act v., Scene i.) in 1593-4.<sup>1</sup>

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet  
Are of imagination all compact :  
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—  
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.

Now it is remarkable that all three appellations seem applicable to Marlowe. He is the lunatic, for assuredly Dr. Faustus saw a multitude of devils. He is the lover, for who was Zenocrate? She was the daughter of a sultan of Egypt, and was certainly compared to Helen. Lastly, he is above all the poet "of imagination all compact." If we want one word to describe Marlowe, let it be "imagination," both in the lower and higher signification of the term. As a rule his images are derived from his classical lore, unlike Shakespeare's, which come from all sorts of ordinary scenes. The beautiful fragment *Hero and Leander* is full of imagination in the common-place sense. There is a passage on first love which Shakes-

(1) This is the usual date. Brandes, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, is almost certainly wrong in putting it earlier.

peare quoted in *As You Like It* (Act iii., Scene v.). Marlowe's lines are :

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
For will in us is overruled by fate. . . .  
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;  
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

And Shakespeare says :—

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might :  
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

There is much beautiful imagery in *Hero and Leander*. Take, for instance, this description of Hero rising in the early dawn from her bed.

And from her countenance, behold, ye might  
A kind of twilight break, which through <sup>{her haire}</sup><sub>{the air}</sub>  
As from an Orient cloud, glimps'd here and there  
And round about the chamber this false morn  
Brought forth the day before the day was born.

That is an admirable example of picturesque fancy and perhaps of something more. But imagination in its highest sense is not fancy. It is creative, while the other is reproductive; original, not derived; it produces something new and is one with the great and original fiat "Let there be light." Therefore it is above all the poet's gift and grace, the indubitable birth-mark of the sacred bard. And because we cannot explain so high a mystery of genius otherwise than by an example, let me quote these lines :

What is beauty? Marlowe asks, and proceeds :—

If all the pens that ever poets held  
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,  
And every sweetness that inspir'd their hearts,  
Their minds and muses, on admir'd themes :  
If all the heavenly quintessence they still  
From their immortal flowers of poesy,  
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive  
The highest reaches of a human wit :  
If these had made one poem's period  
And all combined in beauty's worthiness,  
Yet should there hover in their restless heads  
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,  
Which into words no virtue can digest.

[I. *Tamb.*, Act v., Scene ii.]

That is the very meaning of a poet's imagination, set forth in lines of imperishable beauty. The three last lines are amongst the highest things ever said in English verse. Passion, nobility, grace, poetry are here mingled in indissoluble union. And because of the passion in the lines, those who estimate the poet at his true worth have no other word to describe his rapt fervour than "frenzy." "True frenzy" is Shakespeare's phrase. Michael Drayton spoke of "fine madness." In his Epistle to Henry Reynolds "Of Poets and Poetry" he writes :

Next Marlowe, bathéd in the Thespian springs,  
Had in him those brave, translunary things  
That the first poets had : his raptures were  
All ayre and fire, which made his verses cleare ;  
For that fine madness still he did retaine,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's braine.

A keen susceptibility for "brave translunary things" and an inspiration only to be described as "fine frenzy" or "fine madness" are not inapt illustrations of what I mean by the poetic imagination.

There is an ancient book on literary criticism, which is as well worth study as Aristotle's Poetics.—Longinus' *περὶ ὑψους*. Unfortunately we do not quite know how to translate his title. It is usually called "On the Sublime," but *ὑψος* is really the topmost note of literature; it is "distinction," it is "high seriousness," it is that quality in literature which, being consummate in itself, creates enthusiasm in others. And why are we bound to love the highest—not Lancelot, nor another, when we see it in literature? Longinus gives us the reason in his 35th chapter. It is the very teaching of Nature. "Nature has appointed us men to be no base or ignoble animals; but when she ushers us into life and into the vast universe as into some great assembly, to be as it were spectators of the mighty whole and the keenest aspirants for honour, forwith she implants in our souls the unconquerable love of whatever is elevated and more divine than we are. Wherefore, not even the entire universe suffices for the thought and contemplation within the reach of the human mind, but our imaginations (*ἐπινοαί*) often pass beyond the bounds of space."<sup>1</sup> Here is an ancient commentary on exactly what Marlowe thought and stood for. It is a Greek version of that "one thought, one grace, one wonder at the least, which into words no virtue can digest," or of Shakespeare's—

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

(1) *Longinus on the Sublime*. Edited and translated by W. Rhys Roberts, p. 135. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) Cf. Saintsbury, *History of Criticism*, i., 159.

But there is always a pitfall for the sublime poet. He may now and again overstep the narrow line which separates the grand from the grandiose, the great from the tumid. Aeschylus, who is the nearest parallel to Marlowe in ancient Greek drama, sometimes became in Longinus's eyes pseudo-tragic, or melodramatic as we should call it; he exhibited what is called *παρένθυρος*, *i.e.*, unseasonable, empty, immoderate passion. Longinus quotes from Aeschylus lines which he holds to be extravagant :—

*μίαν παρείρας πλεκτάνην χειμάροον (Orithyia)*  
 One flame-wreath, torrent-like, I'll whirl on high.  
 (Long. *περὶ ὑψους* c., iii.)

He would certainly have fallen foul of some of Marlowe's high-flown rhetoric—even apart from the “pampered jades of Asia.” And would Shakespeare have escaped? I do not mean only in those terrible lines :—

Bellona's bridegroom, cased in proof,  
 Confronted him with self-comparisons,

but even, perhaps, in “the multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red.” There is something in the Gothic imagination which is beyond Longinus.

W. L. COURTNEY.

(*To be continued.*)

## A TRAFFIC BOARD FOR LONDON.

THE function of all Royal Commissions is to hold exhaustive inquiries and issue elaborate reports; the fate of most of them is to attract momentary attention and then to be forgotten. Will the fate of the Royal Commission on London Traffic be that of the majority? Appointed more than two years ago, it has just given to the world the first of a series of seven lengthy Blue-books, which will contain practically all that is to be known about the means of locomotion and transport in London. The importance of the subject does not require to be emphasised. Its interest is general to all Londoners whose convenience it touches so closely.

The original instructions given to the Royal Commissioners were twofold. They were asked to inquire and report, first, how the means of locomotion in London could be improved and developed, and, second, whether it was desirable to establish some great central traffic authority or tribunal for London, to which all new schemes of railway and tramway construction should be referred, and, if desirable, what powers should be bestowed upon it. The thirteen representative and distinguished Commissioners, over whom Sir David Barbour presided, have faithfully followed these instructions, and have boldly faced the magnitude of the issues. And it is the great merit of their report, judged as a practical document, that, as regards the second question, that of the establishment of a central Traffic Board or Tribunal, they are unanimous in insisting upon its immediate necessity, and they clearly define how, in their opinion, it should be composed. They recognise, without reservation, that the want of such a Board in the past has been the prime cause of many of the serious difficulties attaching to, and now almost inseparable from, London locomotion, and that the longer its institution is delayed, the worse things will become. Without such a Board there can be no great general scheme of London extension and development, no adequate recognition of what is due to London as a whole. The beginning of wisdom, therefore, is the creation of a London Traffic Board. This, of course, is no new discovery on the part of the Commission. It was seen just as plainly by three authoritative Commissions or Select Committees of the House of Commons during last century, in 1846, 1855, and 1863. Several Select Committees on Metropolitan Improvements had reported prior to 1846, for even then the inconveniences of London had begun to manifest themselves, and people were realising the folly of allow-

ing so vast a city to grow up haphazard and without a plan. But the rapid extension of railways in the 'forties thrust the question forward into prominence and thoroughly alarmed a large section of the community, who were anxious to preserve Central London from being invaded and ruthlessly pulled about by the railway engineers in the interests of steam power. The Royal Commission of 1846, while by no means hostile to railways, was desirous of keeping them within due bounds, and marked off an area in Central London within which they should not be allowed to enter. Its members, it is true, quite failed to foresee the enormous growth of suburban and short distance passenger traffic, which is the real crux of the present railway difficulties in London, and they were, therefore, strongly opposed to the railways planting their termini in crowded thoroughfares. But they recommended with sound judgment that, if the railways were allowed to enter the closed area, under no circumstances should the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and the comfort and property of the inhabitants, be surrendered to separate schemes, brought forward at different times and without reference to each other. They insisted that the extension of railways in London should be combined with a scheme of street improvements, and that both should be executed "with one intention and as part of one well-considered scheme." No need to say that the "one intention" has never been realised, or that the "one well-considered scheme" has never been framed. Suburbs have arisen along the line of least resistance; street improvements have been carried out in the most piece-meal fashion; railways, planned by private promoters, have had to be modified and reshaped in deference to the opposition of rival undertakings; the tramway system has been cramped by heavy shackles which have still to be knocked off. In a word, London has never been allowed to have the best; she has been fortunate when she has been permitted to enjoy the second best.

Nine years later, in 1855, the Select Committee on Metropolitan Communications reported that it had become indispensable to make provision for the rapid expansion of traffic in London "on a great and comprehensive scale and with the least possible delay." Yet half a century has gone and nothing has been done towards the establishment in the metropolis of the authority recommended, which was to be "sufficiently comprehensive to give effect to improvements in the communication, laid down on a scale adequate to the existing and prospective wants of the traffic." Manifestly, then, it is no new suggestion which is made by Sir David Barbour's Commission, but an old one, reinforced by the additional experience of the past fifty years. In 1855 traffic and locomotion were represented by the pedestrian, the horse, the horse-drawn

vehicle, and the steam train. In 1905 all these have grown and multiplied enormously, while the tube railway, the electric tram, and the motor omnibus present new problems of equal magnitude. The cry is always for a relief which never comes. Each new invention which has promised ease only seems to increase the congestion. For the more facilities that are given, the greater is the multitude which eagerly takes advantage of them, and it seems impossible to satisfy the importunate demands of the public for cheap, rapid, and frequent means of communication.

A single authority on a comprehensive scale! The Select Committee of 1855 welcomed the prospective appointment of the Metropolitan Board of Works, which came into being in the following year, as a step in the right direction. So it was, and though it is customary to deride the work of that Board, it none the less accomplished in its thirty-three years of life such great metropolitan improvements as the construction of the Victoria, Chelsea, and Albert Embankments, and thoroughfares like Queen Victoria-street and Shaftesbury-avenue. It spent something like eleven millions sterling on the improvement of the streets of London. But the Board of Works, like its greater successor, the London County Council, had no shred of authority over railway schemes and was in no sense a Traffic Board or Tribunal for the whole of London, such as was advocated in 1855, and such as is advocated now, when the general confusion prevailing is really far worse than it ever was. Every variety of traffic is incalculably greater. People are living further and further afield from their work. The Greater London, whose present population of about seven millions has to be considered in this matter, covers an area of nearly seven hundred square miles. The various local and representative administrative authorities are practically endless. In the administrative area of the County of London alone are the London County Council, the Corporations of the Cities of London and Westminster, and twenty-seven Borough Councils; in the remainder of Greater London are 142 local authorities ranging through the whole hierarchy of autonomous dignity from five County Councils to fifty-five Parish Councils. All these are interested to a greater or less degree in the problem of London traffic; all have a right to demand that their special interests shall not be ignored.

It is not hard, therefore, to discover the reason why the one great central authority, required for the supervision and regulation of everything appertaining to the problems of London traffic in its widest sense, has failed to come into existence. It might have been created with least difficulty before the County Councils, with the less important Urban District and Rural District

Councils, were formed and, above all, before the London County Council sprang into vigorous life. But in those days far too much deference was paid to the prejudices and exclusive privileges of the City Corporation, and the opportunity passed. Now the stumbling block is much more likely to be the London County Council, unquestionably the most jealous and ambitious organisation in Great Britain, fully conscious of its importance and of its rôle, insistent on its right to supremacy, or at least to hegemony, among the representative bodies of Greater London, and especially intolerant of its ancient neighbour. It is evident from the Report that, while Sir David Barbour and his colleagues had no hesitation whatever in coming to the conclusion that a Traffic Board was a vital necessity, they hesitated long in deciding how such a Board should be constituted. That is to say, they could forecast the probable attitude of the Progressive majority of the London County Council, who will declare that the Council is the only body which should be vested with such wide powers as it is proposed to confer upon the new Traffic Board. But in view of the multiplicity of local authorities in Greater London, it is obvious that the County Council cannot possibly be selected as the new authority. The Corporation of the City would at once be up in arms; and if—though this is very doubtful—the opposition of the various Borough Councils might be overcome, the objections of the Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Hertfordshire County Councils to be subordinated in this matter to the London County Council would still be fatal to the proposal. They warmly opposed the London County Council's recent scheme to constitute itself the Water Authority of Greater London, and happily with success, for that scheme must have led to ceaseless friction and endless litigation. The suggestion of a representative Traffic Board on the pattern of the new Water Board is open to the further objection that a large Board of jealous representatives would not be a tribunal so much as another debating organisation. It would either have to delegate its work to committees or the work would not be done.

What is wanted is not an unwieldy Board which would necessarily resolve itself into rival cliques, but a select tribunal, small and compact, composed of experts who are prepared to give their whole time to their duties, and whose freedom of action is not fettered by their sense of being the representatives of special districts—an inner Board of Directors for Greater London in all that relates to locomotion and traffic and the increase of means of communication. Consequently the Royal Commissioners recommend the appointment of a small Board, consisting of "a chairman and not more than four nor less than two other



members." Their preference, indeed, is that "there should not be more than three members in all, if it be found that they can satisfactorily discharge the duties assigned to them." This limitation of the numbers of the Board is absolutely essential to its efficiency. Its members are neither to engage in business nor to belong to any local authority; they are also to be "selected solely on the ground of their competence, and to hold office for a considerable period." Sufficiently large salaries are to be paid in order to attract the best men, and scarcely any salary would be too high for men of real practical imagination, able to superintend the development of London communications on a great and comprehensive plan. Such a Board could only be appointed in one way—by the Crown acting through the Government of the day, and that is the method suggested by the Commissioners, who thus summarise its principal functions:—

It should make a yearly report to Parliament on locomotion, transport, and traffic in Greater London, dealing with the whole subject, including such matters as the control of traffic; the regulation of the statutory powers of breaking up the streets for various purposes; the removal of any special obstructions to traffic; the provision of new lines of railway or tramway; and calling attention to any errors or oversights in the maintenance of streets and roads on the part of local or street authorities. It would also deal with the question of street improvements, including street widenings and the construction of new streets, as well as the provision of alternative routes; and of facilities for dealing with cross traffic.

The suggestion, therefore, is of a carefully chosen College of Aediles devoting themselves incessantly to the task of improving the numberless channels through which the tide of Greater London's humanity and merchandise ceaselessly flows and ebbs in and out of London. Their most important duty would be that of passing under review, before they are considered by Parliament, all Bills seeking statutory powers for the construction or extension of works affecting the means of locomotion and transport in Greater London. For example, any scheme for a new railway, a new tube, or a new tramway, or any proposals for the extension of an established undertaking of this character, would be thoroughly investigated by this Board of Experts before it came before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. The Board would form an opinion as to its advisability, estimating its intrinsic merits mainly in relation to the general scheme of Greater London improvements which they would always keep before them. If they approved the outline of the plans submitted, they might

suggest alterations and propose safeguards for the protection of any public interests which seemed to them to be jeopardised. There would be no compulsion on the promoters to accept these suggestions, but the approval or disapproval of the Board would naturally have great weight with the Select Committee which would subsequently examine it. Thus the supreme authority of Parliament would remain intact and undiminished, but when once the Board had won the confidence of the community and had proved its capacity to take long views, its approval or disapproval would be practically final with both Houses of Parliament. Its word would not actually be law, but if it were paramount with those who make laws, much the same end would be attained. Cases might arise, of course, in which Parliament would take an opposite view to that taken by the Board, just as Parliament sometimes rejects the findings of its own Select Committees. That cannot be obviated under a system of representative government. But the deliberate finding of a Board of real experts would carry enormous weight with the men of moderate views who form the average public opinion.

Such a Board would find plenty to occupy its continuous attention. Not only would it sit in preliminary judgment upon the schemes of others, it would also be empowered to report on special questions, when requested to do so by the Government or by any local authority. A Government, for example, which desired—as some Government very speedily should desire—to simplify and consolidate the Building Acts, or the laws relating to the regulation of traffic and to the maintenance of, and rights of interference with, the London streets, would naturally consult a London Traffic Board, if such a Board were in existence, and would look to it for expert advice. Would the local authorities do the same with respect to their street improvements and the planning of main roads? In time, we think they would, when they came to have that unquestioning faith in the impartiality of the members of the Board which they have, for example, in the impartiality of a Commission of Judges. A Board working in harmony with the great municipal authorities, and holding the balance between their rival interests, would be able to co-ordinate schemes emanating from various quarters, and would thus act as a sort of arbitrator for the general good of Greater London. It is very desirable, say the Royal Commissioners, that the Board should be in touch, and work in harmony, with the chief municipal authorities of London. Such harmony, of course, cannot be guaranteed beforehand, but there is no reason to consider it unattainable.

So much for the constitution of the proposed new Traffic Board; we need do no more than glance very briefly at the com-

prehensive plan of London improvements which appears in the report of the Commission. In some quarters the Commissioners have been blamed for expressing even a very guarded approval of ambitious schemes involving the expenditure of impossible millions. The criticism is scarcely fair, for if they had simply confined themselves to abstract generalities their report would have attracted little or no attention, and, secondly, the scheme is not theirs but that of a small Advisory Board of Engineers, whose assistance they invoked. Sir John Wolfe-Barry and Sir Benjamin Baker, two of the most distinguished of living engineers, gave their services to the Commission, and they were assisted by Mr. W. B. Parsons, the Chief Engineer of the Board of Rapid Transport Railroad Commissioners of New York, whose actual experience of the problems dealt with was of the utmost value, and who is said to be almost as well acquainted with London as with New York. The principal features of their scheme are frankly discussed in the report by the Commissioners, who give a general approval, but are careful not to pledge their adherence to it in detail. It would, of course, fall to the Traffic Board thoroughly to investigate the desirability and practicability of the proposals of these three distinguished engineers, who have drawn their plans on what, considering the cost involved, can only be described as an exceedingly daring scale. They deal boldly with the question of street improvements. They raise the standard width of first-class streets to 100ft. from house to house, while their second, third, and fourth-class streets would be 80ft., and 40ft. or 50ft. respectively, no street being less than 40ft. wide. Then they specify several great highways of London traffic which ought, in their opinion, to be brought up to this new standard of first-class streets. For example, the Euston and Marylebone roads, which really form one highway from King's Cross to Edgware-road, and carry the traffic of so many of the great railway termini, should be improved to a uniform width, involving reconstruction in the narrowest parts, such as the short stretch between Tottenham Court-road and Portland-road Station, and a rebuilding of the ill-favoured portion of Chapel-street which lies east of Edgware-road. The widening of Constitution-hill, in connection with the new road through the Mall to Charing-cross, would give considerable ease to the congestion of Piccadilly, while the Wandsworth-road, along its five miles course from Putney to Lambeth, the Bayswater-road, the Hammersmith-road, the Fulham-road, and the King's-road, Chelsea, each of which carries an enormous traffic, and is a main artery in and out of London, should all be raised gradually to the standard of first-class streets. These roads must necessarily increase in

importance year by year, and it is absolutely essential that the local authorities should have power to stop any further building on the gardens or forecourts of houses along these routes. Another interesting road improvement suggested is the construction of a wide thoroughfare along Prince's-street, Westminster, in order to relieve Parliament-street. This would require the removal of Storey's Gate a little to the west, and the road would then pass along the east side of St. James's Park into the Mall, or rise by an inclined plane into Waterloo-place, near the Duke of York's Column. But the latter "improvement" would involve such grave disfigurement of the Park that we doubt whether London opinion would tolerate it.

The nuisance of the severe congestion which occurs at the most frequented places of cross traffic, and causes tedious and exasperating delays, is also boldly handled. To ease the crush of traffic at Blackfriars-bridge and Ludgate-circus and to link up the northern and southern tramway systems, the Advisory Board recommend a viaduct from the centre arch of Blackfriars Bridge along New Bridge-street to Farringdon-street, with a roadway of 33ft. They would also construct a similar bridge from the crest of Wellington-street over the Strand to the north end of Waterloo Bridge, and a sunken road beneath Piccadilly from Berkeley-street to St. James's-street, while at the Marble Arch, Oxford-circus, Piccadilly-circus, and the Elephant and Castle they propose the enlargement of the central spaces. The carrying out of these suggestions would involve a great outlay of public money and would be the work of very many years. Nor would they all win the same measure of approval, for the cost of some of them would almost certainly be disproportionate to the relief obtained. In any case the most pressing improvements should be taken in hand first, at places where the greatest number of people are inconvenienced, and where loss of time is most seriously felt.

But the most striking proposal of the Advisory Board is, of course, their colossal scheme for the construction of two Main Avenues, as they call them, 140ft. wide from house to house, running through London from east to west and north to south, and connecting Bayswater-road with Whitechapel-road, and Holloway with the Elephant and Castle. These Avenues would carry four lines of tramway on the surface, and four lines of railway a little below the surface, two of the railway lines being devoted wholly to express traffic. This may be a magnificent ideal, but we regret that the Commissioners did not emphasise more strongly their sense of its impracticability, either now or at any time in the near future. It is a scheme which could not be

undertaken in sections. If once one of these Avenues were begun it would have to be completed or the loss would be gigantic. At the lowest estimate the cost is placed at £24,000,000, but the Commissioners, in discussing the project, speak of £30,000,000, and the probabilities, therefore, are that it would cost fully £35,000,000. To cover interest and sinking fund would require from a million to a million and a quarter annually, and however large might be the revenue from the trams and railways, and however great the recoupment or the profit from the appreciation of lands bought at present prices along the routes, the net cost would still, we believe, be ruinous. No one could say with anything like certainty what effect such Avenues would have on existing land values. Appreciation in one quarter would necessarily involve depreciation in another. If, for example, the western end of the east and west Avenue, say from Victoria Gate to Gray's Inn-road, proved commercially attractive—it could not be expected to be residential—would it not tend to ruin Oxford-street and Holborn? Or if the great shops remained unaffected, what sort of buildings would rise along the new route? London is rich, but not inexhaustibly so, and the way the re-letting of the frontages of Aldwych and Kingsway has hung fire is clear warning of what would happen along the miles of these new Avenues. The first act of a Traffic Board, we imagine, would be to put this scheme on one side, not from inability to appreciate its ideal merits, but because, after all, expense must be considered, and the ratepayers of London are much more inclined to ask for relief of rates than to embark willingly on any grandiose building speculation. The plans of these Avenues remind one of the gorgeous designs which are sometimes seen in the vestries of country churches, where the architect has allowed his lofty sense of artistic decoration to run away with him, and has disdained to be influenced by the meagreness of the available funds or the poverty of the congregation. A Traffic Board would be content, we think, to work at the obvious, at any rate at first, and would frame its comprehensive scheme so that it could be taken in hand gradually, and so that every little improvement made here and there would contribute to the accomplishment of the general design.

Into the tramway proposals of the Advisory Board we will not enter. These, too, are of a bold and sweeping character, and it is important to note that both the engineers and the Commissioners are convinced of the practicability of linking up the northern and southern systems, and sure that, even without any very elaborate street improvements, a great deal can be done in the way of tramway extension. They do not think that the motor omnibus is likely in any degree to supersede the tram; its

function, they hold, will rather be to supplement it. Nor, again, do they see why there should be needless breaks between the rival systems, involving change of car, and they advocate the running of through trams over lines owned by different authorities, just as there are through trains on the railways. They are almost unanimously in favour of the abolition of the power of veto on new tramway schemes which is possessed by the City, County, and Borough Councils. This veto was strongly condemned by most of the independent witnesses before the Commission, and the present Speaker, who was for many years Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons, expressed his opinion that the veto had been ruthlessly used to extort privileges from tramway promoters and had subjected them to liabilities and disabilities never intended by Parliament.

With regard to railway communication in the central area, the Commissioners point out the need of more interchange stations where the railways running north and south are intersected by those running east and west, and better connection with the north-east of London, but they say that when the new tube railways already authorised are completed, the central area of London will be tolerably well provided for. Sir George Gibb, however, strongly advocates a new tube from Shepherd's Bush to the City, via Kensington, Piccadilly, and the Strand, to be connected at either end with the Central London Railway by means of "end-on junctions." As for additional urban railways into the suburbs, the Commissioners urge that the conditions laid on new enterprises should not be too onerous, and they suggest that, if private enterprise fails, the municipal authorities might be authorised either to assist in the construction of railways to growing residential districts or to guarantee, for a limited period, reasonable net receipts per train mile. They do so, they say, from a sense of the overwhelming importance of finding a solution of the housing problem, but the danger to the already over-swollen rates from such a proposal is obvious. We see no reason, however, why railways should not be allowed to buy land which is likely to increase in value as a result of their enterprise and expenditure, and the Traffic Board would be performing a useful public service if it carefully considered the question of the capitalisation of each new scheme, so that costly undertakings might not be started, as is so often the case in England, with heavy millstones round their necks. The Commissioners pronounce strongly in favour of electric traction for all suburban train services, and prefer railways in shallow subways to deep-laid tubes, wherever such subways are feasible. As for the relatively minor, though still most important, question of the regulation of street traffic, it is proposed

that statutory power should be conferred upon the Commissioners of Police for the City and for the County, two officials who thoroughly possess the confidence of the public. They would be empowered to draw up regulations as to omnibus routes, as to the loading and unloading of carts from the footway, and the standing of vehicles by the kerbs. Such regulations would be submitted to the Traffic Board, who would then confer with the local authorities, and the final decision would rest with the Home Secretary.

It will be seen from the above that the members of a Traffic Board, such as that outlined by the Commission, would enjoy no sinecure, but would be among the hardest worked officials in the land. For new schemes for the improvement of communications in Greater London and for the widening of the streets in the Central London area are being continually put forward, and the task of examining them thoroughly and dove-tailing them will be exceedingly laborious. The Board will need to have expert advice constantly at its command, and will require more than common tact to work in friendly conjunction with the local authorities. The latter have the power of the purse for the purposes of carrying out street improvements, and a local authority which quarrelled with the Board might, simply by persistent inaction, retard the development or completion of important schemes. Perfection, however, is not to be attained with such a conglomeration of authorities as exists in Greater London. We must be content, therefore, with what is possible, and trust to the ability of the Board's members and the good sense of the representative authorities to work together on broad lines towards the fulfilment of a comprehensive plan, which will be no cut and dried scheme, but will be constantly developing according to the needs of the population and the increasing skill of the engineer. That a Traffic Board is an indispensable part of the machinery required for the good government of Greater London has been proved by this Royal Commission, whose prodigious labours deserve the thanks of the community. By the time that Parliament re-assembles, the remaining volumes of the Report, containing the full record of the evidence, will probably be published, and an early opportunity ought to be found for its adequate discussion. The subject affects the comfort and well-being of the whole population of the metropolis.

J. B. FIRTH.

## TWO MIRACLES OF OUR LADY SAINT MARY.

### PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE cycle of religious tales known as the Miracles of Our Lady—or, more tersely and technically, the Mary-legends,—from which the following stories are drawn, formed an important part of the popular literature of Europe in the Middle Ages. Varying in date from the fourth century to the fourteenth, and in subject from mysticism to melodrama, they were first collected in the twelfth century, and were constantly copied, recopied, augmented and improved till the end of the fifteenth. These delicious and fantastic tales, which really represent the reaction of religion on the spirit which produced the chivalric romance, are now forgotten. Written for the most part in monkish Latin or Norman-French, they lie hidden in MSS., and in the transactions of learned societies. Yet they are important documents for the student of mediæval art and ideals, for their influence was deep and widely spread: they provided subjects for sculptors, painters, and poets, they adorned sermons, they entered into the daily lives of the people. In them we see the literary expression of that artistic temper which produced the Gothic Madonnas of Flanders and France, and the masterpieces of the Anglo-French miniaturists—an attitude of mind which combines passionate adoration with intense familiarity, associates the Hosts of Heaven with every act of diurnal life, and sees in the Virgin Mary the watchful and kindly Help of Christians as well as the Mystic Rose. Of the two Mary-legends here given in paraphrase, “The Vigils of the Dead” appears for the first time in English: but a short and imperfect version of “The Lily” will be found in Caxton’s *Golden Legend*, where it is incorporated in the homily on the Feast of the Annunciation.

### THE VIGILS OF THE DEAD.

*Here is told the history of a certain noble virgin, that said every day the Hours of Our Lady, and once a week the Vigils of the Dead.*

There was a maiden of noble birth, that was right comely and debonair and had much riches: for sith her father and mother died whilst yet she was a child, great wealth came to her, and many lands. And since she was solitary in this world’s wilder-



ness, having none to whom she owed obedience nor any save God in whom she might put her trust, this noble lady made offering of her virginity to Jesu Christ, and to His Mother the glorious Virgin Mary; for she greatly feared the deceptions of earthly love. And she prayed Our Lady to have charge of her, and help her keep her maidenhead, that she might be a worthy bride for her dear Son.

Thus dwelling on her demesne with her household, and living in honesty and charity as becomes the friend of God, this gentlewoman was loved and respected of all, for indeed she was a most fair ensample to all that land. For this cause, and also for the great wealth she had, and the exceeding fairness of her face, many knights and noble seigneurs did demand her hand in marriage: indeed, so sweet of aspect was she, that assuredly there was no man in the kingdom that would not have right willingly possessed her. But the lady was full of prudence, courtesy, and learning, knowing well how to read both Latin and French, and her mind was little set on gallantry: and of her piety each day she would say the Hours of Our Lady her protectress, that she might guard her from all villainy and grief, and once every week she said also the Vigils of the Dead, to help all faithful souls. And though many lords and gentlemen did ardently entreat her love, yet she replied to them all, that for the vow she had made she might not give it them; for the love of Jesu Christ her Saviour was more precious than that of earthly friend.

Now certain of her kindred, hearing how that their cousin lived alone upon her lands, refusing herself to all men so that she had no defender to do battle for her rights, made common cause that they might steal her lands and wealth from her: the which she could in no wise keep from them, for what can woman do alone? And by their villainy she saw herself greatly despoiled and impoverished, and she was full of grief for it, fearing lest in the end she be brought to beggary. And there was a knight, a man right powerful in that land, valiant, discreet, and debonair, who had set his heart upon this lady, and she knew that he loved her exceeding well. Therefore being in great distress, not knowing what to do against them that would despoil her, she asked of this lord his help for friendship's sake. But he answered her saying,

“If you will give me your love, I will make war upon your kindred that do you this mischief, and restore all the lands that you have lost: but naught will I do for you till that you give me your troth.”

She said, “Fair friend, this I cannot do; for my Lord Christ constraineth me.”

Replied the knight, "If you will not do me this courtesy, little help shall I give you."

And he went his way; but he was nothing disheartened, for he was well aware that this lady had small knowledge of love. Therefore in a little while he came to her again, and did beseech her anew, and told her the griefs that he endured because of his passion, which were indeed so great that often times he wished to die. And again he swore to be her defender in all things if she would give him her troth.

But the lady excused herself very courteously, saying, "Verily, sire, I cannot break the vow I have made for anything that may befall; and indeed he is but foolish that would tempt me to do it, for God and His Mother forbid, and I will not put my soul in peril to have worldly gain thereby. If my goods must go, so shall it be; for certainly it is better to know poverty in this world than damnation in the world to come."

Then the knight departed from her a second time, and went home all discomfited recommending himself to God: but he came back before a fortnight was passed, and prayed the lady anew that she would be his sweetheart. What need is there to set out all the words that passed between them? So many times did he come and go, and to so great straits was the lady brought both by reason of his gallantries and importunities, and also because she stood in much need of his help, that at last she was forced to yield all. And forgetting altogether how that she was the bride of Jesu Christ, she did make tryst with that knight to meet him in secret, that they might exchange token of their love: for the ardour of his wooing was so great that it had altogether conquered her, and driven all else from her mind. Therefore did she show him all the secret places of her demesne, saying,

"You will come to me by the orchard, and cross the little bridge, and enter into this oratory: there will I go so soon as it is night, and will wait you alone. And be sure that you are very secret, for none must know this thing."

The knight took but one kiss, the which the lady gave to him again, and he went away to await the hour that he had so long desired. And very long it seemed in coming; but if one cry "Nowell" long enough, Nowell at last is here, as the saw saith, and so it was with the day of this knight's joy. Then he disguised himself, that he might not be perceived, and he came alone to the garden that was about his mistress' house, there to wait till night fell. And the lady made her household to go early to bed while yet it was light, for it was summer time; and she dressed herself in a plain cotta without kerchief, and put a circlet of gold on her head, the which became her well. More-

over her tresses, that were of a golden colour exceeding fair, fell to her waist. Verily she was a right comely lady, most meet to be the friend of any lord.

Then, when she was ready, this gentlewoman departed from her chamber and came into the oratory, where there was a counterpane of silken stuff spread upon the earth; and she sat on it. And inasmuch as the hour she had appointed to her lover was already come, she looked every way to find him: but she saw no one, neither within the oratory nor without, and she was much vexed at it.

“Benedicite!” said she. “Was ever so false and laggardly a knight as this? Is it for such a man that I lay my soul in peril? He should have been waiting in this place, yet he comes not. Of a surety, he shall never have my love.”

Then she rose up full of wrath, and went from that oratory, and returned into her chamber and sat on her bed. But after a while she repented her of her impatience, and thought she would go anew to the tryst lest he might be there: for she was assured that he loved her well, and she feared that if he came and found her not he might kill himself for grief. And remembering that she had not said her prayers, the which she would never willingly neglect to do, she took her Book of Hours from off the coffer where it lay, and went anew to the said oratory and there kneeled down to make her orisons. The moon shone exceeding bright, and this lady thought that she could read in her prymer by its light, and say her prayers for God’s love while she awaited her lover. And she began to recite the Vigils of the Dead, for this was the day on which she was accustomed to say them; most piously commemorating her father and mother and all the faithful departed, that the pains of their purgation might be eased.

And whilst she did thus, the knight her lover left his concealment, for he judged the hour to be ripe, and he came to the door of the chapel and there saw the lady kneeling. But greater things he saw also, by the which he was filled with holy dread: to wit, the shining bodies of the dead, that had arisen from their graves and were there upon their knees, a multitude exceeding great, crying mercy to the lady as it seemed. Verily, at this sight that knight was so amazed that he dared go neither forward nor back. He looked at the dead, that were both men and women, young and old, of many and diverse manners, and began to weep right bitterly: for he perceived that this lady his sweetheart did miracles before his eyes. And it seemed to him that he had greatly sinned in that he had constrained her to give him of her love; for very surely it is an evil thing to tempt them that God would have to be His Saints. And as he watched, being

full of fear, the maiden made an end of her prayer, and came to the *Requiescant in Pace*, the which is the conclusion of this Office. And when this she said, all the dead bowed down at her feet, giving thanks with exceeding great devotion : and then they rose up and went very gently away.

Then did the lady straitway begin to recite the Compline of the Blessed Virgin Mary ; and the knight still watched her, for he dared not enter in, being full of awe. And it was not long before he saw another marvel, to wit, the fairest company that ever was assembled under Heaven : for there came into that oratory Our Lady Saint Mary Mother of God, exceeding fair, and clothed with so great a glory no tongue could tell it ; and this gracious Virgin was encompassed by many angels and seated on a throne most fairly wrought of precious stuffs, as are the works of Paradise. And ten or twelve angels upheld this throne, and thus did bear their Queen very gloriously ; and after them came other, that sang her praises. Of a surety, when they came into the oratory so great a light did shine there, and so exceeding sweet and joyous was their song, that this knight could in no wise endure it ; but he fell down upon the earth in a swoon.

And presently, coming to himself, he lifted up his head and looked within the place discreetly, for now he thought he had been dreaming. And there he did see the light divine, that is the light of Our Lady, her angels, her archangels, and virgins, and behind the Queen of Heaven two angels standing that held two burning candles, one to the right hand and one to the left. And in the midst of this glorious company was that gentlewoman his mistress, who most meekly and devoutly said her prayers : and when Compline was done, then she said the hymn, *Salve Regina!*

Then sang with her all the angels and archangels, saints and virgins, praising the Mother of God and crying,

*Salve Regina! Mater misericordiæ,  
Vita, dulcedo et spes nostra, salve!*

And when this song was finished, the Queen of Heaven and all her angels went away, and left that gentlewoman her servant kneeling alone : and she knew not that the Host of Heaven had been there.

Then her lover that had seen these marvels, being greatly afraid, entered into the chapel and fell down at her feet, saying,

“ Alas! most dear and sainted lady, I cry you mercy of my sin!” And he kissed her feet, weeping bitterly.

But the maiden, knowing not what ailed him, and being grieved against him because she had waited so long, said :

“Oh, recreant knight and false lover! Are these the customs of chivalry, to come thus laggardly to the tryst? Go your ways, for you shall never have my troth. Here have I waited you so long that I have said my Vigils from *Placebo* to *Requiescant*, and after them the Compline of Our Lady. Call you this the ardour of true love?”

Whereto the knight, greatly taken up with those wonders that she knew not, answered her, “Alas! lady, I might not come to you, for I have seen this night great marvels, and holy matters that were done here by your grace. And by this I know that you are in the keeping of God and of His angels, and that no mortal man may lay his hand on you.”

Saith the lady, “What have you seen?”

The knight replied to her, “At the hour of the tryst I came to the door of this oratory, and there I saw you kneeling upon the earth and reading I know not what; and the light of the moon fell on the book wherein you read. And because of this matter which you did read and recite, there came about you the shining bodies of the holy dead, so many that this place was full of them. And they kneeled with clasped hands before you and so did stay a long while; verily because of them I dared not enter in. And at last you said somewhat that I might not hear, and they bowed themselves before you right humbly, and so did go their ways.”

When the lady heard these things, she was full of dread; and she began to praise God with tears, for well she knew that these souls had been called about her for her defence by the virtue of those Vigils she said, by the which labour she did lighten their purgatorial pains. And she gave thanks to Our Lord Jesu Christ that of His mercy it had been permitted to these holy souls to guard their friend from sin.

Then, when she had so done, the knight saith to her, “This is not all, for when the dead had gone from you I saw yet holier things: to wit, that this chapel was altogether filled with ghostly light, and in that light there came God’s Mother, the Virgin Mary, who did descend from Heaven accompanied by angels and archangels and holy virgins, the which were a long time with you whiles you prayed. And at the end, when they must depart, the angels and virgins sang with you, lauding the Queen of Heaven with a sweet sound and joyous melody, and then did go back to Paradise, leaving you here alone. I suppose no man ever saw the Mother of God better than I have done this night. And because of this, I am minded to repent me of all sinful desire, and to offer to her my body and soul; and for this I will get me to an hermitage, there to serve her. And you, lady, my very sweet friend and dear mistress, think on your soul; for verily it belongs

altogether to that Lady that has guarded your maidenhead this night. That love which I did ask of you, I give you back again; but I will preserve your lands from them that would despoil you, that if it please you, you may offer them to God."

Then he went his way; and the lady, that was full of contrition because she had been tempted to the breaking of her vow, gave thanks with exceeding fervour to our gracious Lady, who of her infinite mercy had kept her from this sin. And she was shriven as soon as might be, for she greatly desired to make confession, fleeing all worldly pride and vain deceit: for now she knew that she had about her a fairer meinie than earth could furnish, to wit, the Queen of Angels, and the souls of all good Christians, that are ever by the side of them that pray.

And with those riches that the knight her lover restored to her according to his word, that gentlewoman did presently build a fair Abbey, and put many nuns therein. She herself also, having taking anew the vow of chastity, lived there in religion more than twenty years, and the fame of her holiness went through all the land and won many souls for God. Night and day did she laud her glorious lady Saint Mary, making sweet hymns in her honour. Nor did she forget to entreat God for the souls of the faithful departed, that He would ease their pains and bring them to celestial joy: for these had helped their friend in the hour of her temptation, and kept her from the snare of the Enemy to bring her to the perdurable blessedness of them that look on the Eternal Light.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine: et lux perpetua luceat eis!

#### THE LILY.

*Of a knight that was monk of Citeaux: the which could learn no Latin save the words "Ave Maria!"*

THERE is told here, for the comfort of the unlearned, the history of a very simple and ignorant knight. He was a man much skilled in the exercise of arms, that had fought right valiantly under the banners of the Emperor, the Doge, and the Most Christian King; so that he had amassed great riches and many wounds. But in spite of his hardihood he grew old, as we all must do; and came at last to the time in which the making of his soul seemed a greater matter than the taking of many towns, and rest more desirable than victory. For though battles be great and honourable things, yet there is a greater and a secret fight, and this every man must conduct in privity.

Now this knight, though he had loved not the air of the with-

drawing-rooms, nor idled ever in the Courts of Love, had throughout his life most tenderly esteemed all ladies. He was quick in their defence, and exceeding careful of their ease. And at those seasons when he had found opportunity for the hearing of the Mass, it was rather to the Mother than the Son that he found it easiest to offer his devotion. Thus he would salute much courteously the Lady of Ladies, the Queen of Heavenly Love, saying very devoutly *Ave Maria!* for these words he had learned whilst he was very young, though what followed them he never could remember. Nor would he ever, that he knew, pass by an image of the Blessed Virgin without offering her this greeting; the which should have greatly edified his followers, and if it did not, may their souls bear the blame! But having now come to the age at which the ladies of this world no longer needed his devotion, the thoughts of this knight turned naturally to that Better Country where, as he had reason to believe, grey hairs and stiff joints are no impediments to success. And because from the castles of his patrons that country seemed dim and difficult of access, he dismissed his men-at-arms, retired from his services, and in the seventieth year of his age withdrew to the cloister, taking the habit of religion in the house of Citeaux.

Now if the first business of a good monk be holiness, the second is very surely the due and learned recitation of his prayers; and more especially of that divine and daily office whereby the brotherhood from the stalls of the choir do mark the night hours and the divisions of the day. It was therefore with a certain very natural vexation that the monks of Citeaux discovered that their new brother knew two words only of the Latin tongue; those, namely, of *Ave Maria*, which had blessed the motions of his worldly life. With these words he most rightly saluted the image of Our Lady whenever he passed it; nor did this courtesy content him, for he would laud her also during the time in which the choir office was sung, at the which the cantors were much wrathful, for they deemed that such antics comported not with the right worship of God. But this brother, being without scholarship, could in no wise read in the Psalter the psalms of the day, and ever in the chant of *Beatus Vir* or *Dixit Insipiens*, his voice might be heard crying *Ave Maria!* All were displeased at it, for the thing brought discredit on the singing of the community; amongst them that were tempted to the sin of ribaldry it became even an occasion for mirth. It was plain that this ignorant brother must be so instructed that he might at least stay silent whilst those wiser than he offered the fruits of their scholarship to God. It was the opinion of the Lord Abbot that a bad Latinist maketh a bad monk: therefore it became presently

the business of one of the fathers to teach him the language of religion as quickly as might be.

But the new brother was old, and had but little skill in the learning of new words. They were hard to utter and easy to forget. He was humble and obedient, full of a very loving devotion; but the tongue that could order his men-at-arms stumbled amongst the antiphons, and found even the Paternoster too hard to be contrived. At the end of a month's instruction the only prayer ever heard upon his lips was still that same cry of *Ave Maria!* This he said constantly, with an exceeding great fervour of love, waking often in the darkness to offer his praise to the Mother of God. So at last, because he was very old and simple, and it was plain that he could learn nothing, the brothers ceased their teaching, agreeing together that he was a witless person, lacking all true vocation, and insusceptible of divine knowledge. When strangers came to the monastery they looked curiously at the foolish monk that knew no Latin but *Ave Maria*: and some there were that mocked him, but for the most part they left him alone as a simple creature whose deeds were of no account. He was allotted a stall in the choir where his voice was little heard; and there, at the Hours of the Office, he confidently offered his praise to Our Lady, whilst his brothers chanted their verses and responds, from *Dominus vobiscum* to *Sicut erat in principio*.

And at last, when he had lived amongst them many years, often the subject of laughter and contempt, but never ceasing the courteous devotion that he offered to the Queen of Heaven, in all love and loyalty, as good knight to liege lady ever should, that ignorant brother died; and he was wrapped, as the rule ordains, in the habit of the Order and buried in the cemetery of the monks. None gave great heed to his death, for he had been a very humble and quiet old man, unnoticed save for the incessant cry of *Ave Maria!* with which he had marked the minutes of his day. His life had done little, save by the gift of his great riches, for the advancement or amusement of the brotherhood; his death meant only the ending of a foolishness too gentle for any to resent. Only the Lord Abbot, who had an ear for fine singing, perceived that the Office was now chanted with a greater smoothness and harmony than it had aforesaid attained, at the which he rejoiced exceedingly; for though his sons might not all be saints, he desired that they should be known in the Courts of Heaven for good musicians, and the ill-timed devotions of the ignorant monk had vexed him off.

But it happened a while after, when already his death had ceased to be a matter of talk amongst them, and the recollection of his interruptions almost gone, a lay brother, that himself was



but an unlettered man, walked in the hour of recreation in the cemetery of the monks. And it was an exceeding bare and desolate place, that had no trees nor flowering plants therein; but crosses there were of black wood that marked the places wherein the brothers had been laid. Therefore was the lay brother much amazed when he saw, in a corner beneath the wall, some white and golden thing that grew to a man's full height. It seemed to him that this must be a flower, and he knew not who had dared to plant it. And being filled with a very ardent curiosity, he drew nearer, that he might the better see what it was; for it was the hour of twilight, and already distant things grew dim. But this thing did not vanish away, as he feared it might when that he drew near, rather it grew in size, towering above him in great majesty; and he saw that it was a great and pale lily, even such a lily as Saint Gabriel the Archangel bore to Our Lady with his Salutation. And it sprang from the earth that was heaped upon one of the graves; and though its roots were planted in corruption, yet its petals shone with a whiteness that is of Paradise, and letters of fine gold were written on each of its leaves. And the lay brother, seeing it, marvelled greatly; for the place wherefrom it grew was not that in which the body of the sub-Prior, an holy and a learned man esteemed of all, had been laid, but it was the newest grave in all the cemetery, even that of the ignorant monk.

Then, because he was exceeding perplexed by that which he had seen, and further, being unlettered, could not read the words that were on the leaves of the flower, that lay brother went in great fear and haste to the Lord Abbot, and told him of the lily that grew amongst the graves. And the Abbot was much astonished, and he came straitway with many of the brothers to see what it might be. But when they were come to that part of the cemetery wherein the lily was, behold! a great fear and reverence fell on them; for these were lettered men, and they knew that the flower they gazed on was not such an one as grows on our poor earth. For the light that came from its petals put out that of the lantern which they carried, and on each of its leaves there was written in letters of gold the words of the Angelic Salutation, even *Ave Maria!*

Then were they all filled with awe and amazement, devoutly regarding the miracle; and some crossed themselves, fearing an evil magic, and some went hot foot to their prayers. But the Lord Abbot was much perplexed by it, for he knew not any cause wherefore this mercy should have been vouchsafed his flock. Therefore he did ordain that spades be brought, and that they should dig with much care and dread about the roots of the lily where it sprang from the earth, to the end that they might

discover the secret of its growth. And having so said, he retired to his chamber, there to make orison, giving thanks for the miracle and praying that light be granted him concerning that which it might portend.

Then did the brothers as he commanded them, with exceeding care and reverence, for they feared to lay hands on the wonderful lily or trouble the earth about its roots. Yet for all their travail they shook it not at all; but they dug deep and yet deeper, and still the roots went before them into the earth. And when they had gone to a great depth, at last they did find the place wherefrom it sprang, as with due labour and searching the roots of all things that flower upon this earth may be found. Then left they their toil, and went to the Lord Abbot: and they were much troubled at that which they had seen, for this matter they might not understand. And they said—

“Oh, Lord Abbot, we have discovered the roots of the heavenly lily and the place wherefrom it draws its nourishment, for we have searched out its beginnings and have found them where they take their rise. And they spring from between the lips of that ignorant monk our brother; even he that could utter no Latin save the words *Ave Maria!*”

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

## FRENCH AND GERMAN RELATIONS.

### REFLECTIONS ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF SEDAN.

ON September 1st and 2nd, 1870, exactly thirty-five years ago, the great tragedy of Sedan was enacted, and, after a series of defeats which stand unparalleled in the world's history, France emerged from the ordeal of the "Terrible Year," crushed, humiliated, reduced and impoverished—the very shadow of her former self. Since then, France has played a very inconspicuous rôle on the stage of Europe, and from the very reserve which, in matters political, she has imposed on herself since then, it has been assumed that she has almost forgotten her defeat, that she has become reconciled to the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, that she has definitely abdicated her historic position in Europe, that she is willing to play henceforth a secondary part in the world, and that all her energy and all her genius are now exclusively bent upon developing the material well-being of the nation and the Republican institutions of the country. France has come to be considered as a parochial concern.

So strongly was it assumed that *le feu sacré de la revanche* had died down that official and semi-official Germany thought the time had come for Franco-German co-operation. Guided by the German Emperor, official and semi-official Germany bestowed graceful compliments upon distinguished Frenchmen at every opportunity. French and German ships were seen side by side in Kiel harbour at the occasion of the opening of the Baltic and North Sea Canal; in the Far East, Russian, French, and German ships conjointly demonstrated the Japanese out of Port Arthur, and M. Lockroy, France's ablest Minister of Marine, was allowed to minutely inspect the German Navy and the German Navy yards. France had, apparently, forgotten her defeats, the time for reconciliation seemed to have arrived, and German writers began strongly to advocate a Franco-German political alliance, and a Central-European Customs Union.

Lately, however, Franco-German relations have become somewhat overclouded. When, through the instrumentality of M. Delcassé, France settled her differences with Great Britain, Italy, and Spain, and made a somewhat hesitating attempt to have again a policy of her own, the German Emperor intervened and forbade the execution of the Morocco bargain, which had

already been concluded between France and those Powers which, through their geographical position, may claim an exclusive interest in Moroccan affairs. How serious and threatening the Morocco incident was is apparent from the steps towards the mobilisation of her Army which were taken by Germany at the time. As the German exports to Morocco amount, on an average, to a paltry £75,000 per annum, it is clear that the defence of Germany's commercial interest in Morocco was merely a pretext for Germany's action in supporting Morocco against Great Britain, France, and Spain. Her aim in creating the Moroccan incident was not to foster Germany's exports to Morocco, but to detach France from Great Britain, and to attach her to Germany.

Hitherto, German policy has been marvellously successful. Will German diplomacy also succeed in reconciling France and in making her Germany's ally? If a Franco-German alliance or a Franco-Russo-German alliance should eventually be concluded, against which Power would such an alliance be directed? These are questions which, at the present moment, are of supreme interest to all nations, for the future of France depends on France's decision.

In order to gauge how the relations between France and Germany are likely to develop, we must investigate the position, the political aims, the interests and the traditional policy of the two countries. Let us first look at Franco-German relations, from the French point of view.

French policy, although apparently most erratic and unstable of purpose, has, through centuries, constantly pursued the same aim. During centuries, France has fought for the preservation of the Balance of Power in Europe and for the possession of the Rhine frontier. To obtain these ends, France has successively made war against the strongest Continental States which threatened to enslave the Continent and ultimately to engulf France herself. From the time, 370 years ago, when she opposed Charles V., the mightiest monarch of Christendom, who ruled over Austria, Germany, the Netherlands, and Spain, down to the present time, France has been the champion of liberty on the Continent of Europe. When Charles V. ruled almost the whole Continent, Christian France allied herself with Turkey, the abhorred Infidel Power, who was considered to stand outside the pale of the *comitas gentium*, rightly thinking self-preservation the first law of political ethics and the first duty to herself. History repeats itself. When Germany had crushed France and when Bismarck had succeeded in raising all the Powers of Western Europe against France and in isolating her, France

turned to Russia for support, notwithstanding the incompatible differences existing between the Western Republic and the Eastern autocracy, differences which make truly cordial relations impossible between them.

During four centuries, France and Germany have fought one another for supremacy in Europe, and as long as Austria was the strongest State in Germany, France supported Austria's German enemies against her. Thus it was that France, up to 1866, encouraged Prussia to aggrandise herself at Austria's cost, and that Bismarck, in crushing Austria, received Napoleon's sympathy and support.

Since Bismarck's advent to power, or during more than forty years, France has been the dupe of Prusso-Germany's policy. Napoleon III. received no gratitude for supporting Prussia against Austria. On the contrary, even at the time when Napoleon was doing this priceless service to Bismarck, Bismarck contemplated ruining France, and building up Germany's unity on the ruins of France. A fortnight before the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, when Austro-Prussian relations were already strained to breaking-point, Bismarck sent General von Gabelenz, who then was in Berlin, to the Austrian Emperor in Vienna, and suggested through the General to the Emperor that even at the eleventh hour peace might be preserved among the Germanic nations by making a common onslaught on France, conquering Alsace, and creating a Greater Germany at the end of a victorious campaign. Thus, the Prusso-Austrian differences were to be settled at the cost of France at the very moment when France was lending Bismarck her support in his anti-Austrian policy. Only through Austria's hesitation to follow Bismarck's lead was France saved from destruction in 1866, but she became the victim of Bismarck's machinations but four years later.

In order to keep France in good humour during the Austro-Prussian War, Bismarck verbally promised France the Rhine as a reward for her support, but when France wished to have this promise given in writing, Bismarck skilfully drew out negotiations and delayed and procrastinated during the critical period of the war, until the decisive victory gained by the Prussians at Königgrätz had made France's support against Austria superfluous and had brought peace in sight. Before the conclusion of peace, France, who began to fear that Bismarck was playing false to her, pressed for the territorial compensation which Bismarck had held in view before the war, but her demands were met with derision, and the intimation that, in case of need, Bismarck would not hesitate to make peace at any price with Austria, and induce

her to march together with Prussia against France. In that case Austria and Prussia would aggrandise themselves at the expense of France. As a considerable part of the French army was fighting in Mexico at that time, Napoleon was unable to prevent the undue strengthening of Prussia, and it became clear that the historic struggle for supremacy between France and Germany would soon have to be renewed.

Since 1866 Bismarck skilfully increased the bitterness which France, after having been deceived by Bismarck, naturally felt for Prussia, partly by inflicting a number of humiliations upon French diplomacy in the Luxemburg question, the Belgian question, &c., partly by rousing the discontent of the excitable French masses against Prussia. The convenience of Bismarck's policy required a Franco-German war, for only the enthusiasm created by such a war, which was likely to be immensely popular in Germany, where the remembrance of the first Napoleon was still kept green, could make the unification of Germany possible. Since 1866, a Franco-Prussian war had become unavoidable, but French diplomacy was unskilful enough to walk into the Spanish trap which Bismarck skilfully had baited, and declared war against Prussia upon a pretext which, in the eyes of the world, put France in the wrong. The mistake of France's diplomacy was Bismarck's opportunity. On the ruins of France and in accordance with Bismarck's programme a united Germany was founded, whose main object it was proclaimed to be to resist for all time the wanton aggression of Germany's hereditary enemy. Thus the unity of Germany was cemented with French blood, and Thiers spoke truly when he said to Bismarck at Versailles, "C'est nous qui avons fait l'union de l'Allemagne."

It is often said that the war of 1870-71 has been forgotten, and that France no longer bears Germany any ill-will; but it seems doubtful whether this is the case, for the ill-effect of that war has been much greater to France than is generally known. It appears that almost 700,000 lives were lost to France, partly through the war, partly through the subsequent outbreak of the Commune, and the loss of French capital occasioned by the war must be estimated at about £800,000,000. In Alsace-Lorraine France lost a stretch of territory which is about three times larger than the county of Lancashire, and which, by its highly-developed industries, might have been called the Lancashire of France. If we look at the population returns of France for 1866 and 1872, we find that during that period the population of France decreased by 1,964,173, and if we add to that figure the average yearly increase of the French population during the six years between 1866 and 1872, we arrive at the result that the war and the loss of Alsace-

Lorraine combined must have caused the loss of about 2,800,000 people to France.

By now France has, no doubt, recovered from the enormous monetary losses which the war caused. Nevertheless, the war has left indelible traces upon the country. The enormous wastage of national capital and the enormously increased National Debt of the country, together with the necessity for France to recreate her army on the largest scale, and to maintain it, notwithstanding her shrunken resources in men and money, has made necessary a most oppressive taxation, which can be met only by the exercise of the most rigid economy on the part of all individual taxpayers. Hence the Franco-German War seems to have led to a falling-off in the birth-rate of France, which was much smaller after the war than it had been before, and it cannot be doubted that the stationariness of the population of France is greatly, and perhaps chiefly, caused by the after-effects of that unfortunate war.

In view of the fact that the Franco-German War has inflicted three decades of suffering upon all French families, it can hardly be expected that the masses of the French nation have become the friends and well-wishers of Germany. The small *rentiers* of France and the thrifty peasants, with all their love of peace and quiet, know quite well that taxation in France will remain high as long as France is compelled to maintain her enormous army. Nevertheless, they are determined not to expose themselves to the possibility of another disastrous defeat. Hence the high taxation is borne without grumbling in the silent hope that a time may arrive when, in consequence of the weakening of France's eastern neighbour, France may again be able to lighten her oppressive armour.

The German newspapers speak the truth when they assert that the old spirit of *revanche* has died out in France. *Revanche* is not a policy but a sentiment, and France has learned, to her cost, how dangerous it is to be led by sentiment in matters political. It is, therefore, not so much the aim of French policy to endeavour to weaken Germany as it is to strengthen France. France wishes to live in peace and security with all her neighbours, Germany included, but at the same time she wishes to be strong enough to be able to hold her own in the world. All policy is, after all, based on force, and no policy can be successful which is not backed by sufficient military and naval strength. Therefore, France has endeavoured to create and to maintain an army sufficiently strong to meet that of Germany, but she finds her task from year to year more difficult, owing to the increasing discrepancy between the population of France and that of Germany, which is apparent from the following table :—

	Population of Germany.	Population of France.
1872	41,230,000	36,103,000
1876	43,059,000	36,906,000
1881	45,428,000	37,672,600
1886	47,134,000	38,219,000
1891	49,762,000	38,343,000
1896	52,753,000	38,518,000
1901	56,862,000	38,962,000
1905	(estimated). 60,000,000	39,400,000

From the foregoing figures it appears that, in 1870, France and Germany were about equally populous, but that now the population of Germany is more than fifty per cent. larger than is that of France. Notwithstanding her great numerical inferiority, France has, until now, succeeded in maintaining an army as large as is that of Germany, but if the German population continues to increase at the present rate, the time will not be far distant when France will no longer be able to rival Germany in the number of her soldiers, and then France will automatically sink to a secondary rank among the Great Powers of Europe. Time is fighting on Germany's side, and therefore it is in the interest of Germany to maintain peace with France as long as possible, whilst it is in the interest of France to utilise the earliest opportunity that may offer for crushing Germany. Even the most peaceful Frenchmen who have, personally, the best dispositions towards Germany are bound to work for Germany's downfall.

If France should succeed in defeating Germany, she will certainly claim Alsace-Lorraine, but she would probably demand all German territory up to the Rhine, for reasons which will be shown later on. On the territory between the present Franco-German frontier and the Rhine 7,000,000 inhabitants are living, who would be greatly welcome in France, and who would, to some extent, improve her unfavourable population figures.

France has fought for centuries for the possession of the Rhine, which the French consider the natural political frontier of their country, and it must be admitted that, from the French point of view, the possession of the Rhine is indispensable for the security of the country.

Every nation strives to secure itself against invasion by obtaining strong natural defensive boundaries. The sea, the Pyrenees and the Alps protect France nearly from all sides. In the seashores and the high mountain chains surrounding her, France has found her natural frontiers long ago. Only her North-East frontier is an open one, and has been an open one for centuries, and, consequently, France has always striven, and will continue to strive to make the Rhine her protection against Germany. Besides, France has a historical claim to the Rhine. We read



already in Tacitus, "Germania a Gallis Rheno separatur," and Cæsar also mentions that Gaul extends from the Rhine to the ocean.

A glance at the map shows why the possession of the Rhine is now more than ever an absolute necessity to France. In Continental warfare, the main object of an invading army is the capital, which, owing to the great centralisation of the political and economic administration, is at the same time the heart and the head of the body politic. By the exposed and insecure position of her capital, France is most unfortunately situated compared with Germany. Whilst Berlin lies 400 miles from the Franco-German frontier, only 170 miles separate Paris from Metz. Besides, Berlin is protected against an invasion from the West by a triple line of exceedingly strong natural defences. A French army advancing upon Berlin would have to cross three huge, swift-flowing rivers, the Rhine, the Weser, and the Elbe, which lie at right angles with its line of march, and between these three broad and deep streams, numerous large mountain chains, which afford splendid opportunities for defence, are found. Germany's main defensive frontier towards France is not formed by her fortresses in Alsace-Lorraine, but by the Rhine and by a dozen powerful fortresses on that river, which extend from the Isteiner Klotz opposite Basle down to Wesel on the Dutch frontier, and the towns on the Rhine are so strongly fortified, that it seems almost impossible for an army to cross it in the face of a determined opposition.

Whilst Berlin lies far away from the French frontier and is splendidly protected against an invasion from the West, Paris lies but eight days' march from an open frontier which is almost completely devoid of natural obstacles. The small, easily-fordable Meuse is the only stream between Metz and Paris, and no great mountain chains, which could stop an invader, are found between Paris and the German frontier. Paris is, indeed, within easy reach of the German army.

Not satisfied with her triple line of defences against France, Germany has made Alsace-Lorraine enormously strong for defence, and has converted it into an advanced work in front of the Rhine frontier. At the same time, Alsace-Lorraine has been turned into an ideal starting-point for an attack against France. Germany has prepared, throughout Alsace-Lorraine, permanent defensive positions of the greatest strength at all points where a battle is likely to occur. Besides, the fortresses of Alsace-Lorraine have lately been enormously strengthened. Metz, for instance, has been surrounded with forts which lie eight miles from the town, and these defences have been joined with the

fortifications on the Gentringer Höhe, near Diedenhofen, through the inclusion of which the fortress of Metz now practically extends over twenty-five miles of country, and, is therefore, almost unbesiegeable.

The offensive strength of Alsace-Lorraine lies in its excellent railway net. Whilst seven railway lines run from Alsace-Lorraine into France, eight or nine purely strategical lines run towards France and abruptly end near the French frontier. Furthermore, enormous sidings and huge open-air stations, which are solely meant for use in time of war, have been constructed, and thus Germany is able to unload in the minimum of time a huge army in any part of the country close to the French boundaries. It is estimated that Germany is able to detrain 150,000 to 200,000 men per day between Metz and Strasburg.

France, being deprived of a natural frontier facing Germany, and even of natural obstacles between her North-Eastern frontier and Paris, has constructed a line of forts along the 200 miles of her frontier. These forts lie, on an average, about five miles apart and form a continuous line. Only two gaps, the Trouée de la Meuse, between the Belgian frontier and Verdun, which is twenty miles wide, and the Trouée de la Moselle, between Toul and Epinal, which is thirty miles wide, are left open, and in these openings the French armies are to be assembled at the outbreak of war.

The weak artificial screen of forts facing Germany is the sole obstacle which an invader meets in advancing upon Paris. As soon as he has passed the line of forts, Paris is in his grasp. It is therefore clear that the North-Eastern frontier of France is a most unsatisfactory one, and all French patriots must desire to obtain again a strong natural defensive frontier, further away from Paris. Even the most peaceful boulevardiers in Paris must have that desire. From the foregoing it is clear that the wish of all thoughtful Frenchmen to obtain again the Rhine frontier is not a sentimental, but a purely logical one, and the weaker France is as compared with Germany, the greater is her need for a strong frontier such as that which is formed by the Rhine.

It is therefore only natural that all patriotic Frenchmen must strive to regain Alsace-Lorraine, and, if possible, the Rhine. To acquiesce in France's present mutilation, to make peace with Germany and to allow France gradually to become a Power of secondary rank, would mean national extinction. Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Spain possess powerful natural defensive frontiers, which protect them against their mightiest neighbours. France, if she accepts her present position as final, will sink to the level of Spain without, however, possessing a strong frontier

such as Spain possesses, and in course of time she will become a second Belgium.

Whilst patriotic Frenchmen cannot possibly contemplate with satisfaction the present position of France, Germany has every reason to be gratified with the *status quo*, and to wish that, by the natural development of things, France should gradually and peacefully sink to the second, or even to the third, rank among the nations of the world.

No nation desires to have a strong neighbour, least of all a nation which wishes to expand at the cost of other nations. Between 1870 and 1905, the population of Germany has grown from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000. Professor Schmoller estimates that the German population will amount to 104,000,000 in 1965, Professor Hübbe-Schleiden is of opinion that it will come to 150,000,000 in 1980, and M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks that the Germans will number more than 200,000,000 within a century.

Germany will hardly be able to feed and clothe her rapidly growing population much longer within her present boundaries, and, as she is loth to strengthen foreign nations with her surplus population, she wishes to have her elbows free in order to be able to expand. Expansion by peaceful means, whether it be within or without Europe, seems out of the question. Hence, it is Germany's interest to weaken beforehand her potential enemies; and France is considered by Germany as a potential enemy, who waits only for a favourable opportunity to attack Germany. On this point, Bismarck said in the Reichstag, on the 11th of January, 1887 :

“Has there ever been a French minority which could venture publicly and unconditionally to say, We renounce regaining Alsace-Lorraine. We shall not make war for Alsace-Lorraine, and we accept the Peace of Frankfort in the same spirit in which we accepted the Peace of Paris in 1815? Is there a ministry in Paris which would have the courage to make such a declaration? Why is there no such ministry? For the French have hitherto not lacked courage. No such ministry exists, because such a policy is opposed to public sentiment in France. France is like an engine which is filled with steam up to the point of explosion, and a spark, a clumsy movement of the hand, may suffice to cause an explosion, to bring on war. However, the fire is so carefully tended and nursed that it seems at first sight not likely that it will ever be used for causing a conflagration in the neighbouring country.

“If you study French history, you will find that the most important decisions have been taken in France not by the will

of the people but by the will of an energetic minority. Those people in France who contemplate war with Germany, at present only prepare everything in order to be able to commence such a war with the maximum of force. Their task is to keep alive *le feu sacré de la revanche*, a task which Gambetta defined in the motto : *Ne parlez jamais de la guerre, mais pensez-y toujours*, and that is to-day still the attitude of France. French people do not speak of the possibility of an aggressive war against Germany, but only of the fear of being attacked by Germany.

"France will probably attack us as soon as she has reason to think that she is stronger than we are. As soon as France believes that she can defeat Germany, war with Germany is, I think, a certainty. The conviction that France is stronger than Germany may arise from the alliances which France may be able to conclude. I do not believe that such alliances will be concluded by France, and it is the task of German diplomacy either to prevent the conclusion of such alliances, or to counter-balance such alliances with counter-alliances."

It was Bismarck's conviction that France would seek revenge for her defeat, and therefore he endeavoured to ruin France by the severe conditions of peace. Although the Franco-German War had cost Germany only about £60,000,000, he exacted almost £250,000,000 from France, and was greatly disappointed that France so easily paid that sum and recovered so rapidly. Fearing France's revenge, Germany contemplated already, in 1875, an attack upon France, and in February of that year Herr von Radowitz was sent to Russia to sound the Czar and to find out whether Russia would remain neutral in the event of the struggle between France and Germany being renewed. Happily for France, Germany's design miscarried owing to the energetic opposition of Great Britain and Russia.

Finding himself foiled in his design to ruin France before she had recovered from her defeat, Bismarck strove to isolate France, being of opinion, as he said in his Memoirs, that France would certainly aid Russia if a collision should take place between Russia and Germany. Therefore he wrote, on the 20th December, 1872, to Count Arnim, the German Ambassador in Paris : "We do not want to be disturbed by France, but if France does not intend to keep the peace we must prevent her finding allies." With this object in view, Bismarck skillfully isolated France by bringing her into collision with Italy, Spain, and Great Britain, and as long as Bismarck was in power the foreign policy of France was directed from Berlin, and France had not a friend, not a champion in the wide world. France was an outcast among nations.

Bismarck most carefully watched France's relations with foreign countries, and as soon as he thought that France was trying to pursue a policy of her own without consulting Berlin, and was endeavouring to improve her relations with a foreign country, he at once raised the spectre of war. In 1887, for instance, the Goblet Ministry was trying to settle the Egyptian Question, and thus to arrive at an understanding with Great Britain. However, before France was able to come to the desired arrangement, Bismarck used the ridiculous Schnäbele incident on the Franco-German frontier for a violent war-agitation, compared with which the recent Morocco incident was merely child's play. France was almost frightened out of her wits. The contemplated arrangement with Great Britain was dropped, and on May 7th, 1887, M. Goblet said at Havre: "For fifteen years we have been asking the country each year for £40,000,000, and now, when the country has been smitten on the one cheek, we can only advise her to turn the other cheek to the smiter."

Soon after Bismarck had been dismissed by the present Emperor, France succeeded in coming to some arrangement with Russia, the character and scope of which have remained secret; but although both Frenchmen and Russians have frequently been speaking of a Franco-Russian alliance, there is very good reason for believing that there exists no Franco-Russian alliance, but at the best a Franco-Russian military convention. Bismarck sceptically remarked, shortly before his death, "'Nations alliées' need by no means signify that there is an alliance, and words like these are sometimes only used for the sake of politeness." From what has since leaked out, it appears that Bismarck was right, and that there never was a Franco-Russian alliance, notwithstanding the numerous solemn assertions to the contrary.

The conclusion of the Franco-Russian "alliance" was taken very philosophically at Berlin, for such an event was considered to be inevitable in view of the friction which had taken place between Russia and Germany after the present Emperor had come to the throne. Therefore, German diplomacy concentrated its efforts upon keeping the Anglo-French differences alive, and tried to forestall France by previously coming to an understanding with this country.

At that time Germany's most valuable colonies, including Zanzibar, were exchanged against the valueless rock of Heligoland, an exchange which was greeted with dismay by all Germans, for it was clearly recognised by them that that bargain was a very one-sided and a most unsatisfactory one for Germany. Even in Great Britain people shook their heads at

this exchange, the advantage of which to Germany could not be seen. Nevertheless, from the German point of view this exchange was a most excellent bargain, for France had been forestalled by it. Von Caprivi, the then Chancellor, did not even try to explain that Germany had received an adequate *quid pro quo* in giving up her best colonies, but he simply stated in the Reichstag, in defending the exchange: "We meant, before all, to maintain our good understanding with Great Britain."

It was Bismarck's policy not only to isolate France by embroiling her with all her neighbours and by discrediting her everywhere, but also to weaken her financial and military power by encouraging her to waste her military and financial strength in unprofitable colonial adventures in every quarter of the world. France went to West Africa and to Tonkin at Bismarck's bidding, and, intending to create colonies, she founded vast military settlements which sap her strength. How greatly France is weakened by her possessions abroad may be seen from the fact that she has to maintain about 70,000 soldiers in her colonies.

If we review the policy which Germany has continually pursued towards France from 1871 down to the present day, we find that Germany has consistently and persistently endeavoured to weaken France in every possible way, and that she has succeeded in turning all her neighbours into enemies to her. Foreign ministers came and foreign ministers went in France in rapid succession, but, whether they liked it or not, all had to play Germany's game to the harm of their country. France was the abject tool of Germany and the laughing-stock of the world, until at last, seven years ago, M. Delcassé entered the French Foreign Office.

When M. Delcassé became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs he found, with amazement, that the foreign policy of France was directed by Germany, and that, at the bidding of German statesmen, France had obediently embroiled herself with Italy over Tunis, with Spain over various questions, and with Great Britain over Egypt. Notwithstanding the fact that it was his first task to settle the thankless Fashoda problem, M. Delcassé entered upon his duties with the firm determination to reconcile France with Italy and Spain, and especially with Great Britain, and no longer to oppose this country in Germany's interests. In the beginning of November, 1898, a few days after Colonel Marchand had been ordered back from Fashoda, M. Delcassé said in his study to a friend of mine: "I mean not to leave this fauteuil without having re-established good relations with Great Britain." Such a declaration required considerable moral courage at a time when Great Britain and France stood on the brink of war.

When Germany saw that France was slipping away from German control, that France was trying to pursue a national policy, and that she succeeded in making friends with Great Britain, Italy, and Spain, Germany tried for a long time to regain control over the foreign policy of France by personal advances to individual Frenchmen, by flattering the vanity of France, by urging that the interests of France and Germany were identical, and by persistently extolling the benefits and the necessity of a Franco-German alliance as the best guarantee for maintaining peace in Europe. However, notwithstanding Germany's advances, M. Delcassé remained passive and almost indifferent, and observed a cautious reserve towards Germany. Nevertheless, Germany continued her advances until the battle of Mukden had shown that the Russian army was no longer a factor upon the support of which France could reckon in case she should be attacked by Germany. Then, and then only, came the Morocco crisis and Germany's threat of war.

M. Delcassé has made many mistakes during his seven years' tenure of office. Still, he has deserved well of France, for he has led her into the path of independence after twenty-seven years of political dependence upon Germany.

As the German Press still recommends the conclusion of a Franco-German alliance for preserving peace in Europe, we may cast a glance at the true inwardness of that proposal. Germany is surrounded by weaker nations on every side, and she is threatened by none. So strong is Germany considered to be by her foremost military men, that the late Count Waldersee stated, a few years ago, at the officers' casino at Kaiserslautern, that Germany alone was strong enough to defeat, single-handed, France and Russia combined. Therefore Germany, who is backed by Austria-Hungary and Italy, need not seek a defensive alliance with France against any Continental nation or any Continental nations. The only nations against which a Franco-German alliance could possibly be directed would be England or the United States, and as neither England nor the United States is an aggressive nation, a Franco-German alliance could hardly bear a defensive character.

Recent history supplies the proof that a Franco-German alliance would not be a defensive alliance. At no time were Germany's advances to France more assiduous than when Germany was trying to raise a coalition against this country. At the outbreak of the Boer War the whole German Press entreated France to join hands with Germany and to assist in humbling Great Britain to the dust. On October 5th, 1889, three days after the mobilisation of the Boer troops, an article appeared in *Die Grenzboten*,

the leading journal of the semi-official Press of Germany, in which it was said :

All differences between France and Germany benefit only the nearly all-powerful Enemy of the World. As long as the French keep one eye fixed on Alsace-Lorraine, it is no good that they occasionally look at England with the other eye. Only when the strength of the German fleet is commensurate with her sea interest will the French seek our friendship, instead of being humiliated by their hereditary enemy.

In this and numerous other articles France was entreated to crush England, her hereditary enemy, by joining a coalition of Continental Powers.

I was in Paris during the time of the Morocco crisis, when extreme nervousness had taken hold of many French politicians, journalists, and Stock Exchange operators. In the highest military circles, however, the possibility of an outbreak of war with Germany was contemplated with perfect confidence in the strength and excellence of the French army.

Clausewitz, the greatest military writer of modern times, has justly said : " He must be a good engineer who is able to gauge the value of a very complicated machine whilst it is at rest, for he must not only see that all parts are there, but he must also be able to analyse the state of each individual part when it will be in action. But which machine resembles in its many-sidedness and intricacy of construction the military power? " It is, of course, a difficult matter to form an opinion of an army in time of peace. Still, the confidence of the French generals in their army seems by no means to be misplaced. In case of war, France can mobilise three million men and more. And the men are alert and willing ; they are well disciplined and well trained, and their training is a thoroughly practical one. The first article of the *Règlement sur les Manœuvres de l'Infanterie* says : " La préparation à la guerre est le but unique de l'instruction des troupes," and that principle governs the training of the whole French army.

The equipment of the French army is, on the whole, very superior to that of the German army. The boots, clothes, knapsacks, cooking utensils, &c., of the men appear to be more practical and more serviceable than those of the German army ; the French horses are distinctly superior to the average of the German horses ; the rifles of both armies are about equally good ; but the French field artillery is so vastly superior to the German artillery (the French gun can fire twenty-two shots a minute) that it would be at present distinctly hazardous for Germany to attack France. It should not be forgotten that Germany won her battles in 1870 largely through the great superiority of her artillery. It is true



that Germany is, at present, re-arming her artillery. Nevertheless, she will require at least eighteen months before her new guns are finished, and, until then, France has a great advantage over Germany.

In 1870, France did not possess a national army. Her troops were a rabble, they fought without enthusiasm for the cause which, at least at the beginning of the campaign, was not understood by them, and they were pitted against a national army which fought for the greatest of causes. To-day every Frenchman knows that, in a war with Germany, he will fight for all that is dear to him, that he will fight for his hearth and home. The French would enter upon a war with Germany conscious that such a war would be a struggle for life or death to France, whilst the German army would hardly in a similar spirit enter upon a war of wanton aggression over the Morocco Question or some similar shallow pretext for war. For these reasons, the best-informed French soldiers did not fear an encounter with Germany at the time of the Morocco crisis. French nervousness was restricted to the civilian element of the population, but even civilian France is becoming conscious of her strength. That consciousness is bound to affect the nature of Franco-German relations.

Formerly France tried to emulate the navy of this country. Now France arranges her naval armaments with a view of meeting not the British fleet but the German fleet on the ocean. The leading idea of M. Thomson, the French Minister of Marine, and M. Bos, the Reporter of the Budget, in framing the estimate was that France should keep pace with the rapidly growing German fleet, which threatens to outstrip the French fleet.

On paper the French fleet and the German fleet compare as follows :—

	French Fleet.	German Fleet.
Battleships launched since 1881 .....	28 ships, 280,247 tons .....	17 ships, 186,631 tons
Cruisers launched since 1886 .....	21 ,, 181,486 ,, .....	10 ,, 72,396 ,,

At first sight it would appear, from the foregoing figures, that France is at present much stronger on the sea than is Germany, but this is not the case. France has a large number of small battleships which possess only a very secondary fighting value, and if we leave these small battleships out of account, and compare only the battleships of 10,000 tons and over, we find that France has only eighteen large battleships, as compared with sixteen large battleships possessed by Germany. Therefore the superiority of the French battle fleet over the German battle fleet is exceedingly small.

In comparing the French and German naval forces, we must remember that France has many vulnerable spots on her coast to defend, for all her great harbours can be shelled from the sea, whilst the German coasts, with their extensive sandbanks which every year change their shape, need no mobile defence whatever. Then again, half of the French fleet is in the Mediterranean, far away from the northern coast of France, whilst the whole of the German fleet can be concentrated within a few hours in the North Sea. Lastly, the German ships possess a far greater homogeneity than the French ships, and the former can therefore be more easily manœuvred than the latter. From all these facts it would appear that the French fleet possesses no longer any marked superiority over the German fleet. It is true that the French admirals feel confident that they can defeat the German fleet, but the German admirals feel equally confident that they can defeat the French fleet.

A few years hence the German fleet should possess a great superiority over the French fleet, unless France soon bestirs herself and increases her navy. Consequently France would be well advised if she strengthens her naval forces as soon as possible. If, in a war with Germany, the French fleet should be defeated, Germany would be able to turn the defences on the north-east frontier of France by landing large bodies of troops on the northern coast of France, and this possibility is at present being seriously considered by both French and German officers. On the other hand, if France should succeed in defeating the German fleet, she would be able to greatly damage Germany by destroying her export trade, of which between two-thirds and three-quarters are carried on over sea.

The foregoing short sketch shows the real character of the relations existing between France and Germany. The Franco-German relations were truly, but very indiscreetly, described by the great German historian, Professor Treitschke, in his book *Politik*, as "a latent state of war." Whatever compliments may be exchanged between the two countries, the aims and ambitions of France and Germany are incompatible, and they will remain incompatible as long as Germans are Germans and Frenchmen are Frenchmen. Hence the latent state of war existing between France and Germany seems likely to continue until France has either regained her natural frontier or until she has become a third-class Power, a second Belgium. Only then can France and Germany become friends.

France is under no illusion as to Germany's feelings towards her. Silently she has borne the latent state of war for thirty-four years, and the heroism of the French citizens in giving their services and

their money without stint and without grumbling to their country is worthy of the greatest admiration. But the French may some day be rewarded for their patient patriotism. Already the thirty-four years of a latent state of war have worked wonders in the national character of France, and have created a race of strong and earnest men in that country. Besides, thirty-four years of concentrated military endeavour have given France an army which need not fear any foe. Perhaps that army will some day be the instrument for re-creating France and gaining back for her what she has lost.

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## THE LETTERS OF ERNEST RENAN.

TOWARDS the end of his career Renan observed, not without malice, that little of value would be found in his correspondence. The "least literary of men" went on to say that in writing a letter he had often stopped himself, and converted the ideas that came to him into general discourses. Fortunately this anxiety to "make copy" of every thought that occurred to him only appeared as he became famous. And in the letters which he sent to his mother while he was studying for the priesthood, and in those written to his sister Henriette, and to M. Berthelot, his lifelong friend, we have a record, far more interesting than might have been imagined, of the development of his sentiments and ideas. It extends from September 8th, 1838, when he arrived at the Paris seminary, a timid, devout Breton scholar of fifteen years of age, to within a few days of October 2nd, 1892, when he died at the College of France, the most famous writer that his country has produced since Voltaire.

At any rate, his correspondence reveals the formation of his character and leading opinions with greater clearness than his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*. One does not, of course, expect to find in his letters from the seminary the romance with which Renan, as he was growing old, clothed the history of the religious crisis of his youth. Yet he was a favourite of the fairies from his birth; for even his earliest letters contain a simple and touching story of Roman Catholic life, which is, no doubt, related in the folk-songs of many countries of the old faith. Among the Breton-speaking people it forms the subject of a quaint piece of popular poetry, *The Song of the Old Flax Spinner*:—

"My spinning wheel and my coil of straw and my jacket of white cloth—I will sell them all for my boy, so that he may be able to be made a priest—And my bowls and my spoons, he shall take them all away at once—And then my old swingle, and my brake, and my hatchel.

"And when he has been made a priest—I shall be clad in a robe—My shoes shall be tied with ribbons, and my collar shall be all crimped—And I shall have on my head a coil such as a young lady wears."

By the use of what curious symbolism does the poor pious old body express the joy that she will feel in seeing her son placed above the vainer cares of life and consecrated to the service of God! Renan's mother, a woman of singular gaiety of heart and profound religious feelings, may often have sung the song over

to herself between jest and earnest. When Ernest was about eight years of age he remained between life and death for forty days; and he did not recover his health until she took him on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Good Succour at Guincamp. From that time Mme. Renan thought that God had views over her son. She wrote to him while he was at Paris:

"Your brother and sister are in honourable and lucrative positions; but for you, my child, there is reserved the higher employment of serving God in his sanctuary. This is my ambition."

Besides the pleasure he felt in submitting to his mother's gentle influence, Renan was possessed with such admiration for the noble priests under whom he studied in his native town of Tréguier, that he was anxious to walk in their path. One of them, an uncle of his, devoted his savings to defraying the expenses of the boy's education, on the understanding that Ernest would enter the priesthood. Henriette Renan alone was opposed to her brother being allowed to choose such a vocation in life before he was able to think for himself. Being overruled, she contented herself with predicting that nothing but disaster would come of it. Nevertheless, when his career was absolutely decided upon, she loyally determined to advance him in it; and through a friend she managed to obtain for him a scholarship in the Seminary of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, which in point of general education was the best school of the kind in Paris.

Even when the scholarship was obtained, Mme. Renan, who lived in genteel destitution, was hard put to supply her son with the little money necessary for clothes and books. When his cassock became so threadbare and so bepatched that he was ashamed to make any calls, she was able to provide him with a new one only by practising all manner of little economies; and there were wintry days when she used to sit without a fire in her lonely room at Tréguier, so that with the price of the fuel her Ernest might buy some works necessary for his studies. Renan writes in one of his letters to his mother:—

"I was grievously sorry to see that you had perhaps pinched yourself to send me the sixty-five francs. . . . I am sure that you are yourself in want through having sent me this money. Do you know how I guessed it? There were three francs, three little pieces. When I saw them I almost cried."

Rather than ask for a few francs which he knew meant so much to his mother, Renan interrupted his German studies when he was learning philosophy, because the boy from whom he used to borrow the books left the seminary. Many of the students

were members of the noble families of France; and we may guess that if the mother had to make many sacrifices the son also obtained his education at the cost of much suffering. There are, I suppose, circumstances in which poverty sharpens the wit; I am certain that, in some families of innate delicacy of sentiment, it educates the heart by the numberless acts of unselfishness and devotion that it makes necessary. This is perhaps an explanation in part of the extreme sensibility exhibited by Renan in his early letters.

Besides, he was suffering while at St. Nicolas both in body and mind. The fashionable institution that Dupanloup had established for the education of a brilliant but somewhat worldly priesthood was unsuited to Renan in its regulation and in its moral atmosphere. It was a forcing house, where, in association with the sons of the nobility, the most distinguished scholars of the provincial seminaries were set in competition with each other in their studies, and compelled to excel or return home. This system developed talent: it developed also among the students jealousy, uncharitableness, and other disagreeable qualities. Renan's attachment to the clergy from the first had been purely a matter of sentiment, and in the character of his new companions he found that which altered his conception of the priestly office. Friendless, undistinguished, and disquieted, he comforted himself in strange fashion for a boy of his age, by pretending that his mother and his old schoolfellows were at his side talking and playing with him; and he sat so much alone in order to create this illusion, that sullenness was also imputed to him. The letters written to his mother about this time are such as Shelley might have written in similar circumstances; in depth and feeling he was a poet. Their literary merit, of course, is not considerable; yet so profuse and intense is the affection they reveal that in order to appreciate their sincerity one has to be reminded that they are the outpourings of a lonely, distracted, and sensitive boy, to a mother who has been his companion constantly in study and recreation. Dupanloup himself was struck by their intensity of expression, and thereafter treated Renan with great sympathy. In this instance a little cordiality was of more avail than the system of competitive study. Renan believed that Dupanloup's regard for him saved him from death; certainly it put such new life in him that he became, almost at once, a remarkable scholar.

When Renan left St. Nicolas for Issy, the country house of the great seminary of St. Sulpice, Dupanloup said of him that he had no vocation for the priesthood but was doing his best to acquire one. He had, however, been but a few months at Issy

when he lost his faith. In his *Souvenirs* he attributes his disbelief to the questions of biblical interpretation raised by his philological studies; but from his letters it appears that he arrived at a state of general incredulity before he was really engaged upon theological science, before he "knew a word of Hebrew," and probably before he had read the works of any of the great German thinkers. Metaphysical theories of scepticism had, perhaps, some influence on him; yet one is inclined to think that it was principally the state of his personal feelings that made him so easily susceptible to philosophical doubt. Unhappily for his peace of mind he again found himself friendless and disregarded. A priest has to sacrifice many human ties and live a life of isolation.

"Help me to need no help from men,  
That I may help all men that need."

That must be the prayer of the young priest, and Issy and St. Sulpice were schools for priests. Renan's new professors were as unworldly in character as his old masters at Tréguier; but he found that he could not expect from them that affectionate sympathy which had at last reconciled him to St. Nicolas. Friendships between the students were discouraged; and in lonely meditation and silence they prepared for their high and difficult duties. It seems that Renan's sufferings were again aggravated by the envy and meanness of spirit which his companions exhibited towards him.

"Never," he wrote to his mother, "have I felt so heavy of heart as when I saw myself lonely, isolated and thrown into a new life, of which I do not complain because I will never complain of my duty, but which is very bleak and chill when I compare it with the life that you permitted me to enjoy. . . It is true," he again wrote in a letter to his sister, "that study by nourishing the intelligence can mitigate the sufferings of our starved emotional faculties; but this is done by deceiving, and not by satisfying, the hunger. It is a sad thing to be reduced to stifle one's faculties, one after the other, from want of power to develop them all. God keep me from trying to do this; sometimes I am tempted, but then the memory of you and of mother is my safeguard. . . . I shall never be in my normal state until I can add the joys of love and friendship to those of thought and study."

This was the state of feeling which seems to have led Renan to accept the doctrines of scepticism in the matter of philosophy, and then to carry them into the field of religion. On September 15th, 1842, he wrote to his sister, hinting, more plainly than he had done six months before, that he rejected the dogmas of Christianity. Henriette's prediction was fulfilled. Her own religious belief had disappeared; and it was with no grief of

heart that she read her brother's letter. Delicately and gradually she began to assist him in coming to a definite conclusion. At first she wished him to be subject to pressure from no one. But either because she feared that his confessor was exercising too powerful an influence over him, or because she distrusted his own indecision of character, she soon began to state her objections resolutely, supplying him also with works of German philosophy which were scarcely fitted to dispel his doubts. She then offered him a position as tutor in Germany; and finally, as this was not accepted, placed a sum of money out of her savings at his disposal. Some of her letters were discovered in his cell, and the priests came to look upon her as the very agent of Satan in estranging her brother from his vocation and religion.

Renan had arrived at a curious and characteristic frame of mind. At his birth the fairy godmothers endowed him with many intellectual and poetic qualities, but the last uninvited malevolent guest bestowed upon him a certain irresolution of character. "Decision," he says in one of his letters, "this word is terrible." He treated the question of his religious belief and religious career in the unsatisfactory manner in which he afterwards treated other matters of importance. He informed his sister (September 15th, 1842) that he was far from having any zeal of devotion, but that a life in the world where one neither thought nor reflected, where one lived not a moment by oneself, was incompatible with his nature. Formerly, he said, he hated such a life on religious grounds; now he hated it on the grounds of philosophy and reason.

"This settled," he continued, "I must then consider every career which is not one of study and meditation, as being closed to me. The question then, is very simple and the choice easy. Moreover, the sublimity of the priestly office when regarded with a true and elevated eye, has always struck me. Although Christianity should be a dream, the priesthood would not be less a divine type" . . . "No other state," he said in the same letter, "gives me more scope to surrender myself to my tastes. A retired, free, and useful life, independent of the wishes and caprices of another—in a word, a life of work and study—such for a long time has been my aim and my desire."

At a later date, when he admitted that the only deity he could conceive was the intelligence of man as exhibited in "philosophy, theology, science, literature, &c," he was still able to write to an acquaintance:—

"Yes, my friend, I still believe, I pray; I say the *Our Father* with delight; I love very much to go into church: the pure, simple artless piety touches me deeply in my lucid moments, when I savour the odour of God. I even have attacks of devotion, and I think I shall always have them: for piety has a value, be it only a psychological one.



. . . Do you know there are moments when I have been upon the point of a complete reaction, when I have deliberated if I should not be more agreeable to God in cutting short the thread of my examination."

The alternative was very clearly presented to him. It was to silence his reason absolutely, study no more, criticise no more, and become a resolute mystic. Of course, this might have been the aspiration of a deeply religious soul; yet it does not appear to be entirely unconnected with a passage that follows afterwards:—

"And what shall I do in practical life? It is with indescribable dismay that I see the end of the holidays approach, when I must translate the most undecided state of mind into the most decided action. All this anxiety wearies and distracts me. And then I feel so clearly that I understand nothing about these things, and that I shall only make stupid blunders and have to endure derision and rebuffs. I was not born a trickster by trade. I shall be laughed at for my simpleness and taken for a fool."

In spite of these fine and ingenious phrases, one cannot help thinking that Renan was loath to give up the idea of becoming the priest of a religion he disbelieved in, simply through an aversion from entering the arena of the world, where the immortal garland in every career "is to be run for, not without dust and heat." He hesitated for three years. From an expression in a letter to his sister one gathers that he never communicated his doubts in all their force to the director of his conscience. He, good man, thinking that it was only, as Renan said, a temptation against faith, urged him to disregard such slight trials from which few persons escaped, and to assure his mind by taking the first orders in the priesthood. Renan, for some time, shrank back; but at last his conscience, by a singular manœuvre, permitted him to take the vows, which were in the nature of a promise to consecrate his life to God. He pronounced the words with a meaning somewhat different from that in which a more single-minded man might have employed them. By the word "God" he understood the word "truth," so that in taking holy orders he did no more, in his own eyes, than choose a life of study and reflection. In fact, with the strange significance that he gave to a word that had hitherto been fairly well defined, the ceremony appeared to him to be one which every philosopher should impose upon his disciples. Here, we see, in the making, the master sophist of his age.

As M. Berthelot suggests, there can scarcely be any doubt that if Henriette Renan had not helped her brother, his conscience would not have prevailed against his ecclesiastical surroundings, against his inclination for a quiet and easy life of study, against his desire not to disappoint his uncle and mother.

His anxiety not to upset his mother was, at least, sincere; and he even practised a little subterfuge so that she might only gradually learn that he had at last quitted St. Sulpice and entered upon a worldly career. Mme. Renan, however, was informed of her son's movements, and her grief and dismay were terrible. "I have almost stabbed my mother!" said Renan. His sister became peacemaker.

"My dear mother," she wrote, "we love one another as one rarely loves in this sad world; do not let us do harm to one another; write to Ernest that you will be happy, provided he is that which he cannot cease to be, a good and loving son, an honest and conscientious man; and you will do him an inexpressible, an infinite amount of good."

His mother was reconciled; but it may be that she was not so mistaken, as she came to fancy she had been, in thinking that with her son's creed the moral base of his being had been destroyed.

For a considerable time, however, this was not evident. M. Berthelot, and afterwards Henriette Renan, came into his life, and produced in him such profound modifications that his own individuality, enriched by their influence and by the influences of the forces of the age, asserted itself somewhat slowly. The famous man of science, whom Renan encountered almost immediately he left St. Sulpice, may be said to be part author of some of his works. Four years younger than Renan, M. Berthelot was in character and convictions stronger and more settled, and in range and activity of imagination more daring. Deficient, however, in philosophy and critical restraint, he was studying the positive sciences with that Baconian confidence in the ability of the human reason to master all the problems of the universe which is one of the distempers of learning, and which, if left to itself, affects the mind with incurable materialism. Renan the metaphysician and sceptic was already a fine Orientalist. But his notions in philosophy and philology were insufficient to provide him with some central conviction that should fill the place that had been occupied by his religious belief; and the main result of his intercourse with M. Berthelot, who opened his eyes to the achievements and possibilities of ascertained knowledge, was that he accepted "science" in a somewhat vague sense as the religion of his life. He took, in fact, a remarkable dose of materialism to cure a remarkable state of scepticism.

"Who has not felt in certain moments of serenity," he observed about this time, "that the doubts that one raises against human morality are only fashions of exasperating oneself, of seeking beyond reason what is within reason, and of placing oneself in a false hypothesis for the pleasure

of torturing oneself. . . . Extreme reflexion thus leads to a kind of satiety and light scepticism, from which humanity would perish if it were imbued therewith. Of all frames of mind, it is the most dangerous and the most irremediable. . . . One is never cured of refining on one's thoughts."

Renan, however, was—for a little while. M. Berthelot succeeded not only in making him almost as superstitious a fanatic of science as he himself then was, but in converting him, in spite of the effect of an ecclesiastical training and in spite of the disdain of the unpractised scholar for the work and opinions of the common people, from a love of absolutism to a faith in the democratic form of society arising out of the French Revolution. Renan, however, was never greatly influenced by abstract reasonings; a particular event that he had witnessed became for him a general law. He grew very despondent after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. He relinquished his socialistic dream of a day when there would be no great men because all men would be great; when humanity, an army of finely trained intelligences, would march to the discovery of the secrets of things. An extravagant enthusiasm was succeeded by as extravagant a reaction, and this reaction formed the base of Renan's mature judgments. Some men had conceived the world as a place in which souls were formed and tried, where the misery and the harshness of life were but the occasion for acts of sacrifice, charity, self-control, and other deeds of which the lowly of mind are often as capable as the highest. Renan was only able to conceive, as the divine end of the universe, the development of the intellectual faculty. He had said that if he could not believe that humanity was called to this end, he would become an Epicurean were he able to do so, if not, he would kill himself.

Suicide perhaps required more decision than he possessed; he gradually adopted the alternative. This constituted the second crisis in his life. The change of mind is indicated in his letters to M. Berthelot towards the end of 1849, when the Academy of Inscriptions proposed to send him to Italy.

"I imagine," he wrote, "that beneath that sky, which is said to reveal so many things, I shall experience more complete sensations, and that it will mark an epoch in my æsthetic and physical life."

It did.

"My dear friend," he said in his first letter from Italy, "he who would dwell in these places, renouncing action, thought, and criticism, opening his soul to the sweet impressions of things, would he not lead a noble life, and ought he not to be counted among those who adored in the spirit? . . . I am quite aware that most of the feelings I experience

are founded upon a defective knowledge of the reality, and this troubles me but little. This, I say, troubles me but little, because sentiment itself has its value independently of the object that causes it."

Renan, as a matter of fact, had formed himself. Circumstances had made him a philologist, a metaphysician, a militant rationalist; nature, first of all, had made him a poet. Hitherto he had been of the opinion of Ampère, who declared that the world had been created as an occasion for us to think: he now saw that it was also an occasion for us to feel the power of beauty. Even science lost its dominion over his spirit.

"I never think of special studies without arriving, at the end of a quarter of an hour, at a state of painful and scarcely philosophical irritation, then by a complete change of mind that takes place with rare uniformity, I plunge again into the pacific sea of illusion."

That is to say, he gave himself up to day dreaming and to "poetic imagination," which, he said, "prevents despair from ever being extreme." This is henceforth his attitude in life, thorough-going scepticism tempered by reverie.

But the alteration in his ideas that made him one of the principal forces in nineteenth century thought consisted in the new feelings with which he came to regard Christianity during his sojourn in Italy. Had Renan attacked his former creed in the harsh and uncompromising frame of mind in which he wrote his first work, it is fairly certain that he would have made no deep impression on the general public. During his Italian travels he became more sympathetic. He had only spent one day in Rome when he wrote to M. Berthelot:

"Would you believe it, I am quite changed . . . You know that religious impressions are very powerful with me, and that in consequence of my education they are mingled in an indefinable proportion with the most mysterious elements of my nature. These impressions have here revived with a force I cannot describe. . . The Madonnas have convinced me; I have found in the faith of the race . . . an incomparable height, poetry, and ideality."

When M. Berthelot complained of suffering from melancholy and want of ardour in study, Renan replied:

"Perhaps you condemn yourself to too great an abstinence from æsthetic enjoyment . . . . If you were a Christian the æsthetic part of Christianity keenly appreciated would amply suffice to satisfy your wants. Because in reality this is all that religion is, the ideal part in human life."

He perhaps explained his position more clearly in his previous

letters, in which he stated that the Italian people surrendered themselves fully to religion in order to satisfy their desire for the ideal "for beautiful reverie," and to live in the imagination by feeling and æsthetic delight as artists and poets. Although this ultra-Hegelian conception may not appear to show much insight into the nature of the religious instincts, yet by reason of the peculiar circumstances of the time, a critic with erudition and literary talent who was in sympathy with the deliciousness and sensible consolations of Roman Catholicism was a dangerous enemy of the Church.

Chateaubriand is usually credited with having rehabilitated Christianity in France at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The "neo-catholicism" introduced by him was based, not on the Christian spirit of righteousness and holiness, but on the sentimental charm with which the old faith had been invested by the Jesuits. He showed what attraction the Church had for a man of his nature, a man lacking in morality and manliness, but possessed of a remarkable imaginative power of mind that enabled him to exercise an immense influence over his contemporaries. In a style of surprising brilliance and harmony, he pointed out the poetic beauties of the ancient creed, the splendour of its rites, the charm of its mysteries, its tender associations, its services to literature and the fine arts, and, in short, all its æsthetic allurements. After the reign of the Goddess of Reason, even those men of wit and those women of gaiety who used to consider that impiety was an indiscretion, began to think that it was something far worse—a nuisance. *Le Génie du Christianisme* was therefore a great success. Chateaubriand had produced a showy and official creed which, in the demands which it made upon the moral and spiritual nature of man, was exactly suited to the tastes of the world of talent, rank and wealth in France.

Renan undid the work of Chateaubriand. The author of *Le Génie du Christianisme* had been the most unbelieving of believers: the author of *La Vie de Jésus* was the most believing of unbelievers: a distinction almost without a difference. Renan discredited neo-catholicism by a method similar to that by which Chateaubriand had established it. In spite of his poetical treatment of the subject, in spite of the beautifully musical diction, the graceful imagery and the hues of imagination which he employed in portraying a human figure in place of the Divine Founder, it is possible that he did not thereby undermine the faith in God of any one man whose convictions were based upon his conscience and moral nature. What is indubitable is that his cry "Ecce Homo!" attracted many persons for whom "Ecce Deus!" had been a phrase with no profound ethical associations.

"Your name," M. Berthelot wrote to him, "is about to occupy in the nineteenth century a position equal to that of the philosophers of the eighteenth century. . . You are not in an affair of pure science, but, like Voltaire, in a combat."

And this is Renan's position. He originated no special theory or system in religious history; he created a new frame of mind among the public. Define it as you will, as sentimental infidelity, as piety without faith, Renan rehabilitated in France, in a more liberal, poetic, and insidious form, the spirit of rationalism.

Renan, as a writer, is not without resemblance to Chateaubriand. A brilliant and a suggestive critic in the matter of thought, an agreeable guide in the matter of beauty, he never had the least perception of the moral law. He has written some admirable studies of men of saintly character, but he wrote of them from the point of view of the poet and psychologist. M. Berthelot said to him, by way of complaint from a man of science to a man of sentiment: "You have too refined a hatred of the useful." And, in fact, the trait that attracted him in men of the highest morality was the exquisite refinement of soul that made them neglect the vulgar interests of life. He admired them as artists of incomparable skill who had chosen their life as the material of their art.

Mme. Renan had not been much mistaken in thinking that in losing his faith her son had lost also the moral strength of his being. . Some nine years before the *Essais de Morale et de Critique* were published, he had described his real ideas:—

I even conceive that in future the word "morality" will become improper, and will be replaced by another. For my particular usage I substitute for it, in preference, the word "æsthetics."

While, however, his sister's influence predominated, the tone of his writings was charming; and although he was really speaking of morality as a man of fine intelligence but no musical taste might speak of music, he employed such art and grace in his statements that few persons perceived on what foundation they rested. Henriette Renan may be said to have been a collaborator in most of his works up to *La Vie de Jésus*; and during her life he sacrificed for her the tone of irony that he mingled with better things, receiving, in return, perhaps unconsciously, firm but gentle reinforcement in that part of his nature that was weakest.

Unhappily, as he entered more frequently the world of fashion, literature, and art, his sceptical bent was excited by the support that it found only too readily in the general opinion of his contemporaries. The literary men of his acquaintance, especially,

were not distinguished by any moral seriousness. Sainte-Beuve seems to have exerted much influence upon him. Discreet enough in his writings, the great critic when in congenial company showed himself to be one of the most thorough Pyrrhonists of modern times, save in one particular that is characteristic if not of his race at least of his age. "It is necessary," he said one evening, "to have made the round of everything and to believe in nothing; there is no reality but woman." Renan had long been of the same opinion; and after the Franco-German War and the Commune he began to state his views with little reserve. He explained to an audience that had been first attracted to him by his *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, that he had come to the conclusion that he had made a mistake in living an honourable life. In all probability there was neither a deity nor a future existence, and he considered that he had been the dupe of his instincts (of righteousness), and that the libertine and the scoundrel were getting the best of the bargains in life. One can trace the development of this curious frame of mind from *La Vie de Jésus*, where the moral sense is replaced by graceful sentimentality, to *Marc Aurèle*, where it is stated, among other things, that "beauty is worth as much as virtue," and that the defect of Christianity is "that it is too uniquely moral." These assertions are, however, mild platitudes in comparison with some of those made in the series of philosophical dialogues and dramas in which—by way of relaxation—Renan attempted to subvert all the principles of social and personal ethics, by a kind of sophistry as profoundly pessimistic in intention as it was light and irresponsible in manner. The last of the plays, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, founded on the thesis that if men learnt that the world would be destroyed in two or three days they would spend this time in a delirium of sensuality, may be said to mark the complete evolution of certain ideas which had always been entertained by the author of *Essais de Morale et de Critique*.

With regard to these later works there is, I think, another question besides that of their effect on Renan's reputation. After the War and the Commune, he sometimes wrote to M. Berthelot as though he despaired of the regeneration of his country, and had relinquished all thought of reform, in order to amuse himself in his old age with mental rioting. For instance, he said in a letter of July 2nd, 1880 :—

All that we have loved, all that to which we have devoted our lives, seem to me to be menaced. But we are old. The exact measure of life has been granted us. We have had our five acts. We should be unjust if we protested too much. It is not a bad condition, nor one without de light, to act as a *moriturus*.

“*Carpe diem*,” he had written just after the great national disaster, “*carpe diem*, as times go, is a wise saying.”

There are other passages in his letters much to the same effect; and this general impression does not seem to be altogether inconsistent with certain statements in the works that he wrote after 1871. Now, if this change of tone was due to a settled conviction that the condition of France was past praying for, the attitude that Renan took up, though not a very becoming one, would deserve attention. It would constitute a confession from one of the most enlightened Frenchmen, that he was so thoroughly convinced of the decadence of his country, that he not only made no attempt to arrest it, but tried to forget himself by joining in it by way of amusement; his *Philosophical Dialogues* and *Dramas* forming in intention as well as in date of publication the sequel to his fruitless essay on *Moral and Intellectual Reform*.

One is, however, inclined to think that his attitude related more to a purely personal feeling with regard to life in general, than to any settled conviction with regard to national degeneration. And besides, one must not criticise too rigorously any of Renan's ideas. The thoughts expressed in his writings waver like the play of iridescent colours on the face of the summer sea. Indecisive by nature, he made this indecision an artistic quality, stating an opinion, modifying it, contradicting it, and reasserting it, until it became too vague for definition. Yet in spite of this hesitation he was not altogether insincere. He often felt what he wrote at the time he wrote it. In fact, his ideas were prompted more by his sentiments than by any chain of thought; only, as in the case of many persons of extreme sensibility, his moods altered on the slightest provocation. His works are better appreciated as the expression of a temperament than as the production of a mind of great force. He certainly acquired an abundance of ideas; but for him they were not so much ideas as opinions. He did not treat them as propositions that were intended to be put into practice. Renan, in his later writings, impresses one by the fantastic skill with which he handled his intelligence. He had no design of convincing his readers of the truth and justness of his views; he merely wished to display the astonishing flexibility and alertness of his mind, and also, in a way, to exercise the intelligence of his readers by showing how many different ideas, all partly true and wonderfully contradictory, might be formed on any given subject. And it may be said that he found it so entertaining an intellectual pastime to raise hypothetical objections to his own judgments, and to admit these objections by way of qualification, that finally his critical



faculty lost much of its discerning power. His name might, indeed, be used to illuminate a current discussion between certain metaphysicians at Oxford. For what he did was to carry into practice the fallacies of those intellectualists who try to emancipate the power of speculation from the control of will and purpose.

A master spirit of his age, his work has been mainly one of destructive criticism veiled by poetic reverie. He was also an educator of intelligences; but he seems to have given to the minds of those men whom he attracted edge rather than direction, when direction was what they most imperatively needed.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

## CRETE UNDER PRINCE GEORGE.

SOME of those who recently assembled in Athens as members of the first Congress of Archæology could not help detecting a small dark cloud rise on that limpid sky of azure blue and rapidly thicken; nor were they slow to read its ominous import in the apparent unconcern and the smiles with which the light-hearted but shrewd Athenians extended lavish hospitality to their honoured guests. Both their innate courtesy and their national *amour-propre* impelled them to suppress, for the time being, their inmost misgivings. But such efforts were unavailing, and their sorrowful apprehensions were poured forth when sympathy was manifested and confidence inspired. The present situation in Crete is considered in Athens as fraught with the utmost danger to the cause of Hellenism in general.

Yet recent events have not come as a surprise to those acquainted with the internal condition of that unfortunate island since its administration was entrusted to the second son of King George. If the general public have been suddenly startled out of the optimism which prevailed until recently in the West, the reason must be sought in the information supplied hitherto by a certain class of foreign correspondents in Crete and in Athens. It is thus that the accounts of the attitude of King George and his sons during that deplorable Græco-Turkish war were calculated, not only to gloss over acts of the most scandalous and discreditable nature, but to represent the Royal Family of Greece as the victims of an ungovernable and cowardly rabble. And such, unfortunately, and in spite of the incorruptible journalism of this country, is still the notion which obtains with the mass of the public, in respect to that war. With the exception of those few, who usually think and reason for themselves, and who, bearing in mind certain extraordinary events, too glaring to be suppressed, and too significant to be ignored, have all along doubted the legend so sedulously propagated—with the exception of those few who can discriminate, only a very limited number of men know, by reason of a privileged position and of a wide experience in international politics, what really took place.

It was necessary to preface this short retrospect, since the present Cretan difficulty is, in the main, the unavoidable outcome of those dark events. It will be remembered that one of the steps which led to the Græco-Turkish war was the dispatch to Cretan

waters of the Greek torpedo flotilla under Prince George. The order to proceed there was admittedly the personal act of King George. Some years previously he had placed his son at the head of that section of the Greek Navy, and the Greeks, impressed by the dashing appearance of the young man, were steadily encouraged to repose implicit confidence in his ability and determination to do or die. When the future High Commissioner of Crete was privileged to accompany Nicolas II. on his tour in the Far East, and the attempt on the life of the then Tsarevitch was made by a Japanese fanatic, Athens was for several days kept astir with telegrams and Court bulletins announcing that the Greek Prince had saved the life of his Imperial cousin, by felling the would-be assassin with his walking-stick. But that legend has since been exploded. We now know, on the unimpeachable authority of the wife of the then British Minister at Tokio,<sup>1</sup> that it was the two Japanese *jirikisha* carriers of the Tsarevitch who, at the risk of their own lives, overpowered their mad countryman; whereas Prince George came up only in time to belabour him with his walking-stick while he lay prostrate.

The Japan legend, however, and other tales to a similar effect, served their purpose. So that the send-off from the Piræus of "the bluff sailor Prince" at the head of the flotilla, which he was supposed to have been assiduously preparing for the fray, was one of the most impressive incidents in that ill-omened war. On the following day an astounding family document was communicated by the Court of Athens to the Greek newspapers. It was a telegram from King George's sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, reprimanding him in no ambiguous terms for the expedition of Prince George, who, in his capacity of a poor relative, was supposed to be in receipt of a subsidy from the magnanimous Tsar, and, therefore, was expected to take no step contrary to the wishes of his Imperial cousin and paymaster. The real purpose, however, of the *communiqué* was patent to those acquainted with King George's tactics and with the wire-pulling practised through his courtiers. It succeeded with the populace, who became convinced that the patriotic Prince did not hesitate to sacrifice even the favour of the omnipotent Tsar in his zeal to serve Greece and liberate Crete. The large mass of the people, therefore, could hardly believe the stupefying fact which a few days later leaked out, that the flotilla had sailed forth leaving safely in the arsenal the detonators of the torpedoes. It had already proceeded some miles out at sea, when one of the navigating lieutenants chanced to notice their absence, and, in his innocence, reported the fact and offered to steam back with all speed and procure the missing

(1) Mrs. Hugh Fraser: *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*.

detonators. To his astonishment and discomfiture he was placed by the Prince under arrest, for interfering with matters which did not concern him.

This is not the place to follow up in detail the development and issue of that tragi-comedy. It ended as Russia had decreed. One of the conditions on which Russia was enabled to secure the humiliation of Greece and the permanent ruin of the prospects of the Greeks, was that Prince George should be invested with the Governorship of Crete. It is a notorious fact that national aspirations do not take precedence with the King of the Hellenes over his homely solicitude to secure comfortable stalls for his children. And since he saw nothing derogatory to the dignity of an independent sovereign in stipulating when he ascended the throne that he should be subsidised by three foreign Powers,<sup>1</sup> he sees no discredit, and feels no remorse, in subordinating the secular hopes of an ancient and high-spirited race to the sordid interests of a mushroom dynasty.

The long-drawn farce of feigned hesitations and pre-arranged failures, whereby Russian diplomacy pretended to have finally hit upon the discovery of Prince George as a suitable Governor of Crete, will be fresh in the recollection of most readers. The Tsar's cousin, who had also played his part admirably, as Commodore of the harmless torpedo flotilla, was found prepared to occupy the long-promised post, with an entourage already appointed. Those who composed it had all qualified for his favour, and for the approbation of King George. The moral sense of the public in Greece, however, had become so benumbed and abased by the enormities perpetrated during the war, that after a feeble spasm of outraged decency, it again collapsed into apathy when it was announced that the Governor of Crete had chosen as his first aide-de-camp a naval officer who, when ordered to take command of a landing-party against the Turks, excused himself on the plea that he was afflicted with tender feet. The shame and sorrow of those tragic days were then enlivened by a grain of that salt which is still to be met with occasionally on the arid soil of Attica; and thenceforth that gallant officer, who was now honoured as an aide-de-camp, had become famous as *ὁ ἀβρόπους* (the soft-footed). Softness in some other extremity was said to have been the qualification which decided the choice of others of Prince George's followers, all of whom were selected from among those trusty few that had been "in the know" during the sham war, and had conducted

(1) Besides a civil list of £40,000, King George receives £4,000 from each of the Governments of Great Britain, France, and Russia, which £12,000 is the sum annually paid by Greece to those three Powers as guarantors of the loan of 1832.

operations accordingly. Thus they had merited well of their Prince, if not of their Fatherland, and were now recompensed accordingly. But how this novel mode of rewarding cowardice in the presence of the enemy was likely to impress the hardy mariners and the undaunted mountaineers of Crete, that was, apparently, a matter of indifference.

The Prince and his father were cognisant of the one absorbing thought of the Cretans; and of it they both took advantage to the full. The Cretans had no thought or mind for aught but the impending realisation of the hopes and longings for which twenty generations had sighed and suffered, and soaked with their life-blood the soil of the island. No subsidiary incident, however scandalous, could cast a cloud over their exaltation and joy. They were at last to become the subjects of a Prince born in the Greek purple, baptised in the Greek Church, whose mother tongue was their own, and who was supposed to have risked his life in the sacred cause of Greece. They idolised the Greek Prince as the embodiment of the Hellenic idea, and in him they saw the symbol of union with the Mother Country. His reception in Crete, therefore, was such as to have moved the very stones to tears of thankfulness and rapture: such as to have forced from the hardest heart a vow of unswerving devotion to the interests and the welfare of those single-minded islanders. That the new Governor and his father saw in this unquestioning and blind loyalty but a readier road to their own selfish ends gives the true measure of their patriotism.

Their first care was to exact for the High Commissioner a stipend of eight, instead of the six, thousand pounds fixed by the Powers. This sum, amounting as it did to a thirtieth part of the entire annual revenue, was already a heavy burden on an impoverished island, utterly ruined by repeated revolts and devastations. To have, in these circumstances, demanded a material increase for a princeling untried in government, and unencumbered by family obligations, was a heartless act of spoliation, having no other motive but avarice, and no justification but the abject confidence and dependence of the unfortunate Cretans. Their confidence and loyalty were, in fact, boundless. The alacrity and spontaneity with which the whole male population—aye, some Cretan Amazons, too—gave up the arms that had been bequeathed for generations from father to son—with a curse, should they ever be laid down by hands other than maimed or dead—this voluntary disarmament was an act absolutely unprecedented in the annals of Crete, and rarely, if ever, paralleled in any other country. The spectacle of those sturdy mountaineers divesting themselves of the arms with which they had so long and so valiantly warred against the Turk, piling them up before the feet of the

Commodore of the torpedoless flotilla, was certainly one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the island.

But the submissive devotion of the Cretans to the Prince, whom they regarded as nothing short of a Messiah, went even further. The Powers had left it to them to frame their own internal administration; and the Constituent Assembly, in drafting the Organic Law, was inspired not only by confidence in the Prince, but by a self-restraint unusual in the Greek character. The Cretans were *ab antiquo* conservative in their institutions; and this tendency was strengthened by the apparent failure of the Parliamentary régime on the Greek mainland. The Cretan Assembly, therefore, were careful not to abuse their newly acquired freedom, and framed a very moderate law. The Prince, however, demanded that it should be revised under his immediate supervision, and the Cretans submitted to this and to each succeeding condition which he imposed upon them, and which ultimately placed in his hands a power practically absolute and irresponsible. He laid it down (Act 29), that he "is neither responsible, nor subject to any restraint." He placed such restrictions on free speech and the newspaper Press as to render impossible the discussion of any public matter. A deliberative Assembly was, indeed, allowed to exist, but more as a make-believe than as a control on the administration. It is composed of seventy-two members of whom ten are nominated by the Prince himself. It is elected every second year, and can hold only one session of two months' duration, on the termination of which the Assembly is considered as dissolved, its members losing, *ipso facto*, both the title and the privileges of deputies. In another article he stipulated that he was free to disregard any Act passed by the Assembly: since, should such enactment not obtain his sanction within two months after the close of the session, it became a dead letter. He reserved to himself the appointment not only of his Ministers, but of all public functionaries, and made it a condition that he should be at liberty to choose the latter from among non-Cretan Greeks. Despotism as these powers seemed to the Cretans, and fraught with danger, especially when confided to inexperienced hands, they were conceded without demur to a Prince who, the islanders fondly hoped, would never abuse them. They were less easily brought to consent to what was the deprivation of a right which both Venetians and Turks had respected, bound up, as it was, with the most ancient traditions and usages of the Cretans. From time immemorial they elected their own municipal authorities, and their village communities were models of local self-government. With regret and misgivings they now abandoned even this highly-prized prerogative, and acquiesced to the Prince's demand that he should

in future appoint all mayors and borough councils. By direct negotiation with the Patriarchate of Constantinople he also secured the right of controlling the nomination of bishops and the lower clergy.

There is every reason to believe—indeed, there is evidence to that effect—that the Cretans would have continued to submit meekly to this truly Muscovite form of government, had it only been administered honestly and without afterthought. Unfortunately, the Prince was urged, by personal interests and considerations for his own future, to flatter his patron the Tsar by aping his methods. As a matter of fact he said to Dr. Sphakianakis in so many words, on landing in Crete, that it was his intention to act as Peter the Great had done in Russia. And, *mutatis mutandis*, Crete soon became a sort of Southern Finland. The very name of a popular legislature is so hateful to Muscovite notions, that the least he could do to ingratiate himself at St. Petersburg was to render the Assembly a mere shadow. Not content with his ten nominees, he made free and undisguised use of the army of public functionaries, municipal councillors, and church dignitaries in influencing the biennial elections, and in thus securing a subservient House. Latterly he did not hesitate to make his personal pleasure directly felt during his tours through the island. The so-called "Council of Ministers" was next gerrymandered. By Article 29 it was to be composed of five members, all Cretans. But on the plea of economy—which consideration was not allowed to affect his own salary—he reduced their number to three, and cut down their stipend from 800 to 500 francs per month. Yet even three honest and capable men—and there are such men in Crete—were found to be inconvenient. He therefore appointed to the three highest posts in the island obscure individuals acting as mere clerks, on whom the expression of his displeasure, which accompanied the dismissal of their predecessors, was intended to act as a deterrent to any attempt at initiative or independent opinion.

It was because of his manly character and the sound advice which he presumed to offer to the Prince that Mr. Benizelos was dismissed with ignominy and threat. Benizelos attempted later to bring about a reconciliation, but the Prince demanded of him to sign first a written abjuration of his political faith. It is the practice of Prince George to exact such grovelling obeisance, and he boasts that a large collection of similar documents is destined to adorn his Memoirs. Benizelos, of course, refused to stultify himself in this fashion, and the breach was widened during the recent outbreak. On the very day he set foot on Cretan soil the Prince made manifest his suspicion and dislike of men of that stamp. During the revolution which resulted in his High Com-

missionership, the civil administration and the foreign relations of the island were in the hands of Dr. Sphakianakis; and those who retain a recollection of the events of 1895 and 1896 are aware that even Turkophile correspondents were compelled to express admiration for the high sense of public duty and the Spartan integrity of the President of the Provisional Government. His talents as an administrator, and the remarkable ability displayed in his dispatches to the European Powers, made a deep impression upon the admirals of the combined fleets. Indeed, those who came in contact with him believed that, not Crete alone, but Greece herself, had at last found in Dr. Sphakianakis a real statesman of conservative views, incorruptible, untainted by misrule, and free from all unworthy ambition. It was his sagacity no less than Cretan valour which made the island free; and it was he who handed over to the inexperienced Princeling its administration and, at the same time, his own resignation. For he had taken the full measure of the High Commissioner's character and intentions at their very first meeting. His resignation was accepted with ill-concealed alacrity, and his services were acknowledged with scant thanks. And Dr. Sphakianakis, effacing himself, sought employment in a banking establishment, for he was a poor man.

Yet if there was a Cretan to whom public opinion, both in Greece and Crete, pointed as the one man to be placed at the head of affairs, it was Sphakianakis. But ability, coupled with honesty and self-respect, is a combination incompatible with the methods of government adopted by Prince George in Crete. Capacity of a sort is tolerated only if tempered by an accommodating conscience, and a readiness to render questionable services. The Prince stood in need of a right hand man of this description; and a candidate had already been hatched in the Court of Athens. He is the person of whom much has been heard of late, and who is usually referred to in newspapers as "a Greek diplomatist." Up to the day of his election he had served only as a Consular official. But he enjoyed the advantage of being the brother of a certain Athenian courtier who, from an obscure lieutenant of infantry, rose rapidly in Royal favour by dint of unrecorded services. He is now a general in the Greek Army, the chief of King George's "Military Cabinet," and his trusted emissary when fresh party combinations are engineered. He has already stood godfather to at least three new and novel Prime Ministers, whom his discernment disinterred out of the rubbish heaps of Athens as nonentities fit to govern the country. The confident hope that the younger brother of such a pearl would prove a no less useful ornament to the son of his master was not belied by events. The two younger men in Crete have succeeded in



giving to the islanders a foretaste of the methods pursued by their seniors on the mainland; with the result that lawlessness is now supreme in Crete, the present outbreak being in no small measure due to the universal execration in which Prince George's factotum is held.

In the wake of this person a contingent of men, whose "correct attitude" during and after the sham war had established their claim to Court favour, were imported into Crete. This was done with a double purpose: first, *pour encourager les autres*—those left sitting on the fence at Athens; and, secondly, in order to paralyse any attempt at honest government in Crete, by confiding the principal posts to "safe men" from outside. So that at this hour some twenty Athenian courtiers hold half of the more highly paid posts in the island, not counting a host of minor placemen, also imported from the mainland. The antecedents of some of these persons can stand no close scrutiny. But they are all "devoted men," and, as such, they have been allowed by the economic Prince fifty per cent. higher salaries than their Cretan colleagues. This largess to his henchmen and himself and the general maladministration of the island have naturally resulted in a deplorable financial situation. Public works are entirely neglected, the country remains roadless, the harbours silted, and an island rich in every blessing nature can bestow is stricken with poverty and stagnation.

The reported turbulence of the Cretans must therefore be set down as a myth, about as fantastic as the legends attached to Minos and Rhadamanthus, when we consider that for seven long years they have submitted to a rule as arbitrary as it is inefficient, without so much as a murmur being heard in the West. In Greece the coming storm was foreseen, by those more especially who would neither deceive themselves, nor barter the most precious interests of their country. They knew even more than can be set forth here. They knew that the Cretans, in common with the other Greeks, hold nothing more sacred than the purity of family life. In respect to this, the reader need only be reminded of a letter from an apparently well-informed correspondent of *The Times* (August 31st last) in Crete, who suggested, as one of the possible ways out of the dilemma created by Prince George, the election as his successor of Prince Nicolas of Greece, since he "has the additional advantage of being married." Prince Nicolas is, indeed, married, by the grace of the Tsar, to a Russian Grand Duchess. But for that very reason the Cretans will not hear of another, and this time a two-fold, representative of Russian autocracy in their island. They have already been surfeited with sayings and doings such as they formerly associated

with Asiatic despotism. And, therefore, although they believe that their island offers sufficient opportunities, both for manly sport and for the more absorbing occupations which should attract a seriously-minded Prince, their feelings are not those of unalloyed regret when the High Commissioner sets off on his annual peregrinations in Western Europe. It is true that his prolonged tours are always undertaken on the plea of the necessity of conferring with the Sovereigns and leading statesmen of Europe on the future prospects of Crete. But the Cretans do not take any interest in the select circles of Paris patronised by the Prince. What they do believe is that the annual visit of the High Commissioner to the gay capitals of Europe would not have been missed last autumn, no matter what turn affairs in the island might have taken. In fact, the Prince himself gave the measure of his appreciation of the honourable and important task confided to him, when he declared to a French journalist that only two other men in history were condemned to an exile comparable to his in Crete : Napoleon in St. Helena and Dreyfus in the Devil's Island. Crete, of course, does not pretend to offer the pleasures of the Boulevards. But to have compared himself, on the one hand to Napoleon, and on the other to Dreyfus, and their places of deportation to the glorious island which salaries him so munificently, filled the Cretans with deep indignation, mingled with contemptuous derision. His endeavours, therefore, to lend to his last journey the semblance of a patriotic crusade proved entirely abortive ; and the Cretans had reason to be confirmed in the suspicions they entertained, that his ostensible pleadings for union with Greece were not in accord with his confidential communications to the Powers, and that he was anything but anxious to deprive himself of a Principality, or relinquish a comfortable income of eight thousand a year.

In these circumstances, his administration, of which we have given but a rough outline, was bound to culminate in a crisis. The timely representations which were dutifully addressed from various quarters in Crete to the Prince himself, and to his father in Athens, received no attention ; indeed, they were brushed aside with signs of indignation and contempt. The incident which brought matters to a head was that of Dr. Jannaris, a Cretan by birth, who had been for some time Professor of Modern Greek at St. Andrews. After revisiting his native island he repaired to Athens and submitted to Prince Nicolas a memorandum on the threatening state of affairs in Crete. On his return to Candia he was arrested on a charge of *lèse-majesté*, founded upon the said memorandum, which, be it remembered, was marked " private and confidential," but which Prince Nicolas

forwarded to his brother in Crete. Simultaneously with Dr. Jannaris a near relative of his was arrested, old Melintretos, one of the most honoured chieftains of Crete, whose life is a record of the wars against the Turks. The trial, during which every form of justice was violated and every illegality made use of in order to secure a conviction, resulted in the imprisonment of the accused for a term of two years. These proceedings and the events that ensued were reported faithfully in the *Daily Chronicle* (May to October, 1904), of which journal Dr. Jannaris had been for some time the correspondent, and which consequently was viciously attacked by certain Greek papers in the pay of the Athenian Court.<sup>1</sup> But the manifest truthfulness of the information published caused great indignation in England. The professors at St. Andrews, as well as other English men of letters, signed a memorial urging that Dr. Jannaris should be set at liberty; and in this they were successful only after questions had been asked in Parliament, and a characteristic but abortive attempt had been made by the Court of Athens to excuse Prince George's methods by representing Dr. Jannaris as a blackmailer.<sup>2</sup> His health having broken down in the miserable jail to which he had been confined, he was in March last set free at the intercession of the British Consul, and after signing one of those Papal forms of abjuration of which Prince George is making a collection—book plates, postage stamps, and other such harmless pursuits not being in his line.

The mock-trial and imprisonment of Dr. Jannaris made it clear that the course so recklessly pursued by the Prince would inevitably lead to a catastrophe. Therefore some of the more experienced and influential islanders resolved to address to him a formal expostulation. J. Papayannis, President of the Revolutionary Assembly of 1866; I. Manousoyannis, the highly respected son of the great leader in the war of 1821; J. Kalogeris, one of the bravest chiefs of the revolt of 1895; G. M. Fomis, a distinguished lawyer and chief of his province during that revolt, and B. Hatzidakis, President of the directing committee at that time, were deputed to present a petition couched in most deferential terms, but setting forth the situation in language no less un-

(1) "Abuse of this paper by the organs of the Greek Royal Family does not affect us in the least."—*Daily Chronicle*, July 18th, 1904

(2) "This foul libel has been launched too late, and only brings discredit upon its author. Professor Jannaris was condemned, after a mock trial, for his political opinions. Last month he was offered his release if he would disavow these opinions. It is only now we hear anything of this blackmailing allegation, which, if it had had any basis, would have been used to some purpose at the trial. Crete is well rid of the petty tyrant who thus tries to take away the character as well as the liberties of honest men."—*Daily Chronicle*, September 10th, 1904.

ambiguous. It began by reciting the fact that the Constitutional Charter voted by the Assembly was no longer in force, its chief provisions having ceased to be applied. Referring to the Prince's *factotum* and the other imported favourites, it deplored the fact that the Council of Ministers were reduced to the necessity of "proving themselves obedient tools of certain individuals having nothing in common with the legitimate source of government, but nevertheless centring in themselves all governmental power. . . . Men have been entrusted with public functions, and have been honoured by special favour, whose past as citizens and whose moral probity is not irreproachable." The virtual abolition of all responsible government had rendered impossible any check or control, the more so as the Press was gagged, and the freedom of elections was openly interfered with. Other abuses, already referred to, were enumerated, and this truly remarkable State document concluded by expressing the conviction that "his Royal Highness had both the wish and the power to avert" the dangers menacing the island.

On the deputation being received, the Prince addressed as follows the chieftain Papayannis, a veteran covered with wounds and glory:—

"Come, explain to me what this petition is about."

PAPAYANNIS: "Your Highness, the petition says we are not going on well; the prospect of our country is dark; but Mr. Foumis will explain."

THE PRINCE: "Why, if you don't know what the petition is about, why should this demagogue (pointing to Foumis) mislead you—he who has neither patriotism, nor self-respect, nor sense?"

Here Foumis observed that they had not come to be insulted, and reminded the Prince that the Chieftain Papayannis had been President of the Cretan Government during the great struggle of 1866-9.

THE PRINCE: "I won't hear anything from you."

FOUMIS: "We have come here to tell you the truth, the plain truth; but as you do not permit us to speak, and only insult us, we must go."

The Prince, after bidding them go, called them back, saying he meant only Foumis to go, and began to read the petition. Coming to the passage which related to responsible government, he addressed Manousoyannis in these terms: "And you, do you wish to have a responsible government? If you had such a government, would you be holding the appointment [of a Custom House official] you now hold, and would you be getting pay without working for it? It is I who keep you in that post. However, you shall not hold it any longer."

MANOUSOYANNIS : " Neither your Highness nor your Government has given me what I get : my own country has given it to me in recognition of my personal services. I know you will dismiss me, but I do not care. I have come here to inform you of what is happening, and I believe I have done my duty."

After reading again the Prince broke out : " What do you care for Constitution, Charter, and liberties? I know I violate the Constitution : I do it on purpose. You must bow your heads."

FOUMIS : " Your Highness seems to wish to rule over cattle, and not over free-born men."

The Prince finally said : " You must know that neither your struggles, nor your arms, nor the Græco-Turkish war gave you the present *régime*. It is I, it is I, who have liberated you ! It was I, through my personal relations with the Tsar. Were it not for me, you would not have been free to this day. This is why you must bow your heads !"

After this allocution—from which much has been omitted that could not well be included in these pages—the deputation withdrew. Amazement and dismay spread over the island ; while in Athens, where the incidents of the audience were published in detail, it was felt that Prince George had practically signified his abdication. Of course, the inevitable *démenti* duly appeared—only to establish more firmly the truth of a report which required no confirmation for those who had the advantage to know personally the chief actor in the drama. The *Akropolis* alone of Athenian papers showed what misdirected zeal can accomplish when it undertook to excuse the " incomparable palaver " on the ground that all great minds, from Aristophanes to Chamfort and Napoleon, were addicted to forcible language ! Every effort was made to induce some, at least, of the deputation to deny the accuracy of the published report ; but it turned out that the deputation had unanimously drawn it up, and that they had signed a further, and even more compromising, memorandum of the proceedings.

The Prince now saw that his position in Crete had become untenable, unless, indeed, some fresh *coup de théâtre* were engineered. Consequently, before setting out on his autumnal tour, he convened some leading Cretans, and after admitting that " the present Cretan *régime* had failed," he told them that he had arranged with his father to visit the European Courts, and urge that a system analogous to that of Bosnia and Herzegovina should be applied to Crete. As, however, the Cretans desired, not the prolongation of his Commissionership under this deceptive guise, but union with Greece, he advised them to hold meetings all over the island and pass resolutions to that effect, so as to strengthen

his pleading with the Powers. It is true that Prince George did address to the Powers a document, of what is known as an *ostensible* character, urging the union of Crete with the mother-country. But as the foreign policy of Greece is exclusively in the hands of King George, no one in the kingdom pretends to know the exact trend of the negotiations that took place—least of all the Greek Minister of Foreign Affairs. What everybody knows is that the Russian *débâcle* at Mukden has had its effect upon European politics everywhere—not least in Crete. Having failed in the pretended object of his Western tour, Prince George found, on his return to Crete, that since he had appealed to the Tsar, with the Tsar he had to go.

The entire island is now in a state of revolt. It was at first supposed that the movement was confined to some disaffected extremists. But the remarkable and statesmanlike speech in which Dr. Sphakianakis declared his sympathy with that movement, has invested it with an importance it is now impossible to ignore. As it is impossible to believe that the Cretans, with whom good sense and moderation in politics is an innate characteristic, can imagine that by rebellion and by demonstrations they will force the hand of the Powers, who are now opposed to the Union of Crete with Greece, the only conclusion is that they were goaded into these desperate proceedings by the maladministration of the High Commissioner, and by the suspicion with which they view his foreign relations. They demand union with Greece, not only as the goal of their secular struggles and hopes, but as a riddance from the petty tyranny of Prince George and his irresponsible satellites. The means which they have adopted are confessedly mistaken, and may prove disastrous to those very hopes. This is realised in Greece, where the widespread distrust of King George's foreign policy adds to the prevailing consternation. The dangers of the situation might have been conjured, the more acute phase of the movement appeased, had the Prince been prevailed upon to dismiss his most objectionable factotum, the "Greek diplomatist," declare his resolve to administer honestly the organic law, and relinquish the superadded amount of his stipend. Why his father, who exercises a decisive influence over him, did not insist on his adopting so obvious a course is a puzzle only to those who are unacquainted with the considerations which guide King George's actions. He considers Crete as an appanage of the High Commissioner, and entertains the hope that, on that precedent, other Greek lands may in time be apportioned to his other sons. The view, therefore, of the present perplexing situation which some of the more far-sighted Greeks take is worth considering. They say :—

We know from bitter experience that the only concern of the Great Powers with the affairs of the East is how best to settle their own outstanding accounts at our expense, apportioning to themselves the inheritance of the Sick Man. At the Congress of Berlin, England got Cyprus, Austro-Hungary, Bosnia and Herzegovina, France was given a free hand in Tunis, Italy registered her claim to Tripoli, and Germany's intentions on Asia Minor were foreshadowed. Since then, England established herself in Egypt, which country, along with Crete, had been proposed to her by the Tsar Nicolas, in his famous interview with Sir Hamilton Seymour. He knew exactly what were England's views and projects; for at the close of our War of Independence in 1828 Crete was as free as any of the provinces which were allowed to form the kingdom of Greece. Yet England insisted that Crete should be thrust back under the Pasha of Egypt, whose enormities in the Morea had led to the "untoward event" of Navarino. Later, in 1841, England sought to establish a claim on Crete by fostering a demand for a British protectorate; while in 1867 her policy offered a determined opposition to the efforts of the Cretans to be united to Greece. Quite recently, in 1897, England was ready to occupy the island on the pretext that a couple of English soldiers were murdered by Mahomedan fanatics in Candia. It was the knowledge of this that induced the Powers finally to agree to the provisional semi-independence of the island. When a few weeks ago they agreed to record their disinterestedness, declaring that none of them had intentions on Crete—"without the consent of the inhabitants," they clearly foreshadowed, by this reservation, what may be expected. We know full well what the "consent of the inhabitants" means in such cases, and how it can be gerrymandered by a Great Power. Unfortunately for Greece and Crete, there is also a king who is subsidised by Great Powers, and a prince who is pensioned by the Tsar; and it remains to be seen if they would be averse to the exchange of Souda for some family consideration. The objection of the Powers to the union of Crete with Greece, on the score of possible complications in the East, is too thin to bear examination. When Greece protested against the enormous increase of Bulgaria by the *coup de main* on Eastern Roumelia, including a hundred thousand Greek inhabitants, we were told that there was no such thing as compensation or equilibrium known or necessary among minor States. The concern of the Powers, therefore, is not in respect to possible complications, but in regard to contemplated partitions. Their aim is to keep delectable morsels in reserve until the moment arrives for the next international settlement. We expect it on the negotiation of peace between Russia and Japan. I, for one, consider Souda lost to Greece. And he who holds Souda, dominates over Crete and Greece. With the loss of Souda Greece will cease to be an independent State.

So spoke one of my Greek friends, in deep earnest. And it is evident that the Cretan tragedy—for tragic the history of the island has been since its subjection to the Venetians—is not yet at an end.

EOTHEN.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

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*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

## PART II.

### CHAPTER I.

THE crazy little carriage belonging to Petrin il Gliglo rattled along by the riverside towards Viadana. Regina was seated, not particularly comfortably, between her brother and sister who had come to meet her at Casalmaggiore station. She laughed and talked, but now and then fell silent, absent-minded, and sad. Then Toscana and Gigino, being slightly in awe of her, became also silent and embarrassed.

The night was hot; the sky opaque blue furrowed by long grey clouds. The big red moon, just risen above the horizon, illumined the river and the motionless woods with a splendour suggestive of far-off fire. The immense silence was now and then broken by distant voices from across the Po; a sharp damp odour of grass flooded the air, waking in Regina a train of melancholy associations.

Now she had arrived, now she was in the place of her nostalgia, in the dreamed-of harbour of refuge, it was strange that her soul was still lost to her. Just as at one time she seemed to herself to have brought only her outward person to Rome, leaving her soul like a wandering firefly on the banks of the Po, so now it was only her suffering and tired body which she had brought back to the riverside. Her soul had escaped—flown back to Rome. What was Antonio doing at this hour? Was he very miserable? Was he conscious of his wife's soul pressing him tighter than ever her arms had pressed him? Had he written to her? Antonio! Antonio! Burning tears filled her eyes, and she suddenly fell silent, her thoughts wandering and lost in a sorrowful far-away.

She had already repented her letter, or at least of having written it so soon. She could have sent it quite well from here! He would have felt it less—so she told herself, trying to disguise her remorse.

"And the Master? And Gabri and Gabriele?" she asked aloud, as they passed Fossa Caprara, whose little white church, flushed by the moon, stood up clearly against the blackness of the meadow side plane trees. At the other side of the road was a row of silver willows,



and between them the river glistened like antique, lightly oxidised glass. The whole scene suggested a picture by Baratta.

Toscana and Gigi both broke into stifled laughter.

"What's the matter?" queried Regina.

The boy controlled himself but Toscana laughed louder.

"What ever is it? Is the Master going to be married?"

"*Lu el vorres, se, ma li doni li nal veul mia, corpu dla madosca.* (He'd be willing enough but the women won't have him)" said Petrin, turning a little and joining in the "children's" talk.

"They want to go to—to Rome! Gabri and Gabriele!" said Toscana at last, and her brother burst out laughing.

"Why do they want to go to Rome?"

"Gabri wants to get a place and to help Gabriele in her studies as she intends to be a Professor——"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Then they laughed, all four, and Regina forgot her troubles. The boy and girl thought of going to Rome, as they thought of going to Viadana, without help and without money! It was amusing.

"And what does the Master say?"

"He's mad!" interrupted Petrin, turning his face, which was round and red like the moon. "*El diss, chi vaga magari a pe: i dventarà na gran roba.* (He says let them go if it's even on foot! they'll turn out great!)"

Then Gigi mimicked Gabri, who talked through his nose:—

"We could go to Milan, of course, but there's no university there which admits women, like the universities of Florence and Rome. Rome is the capital of Italy; we'll go there. I'll be a printer, and Gabriele shall study."

And Toscana mimicked Gabriele:—"My brother shall print all my books."

"My dear children, I think you are jealous," said Regina.

"Oh!" they cried, cut to the quick, for Gigi did verily want to go to Rome for his college course, and Toscana, who had a pretty mezzo-soprano voice, had a plan of living at her sister's to learn singing.

Regina became thoughtful, guessing their own and their friends' dreams, and remembering her own earlier illusions. She vainly sought to shake off the sadness, the remorse, the presentiment of evil which was weighing her down.

"And you, Pedrin, I suppose you want to go to Rome too? Couldn't you bring Gabri and Gabriele in this chaise?"

"I'm going to Paris," the man answered, stolidly.

"To be sure! I remember you thought of it last year. You said you had enough money."

"So I have still. I can't spend it here, and my uncle in Paris keeps writing 'Come! Come!'"

Regina was not listening. She was caught up in a pleasure, expected indeed which yet took her by surprise, soothing her sick heart

as a balsam soothes a wound. For there, in the hollow behind the row of black trees bordering the *viassolin* (lane), was the little white house, a lamp shining from its window! Already she heard the scraping voice of the frogs, which croaked in the ditch beside the lane. Shadows of two persons were spread across the road, and a soprano voice resounded in a prolonged call, like the shout of a would-be passenger to the ferryman on the opposite bank of the river.

“Regina—a—a——”

“It’s that fool Adamo,” said Gigi; “he’s always calling you like that. He says you ought to hear him in Rome. She shouts, too,” he added, pinching Toscana’s knee.

“And so do you,” said Toscana.

The voice rang out again, sent back by the water, echoing to the farther shore. Regina jumped from the carriage, and ran towards the two dear shadows. One of them separated itself from the other and rushed madly. It was the boy, and he fell upon Regina like a thunderbolt, hugging her, squeezing her tightly, even pretending to roll her into the river.

“Adamo! Are you gone mad?” she cried, resisting him. “Do you want to break my bones?”

Then Adamo, whose great dark eyes were brilliant in the moonlight, remembered Regina had written something about being ill, and he too became suddenly shy of her.

“How you’ve grown!” she exclaimed. “Why, you’re two inches taller than I am!”

“Ill weeds grow apace,” said Gigino. Then Adamo, who for fifteen was really a giant, gave Toscana a push *en passant*, and sprang upon his brother, trying to roll him down the bank. Shouts of laughter, exclamations, a perfect explosion of fun and childish thoughtlessness filled the perfumed silence. Regina left the children to forget her in this rough amusement, and hurried on to her mother.

They embraced without a word; then Signora Tagliamari asked for Antonio.

“I thought he would have come to take care of you!” she said. “Frankly now, how are you getting on together? You haven’t had any little difference——”

“Oh dear no!” cried Regina. “I told you he couldn’t get away just now. I’ve been bothered with a lot of palpitation—we’ve more than a hundred steps, you know. Fancy having to climb a hundred steps three or four times every day! Antonio got anxious and took me to a specialist—an extortioner—who demanded ten *lire* for just putting a little black cup against my chest! ‘Native air,’ he said; ‘a few months of her native air!’ But now I’m all right again. It’s almost gone off. I’ll stay for a month, or two months at the outside. Then Antonio will come for me——”

Mother and daughter talked in dialect, and looked each other fixedly in the face. The moon, white now and high in the heavens from which the clouds had cleared, illumined their brows. Signora

Caterina, not yet forty-five years of age, was so like Regina that she seemed her elder sister. Her complexion was even fresher, and she had great innocent eyes, more peaceful than her daughter's. Regina, however, thought her much aged, and her black dress with sleeves puffed on the shoulders, which a year ago she had believed very smart, now seemed absurdly antiquated.

"He's coming to fetch you?" repeated the mother; "that's all right."

Regina's heart tightened. Would Antonio really come? Suppose he were mortally offended and refused to come? But no—no—she would not even fancy it!

Before traversing the short footpath which led between hedges to the villa, she stood to contemplate the beautiful river landscape bathed in moonlight. A veil seemed to have been lifted. Everything now was clear and pure; the air had become fresh and transparent as crystal. The dark green of the grass contrasted with the grey-green of the willows; the ditches reflected the moon and the light trunks of the poplar trees, whose silver leaves were like lace on the velvet background of the sky. The house, small to her who was returning from the city of enormous buildings, was white against the green of the meadows. Round it the vines festooned from tree to tree, following each other, interlacing with each other, as in some silent nocturnal dance. The great landscape, surrounding and encompassing like the high seas seen from a moving ship, the wide river, familiar from her childhood, with its little fantastic islands, shut in by the solemn outline of the woods, by the far reaching background, where a few white towers gleamed faintly through the lunar mist, relieved and expanded Regina's soul by pure immensity.

Swarms of fireflies flashed like little shooting stars; the mills made pleasant music; the freshness and sweetness of running water vivified the air; all was peace, transparency, purity. Yet Regina felt some subtle change even in the serenity of the great landscape, as she felt it in the countenance of her mother, in the manners of her brothers and sister. No, the landscape was no longer *that*; the dear people were no longer *those*. Who, what had changed them thus? She descended the little path, and the frogs redoubled their croaks as if saluting her passage. She remembered the damp and foggy morning in which she had gone away with Antonio. Then all around was cloud, but a great light shone in her soul; now all was brilliant—the heaven, the stream, the fireflies, the blades of grass, the water in the ditches—but the gloom was dark within herself.

Another minute, and she was inside the house. Alas! it also was changed! The rooms were naked and unadorned. Dear! how small and shabby was Baratta's picture over the chimney-piece in the dining parlour! It was no longer *that one*!

They sat down to supper, which was lively and noisy enough. Then Regina went out again, and, in spite of the fatigue which

stiffened her limbs, she walked a long way by the river-side. Adamo and her sister were with her, but she felt alone, quite alone and very sad. *He* was far away, and his presence was wanted to fill the wondrous solitude of that pure and luminous night. What was he doing? Even in Rome at the end of June the nights are sweet and suggestive. Regina thought of the evening walks with Antonio, through wide and lonely streets near the Villa Ludovisi. The moon would be rising above the tree tops, and sometimes Antonio would take his inattentive wife in by saying:—

“How high up that electric light is!” The fragrance of the gardens mixed with the scent of hay carted in from the Campagna, and the tinkle of a mandoline, moved the heart of the homesick Regina. Yes; even at Rome the nights had been delicious before the great heat had come, when already many of the people had gone away. Now she too had gone, and who could know if she would return? Who could tell if Antonio would want her ever again! Lost in this gnawing fear, she suddenly started and checked her steps. There, on the edge of the bank, abandoned in the lush grass, she perceived that despised old millstone, which so often had stood before her eyes in her attacks of Nostalgia. Now she saw it in reality, and she noticed for the first time that it lay just exactly where a little track started, leading to the river through a grove of young willows and acacias. One evening, last autumn, standing on that little sandy path in the rosy shadow of the thicket, Antonio had sung her the song “The Pearl Fishers,” and presently they had exchanged their first kiss. Now still she heard his voice vibrating in her soul.

“*Mi par d'udire ancora.*”  
(Still meseems I hear thee.)

And now she understood why she had always remembered the old stone. It would have meant nothing to her if it had not lain exactly at that spot, on that little tree-shadowed pathway, which was full of memories of him.

She stepped down it, standing for a minute among the willows, which had grown immensely, then approaching the water, now all bluish-white, gleaming under the moon. But the Po had made a new island, as soft and frothy as a chocolate cream, and even the riverside seemed to her changed.

Adamo and Toscana descended also to the water's edge, and the girl began to sing. Her voice trembled in the moonlit silence like the gurgle of a nightingale. Why she knew not, but Regina remembered the first evening at the Princess's, and the voice of the elderly lady who had sung

“*A te, cara.*”

How far off was that world! So far that perhaps she might never—never enter it again!

Ah! well! that mattered nothing! In this moonlight hour, in face of the purity of the river and of her native landscape, she seemed to have awakened from some pernicious intoxicating dream. Yet she was tormented by the doubt, the fear, that never again would she see the personages of her fevered dream, because never would Antonio come to lead her back into that far-off world. The days would pass, the months, the years. He would never come. Never! not after the three years of her suggesting, nor after ten, nor after twenty! How was it she had not thought of this when she had secretly planned her flight, even as a bird schemes to leave its cage without considering the perils to which it must expose itself? How could she help it? Which of us knows what we shall think or feel to-morrow? She had been dreaming; she was dreaming still. Even her increasing terror, her fear that Antonio would forget her, was perhaps no more than a dreadful dream. But—if her dread should prove reality—

“What would become of me?” she thought, seemingly fascinated by the splendour of the running water. “There is no longer any place for me here. Everything is changed; everything seems to mistrust me. I have been a traitor to my old world, and now it pushes me from it! And I—I did not foresee that!”

“Come! Let us go!” she said, shaking herself and returning to the main path. She walked along, her head drooping, thinking she was surely mistaken. Her old world could not betray her! It was too old to be guilty of any such crime!

“Life is certainly quite different here, but I’ll get used to it again. To-morrow, by daylight, when I am rested, I shall see everything in its old sweet aspect!”

For the present she dared not raise her eyes, lest she should see the willow which had protected their first kiss. She hurried past, fearful of an unforgettable spectre.

Toscana followed her singing, while Adamo, whose figure showed like a black spot on the glistening enamel of the water, amused himself shouting

“Antonio—o—o. Antonio—o—o.”

The sonorous tones echoed back from the river, and Regina hastened her step lest her sister should see her scalding tears.

Ah! *He* made no response. Never again would he answer, never again!

But the next morning’s sun dispersed Regina’s childish fears, her anxiety, and her remorse.

“I shall hear from him to-day or to-morrow,” she thought, waking in her old room, the window of which gave on the river. A swallow, which was used to come in and roost on the blind rod, flew round the room and pecked at the shut window. Regina jumped out of bed and opened it. The sight of the swallow had filled her heart with sudden joy, which increased at sight of the smiling

landscape. Irresistibly impelled, she left the house and wandered through the fields, refreshing her spirit in the intoxicating bath of greenness and morning sun and lingering dew. She followed little grassy paths, at the entrance to which tall poplars reared their white stems like gigantic columns, their tops blended into one shimmering roof. She passed along the ditches populated by families of peaceful ducks; the little snails crept along, leaving their silvery tracks upon the grass; woodpeckers concealed in the poplars marked time with their beaks in the serenity of space and solitude.

As in the moonlit evening, so now in the sunshine, every blade of grass, every leaf, every little stone sparkled and shone. The river rolled on its majestic course, furrowed by paths of gold, flecked here and there by pearly whirlpools. The islands, covered with evanescent vegetation, with the lace of trembling foliage, divided the splendours of the water and of the sky. Spring was still luxuriant over the immensity of the plain—spring strong as a giantess, kissed by her lover the river, decked by the thousand hands of the husbandmen, her slaves.

But when she was tired Regina threw herself upon the clover, still wet with dewdrops, and at once her thoughts flew far away. In the afternoon she began again to feel anxious and sad.

That very day visits began from inquisitive, tiresome, interested people—relations, friends, persons who wanted favours. They all imagined Regina influential to obtain anything, just because she lived in Rome. She was amused at first, but presently she wearied. All these people who came to greet and to flatter her seemed to have changed, to have grown older, simpler, less significant, than she had left them.

The Master himself came with Gabriella, a small, fair-haired creature, with a pale, round face, and steely eyes, very bright, very deep, very observant.

“And so here is our Regina!” said the Master, buttoning his coat across his narrow chest. “Oh, *bravissima!* I got the postcard with the picture of the Coliseum. That really is a monument! Oh, *brava*, our Regina! I suppose you have visited all the monuments, both pagan and Christian? And seen the works of Michelangelo Buonarrotti? Oh, Rome! Rome! Yes, I wish my two children could get to the eternal Rome.”

“Papa!” said Gabriele, watching Regina to see if she were laughing at him.

But Regina was merely cold and indifferent—an attitude which relieved but slightly intimidated the future lady-professor. A little later came a young lady of a titled family from Sabbioneta. She had a lovely slender figure, and was very pale, with black hair dressed à la Botticelli; she was smart also, wearing white gloves and tan shoes with very high heels.

Toscana, Gabriele, and this young lady were all the same age—about eighteen—clever and unripe, like all school girls. They were

nominally friends. Regina, however, saw they envied and nearly hated each other. The aristocratic damsel gave herself airs, and spoke impertinences with much grace.

"Good gracious! What heels!" said Gabriele, whom nothing escaped. "But they're quite out of fashion!"

"They're always in fashion among the nobility," explained the other, condescendingly. Then they talked of a little scandal which had arisen the day before, in consequence of two Sabbioneta ladies having quarrelled in the street.

"Wives of clerks!" said the Signorina, contemptuously. "Women of the upper aristocracy would never behave like that!"

"But," said Regina, "where have you known any women of the upper aristocracy?"

"Oh! one meets them everywhere!"

"Look here, my dear; if you were to find yourself beside a lady of the upper aristocracy, and if she deigned to look at you at all, you would be frozen with humiliation and alarm."

The other girls giggled, and the Master asked eagerly,

"Regina, I wonder do you know the Duchess Colonna of San Pietro?"

"*Chi lo sa?* There are no end of duchesses in Rome!"

"We have an introduction to that great lady from a friend of ours at Parma."

"Papa!" cried Gabriele, red with indignation and pride, "I don't require any introductions! I snap my fingers at great ladies one and all! What could they possibly do for me?"

"My dear child," began Regina, pitying and sarcastic, "great ladies rule the world; and so——"

She stopped and turned pale, for there was a loud knock at the door. She fancied it the bicycling postman, who brought telegrams to the villages between Casalmaggiore and Viadana. But no; it was not he.

Evening fell—red and splendid as a conflagration. The three girls went out, and Regina lingered at the window, scrutinising the distance and looking for the telegraph messenger's bicycle.

The Master and Signora Tagliamari sat on a blue Louis XV. sofa at the end of the room, and talked quietly. Now and then they threw a glance at Regina, who scarcely tried to conceal her sadness and disquiet. The Master, hoping she was listening, talked of the dreams and ambitions of his children.

"Well, as they wish it, we must let them work and conquer the world. What can they do here? Be a schoolmaster? A schoolmistress? No, thank you!"

"But if they go away, won't you miss them very much?"

"That's not the question, Signora Caterina! It's like a tearing out of the vitals when the young ones leave the parents. But the parents have brought them into the world to see them live, not vegetate. Ah, my children!" said the Master, stretching out his

arms with great emotion, "the nest will remain empty and the old father will end his days in sorrow as, in truth, he began them; but in his heart, Signora Caterina, in his heart he will say with great joy, 'I have done my duty. I have taught my little ones to fly!' Oh, that my parents had done as much for me! Ah!"

Regina still looked out. She heard the Master's babble; she heard the fresh voices and the laughter of the three young girls who were strolling along the river; she watched the sky grow pale, diaphanous, tender green like some delicate crystal, flecked with little wandering clouds like a flight of violet-grey birds. She began to feel irritated. She knew not why. Perhaps because the girls made too much noise, or the Master was talking nonsense, or the postman did not appear out of the lonely distance.

The Master pulled a note-book from his pocket, and, interrupting himself now and then to explain that he did it without his daughter's knowledge, began to read aloud some of Gabriele's sketches.

"Listen to this! See how cleverly she observes people! It's a character for a future novel. My Gabriele is always on the look-out. She sees a character, observes, sets it all down. She's like those careful housewives who preserve everything in case it may come in useful. Listen to this!"

And he read, "'A young lady of eighteen, of titled but worn-out family, anæmic, insincere, vain, envious, ambitious; knows how to hide her faults under a cold sweetness which appears natural. She is always talking of the aristocracy. Someone told her she resembled a virgin of Botticelli, and ever since she has adopted a pose of sentiment and ecstasy.' Isn't it excellent, Signora Caterina?"

"Yes, indeed; quite excellent!" said the lady, with gentle acquiescence. "Regina, come and listen. Hear how Gabriele is going to write her novel. It's quite excellent."

Regina remembered the novel she also had wished to write, with which she was quite out of tune to-day. Her irritation increased. She had recognised the *signorina* from Sabbioneta in Gabriele's sketch, and resented the pretensions, the ambitions, the dreams of the Master's little daughter. The simple father's delusions were pitiable. Better tear them away and bid him teach his child to make herself a real life, refusing to send her forth into the world where the poor are swallowed up like straws in the pearly whirlpools of the river.

But in the faded eyes of the humble schoolmaster she saw such glow of tenderness, of regret, of dream, that she had not the heart to rob him of his only wealth—Illusion.

"It's so dreadful to have no more illusions," she said to herself, and added that to-day there would come no telegram from Antonio.

As evening came on she again fell a prey to puerile terrors and unwholesome thoughts. She was wrapped in frozen shadows—a mysterious wind drove her towards a glacial atmosphere, where all was dizziness and grief. She seemed suspended thus in a twilight heaven, wafted towards an unknown land, like the little wandering



clouds, the violet-grey birds, migrating without hope of rest. The old world to which she had returned had become small, melancholy, tiresome. She was no longer at her ease in it. But at last she was driven to confess a melancholy thing. It was not her old world which had changed; oh no! it was herself.

## II.

THAT night she dreamed she was standing on the river bank in the company of Marianna, Madame Makuline's companion, who had come to hurry her back to Rome.

"Monsieur Antonio is in an awful rage," she said. "He came to Madame and told her all about it, and has borrowed 10,000 *lire* to set up a finer house. Then he sent me to bring you back."

In her dream, Regina shook with shame and anger. She set off with rapid steps to Viadana, intending to send Antonio a thundering telegram.

"If he has still got the money," she sobbed, "I wish him to give it all back this very moment. I don't want a finer house. I don't want anything! I'll come home at once. I'd come back, even if we had grown poorer, even if we had to live in a garret!"

And she walked and walked, as one walks in dreams, vainly trying to run, crushed by unspeakable grief. Night fell; the mist covered the river. Viadana seemed farther and farther. Marianna ran behind Regina, telling her that the day before in Via Tritone she had met the ugly fireman who had rescued her at Odessa.

"He had turned into a priest, if you please; but coquettish, and under his cassock, he had a silk petticoat with three flounces, which made a *frou-frou*." And she laughed.

Her unpleasant expression exasperated Regina almost to fits. She was not laughing at the fireman, but at something else, unknown, mysterious and terrible. Suddenly Regina turned and tried to strike her, but the *signorina* started backwards and Regina tumbled down.

The shock of this fall wakened the dreamer, whose first conscious thought was of the fireman priest with the silk flounces. In the dream this detail had disgusted her horribly, and the disgust remained for long hours. Sleep had deserted her. It was still night, but already across the deep silence which precedes the dawn came the earliest sounds of the quiet country life—a tinkling of tiny bells trembling on the banks of the streams, going always further and further away. The silvery, insistent, childish note seemed to Regina the voice of infinite melancholy.

A thousand memories started up in her mind, insistent, puerile, melancholy, like that little silvery tinkling.

"My whole life has been useless," she thought, "and now, now,

just when I might have found an object, I have flung it away like a rag! But what object could I have had?" she asked herself presently. "Well, family life is supposed to be an object. Everything is relative. The good wife who makes a good family contributes no less than the worker or the moralist to the perfection of society. I have never made anything but dreams. I remember the dream I had the second night after our arrival. I thought Madame Makuline had given me a castle."

Just then she heard a faint rustle, and something like a scarce perceptible but tender groan emitted by some minute dreaming creature.

"It's the swallow! Does it also dream? Do birds think and dream? I expect they do. Why, I wonder, is this one all alone? And *he!*"

She felt a sudden movement of joy, thinking that this day the letter from Antonio would surely come!

The hours passed. Post hour came, but there was no post. Regina went out of doors to hide her agitation, to forget, to flee from the extravagant fears which assailed her. As on the preceding day, she wandered in the woods and lanes, by the riverside, upon which beat the full rays of the sun. Everywhere fear followed her like her shadow.

"He has not forgiven me. He will not write. In his place I would do the same. He wants to punish me by his silence, or he is coming to take me back by force. A wife has to follow her husband, otherwise he might demand a legal separation. What would become of me if he did that?"

Pride would not allow her to confess that if Antonio insisted on her return she would go to him at once merely to be forgiven. But as the slow hours rolled on her pride weakened. Memory assailed her with consuming tenderness. She sickened at the thought of passing her life's best years deprived of love.

"Oh, why didn't I think of all this before?" she asked herself. And she remembered she had thought of it, but so vaguely, so lightly, that her faint fears had not held her back from folly. In an opposing sense she reasoned thus.

"It's my character made up of discontent and contradiction which tosses me hither and thither like a wave of the sea. Why have I changed so soon? If I go back to Rome I shall be sorry immediately that I didn't carry out my project, which is perhaps better than I am now thinking it. Perhaps after all he thinks it reasonable, and is delaying to write that I may see he accepts it. Oh! there's a bit of four-leaved clover! Yes; that's what it is. He accepts my plan."

She stooped, but did not pick the four-leaved clover. What luck could it bring to her?

She felt hurt and saddened by the idea that Antonio was not broken-hearted; that he would not try by all means in his power

to get her back; would not reproach, punish, coax her, move her to agonies of despair and love.

"He has not written. He isn't going to write," she said again. "He will come himself to-morrow, or the next day, at the first moment he can. What shall I say when I see him?"

And in the joy of renewed confidence she forgot everything else.

He neither wrote nor came. The days went by; the slow, cruel hours passed in a waiting increasingly apprehensive. Regina wondered at the presentiment she had felt from the very moment of her arrival—the presentiment that her husband would write to her no more. Yet still she waited.

She perceived that her mother, observant of Antonio's silence, was watching her with those beautiful serene eyes now disturbed and unquiet. So one morning she feigned to have met the postman and brought back a letter. She came into the house, an envelope in her hand, crying,

"He's not well! He's laid up with fever!"

The mother was opening a silvery fish from the Po, and she looked at her daughter, scarcely raising her eyes from her work. Regina saw that her mother was not deceived, and that wistful maternal glance agitated her to the very depths of her soul. And the silver fish, in whose inside was discovered another little black fish, reminded her of Antonio's promise.

"We will go out together in a boat. We will fish together in the beautiful red evenings——" and of all the torturing tenderness of that last afternoon they had spent together.

She went to her room and wrote him a letter. Pride would not let her set down her real thoughts; but between the lines he might read all her stinging anxiety, her fear, her penitence. He did not reply.

Suppose he were really ill? Regina thought of writing to Arduina, but quickly felt ashamed of the idea. No. *All those people* whom Antonio's unfortunate notion had thrust between her and him on the first days of her arrival—all those people, the prime cause perhaps of their present misery, were repugnant to her, positively hateful.

But what was he doing? Had he shut up the Apartment in Via d'Azeglio and gone back to his family? The mere recollection of the marble stair which led to that place of suffering, to that low, grey room where a mysterious incubus had weighed down her soul, was enough to darken her countenance.

She wrote again. Antonio did not reply.

Then Regina felt something rebound violently within her, like a rod which straightens itself with a whirr after breaking the fetters which have tied it down. It was her pride. She thought Antonio must have guessed her unspoken drama of grief, lament, tenderness and remorse, and that he was passing the bounds of just punishment.

"He is taking advantage of me," she thought, "but we will see which is the stronger!"

"Antonio," she wrote to him, "I have been here for a whole fortnight of patience and suffering. What is the meaning of your silence? If you have neither understood nor pardoned the letter I left for you, surely you would have written to tell me so? If you have understood, and have forgiven, or better still, if you have consented to what I ask, equally in that case you should have written. You cannot be ill, or one of your people would certainly have informed me. Your conduct is so strange that now I am more offended than grieved by it. Am I a child that you punish me in this childish way? Perhaps it has been a caprice on my part; but, mind, it is not the freak of a child! It is one of those caprices which, punished too severely, may end fatally. Antonio, don't suppose your silence will bring me back to your side like a whipped and famished hound. If you think you can take advantage of my love for you, you are altogether mistaken. I will never go back unless you call me; and whether this return is to be soon or not for a long time, that is what we must decide together. Either write or come to me at once. If within eight days you have not replied, I shall not write again—not until you have written yourself. But don't imagine that my answer *then* could be what it would be *now*. After all, Antonio, we are husband and wife; we are not mere lovers who can allow themselves jesting and nonsense, because their passion is perhaps destined to come to nothing and to remain for them only a memory. You and I are united by duty, and by more serious, stronger, more tragic fetters than passion. If I have been—let us admit it—thoughtless, romantic, even childish, this is no reason why you should be the same. And if you wish to be like that, I at any rate don't wish it any longer. This is why I am writing to-day. This is why I still wait. I repeat—write to me or come. We will decide together. And now it all depends upon you whether the fault is to be all mine or all yours, or to belong partly to us both. I am waiting.

"REGINA."

Two days later Antonio replied with a telegram.

"Starting to-morrow. Meet me at Casalmaggiore. Love and kisses!"

Love and kisses! Then he forgave! He was coming! He would forget—had already forgotten! Regina felt as if she had awakened from an evil dream. Ever afterwards she remembered the immense joy—melancholy perhaps, but on this very account soothing and delicious—which she experienced that day. She seemed to have come off victorious in the family battle. It was she who, just to save appearances, had recalled her husband. He was apparently defeated. But in reality it was she, it was she! And by her own wish and without repentance. Still, by this first victory she had

tasted her hidden strength and had found it great. Henceforth she could rely upon it as a safeguard in all the dangers of life.

"Life belongs to the strong," she thought, "and who knows, who knows but that I too may succeed in achieving fortune? From this out I am a different person. What has changed me I do not know!" she exclaimed, wandering along by the river as if lovelorn.

"How full of strange incoherence and contradiction is the human soul! Who is it says that inconsistency is the true characteristic of man? Certainly the greater part of our disasters come from punctiliousness, from pride, as to letting ourselves be inconsistent. We often ought to be, we often wish to be, inconsistent. Well!" she continued, increasingly surprised at herself, "it's very strange! A month, a fortnight ago, I was another person! Why, how, have I changed like this? Here I am ready, without the smallest complaint, to leave this world which held me so tight. Here I am ready to follow my husband and to take up again the modest monotonous life which I did detest, but which now I do not mind in the least. Is it because I love Antonio? Yes; certainly; but there is some other reason as well—something which I can't make out. I don't want to make it out. I won't torment myself any more. I will understand only that happiness lies in love, in domestic peace, in the picture which life makes, not in the picture's frame. But how wonderfully changed I am!" she repeated, in astonishment. "Such a strange, sudden metamorphosis would seem unnatural in a novel. Yet it is true! the soul—what a strange thing it is! Well, I won't think any more! *He* is coming, and that is all the world!"

She walked on and on, analysing, and at the same time enjoying her happiness. Rays of pleasure flashed across her spirit as she remembered Antonio's eyes, lips, hands. Hers! Hers! Hers, this young man! his love, his soul, his body! She had never before rightly realised this great, this only happiness!

She walked and walked. The sunset hour came. Though it was mid-July, the country was still fresh. Now and then a transparent cloud veiled the sun. A *gabbia*<sup>1</sup> passed her. The driver, fair complexioned and careless as a child, was singing to himself. The wheels seemed mere diaphanous clouds of dust, rosy lilac in the sunset. Quietly the great river rolled in from the horizon; quietly it vanished to the horizon, passing along, calm, luminous, solemn. In its omnipotent force the river also appeared beneficent and happy, bringer of peace to its fertile shores. In the very depths of her soul Regina was stirred by the peace of the wide-stretched valley, by the far-reaching beauty of the horizon, by the sublime, health-giving tranquillity of the fields, the woods, the shores, by all the emanations of grace from what she fancied a god transformed into a stream. She had renewed her youth. Everything within, everything around

(1) *Gabbia*, a special cart used in the Mantuan district for carrying wheat, maize, &c.

her was poetic, beautiful, stainless. Sorrow and evil had fled far off, carried away by the river, vanished below the meeting line of earth and heaven. The western sky had become all one soft yet burning rose colour; the Po grew ever redder and more resplendent; the woods were drawn out in long black lines against the flaming background; the pungent perfume of grass hung on the air. Regina, vaguely watching a laden boat descending the sunlit water from Cicognara, became pensive and even sad. She asked herself whether all the enchantment of this peace did not hide something insidious, whether it were not like those mock islands covered with evanescent verdure, amorously encircled by the river which yet reserved the right of swallowing them at the first flood; enchanted islets for the eye, unstable and engulfing for the unwary foot.

There were three mills on the river close to where Regina was standing. She had often admired the most ancient one, the lower walls of which were rudely decorated with prehistoric pictures, red and blue scrawls representing the Madonna and St. James, a bush, and a boat. The mill was surrounded by silvery-green water, which dashed against the shining wheel. Boats came and went laden with white sacks. On the platform stood the white figure of the miller, a young woman sometimes by his side.

Regina had often seen those two figures. The man was elderly but still erect, his face shaven, lean, and sallow, his cynical green eyes half shut. The young woman also had half-shut, light eyes. She was tall and lithe, pretty, in spite of too rosy a face, and hair dishevelled and over red. She must be the miller's daughter, Regina had supposed, probably in love with the mill servant. Life at the mill must be happy as in a fairy tale.

But later she had heard that the girl was the miller's wife, that he drank, that he was jealous, and kept his wife imprisoned with him in the mill. Evidently a tragedy was being played in the interior of this pre-historic habitation! The running water, the turning wheel, were reciting the eternal tale of human grief—were singing of the jealous, tipsy, disagreeable old man, and of the girl, fiery as her curls, brooding continually over rebellious and sinful thoughts.

The boat, laden with workmen, touched the shore, and Regina recognised one or two whom she knew. They invited her to go with them to the mill, to eat *gnocchi*.

She agreed.

The Po was becoming more and more splendid, reflecting the whole west, the great golden clouds, the reversed woods.

An enchanted land seemed to be submerged there in the water. Regina admired and was silent, listening to the lively chatter of her companions. They were talking of ghosts. Old Joachin, the rich miller—big, purple-faced, goggle-eyed, one night, when he was passing along the bank in his cart, saw a huge white dog, which jumped out of a bush and silently and obstinately followed him. Who could believe this dog a dog? It was a spirit.

And one moonshiny night Petrin the boatman had seen from the river a most strange, glistening creature flying along the shore.

"A bicycle," pronounced old Joachin, beating his empty pipe against the palm of his hand.

"Oh, very well! Then your white dog was just a white dog!"

Presently the party arrived at the mill. The miller came forward, all smiles, and stretched out his hand to Regina.

"*Ma benissimo!* This is an honour, Signora Regina! I know you well; and here is my wife, who knows you quite well too!"

The ruddy young woman hung back shyly.

"How do you do?" said Regina, looking at her curiously. She noticed that the miller was not quite so old nor the woman so young as they had seemed from the distance.

The inside of the mill was very clean. A fire was burning at the foot of the plank bed. Pots and pans of red earthenware were arranged on the dresser. The mechanism of the mill was of the most primitive pattern. Two large, round stones of a bluish hue were revolving one upon the other, moved by the wheel. The flour slipped out slowly, falling into a sack.

And the wheel turned and turned, pursued, battered, lashed by the noisy water. Wheel and water seemed to be whirling in a fight, merry in appearance, pitiless and cruel in reality.

Old Joachin took his wife by the shoulder and shook her.

"Go and make the *gnocchi*<sup>1</sup>, woman! Make them as fat as your fingers!"

She giggled, looking at her hands, which were enormous, then took flour and kneaded it with river water.

Regina, finding her presence embarrassed the woman, went to the platform and sat down on a sack of flour. She lost herself in contemplation of the wonderful sunset. Already the sun was touching the river, making a great column of gold. The water came burning down from that magic spot, but upon reaching the mill its fire began to go out, and it disappeared into the east, pallid as mother-o'-pearl.

Regina saw the whirlpools all luminous like immense shells; the mill wheel flapped in the golden water like a huge metallic fan; the falling drops, in which the slant rays of the sun were refracted, showed all the rainbow colours.

The miller drew near Regina and bent towards her. His feet were bare, his thin legs and arms naked. His little green eyes smiled cynically.

"If I may, I'll speak two words with you," he murmured, respectfully.

"Yes?" said Regina.

Instead of two words, he told her a great number of interesting things. For instance, that he had all his teeth; that he paid a hundred *lire* tax on his *ricchezza mobili*; that the wheel could be

(1) *Gnocchi*. A favourite Italian sweet dish.

stopped with a rope; that his wife was timid and diffident, and always wanted to be tied to her husband's coat tails. Regina listened, half-disappointed that her tragedy had been wholly imaginary.

"You know," said the miller, who, while he talked, never stopped rubbing his arms and scratching one foot with the other, "I wish to goodness she'd go away for a fortnight or a month."

"Why?" asked Regina, ingenuously.

"Why, Signora Regina——" said the man, embarrassed, and scratching with all his might—"well, you have no baby either, have you? And you want one, I suppose? You'll be certain to have one now, after being away for a month. Well, if you come with me, I'll show you how we stop the wheel," he said, alarmed lest he had offended her.

Regina followed him. The old man stopped the wheel with the rope and asked his guest to examine the flour, the sack, the mill stones. In the sudden silence of the wheel he laughed without any reason. A dense cloud involved everything. The miller's wife, quite confounded by Regina's presence, turned scarlet as she fried the *gnocchi*. The figures on the platform were silhouetted against the golden background.

The miller looked at Regina and laughed, and suddenly, without knowing why, she laughed herself.

(*To be continued.*)



## THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

### II.

IN the previous article we dealt with the outlook and prospects of the American market. The movement which has since taken place has already gone a long way towards confirming the views then expressed.

To-day we will turn our attention to another section of the "House," which, in the opinion of the best accredited critics, is likely to attract a good deal of attention during the next few months, viz., our "gilt-edged" market.

The outcome of the negotiations, at present still hanging fire in Portsmouth, will of course considerably affect the course of prices here, but apart from this there are certain factors at work which would in any case have made themselves felt. These we will now examine.

For some years a noted feature has been the continued weakness of our premier security, as well as Colonial and municipal loans. It is a curious fact that to-day Consols are still cheaper than they were during the greater part of the South African War, and that some of our best stocks have fallen during a period when others which offer less security have risen considerably. The cause of the fall and the prospect of the future naturally are matters of concern both to Capel Court and Lombard Street, and the investing public, too, is anxious to know whether the weakness in "gilt-edged" securities is a "lane that has no turning." It is perhaps generally admitted that the "high water mark" prices of the later 'nineties were prices of a period of plethora of money and long years of peace, phenomena which are not likely to recur for some time. The South African War, with its enormous expenditure, soon tried the money market, and caused an interruption in the gold mining industry of the Transvaal, which reduced the flow of gold into this country by about £20,000,000 per annum, or nearly £60,000,000 during the war. New loans were also issued, which the public was not prepared to absorb at once, and their weight hung for a long time over the market. These two causes—decrease in the supply of gold and increase in the supply of stocks—depressed quotations the more the longer the war lasted.

The Colonies and the English municipalities unfortunately took no heed of the altered conditions. They went on spending money with their previous extravagance—in some instances even increased extravagance—and, to their surprise, found all at once that the conditions on which they could raise loans had entirely altered, and that very different terms from those which used to rule had to be

conceded. In fact, for a time new loans became practically impossible for many a borrower of this class, and the expedience of raising funds by short-dated Treasury bills—never a desirable proceeding—had to be resorted to. Thus, the period when the borrower could dictate terms was succeeded by a period when the lender had his turn. The old loans issued on the lower rates of interest had to adjust themselves to the new conditions, *i.e.*, experience a considerable fall. Investors, not understanding the full position, became alarmed, and the Press took up the cue, and added to the nervousness by enlarging upon the over-supply, the congested state of the market, and the floating total of stocks. So far the phenomenon is fairly easy of explanation. We have had similar experiences before, and probably the world will have similar again.

But what follows is more difficult to understand, and has hardly a precedent. After peace was concluded the expected revival of "gilt edged" failed to put in an appearance. On the contrary, quotations fell rather than rose. It is here that even insiders became puzzled; to-day, however, it is less difficult to explain the unusual phenomenon. Firstly, there is trade. For a considerable period now the commercial and industrial population has gone through a period of depression. The yearly savings of the people have been considerably curtailed, and there has been no fresh capital accumulated to flow into the newly-created channels. Nor have any amounts been available to take up the older securities, which were often freely offered in the market. Besides, extravagance had spread to the individual, and, no longer satisfied with the "small interest bearing" but absolutely safe investments, he preferred to run some risk and get a higher return for his money, and thus he in no way supported the "gilt-edged" market.

The second and most important phenomenon is the return of foreign capital by England. The war had, during the second half of its period, been financed with foreign money. It had been financed—not, as is usually the case, by long-dated loans, but—by short-dated obligations, such as Treasury bills—Exchequer bonds and the Ten-year Khaki Loan. When peace came we naturally expected to finance somewhere near the former low rates of interest, and the result was that the foreigner called his money back. We then found that we could not pay it back all at once, and, in order to induce the foreigner to leave part of his capital here till it could be repaid, we had to continue to offer him tempting rates. Thus, money was kept artificially dear for much longer after the conclusion of peace than what the trade necessitated. Owing to this circumstance, it is clear that the quotation of "gilt-edged" securities could not rise, as their prices depend so largely on the rates of interest current.

Other causes contributed as well to the continued weakness, and among them we must mention the outbreak of the Far Eastern War and the different political scares in connection therewith. But at last the position became clearer. The *Entente Cordiale* has

limited the extent of the war, while the continuous repayment of our foreign liabilities has at last come to an end. To-day it is pretty evident that we have cleaned our slate. England is herself again as far as foreign liabilities are concerned. It will once more be possible to accumulate funds at home. Evidence to this effect is coming forward. The banking deposits are again increasing. At the end of June they exceeded last year's by £23,000,000; at the end of July by over £28,000,000. This will only have to continue a little longer, and the banks will have to look about again for investments. Then will come the turning point in the "gilt-edged" market, and it is not difficult to forecast what will happen.

We have had a very late precedent in the United States. Two years ago every financial writer had for his most favourite topic the enormous sums of undigested securities in America; to-day they write about the shortness of stocks. This shows clearly how rapidly the position changes as soon as the tide begins to turn. If our Government finance is careful, if there is no untoward event in politics, it is not difficult to foretell to-day that in a very short time our investors will have forgotten all about the over-supply of "gilt-edged" securities, and, with increased national and individual prosperity at their back, they will take a fresh interest in them, and prices will soon reach a considerably higher level.

J. S.-S.

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. CCCCLXVI. NEW SERIES, OCTOBER, 1905.

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RUSSIA'S LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE.

COMBINING physical lethargy and imaginative excess in a degree familiar to every student of individual psychology, but unexampled in the general character of any other nation, the Slav temperament is profoundly subject to illusion. This is the imponderable, but no less the formidable, fact with which other Powers have had to reckon before and Japan and her ally may have to grapple with it again. We see the same disturbing and deceptive influence working through every form of Russian life. We see it not only in the bureaucracy but in the opposition and the masses. We see it in the brilliant hallucinations, upon the destined absorption of Asia by the sympathetic and assimilating Slav, with which Prince Ukhtomsky succeeded in colouring the mind of his master. We see it equally in M. Pobiedonostseff's earnest views as to the evil and inefficient character of Western civilisation. It appeared in the complacent infatuation of Admiral Alexeieff's diplomacy. It appears as visibly in the social theories of Count Tolstoi, and in the genuine belief of Liberal professors that universal suffrage and responsible cabinets are the proper constitutional apparatus for a mediæval state of society. Russians have hitherto been governed not by realities but by phantasms—by political conceptions without the sense of definition or limits, and projected into the vague—by an extravagant estimate of their own powers and an inadequate conception of their tasks. They believe that they spared Frederick and overthrew Napoleon, saved the Austrian Empire in the year of revolutions, and permitted the achievements of Bismarck. They were convinced, after the Crimean War, that Russia, though technically and temporarily defeated by the united forces of what were then the two greatest powers in the world, had gained the

real honours of the struggle and exhibited a fundamentally superior strength. Where security seems to lie in the facts, danger has rapidly rearsen from the Russian view of the facts. Her neighbours, in a word, have had to reckon, in the long run, not with the concrete results of her wars, but with the subjective impression left upon the Russian mind. From this point of view, at least, the Japanese failure in stage management at the Portsmouth Conference was a considerable failure in policy. It was important that Japan should emerge from the Conference with the prestige of magnanimity rather than that her antagonists should come out of it with an increased opinion of their own powers of resistance. Their lesson has been hard, but it is questionable, as we shall see, whether it has been hard enough—without the further guarantee offered by the Anglo-Japanese alliance—to secure the peace of the Far East for a single generation.

But though the wisdom of the elder statesmen might have been displayed to far greater moral and diplomatic advantage, it is impossible to dispute the substantial excellence of their policy. Nothing but the putting forward, at the outset, of the extreme demand upon which our allies were not prepared to insist and which they had not the power to enforce, could have made the actual results attained appear for the moment as something like an anti-climax. No Great Power for a century has achieved positive conquests of anything like the same area and strategical and economic importance. By the annexation of the Korean peninsula and the southern half of Sakhalin, Japan has added, at one stroke, a hundred thousand square miles to her territory. The significance of this fact is far greater than appears on the surface. When we remember that only a seventh part of her narrow mountainous islands can be cultivated, it will be grasped at once that she has far more than doubled the available area of her soil. In comparison with an expansion of so splendid and decisive a character, the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine—at least in its material aspect—was a minor event of modern history. We shall better grasp the relative significance of what has happened if we compare it with an incorporation of the Spanish peninsula with France. From the strategical point of view the parallel holds. Japan has secured for her swarming population a colonial dominion which, so far from compelling the dispersion of her forces, is practically a prolongation of her home territory. Henceforth the Sea of Japan is enclosed by an almost continuous ring of Japanese territory. Even for an overwhelming sea-power the attempt to break that ring would be a task of almost unique difficulty and danger. Our allies hold three-

fourths of the coastline. They command all the practicable entrances on both sides. If their outer shores were blockaded the transport of their food supplies and raw material across the vast internal expanse of the Sea of Japan would be secure until its narrows were forced. It is much as if the North Sea were the vital centre of our own commerce, and we were able to convert it, upon the outbreak of war, into a *mare clausum*. A glance at the map will suggest that no other Great Power now occupies a position of so much natural strength, and, with a Navy adequate to her geographical advantages, Japan would possess the best strategical base in the world. In addition, she takes over Port Arthur as it stands, without any obligation to dismantle the defences, and here we have the most important transfer of a fortress since Gibraltar passed into our hands.

Finally, we come to the question of Manchuria. Russia hands over the railway from Newchwang to Kwang-cheng-tsze, running through the centre of the southern and by far the richest of the three Manchu provinces, and connecting, says the Fekin correspondent of *The Times*, "all the populous cities in the valley of the Liao-ho river, with the richest trade marts in Manchuria." Commercially, this region will probably prove to be as completely annexed as Korea itself. The line from Newchwang to Kwang-cheng-tsze will eventually be linked up, not only with the Siberian railway on the north, but with the Korean system on one side and the entire Chinese network on the other. And the Western nations may endeavour to send through the open door their trade, but they cannot send their people—or, at least, not to anything like the same extent. Japan's immigrants are settling in Southern Manchuria almost as fast as in Korea. They have hitherto come in the track of the armies which they have helped to supply, but many will remain when the armies have been repatriated. Before the struggle, for instance, there were but a handful of the Mikado's subjects in Newchwang. They are now said to number 6,000, and their ranks are increased by fresh arrivals at the rate of from fifty to a hundred a day. Here we have pacific penetration in its most effective and legitimate form, and Southern Manchuria may be regarded as the commercial penumbra of Japan's formal conquests—an economic asset more valuable in all probability than the territory she has actually annexed. Not even the Iron Chancellor in his most daring dreams ever conceived the idea of obtaining an indemnity in addition to acquisitions of this magnitude. Upon the national basis they have now secured, our allies may reasonably hope well nigh to double their population and far more than double their wealth within a single generation.

Nevertheless, were it not for the complete guarantee provided by the Anglo-Japanese alliance in its new form, there might have been some intermediate dangers. The Mikado's Government would have been bound to continue fighting for an indemnity were there any possibility of obtaining one without further sacrifices of life and treasure upon a scale which no conceivable indemnity could repay. There was no such possibility. It is better not to attribute to magnanimity what was entirely due to the compulsion of sane judgment. The war-debt, however, which the Japanese people are left to bear, clearly represents a heavy discount upon the terms of peace, and is equivalent, for the moment, to a reduction of national revenue. Striking the balance, the gain upon the credit side of the material account appears immense. To estimate the moral results is beyond our present purpose. No nation, since Marathon, has achieved greater, and even the Tokio riots have been, after all, exceedingly Greek. Japan has, perhaps, not gained all she ought—has, perhaps, not gained all she might; but she has closed a glorious struggle by a glorious peace.

Even when we admit so much, however, it does not follow that the permanent supremacy of our allies in the Far East has been once for all achieved, or that their security can be regarded as absolute. If we turn an equally dispassionate mind to the reverse of the medal, candid thinkers must admit that the real contrast upon the Russian side is very different from the popular supposition. We insist upon regarding Russia not only as a beaten Power, but as the most beaten Power in the records of war. In the interest of our future policy, whether it is to be inimical to the Tsardom or friendly, it will be well to revise that impression. It is true that the Russian Fleet has been annihilated by a race of islanders and born seamen bringing native aptitude to bear against a people of the plains who are at as great a disadvantage upon shipboard as Tartars out of the saddle. It is true that the Russian Armies, unvisited by a single gleam of victory, have suffered a series of colossal and bloody overthrows at the hands of one of the greatest fighting peoples which has ever appeared. It is proper to ask ourselves, nevertheless, what European army in a similar geographical position could have been supposed capable of defeating Japan. The German, for instance? It may well be doubted; and from this point of view let us consider the Russian performances. It will appear that Russia is not altogether the most beaten Power, but is in several ways the least beaten Power in the records of modern war.

Sea-power lost and Port Arthur isolated, Kuropatkin was automatically deprived of the military initiative. Exposed on three



sides, he had to wait to be struck at. He had to work his war through a single-track railway six thousand miles from his base. The carrying capacity of the Siberian line was more or less known. The numbers it could enable him to place in the field within any given period were limited, and could be more or less estimated. The Japanese, with unthreatened communications, could measure their task with a degree of exactness rarely granted in war to mortal calculation; they could measure the margin of force required for dealing with that task; and they could always place that force in the field more rapidly than any speeding up upon the single-track railway could balance it. Our allies were in the best possible position for adding material superiority to moral superiority. They won by the exertion of both. Even in the battle of Mukden they required the supreme exertion of both. Russian officers are inferior in professional thoroughness and efficiency to Prussian and Japanese officers; as the Russian rank and file were as certainly inferior in intelligent energy.

The end of war, nevertheless, is the destruction of the enemy's power to resist, and the Russian power to resist never was destroyed. There was no Metz (for Port Arthur did not surrender until it had placed a final victory at Liao-yang beyond Marshal Oyama's grasp); there was no Sedan; and there was, consequently, no indemnity. In spite of an unparalleled succession of crushing blows, the passive but endlessly-enduring *moral* of the Tsar's armies, the continuity and cohesion of Russian resistance, were never broken; and in every engagement they inflicted losses heavy enough to protect their retreat, to secure time for the reconstruction of their armies, and to arrest the progress of the conquerors. Prince Khilkoff's management of the Siberian railway was a feat of which any country in the world might have been proud; but his efforts would have been of little avail had Kuropatkin's retreat from Liao-yang been less successful. The stubborn, patient Russian readiness to stand and die was like an earthwork opposed to a projectile. It was a quality which no fair mind can refuse to recognise, and it saved the Tsar's armies in spite of every disadvantage behind them, before them, and in their midst from the extremity of disaster.

What was seen at Austerlitz and Jena, at Sadowa and Sedan, was the shattering of national organisations, and the destruction upon the vanquished side of the power to resist. Nothing like this has been seen in the present struggle. We have seen, on the contrary, the most extraordinary contrast to this. *The Times* correspondent with General Nogi has shown himself in the recent phases of the operations a most moderate

writer and sober judge. Telegraphing a few days after the peace treaty this witness describes the physical deadlock, the almost immovable equipoise of unwieldy forces with which the war reached its end. This brief and unadorned message deserves to be given textually :—

I believe that the Russians now number 700,000. They are occupying the positions which they took up after the battle of Mukden. I do not think that a decisive battle can possibly be fought this year owing to the difficulty in this country of manœuvring enormous masses of men into effective striking positions.

Thus, at the end of nineteen months of continuous and overwhelming defeat, and with only a single-track railway to depend upon, Russia had 700,000 men occupying positions no less strong with no less obstinacy. This is in its own character, perhaps, as remarkable an object-lesson in resisting power as history has yet afforded. To secure her indemnity or to occupy Harbin, Japan would have had to maintain a million men in the field for months before they could come once more to grips with their enemy; and with an ultimate prospect of repeating the process of rolling back, by slow stages, at the cost of frightful and still increasing sacrifices, an enormous living obstacle which grew as it recoiled. The unexampled physical difficulties of the Japanese advance are not overlooked here; our allies must be held to have done all that was physically practicable, and military history may hold this to have been far more impeded by nature than by man.

But nature remains; and the Slav endurance and fecundity remains. It is imperative to analyse the causes which have enabled Russia to escape an indemnity and to retain, in the Far East, much more than is casually imagined. Nature is everywhere the accomplice of Russian policy—if not an aider and abettor of misdeeds, at least a protectrix from the worst punishment of them. Generals January and February are, perhaps, somewhat less effective servants of the Tsar than Generals Geography and Topography. The purely physical difficulties which ruined Napoleon still exist, in a form very little mitigated, beyond the German frontier. Upon the Indian frontier and in Persia, we might repel attack to an indefinite extent without ending the struggle, and would be compelled to pour out blood and money as our allies have lavished both, and, perhaps, for a longer period. Thus, if we diminish the credit due to the human factor in Russian resistance in order to increase the credit due to nature in Manchuria, all reflections upon the future of Russia must reckon with the fact that nature and the Slav temperament present the same combination at every other point of the Tsar's Empire.

What has been the effect upon the issue in the Far East? The

effect has not been simply negative. Russia has submitted to some humiliating and damaging demands. But in Korea she has only ceded what she never possessed. There, where our allies have obtained what belonged to neither belligerent, Russia has not been diminished in her territory, but has been severely, perhaps fatally, defeated in her hopes of expansion upon that side of her Empire. The surrender of Port Arthur, no doubt, was well-nigh as painful as a surrender of Cronstadt. But there the humiliation is greater than the injury. Without sea-power Fort Arthur was a log tied to the leg of an army. From the point of view of the prospects of Russian recuperation that loss more resembles the pruning of a branch than the amputation of a limb. The Russian mind will come to remember as a picturesque and somewhat pathetic fact that Russians garrisoned Port Arthur for part of a decade, as they were encamped for certain days of a former generation within sight of Constantinople. Their feelings cannot be so deep as those of China—whose emotions, it is certain, are not so nearly at one with those of Japan in this particular as some suppose. Nor in Sakhalin has the Tsar been compelled to cede an inch of what could be regarded as historic Russian territory. Russia, in relinquishing the southern half of the island, gives back what she but lately possessed and never valued—or not until St. Petersburg realised the force of the quotation, "How many a thing which we let fall with scorn, when others pick it up becomes a gem." The concessions of occupied territory, therefore, taken together, have but diminished the fringe of a garment. They were lost with Admiral Rozhdestvensky's battleships in the straits of Tsushima. Northern Sakhalin would have been better lost with them, since, without sea-power, it could only become a prison for its garrison.

These are Russia's losses. But comment upon the terms of peace has strangely overlooked what she has retained. She keeps the Siberian Railway through two out of the three provinces of Manchuria. She retains, above all, Harbin and the northern arm of the railway running to Vladivostok; and there is no prohibition of the double tracking of that line. This, in point of permanent importance, is the most significant item of M. Witte's diplomatic salvage. To estimate its value we must dismiss from our minds the hasty impression that the whole of the money spent upon the Manchurian extension of the Siberian Railway must now be regarded as waste. The truth is very different. The railway still avoids the impracticable *détour* north of the great curve of the Amur river and pursues the direct route to Vladivostok. Apart from any ambition to reach warm water further south, it was essential to have this line if the necessary concession could be

secured from Peking. That concession was secured, and has been retained. Russia is still in possession of that straight route to Vladivostok which was yet unclaimed at the time of the present Tsar's accession. Thus the results of Russia's invasion of Manchuria during the last decade are very far from being entirely reversed. She keeps in her hands the whole of the connections which enabled her at the end of nearly two years' disastrous fighting to muster 700,000 men in Manchuria prepared for renewed battle and bringing a consistently triumphant antagonist to the point where the pursuit of victory was expensive beyond the worth of any attainable objective. She is free, by doubling the railway, to provide facilities enabling her to sustain—perhaps twenty years hence or sooner—a million men or more in Manchuria. She has again proved the truth of the appalling commonplace that men are nothing to her. In this respect at least she has inflicted losses upon her conqueror greater than she has suffered relatively to the quantity and quality of latent human force on both sides. The increase of her debt by a sum very considerably less than the portion of the cost of the Boer War raised in this country by loans, is the sole additional disability—apart from the Anglo-Japanese alliance—of the war, which binds her over for a time to keep the peace.

The most striking fact, then, which emerges from the whole survey is that Russia still occupies a considerably more extensive and powerful position in Manchuria than before the Cassini Convention. Comparing her dominions as they are now with what they were at the moment of his accession, the Tsar finds that he has lost a convict settlement and gained Harbin, with the certainty, if the policy of St. Petersburg is sufficiently patient and adroit, that the Siberian Railway will be doubled up to the great Manchurian junction and beyond to Vladivostok. Whether the possibilities of intrigue at Peking can be looked upon as exhausted we shall presently proceed to consider. In summing up, however, this much may be said. Japan's absolute gains from the struggle are, as we have described them, magnificent in economic and strategical importance; whether even these are relatively sufficient, in face of all the possibilities of the future, is what it remains for us to investigate. In dealing with the Far East we are dealing with vast forces. Russia remains a vast force—and also remains the only great Power which, as the escape from the payment of an indemnity has again shown, wages war upon limited liability, and would ruin nobody but her foreign creditors were she driven to bankruptcy.

Russia, in a word, still stretches from the Baltic to the Pacific. She has still a taxable population equal in number to that of any

other three of the European great Powers put together. That population is still increasing at a rate which adds to the number of her inhabitants in every successive generation an increment exceeding the whole population of Great Britain and France! Her resources are in the infancy of their development. Her communications are continually improving, and must continue to improve. Her army, for European purposes, at least, where enabled to deploy a numerical force not limited by a single-track railway, and having learned much from its Manchurian experiences, is at least as formidable as before the war; and Russia will continue under all circumstances to present a sibylline problem to all her neighbours.

The great checks limiting her present activity under the *post-bellum* situation are two—the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and her internal conditions. As to her future in the latter respect, no authority pretends to dogmatise, and this side of the question lies beyond our scope. Those who know Russia best are those whose opinions on the prospect of revolution are, on the whole, least alarmist. Railways in the Tsardom, as in India, may be equally efficient instruments of economic progress and political despotism. There is nothing in Russia analogous to the power and spirit of Paris in the summer of 1789, or to the compact and intelligent organisation which enabled the whole national system of France to respond with sufficient rapidity to the initiative of the capital. In the Empire of the Tsars, combination on the part of the towns is impracticable, and while the army remains faithful, separate outbreaks of discontent in the industrial centres can be trampled in detail. The meeting of the Duma at the beginning of next year may provide the most effective means of dividing the reformers, or may prove to be as the beginning of the letting out of waters. The future must be left to reveal its secrets. But the autocracy has shown its determination to keep in touch with the workings of the peasant mind. The statecraft of St. Petersburg, as applied to internal affairs, has always used agrarian concessions as a means of stifling political agitation. That method was employed in Poland to divide the peasants from the *noblesse*. The abolition of serfage after the Crimean War defeated all the hopes of purely constitutional reform. The peasants would extinguish all political opposition to the benevolent supremacy of a Sovereign prepared to compromise in a crisis with the cry of "more land." There is very little doubt that the autocracy would be prepared to reign over a Communist Empire rather than to allow constitutional reform to go beyond a certain point. For these reasons we shall assume it to be quite possible that order may be restored, that

Russia may work out her constitutional salvation by gradual means, and that her whole national power will not disappear in the gulf of anarchy which has sometimes seemed to be yawning before her.

Russia has not yet abandoned any of her dreams, but she is compelled to reconsider the order of her enterprises, and for the first time since the reign of Peter the Great she perceives the possibility (it is too soon to say more) that she may have to renounce some of them if she is to achieve any. In no direction are her prospects certain. It will be long before she definitely makes up her mind to choose a line of least resistance and to concentrate upon it; and all the conceptions of foreign policy now beginning to revolve in her mind will be subject to modification—perhaps to profound change—by the events of the immediate future. The Tsar and his *entourage* can scarcely fail to realise that another false step would mean the disappearance of the dynasty; and when Russia moves again it is safe to say that she will distribute the risks by moving in company. She is bound to consider the question of new alliances, and to weigh the comparative advantages of a closer connection with Germany against those of a definite *rapprochement* with England. For this purpose she must survey the probable bearing of both policies upon her future position in each of the regions which she has hitherto regarded as her three spheres of expansion.

German critics pointed out with unconcealed exultation and a legitimate *schadenfreude* the fundamental fact upon which British writers had insisted long before the opening of the Far Eastern struggle. Russia is now enclosed as completely as Germany herself within a ring of great Powers. Japan has arisen upon the East. England is far stronger than at any previous time upon the south, and a serious menace to her Indian possessions would inevitably result in converting her into a great military nation. Upon the west, United Germany, now containing ten million men who have passed through their training with the colours, has developed an offensive strength such as Alexander II. and his advisers never for a moment anticipated when they were induced to remain passive in 1866 and 1870; she has become the second financial Power in Europe; and so long as her relations between London and St. Petersburg remain unaltered the Kaiser holds the naval command of the Baltic. The Austrian Empire is relatively, at least, as formidable as at any previous period. And there remain the more doubtful but by no means negligible factors. The Turkish army has been reorganised by German officers and has been provided by the construction of railways since the Berlin Congress with modern facilities for

mobilisation. The fighting instinct of the Ottoman clan has been quickened by the victories in Thessaly and by the triumph of Asiatic armies in Manchuria. With foreign financial support and with the help of foreign officers, the Sultan could now place a million men in the field. Finally, China may complete the hemming in of Russia all along her vast frontiers by building up a wall of men stronger than her walls of masonry. With one or more of these neighbours, St. Petersburg must establish a solid agreement while keeping the existing relations with France unshaken. For financial, even more than for strategical, reasons the continued support of the *nation amie et alliée* will continue absolutely indispensable. A more difficult problem has never confronted any country since the Iron Chancellor undertook to establish the central ascendancy of Prussia over France and Austria alike while maintaining good relations with "the Eastern neighbours" and eliminating the active influence of England in Continental affairs.

In relation to the Far East and the Middle East alike, all calculations are governed by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Here we have to consider at the outset not merely the real balance of the facts, but what we have called the Slav susceptibility to illusion and the Tsar's personal idiosyncrasy. After Sebastopol Russians believed that their defeat was due to the defect of autocracy and to the absence of railways. They now believe that their overthrow in the Far East has been due once more to the fault of the executive system and to the want of a double-track railway. Upon the conclusion of peace the *Novoe Vremya* threatened a *revanche*, and threw the Japanese a scornful *au revoir*. That attitude was at once condemned by all the more responsible organs of the Russian Press, which almost unanimously agreed that the chapter of adventures in the Far East must be regarded as definitely closed and that Russia must look elsewhere. For a long period to come popular sentiment in Russia, now about to obtain its first faint beginnings of constitutional and moral power, will form a certain check upon Asiatic ambitions reviving in any serious shape. But the present Tsar has hitherto shown remarkable obstinacy in clinging to the dreams of expansion in the Far East which fascinated his early manhood. He has looked to the Far East as Peter looked to the Baltic and later Romanoffs to the Balkans. In the crisis of the war he gave his son the name of Alexis—the name of that Tsar under whom the flag of St. Andrew first floated upon the shores of the Pacific. We cannot doubt that the strongest political instinct he possesses was interpreted for a few fortunate years by Prince Lobanoff's policy of feverish expansion towards

the Yellow Sea and comparative indifference to Pan-Slav and orthodox interests in the Balkans. It was, of course, calculated that after a dominating position had been rapidly secured in the Far East, Russia's entire power would recoil with additional and irresistible weight upon Persia and the Near East in turn. That the conception of a compromise with Germany lying behind this idea may still determine the evolution of Muscovite diplomacy we shall show at a further point of this analysis.

And apart from aggressive designs, Russia does not desire to remain permanently at the mercy of Japan. The Tsar himself turned the first sod of the eastern section of the Siberian enterprise at Vladivostok. That event left an ineffaceable impression upon his memory; and Prince Khilkoff's achievements have gone far to justify this feeling. The probability is that the trans-continental line will be double-tracked through Harbin to Vladivostok before the term of the renewed Anglo-Japanese treaty has expired. With adequate financial help from another nation—and Russia will not move again, let us repeat it, unless she moves in company—she would be enabled to sustain a million men in Manchuria, and simultaneously, at least, half that number upon the Indian frontier. For men, even upon this scale, are nothing to her if she can secure from any quarter the requisite financial assistance. That assistance she imagines may yet be secured from unexpected quarters. President Roosevelt's policy will do nothing to assist the further development of Japan at the expense of her late rival. With the disappearance of the former feeling that the Tsardom would prove the chief obstacle to American commerce in China and to American naval supremacy in the Pacific, every objection to the renewal of friendship between Russia and the United States has been removed, and considerations of this character may have had weight in deciding the elder statesmen to conclude peace upon the terms available. Again, yellow solidarity is no more a matter, of course, than white solidarity, and it is an elementary error to imagine that the classic methods of Abdul Hamid are not understood at Peking. The "rolling rouble" will, perhaps, prove to have retained its mobility in the same direction. Mandarins, as a class, are not converted to the principles of Bushido. Peking at the present moment is frightened of Japan, and all the more vigorous thinking Chinese of the provinces are desirous that China should be awakened for its own benefit. They wait to see what Japan will do with Manchuria, and for the next decade the pacific penetration of that region by our allies and the growth of Japan in industry, population, and power will be the most disquieting spectacle before their eyes.



Japan, in Moltke's words, will have to stand on guard for half a century. It is not altogether to her political or economic interest that China should be reorganised too soon. In her progress she will arouse new jealousies and antagonisms, as Germany has aroused them. Without the British Alliance the results of the war would not be sufficient absolutely to guarantee her future; and, even with the complete security afforded by that compact for the period of its existence, her path will not be free from difficulty. She will need the keenest exercise of her energy and circumspection, and the maintenance of her national *moral* under economic and social conditions far less favourable to the principles of Bushido than the feudal isolation of the past. Russia, in short, remains as before, a Great Power in the Far East, and were her purposes achieved in other quarters, she might hope to recover something of what she has lost. But not Korea, not Fort Arthur, not that preponderance in Northern China she hoped to make unchallenged. She cannot renew her efforts in the Far East without sacrificing more vital interests elsewhere. The consideration of these interests, and not the conditions established by the war in the Far East itself, will prove the real guarantee for the permanence of the Portsmouth settlement.

Upon the Indian frontier the conditions are simple, but not more promising for Russia so long as relations with this country remain unchanged, and our Japanese alliance holds. But at Teheran, even more certainly than at Peking, there will be a campaign of prestige, entailing perils of its own. The Cassini Convention was the diplomatic prelude to the war which broke out nearly a decade later, and we cannot count ourselves secure against a second Cassini Convention relating to the dominions of the Shah. Muzaffer ed Din has been received in St. Petersburg during the last few weeks with the honours previously only accorded to European sovereigns; his suite were in the liveliest communication with the Russian Foreign Office, and it will not be forgotten that the strange agreement with St. Petersburg, suspending all railway construction with Persia, expires this year. During the war Russia has not only completed the provisional line from Orenburg to Tashkent. With equal perseverance under difficult circumstances she has completed the railway through the south of Trans-Caucasia from Erivan to Julfa, upon the Persian frontier. With a line on both sides of the Caspian and the command of that sea itself, she already holds Northern Persia in a vice. Were no resistance offered by this country, the Erivan-Julfa line would assuredly be pushed during the next few years to Tabriz, and ultimately, perhaps, to

Teheran. If it is true that the Anglo-Japanese alliance is only to be operative east of  $51^{\circ}$  of longitude, it becomes interesting to note that the Persian capital is just inside this line. Upon that hypothesis we might suppose that Russia would be free, by agreement with the Shah, to carry her railway construction through the northern provinces almost to within the gates of Teheran. We should doubtless insist upon equivalent concessions in the south. Our claim to conclusive political control of the Persian Gulf has been asserted by Lord Lansdowne, and must be regarded as a settled policy. Never formally endorsed by the Liberal leaders, it may be said with confidence that no Liberal Government could repudiate it and live. When the agreement suspending all railway construction expires within a few months' time, either the *status quo* will be continued, with the consequence of continued stagnation in Persia, or there must be a parallel progress, English influence and enterprise advancing in the south as Russian may advance in the north. The temptation on the latter side to play with fire will be great. St. Petersburg might easily be drawn into an effort to test the nerve of Radical foreign policy in this country; and Russia, retaining her diplomatic ascendancy at Teheran, will have considerable opportunity, while making no visible disturbance of the *status quo*, to promote her progress and to obstruct ours. If Radical statesmanship should be merely passive and hesitating, there might probably arise a situation of serious peril threatening an Asiatic Fashoda.

The use made of the Anglo-Japanese alliance during the next few years will be the supreme test of the ability of British policy. The object of that alliance is not to wage war but to prevent war, and, above all, to guard against the consequences likely to follow from a possible cessation of the alliance at the end of the term for which it has been renewed. We have our breathing space. Ten or twelve years are, after all, a brief period in the life of nations. They are no more than sufficient for the work of putting our own house in order. They represent the period of quiescence required, in any case, for Russia's recuperation; and the Anglo-Japanese alliance would be fatal if it blinded us to the contingency of having to rely, in a postponed crisis, upon our independent strength. Our neighbourhood to Russia in the Middle East must of itself compel us sooner or later to place our military organisation upon a national basis, if only to remove, once for all, from before the eyes of that Power, the temptation to which, otherwise, she must eventually succumb. Positive statesmanship would endeavour to come to an agreement with Russia upon the basis of such a delimitation of spheres of influence in Persia as the peace of Portsmouth provides with respect to Manchuria.

With an adequate military knowledge of the use of arms among the population of this country, it would be safe and advisable to link up British with Russian railways in Persia, and to provide the Tsardom, at our own expense, with every facility for purely commercial access to the Persian Gulf. It will be always well to remember that, under any other circumstances, the risk would be considerable. Even a conscript army such as would be required for settling a firm British grasp, in case of need, upon Southern Persia, could not be trained in less than ten years, and if the line of least resistance should happen to be in our direction once more, after the expiration of the renewed alliance, Russia would be under an almost overpowering inducement to come that way, and at once to convert the commercial line we had conceded into a strategical instrument. In the question of our military unpreparedness, the next few years will offer us the last volume of the Sibylline books. Should Japan feel herself otherwise secure in her own sphere after another decade of development, it would be neither reasonable nor available to expect her to shed the blood of her people in wars rendered possible only by our own weakness. Under present conditions, the road to Quetta is as stoutly barred as the road to Port Arthur. While the Anglo-Japanese compact is in force, Russia would incur tremendous risks, not only of failing in her further objects, but of losing what she holds. The struggle would be simultaneously waged in the Far East and the Middle East. Japan would be forced to fight for final security by reducing Vladivostok, annexing the maritime provinces, expelling Russia altogether from the shores of the Pacific and driving her beyond the Amur. England, compelled to seek some guarantee of permanent safety, would fight to control the whole of Russia's communications in the Middle East by annexing the whole of Persia, building warships on the Caspian, and reaching at last her huge antagonist's vital arteries.

Peace will obviously be preserved both in the Middle East and Far East during the term of our alliance with Japan. If peace is broken afterwards and our renewed compact with our ally lapses before a reasonable adjustment of Russian and British interests has been effected by the necessary combination of firmness and conciliation, British statesmanship will stand convicted of disastrous ineptitude. The country will hope that no Liberal Foreign Minister but Sir Edward Grey may be regarded as possible.

But if all paths to Asiatic warm water—"westward of 51° longitude"—are temporarily closed, it remains to consider whether the obstacles to Russian expansion through the Ottoman Empire promise to prove more negotiable, or whether that direc-

tion is now likely to be in any case preferred. The question is one to which no practical politician in Europe would give a hasty answer. Since the Berlin Congress official Russia has possessed no thorough intention in the Near East, and has been content with procrastinating compromises. Skobelev's formula that the road to Constantinople lay henceforth through Berlin has never been definitely accepted or faced by the responsible directors of Russian foreign policy. Upon both sides alike there is an unspoken but profound terror of a war among the most disastrous Europe could ever see, which might ruin both belligerents and change nothing. And, apart from this restraining dread, we have to attach due weight to the personal feelings of the Tsar. In relation to Germany the traditional policy of the dynasty still conflicts with the sentiments of the people. In spite of the inveterate antipathy which exists between the German and the Slav temperaments wherever they are in contact, dynastic policy has united Berlin and St. Petersburg for a century and a half by one of the longest and most consistent friendships in diplomatic history. Nicholas II. has received sympathy and encouragement from the Kaiser throughout the war, and he is considerably influenced by a creditable sentiment which the Wilhelmstrasse, on the other hand, never allows itself to feel in any substantial question. At least one important Russian journal, moreover, has already expressed a view which, as people in this country ought to realise, is sure to receive anxious but adequate consideration in the Russian Foreign Office. Commenting upon the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the Pan-Slavist organ *Sviet* remarks with a touch of grim shrewdness :—

In order to prevent the co-operation of Russia and Germany from bridling England's arbitrary power in the Far East, the diplomacy of London is already prepared to tempt Russia's appetite with a bone—to admit some degree of Russian expansion in Asia Minor, in order that the Germans in that quarter should be repressed. In other words, England after taking care to close every other road, now wants to manœuvre Russia into that very path which must lead inevitably to a collision with Germany.

This view may appear plausible to the statesmen of St. Petersburg, and that German diplomacy is already using all its resources to impress this version of the case upon the mind of the Tsar there is the best reason to think. Fortunately, it is not yet generally or even widely regarded in Russia as an exhaustive statement of the case. Since the conclusion of peace the great majority of the Russian journals have been singularly moderate in their comments upon the policy of this country. Upon the other hand, there has been an equally singular outburst of anti-German feeling which is neither unintelligible nor wholly unjust.

tified. Russians recall two facts. Upon the one hand the dynastic friendship with the "Eastern neighbour" has been invaluable to Berlin. It went far to raise Prussia from the dust after Jena. It allowed her to destroy France and Austria in detail, and to create upon the Continent the Bismarckian hegemony. But upon the other hand the same connection has cost Russia dear. She was deserted at the Berlin Congress. Every endeavour was made to entangle her with England, and subsequently with Japan. Prince Bülow washed his hands before the Reichstag of all responsibility for Manchuria. In the final result Russia finds that in the Near East she is further from her purpose than in 1878: in the Middle East she is stalemated; in the Far East she has lost Port Arthur, while Germany retains Kiao-chau; and the Admiral of the Pacific has seen his fleet annihilated upon that side of the globe, while the Admiral of the Atlantic has kept his ships intact in a manner that converts the Baltic into a German lake and has endeavoured with almost equal success to entrench Teutonic interests in substitution for Russian along the whole line of march towards the Bosphorus, the Levant, and the Persian Gulf. The *Soviet* has forgotten in these matters what its contemporaries remembered. If it were true that England now hopes to leave Russia no open path but that which would drive her into collision with Germany, it would still remain a far more momentous fact that Germany deliberately encouraged Russia upon the path which has already brought her into disastrous collision with Japan, and that Germany has also used every endeavour to block the route to the Bosphorus in order that Russia might be finally forced into that other route towards the Persian Gulf, rendering inevitable the tremendous collision with England which Berlin relies upon to work the ruin of both Powers. British diplomacy should be able to present a more convincing statement of this case than the Wilhelmstrasse and its agents can make of the other case.

Russian educated opinion has already dwelt upon such reflections with a sound national instinct. Even the *Novoe Vremya* upon further consideration abandons the advocacy of a *revanche* and has followed the best of its contemporaries in declaring within the last few days that Russia's policy has been unblesed since it forsook the traditional lines of racial and orthodox policy. "There can be no serious talk of complications with Germany at a moment when every sane mind must realise that Russia requires years of peace to recuperate her strength." But, continues the journal, "if the path of our natural development in the Extreme East must be regarded as closed, logical necessity must drive us to work towards the west, and, above all, towards the south-

west. And while there is no preaching of a struggle with Germany upon the Pan-Slav question, we cannot forget that, after all, the total number of Germans in the world is estimated at 89 millions, but of Slavs 150 millions; so that in the Pan-Slav idea appears the greater source of power and regeneration." Finally may be quoted a recent extract from the *Russ*. "Whether England intended it or not, her alliance with Japan has promoted and not hindered the cause of peace, and with that alliance all ideas of a *revanche* go to water and Asiatic adventures are once for all struck out of the programme." Then comes the following remarkable passage:—

Our policy must cease to make its exits and its entrances by the back-stairs, and, throwing open once more the front door, so long kept closed, must show its face to Europe, and contemplate once more the unfinished and neglected work that still awaits it. This can be unwelcome to none but our dear friends the Germans, who have been thoughtfully engaged in building operations meant to block up the grand façade of our own State-edifice, and have for this reason provided us with all possible occupation in the back premises.

It would be as easy as it is unnecessary to multiply extracts of this character. They have been in some cases significantly associated with the idea that constitutional evolution in Russia will assist in binding to the orthodox Empire all the minor Slav races who are already independent or striving towards self-government. It is certain that a resumption of the "historic mission" is the only foreign policy which can hope to inspire the genuine national and religious enthusiasm of the Russian people.

The policy for which Europe must be prepared, then, is evidently a policy, as the *Russ* admirably describes it, of "throwing open the front door." Elsewhere Russian diplomacy may be active and effective for spectacular purposes and may continue to work patiently and well for a future; but in Asia what several generations in this country have known as Russian aggression must lie chloroformed for years. Will St. Petersburg be content, however, to submit for so long a period to a purely passive rôle? It is in the last degree unlikely; and we may anticipate that the inevitable attempt to reassert the prestige of the Tsardom will be directed towards what has become for all diplomatic purposes—though not necessarily for warlike—the line of least resistance. This does not mean a conflict with Germany, but it means a grave check upon the influence and designs of that country in Near Eastern affairs. The first concrete result might be an autonomous Macedonia. The wider development would involve a direct competition between Teutonic and Slav purposes in Asia Minor. If Russia possess a statesman of sufficient decision and dexterity for

that task the catastrophe in Manchuria will have enabled her at last to find herself. There is no longer any valid reason why British and Russian statesmanship, in concert with French, should not reach a sincere and cordial understanding upon the basis of a new policy in the Near East, linked with a programme of political compromise and commercial co-operation in Persia.

To sketch in firm outline the reasonable conditions of such a policy would require a separate study, better undertaken at another time. But the single factor to which we must attach most weight in endeavouring to crystallise our conclusions is this : that while events elsewhere have been created during the last few years by human initiative in Berlin, St. Petersburg, or Tokio, acting upon the situation from without, events throughout the East of Europe may at any moment show—and it is time to remember this distinction—a portentous initiative of their own. Behind the comparatively local question of Macedonia looms through the shadow the problem of the future destinies of the Danubian Empire.

In the mortal course of things the Hapsburg succession may be opened before the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has run its course. Asiatic questions eastward of 51 degrees may cease for a long period to focus the world's attentions : the Protean genius of a less remote and more complicated region may have risen once more to reassert its claims. The dominating problem of Russian foreign policy must be faced when that issue presents itself. St. Petersburg may be tempted by visions of a vast compromise upon the Polish precedent. But there is also a Schleswig-Holstein precedent ; and if Russia should ever consent to become the accomplice of Pan-German expansion, she will become in some second phase of the proceedings as surely the victim of the spoliation of Austria as was Austria of the spoliation of Denmark. In a curious interview with a German journalist some years ago, Prince Ukhtomsky reflected some of the many-coloured and irresolute dreams which were then floating about the mind of the Tsar. Stating his own opinion and confessing that it was as yet shared by very few of his countrymen, Prince Ukhtomsky declared that the traditional pre-occupation with the Balkans was an old-fashioned and provincial habit. Russia's future was an affair of *weltpolitik* and "lay on the water"—a theory which may now be regarded as lying with Admiral Rozhdestvensky's squadron under the water. But the monologue went on to say that if Russia possessed Asia Minor and the straits, she could afford to look upon the fate of the remainder of the Balkans with indifference. This theory would be one of solid constructive statesmanship under certain conditions, but of self-destruction under other conditions.

With half the Balkans in the possession of a Pan-German Empire of a hundred million souls basing sea-power, in the first case, upon Salonika, the other half of the peninsula would pass under the same sceptre. Russia would eventually be controlled in the Baltic Sea and the Black Sea alike by the naval power of a Greater Germany, and, having helped to overthrow Austria, her strategical position in Asia Minor would become hopeless. An enlarged Austria-Hungarian federation, on the other hand, obviously becoming more de-Germanised the more it was extended, but with small aptitude for naval power, and with the same vital interest in the preservation of peace under all circumstances that the Ballplatz has now, would be Russia's natural ally.

A far-sighted Russian statesmanship would make the maintenance of the Hapsburg dominions in their integrity the cardinal principle of its policy in view of steadily approaching contingencies. It would concentrate naval construction in the Black Sea, as Prince Bismarck long ago advised. If Russian railways are not to run to Port Arthur or to Bunder Abbas, they might be carried, with the acquiescence and assistance of British diplomacy, from Batoum to the Bosphorus and across Asia Minor to the Gulf of Iskanderun, opposite Cyprus, where, debouching upon the open Mediterranean, they would menace no British interest, though crossing the track of German aspirations. A policy of supporting Austrian extension west of the Bosphorus, and Russian extension east of it, would be one in which London and Paris would be at one with Vienna and St. Petersburg. It would mean, not war, but compromise and pacific penetration. Berlin could not resist it without avowing the secret hope of pulling Austria to pieces in order to rise upon the ruins. If Russia perceives that her true policy is the maintenance and enlargement of the Hapsburg federation in order to make certain and safe the process of Slav expansion towards warm water through the Levant, the Manchurian struggle and the Anglo-Japanese alliance may prove to have solved for generations the problem of the three Easts.

SPECTO.



## PEACE IN THE FAR EAST.

“GREAT as the Japanese have shown themselves in war, they are ten times more great in making peace,” exclaimed a European sovereign when he received the news of the triumphant concession which ended the Peace Conference at Portsmouth. And the monarch, himself no mean statesman, was right when he recognised in the ending of the Conference a proof of a Japanese statesmanship as pre-eminent in its development as any other attribute by the display of which Japan has startled the world into a reluctant admiration. Japan showed more clearly to the world her true and permanent greatness in the peace negotiations than her generals and men did in the field of battle during the long months of triumph which have assured to the Japanese their present proud position as the Britain of the East. Statesmanship of the highest order was needed in the peace negotiations, and the able brains of the Japanese leaders at Tokyo and Portsmouth were well fitted to meet every difficulty and overcome it. There was shown the great strength of a really great nation, the strength of those who conquer themselves and act in the way best for the real benefit of the nation, even though in so doing they lacerate their every feeling. It is trials such as this, passed through by Japan, that prove a nation more than a successful war. Statesmen who lose their grip on what they know to be the best course, swayed by circumstances of the moment, are not statesmen such as are bred in the fervent and active patriotism of Japan. And yet it might well have been forgiven the Japanese had they been carried away by the knowledge of their strength and ability to carry on the Manchurian campaign to a triumphant conclusion. Absolute master of the seas; Russia's fleets destroyed or incorporated under the flag of the Rising Sun; Linievitch's army at the mercy of the preponderating forces under Oyama; the whole of the Siberian coastline at the mercy of the Japanese arms, and a sufficiency of money to carry on the war for many months, these were facts which might well have possessed sufficient weight to draw Japan from the course of true statesmanship. History tells us how even a great statesman like Prince Bismarck, iron-willed though he was, gave up the policy which he was convinced was the best when surrounded by the military influences at Versailles. Bismarck came to Paris convinced that the utmost cession of territory which good policy could demand from France

was a portion of Lorraine, but he, vacillating, extorted those two provinces which remain as a burning and never healing sore. Had Bismarck followed out the dictates of his own statesmanlike mind there would have been no bitter feeling, and the two countries might now be living together in perfect amity, if not still more closely bound together. Overruled by the demands of military success, the great statesman made a mistake for which the German people have been paying ever since and for which the settlement has not yet arrived. That the Japanese statesmen, led by the Japanese Emperor, recognised the right course and held to it, despite all temptations, is the greatest tribute which can ever be paid to them—they succeeded where even the great Bismarck failed! The Japanese recognise that relations between nations are not for a day only, but are for centuries, and that it is but unwise policy to snatch a momentary advantage which will have as aftermath centuries of hatred and decades of revenge. The Emperor of Japan, from his exalted position, able to envisage the situation calmly and without turmoil, gave in the peace negotiations a proof of his ability to guide the national course in the direction of true benefit to the nation over which he has ruled with such wonderful results. The Imperial desire has always been for honourable peace when the safety of the Empire has been amply secured. His very love for his subjects leads him to desire a cessation of bloodshed, and when this object may be obtained by securing the true course of events for the future development of Japan, the power which the Imperial will exerted was omnipotent. It is well to remember that the right of making war and of concluding peace rests with the Emperor, and, therefore, the credit of the statesmanship displayed in the Conference Hall at Portsmouth belongs to him more than to any of his subjects, however worthy of praise these may also be. The point of view of the Emperor may be gained by a quotation from the Imperial proclamation on the restoration of peace with China in 1895. This runs as follows :—

We deem it that the development of the prestige of the country could be obtained only by peace. It is our mission, which we inherit from our ancestors, that peace should be maintained in an effectual way. The foundations of the great policy of our ancestors have been made more stable. We desire that we shall, together with our people, be specially guarded against arrogance or relaxation. It is what we highly object to, that the people should become arrogant by being puffed up with triumph, and despise others rashly, which would go towards losing the respect of foreign Powers. Since the development of the nation can be obtained by peace, it is a divine duty imposed upon us by our ancestors, and it has been our intention and endeavour since our accession to the throne to maintain peace so as to enjoy it constantly . . . We are, of course, glad of the

glorification of the Empire by the victories of the present war, but, at the same time, we are aware that the Empire, as well as the schemes pursued since our accession to the throne, have yet a distinct future. We are positively against insulting others, and falling into idle pride by being elated by victories, and against losing the confidence of our friendly States.

Which proclamation might have been written for the conclusion of the peace with Russia, giving, as it does, an index of the attitude of Japan in the matter. It is well to remember that Japan had China at her mercy, and could have marched to Peking and continued the war with a certainty of immediate successes—yet the Japanese were wise enough to know when to stop. Another proclamation of the same year is equally applicable to the present peace. "Consulting," it says, "therefore, the best interests of peace, and animated by a desire not to bring upon our people added hardship or to impede the progress of national destiny by creating new complications, and thereby making the situation difficult and retarding the restoration," Japan was ready to take steps which partook of the nature of concessions. Japan's attitude towards Russia is, therefore, no sudden development; it is rather the natural continuation of her settled policy in such matters. It was no sudden panic, it was no foolish generosity, which made the Japanese abandon the claim for an indemnity and half of Sakhalin. It was rather the triumph of statesmanship over a very natural inclination to maintain demands which were undoubtedly justified, and which were everywhere hailed as moderate in the extreme. It was this feeling that the demands were just and not those of a ruthless conqueror which undoubtedly had much to do with the ebullition of popular indignation in Japan after the conclusion of peace. When one has been specially moderate in one's demands, it is much more infuriating to have those demands ignored. But the riots in Tokyo and elsewhere were rather a demonstration of ignorance than of disapproval. They were on a par with the rebellion at the time of the restoration and of the *samurai* later, both of which were signs that part of the nation had arrived at a realisation of the best policy to be followed before the rest had thought the matter out. It no more indicates a weakening of the solidarity of the Japanese nation than the two wars did in the past. The rioters were simply protesting their right to be informed of affairs which they felt rightly affected the national welfare, and as part of the nation they insisted upon being no longer kept in ignorance.

Wisdom and common sense, coupled with a supreme practicality, were shown by the Japanese Emperor and the Japanese people in concluding peace. There was no question of mag-

nanimity or generosity in the matter. Magnanimity and generosity can have no part in a patriotic nation in the sense that they are understood by the newspapers and the man in the street. To be magnanimous or generous means simply that the representatives of a nation who have, as patriots, to secure the greatest good for that nation, are knaves or fools—they are traitors, or else they allow themselves to be bamboozled into making unnecessary concessions which they do not understand. No worse insult could be devised against the Japanese Emperor or plenipotentiaries than to praise them as generous and magnanimous victors. That friend of Japan, who wrote to the *Times* suggesting that the Emperor of Japan would live in history as Mutsuhito the Generous, aroused a storm of resentment amongst many of the most advanced anglophile Japanese. It was taken to mean that the English were laughing at the Japanese for ending the war in a manner other than for the best interests of their country. Mutsuhito the Statesman, or Mutsuhito the Wise, would be a more fitting title for the Emperor, who, by his wonderful insight and his instinctive knowledge of statesmanship, accomplished one of the most gloriously triumphant diplomatic *coups* of history. The most striking point of the whole peace negotiations was the fact that the Japanese knew exactly how far to go and when to stop. They had no illusions; they could have no illusions and impossible dreams in an affair of this nature. Illusions are the possession of those who are ignorant of conditions and facts, and the Japanese are never ignorant of facts or conditions, especially in matters which vitally touch the national existence. Those who made the peace of Portsmouth were actuated and guided by a patriotic business sense, which secured the utmost possible for the Empire. The concessions made were the fruits of a victory not over the Russians but over the temptation of acquisition born of victories gained and yet to come.

By the peace Japan obtained what she regarded as vital to the Empire, the object of the war, in fact. "The safety of Korea is in danger, the vital interests of Our Empire are menaced. The guarantees for the future which We have failed to secure by peaceful negotiation We can now only seek by Our appeal to arms," so ran the declaration of war against Russia. And who can say Japan has not gained her guarantees for future safety in the war and in the conference of Portsmouth? The war was not one of aggression, and, therefore, it was more easy to terminate than had it been a wanton assault upon a Power for the purposes of wresting the maximum amount of territory and treasure possible. A war undertaken for the great principle of the safety of the Empire could never be continued for the securing of a mere money

payment, however justifiable had been the demand for an indemnity. The common sense of the Japanese showed them also that the continuation of the war would cost them more than they could ever hope to obtain, even from a stricken Russia writhing from internal agonies. The idea of a war for money and territory was abhorrent to the Japanese mind; all the ideas of *Bushido*, the instincts of the *samurai* rose up against it in horror. It was impossible for an honourable nation, and it was also unpractical. But the Japanese *samurai*, when he found in the olden time that his quest against another had failed and that he could not accomplish what he desired more than life itself, was wont to commit *hara-kiri* before the house of his enemy with all due rites and solemnities. By this he reiterated the right of his beliefs and demonstrated to the world and to his enemy that he was prepared to go through the greatest physical agony to show the justice of his cause. The Japanese nation, believing in the justice of its demand for the repayment of the costs of the war and the cession of the island of Sakhalin, committed *hara-kiri* in the Conference Room at Portsmouth in order to show to the world that it was the principle and not the money or soil that instigated their splendid and victorious struggle against Russia. The supreme sacrifice of the faithful, all-courageous *samurai* of old has its counterpart in the national sacrifice at Portsmouth. But just as the spirit of the *samurai* was justified and ennobled by the dread deed, so the spirit of Japan arose purified and ennobled from the sacrifice of their legitimate interests. The *samurai* took no half measures, neither do the nation of *samurai*. There was no possibility of haggling for a few millions one way or another; it was a complete renunciation. A just demand, recognised as such even by the ally of Russia, was refused, and the honour of Japan forbade any attempt at securing it by continuing the war. It would have been different if the safety of the Empire had not been secured. But, on a question of indemnity simply, it would have been no more possible to continue the war than it would be for Japanese soldiers to show the white feather in the field.

A little consideration will show that, vexatious as was the foregoing of a reimbursement of the expenses of the war, Japan obtained more than she considered necessary during the *ante-bellum* negotiations. Korea has been handed over to her as a suzerain-independent State, and she is free to develop it and draw benefit from it without disturbance by Russian intrigues. It is not too much to declare that a new era will now dawn for the long oppressed Koreans, whose years of torment under the rapacious official and pitiless tax-collectors are now drawn to a close. The control of Korea gives an outlet for the surplus

Japanese population, and also gives the Straits of Korea into the safe keeping of Japan, thus effectually barring one of the main channels of approach to Russian Siberia. Port Arthur, Dalny, or Dairen as it is now called, with the adjacent islands, pass from Russia to Japan, who has acquired the lease held by Russia from China by right of conquest. Holding, as she does, the Straits of Korea, Port Arthur loses much of its importance to Japan as a fortress, but, nevertheless, it is necessary to assure that no other Power will take it. Port Arthur and the Kwang-tung peninsula, as also the southern half of Sakhalin, possess for the Japanese a sentimental historical value, the importance of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. The possession of the southern half of Sakhalin gives to Japan the control of the second great channel to Vladivostok and the Usuri coast. This passage, as well as the Tsugaru Straits and the Straits of Korea, can be barred at will by Japan, which would transform the Russian littoral waters into a closed sea of no strategical value. The interned warships and the question of a limitation of Russia's naval force in the Far East are controlled and governed by the control of Japan over the entrances to Vladivostok, and could be abandoned as of comparatively insignificant importance. The question of the interned war vessels, as was pointed out in a previous article, was affected also by other considerations. The right of fishing along the Siberian coasts opens up an enormous source of revenue and profit to the skilful Japanese fishermen. Whales and other valuable prey are now delivered over to those who are, perhaps, the most scientific and complete fishers in the world. The fish-eating Japanese, who also rely upon fish-manure for their fields, have cause to rejoice at this gain. It would be poetic justice were the Japanese to find immense wealth of oil or minerals in the southern half of Sakhalin, just as in the despised island of Formosa they found camphor forests, which give them now the control of the camphor market. The evacuation of Manchuria secures a neutral zone between Korea and Russia, and the open door in Manchuria ensures an enormous increase of Japanese industry and commerce in this territory. Already before the war Manchuria was rapidly passing into the hands of the Japanese traders, and with equal opportunity and the open door the possibilities before Japan are very great. The power of the Russo-Chinese bank is broken, and its myriad concessions rendered harmless for the future. The possession of the railway running through the richest part of Manchuria, gives to Japan a very considerable asset which may well realise sums towards the payment of the war expenses. The outlets to Newchwang and Dairen are both controlled by Japan, and the Japanese are now able to connect their Korean line from

Fusan with the Chinese Eastern Railway, which will draw the majority of the business to the southern extremity of Korea, a few hours' sail from Japan. A favourable commercial treaty with Russia would practically deliver the trade of at least Eastern Siberia into Japanese hands; by this means also there is no doubt that the northern half of Sakhalin will later pass under the actual, if not the nominal, control of Japan, who, possessing the southern half, will dominate the whole.

The concrete concessions and gains, however, pale into comparative insignificance before the abstract. The prestige deservedly acquired by Japan during this war is the most efficient guarantee against a disturbance of future peace with as little cause as that which served Russia as a pretext. Japan stands now as one of the great Powers of the world—as one of the greatest, in fact. Not only in the realm of arms, but in every branch of the more humane, and, therefore, more often neglected, branches of national life, the Japanese have demonstrated their equality, if not even their superiority, to the peoples of the other great Powers. More than that, Japan is the paramount power in Asia, as regards actual force and influence upon other races. No wonder is it that the natives of India place the portrait of the Japanese Emperor on their walls—Japan has given to Asia a new significance, or rather, she has demonstrated that practical patriotism is a force which cannot be stayed. The new Monroe doctrine is a tacitly recognised fact, and there exists no European Power who can hope to attack Japan's position. The British Empire in Asia rests upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which was signed on August 12th, 1905, and which is one of the additional results of the war and a new proof of Japan's new position. The old Anglo-Japanese understanding was entered into for fear of Russia; the new and extended treaty is entered into because of the merits of Japan, and because, frankly speaking, it will in the future be very difficult to be at one and the same time a white overlord in Asia and an enemy of Japan. India will rest secure from Russian attack or internecine struggle, thanks to the alliance with Japan. The Russians, while scoffing at the notion of the British Empire confessing to an Asiatic alliance to maintain her Asiatic position, confess that Japanese assistance in India spells the deathblow to any aspirations which may or may not have been entertained in St. Petersburg with regard to India. The removal of a perennial temptation opens the way for an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* which may blossom into tangible results. To those who talk of the British Empire losing dignity in the eyes of the natives of the Indian Empire by accepting Japan's help in Asia it would

be well to recall the fact that the Indian Empire is maintained to-day, and would be defended in time of war, by native troops, Asiatic races of a very different level from the Japanese. Alliance with Japan is an honour, and there would be no lack of applicants for Britain's "indignity" were there any chance of obtaining a similar alliance. The Anglo-Japanese alliance is a permanent guarantee against Russian aggression, and one which Japan probably regards as more valuable than any paper promises of Russia. The alliance makes for the strength of both parties and strengthens the peace of the world. England's position in the West and Japan's in the East both stand extremely high, and, with the tacit approval of the United States, constitute a combination for peace which cannot be touched, and which nobody would dare to attack.

There are one or two points upon which the British people would do well to insist, so that the remaining possible points of friction may be removed once and for all. The Emperor of Japan must be invested, if he will deign to accept a belated honour forced from Great Britain by Japanese prowess, with the Order of the Garter. This honour should have been conferred long ago, or at least before it was conferred on the Shah of Persia. Our allied sovereign has shown himself more Christian than the Christian monarchs of Europe, and if anyone deserves the highest honour possible from every nation it is he who has waged a war on such humane lines as has the Emperor of Japan. The visit of the Prince of Wales to India affords an excellent opportunity to undo the neglect, confer the Order of the Garter, and at the same time draw closer the ties of friendship and love between the two races. Let the Prince on leaving India proceed to Japan, which he would reach in the best time of the year, and let him spend one or two weeks there. His reception in India even will pale before his reception in Japan, and it seems a pity that the opportunity should not be seized while it may. Then the legations should be transformed into embassies, and, last but not least, the question of Japan's exclusion in Australia should be settled on a basis of modern international equity, not of narrow-minded middle-agedum. These are all things which are not difficult of accomplishment, and yet would mean much to the future relations of the two allies.

There is one phase of the Peace Conference at Portsmouth which is of great interest from the point of view of international relationships, and which throws into clear relief the greatness of Japan's diplomatic triumph. By the triumphant concessions of the last sitting Japan destroyed the hopes of the Russian war party and checkmated the skilfully-laid plan of the German



Emperor. It is necessary to go back a little to the time of the appointment of M. de Witte as first peace plenipotentiary to the Portsmouth Conference. This appointment was forced upon an unwilling Tsar, and carried with it the granting of the right to pay an indemnity to Japan. The amount was not fixed, but there is not a shadow of a doubt that when M. de Witte was in Paris he possessed the power of paying an indemnity to Japan. Armed with this, the Russian plenipotentiary was naturally confident of success, and he also was not unable to find markets where an indemnity loan would be possible. Naturally enough, the face of Russia was to be saved by the invention of some euphemistic fiction to cover the payment of an indemnity. M. de Witte thus entered the Conference with a prospect of success. The Japanese also were well aware of the extent of his powers. Slowly the initial clauses of the Japanese demands were agreed to, and Japan secured all the necessary guarantees for her future peace. The indemnity was to be paid in exchange for the interned vessels, for the maintenance of prisoners, &c., &c. The amount was open to discussion, but the principle was regarded as settled. Suddenly the Emperor of Russia withdrew from M. de Witte the right to pay any indemnity at all. This sudden change was the direct result of the intervention of the German Emperor—the same man who is now receiving as many laurels as he can manage to secure in honour of his labours for peace. The result of his moral support of the Tsar was instantaneous—it was like the giving of a plank to a drowning man. This latter does not stay to criticise the kind of wood, but clings hopefully to the new means of life. The war party in Russia, warmed by the approval of the autocrat of war from Berlin, resumed its old predominance, and the feeling in the palaces of St. Petersburg became all in favour of a *guerre à outrance*. Heartened by the specious words and strong will of the Kaiser, the Tsar took heart, and believed that he would be able to control even his internal troubles and uphold his autocracy by the assistance of Germany's Emperor. The design of the Kaiser is easy enough of comprehension. He had to do something drastic to prevent the fruition of the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* growing out of peace in the Far East. Such an *entente* would spell ruin to his ideals and to his hopes. He had an added reason in that he did not wish autocracy to be broken down in Russia; such a change would have spelt for him the end of autocracy in Germany. His task, therefore, resolved itself into weakening Russia while maintaining the autocracy. So clever was he that he almost succeeded in wrecking the Peace Conference. The principle of an indemnity payment being

withdrawn, it seemed as if nothing could bridge the chasm between the two sides. This was the belief of the Emperor William and of the war party in Russia. Then it was that the Japanese, who were more fully informed of the state of opinion in the palaces of St. Petersburg than M. de Witte, recognised that it was the moment for bold measures. They had to succeed in rushing Witte off his feet and closing matters up with the Russian plenipotentiary before he could refer the matter to St. Petersburg. Then came the celebrated sitting when the Japanese dropped the claim for an indemnity and gave back the northern half of Sakhalin. Overwhelmed by the sudden slackening of the Japanese attack, Witte gave way and accepted their terms at once. It was the old principle of Japanese *jūjitsu* in which the wrestler yields suddenly in order to throw the opponent off his balance, and utilise his momentum to complete his overthrow. Anything less complete and sweeping than the Japanese concessions would have led to a reference of the questions to St. Petersburg, and there would have been no peace. It is no exaggeration to say that in St. Petersburg and Berlin there was rage and consternation when Witte's telegram announcing peace arrived. The war party was confounded, the Tsar declared that he had been betrayed, and the worthy plenipotentiary at Portsmouth, whose exuberant excesses were inclined towards the ridiculous, received no acknowledgment and no thanks. Time was found to send long telegrams to General Linievitch, but no time was there for even a word of thanks for Witte. The Russians had been outplayed by the Japanese, and even the indecent gloating of Witte to newspaper correspondents could not disguise the fact that, while the plenipotentiaries of Russia might appear to have gained a victory, the masters of Russia had been checkmated by the Japanese. Witte's expressions of satisfaction were on a par with General Stoessel's march out of Fort Arthur, when the victor appeared as the vanquished, and the arrogant pride of the vanquished passed all bounds. The defeat of Germany may well foreshadow the founding of an Anglo-Russian *entente* and convention settling differences. India is cut off from Russian attack, and the way is clear for an understanding as to Persian spheres of influence. There is a strong probability that the question of the passage of the Dardanelles will be discussed, and an acquiescence in a free passage for the fleets of the world on Britain's part joined with Russian acquiescence in the British position in Egypt. Such points might well form the basis of an Anglo-Russian convention, and lead to an understanding between Great Britain, France, and Russia which would finally force Germany to keep the peace and remain within her own

frontiers. It would be the crowning glory of Lord Lansdowne, who would then, perhaps, receive some of the praise which is his due as the finest Foreign Minister Great Britain has had for many a long year. The compliments thrown to President Roosevelt as Prince of Peace-Makers, and even the few faded bouquets passed on to the German Emperor, do not hide the fact that the merit of the peace lies with Lord Lansdowne, and with nobody else. The originator of the idea, he enabled it to be carried out, and to him belongs the credit. President Roosevelt, once he was induced to summon the Conference, had to work hard for success in order to save his reputation. The German Emperor, as has been shown, so far from endeavouring to make peace, tried to and almost succeeded in breaking off the peace negotiations. The credit of the idea belongs to Lord Lansdowne, and the successful termination of the Conference belongs entirely to the Japanese Emperor and his advisers.

Japan's future is assured, even although there is no great sum of money to be received for the repayment of loans. The Chinese indemnity in 1895 did real harm to the country, because of the sudden upgrowth of industries and enterprises for which there was no means of support, and the Japanese people and Government are by no means ardent advocates of the benefits of war indemnities. The harbour of Port Arthur has yielded a wonderful harvest of warships, it having been found that the Russians bungled absolutely the work of destruction, and thus the Japanese Navy has been replenished and strengthened with a much lower outlay than would have been the case had new vessels to be purchased. It will not be necessary to increase the Army—it may even be possible to decrease it. Japan's future will be one of prosperity and of peace. Carrying out her ideals, she will be a beneficent force in Asia, and will spread the idea of education and peaceful progress. Japan's future does not lie in the hands of a handful of elected legislators or changing cabinets; it rests upon the solid basis of a united people, who live their loyalty and put their ideals into deeds. Japan's record in the past is one which may well render the Japanese proud, but the future will outvie the past. The Japanese feel, as one of their writers says, "that we have been raised by Providence to do a work in the world, and that work we must do humbly and faithfully as opportunity comes to us. Our work, we take it, is this—to battle for the right and uphold the good, and to help to make the world fair and clean, so that none may ever have cause to regret that Japan has at last taken her rightful place among the nations of the world."

ALFRED STEAD.

## THE PROBLEMS OF HEREDITY.

THE fact of heredity is recognised by every man who would show surprise on hearing that an acorn had developed into a human being or a mushroom: the man in the street need not leave the street in order to find conclusive evidence of the fact of variation: whilst, in the twentieth century, the fact of organic evolution is questioned by no competent thinker and by very few of the incompetent. Yet, when we condescend upon the details of these three facts we find almost every man's hand raised against his fellows. This is doubtless partly due to the inchoate nature of our science, and to the fact that it may be studied in many almost unrelated ways—*a priori* and *a posteriori*, mathematical, statistical, experimental, lackadaisical; but it is also largely due to confused thinking, a terminology morbidly luxuriant, and unusual facilities for that misunderstanding which engenders, perhaps, the majority of all controversies. Thus the reputed founder of the inductive method has been abundantly justified in his contention that truth is more easily extricated from error than from confusion; and for all these reasons the student is gratified to pick up a new volume<sup>1</sup> on heredity and its implications, in which the author's definition of his terms is more than a mere parade of virtue, and every page of which leaves the reader, if not convinced, at least convinced that he knows exactly what the author means. Of the three general characters which distinguish Mr. Reid's book, this "real lucidity" (to quote Professor Ray Lankester's words in reviewing a former volume of his in these pages) is the first and the most valuable. In ensuing controversies those truths which, perchance, Mr. Reid has failed to recognise will be more easily extricated from his errors than from the ambiguity and confusion that characterise not a few of his predecessors.

The second general feature of this volume is what the sportsman would call its keenness. Mr. Reid is not above "prostituting the truths of pure science" to the end of human welfare. He writes as if these things mattered. His opinions, also, are very decided, and the combination of this most innocuous species of dogmatism with his lucidity and his passion makes his pages quite as arresting and attractive as most people are reputed to find fiction.

The third feature which distinguishes this book is the mere fact

(1) *The Principles of Heredity, with some Applications.* By G. Archdall Reid, M.B., F.R.S.E. (Chapman and Hall: 12s. 6d.)

that it is written by a medical man. Mr. Reid, however, is unhappy that he should be distinguished in this regard. He declares that the members of the medical profession are peculiarly fitted, by training and by opportunity, for the study of heredity, and he is assuredly justified in his contention that they have grossly neglected it. In general, all medical men believe that they know all that is worth knowing on the subject. The present writer is humiliated to realise that he once thought so himself. In point of fact, one learns a very little about heredity during the first year of preliminary study; later one learns to abuse the word in every possible way, *à propos* of gout, insanity, cancer, tuberculosis, and many other diseases, usually without even perfunctory reference to the principles or alleged principles studied in class-rooms of zoology and botany years before; and thereafter one nurses the delusion already named. So complex is the study of heredity, and so eminently in need of approach by every possible avenue, that its present neglect by this large and not uninfluential section of the public constitutes something not far short of a grave dereliction of duty. Furthermore, the study has many aspects which are almost exclusively medical; and the study of disease, in the unsupported hands of Mr. Reid alone, has already proved itself to be of very real importance in contributing to the elucidation of the fundamental problems which are more properly the concern of the pure biologist. It is to be hoped that Mr. Reid's earnest admonition to the members of his profession, and his reiterated demonstration of the fruitfulness of the medical study of heredity, may inaugurate a new period in the history of the science. Mr. Reid was not present, I believe, at the discussion on the biological and psychological aspects of heredity which took place at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Oxford last summer. I can assure him that the memory of it lends force to his indictment; and, indeed, had he been in need of instances, he might have referred to last year's discussion on Mr. Francis Galton's great study of Eugenics at a meeting of the Sociological Society. Though Mr. Reid sent a characteristic contribution to that discussion he was not present. Otherwise I doubt whether he could have contained himself. Mr. Galton, indeed, did not contain himself, but, in closing the discussion, expressed his amazement (not reproduced in the printed accounts) at the astonishing remarks of the distinguished medical authorities who contributed thereto. Amongst other things, he said, if my memory serves me, that "they spoke as if these were the 'sixties, and nothing had been learnt since."

From this deliberately provocative digression we may return to the three self-evident facts—as we may now call them—stated

in introduction. The relation between them is thus asserted by Mr. Reid :—

“ The whole problem of heredity centres round this question of the causation of variations. It lies at the starting-point of every conceivable doctrine of evolution; for every inborn character, as such, must have appeared in the first instance as a variation, and the evolution of every race has depended on the variations of its individual members.” To this question of the cause of variations, then, we may first attend, in recognition of its extreme importance.

Assuming that variations offer no exception to the generalisation that causation is universal, and dismissing the idea of miracle, we find ourselves left with a certain number of theories, each of which, however, is “ a thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.” The theory of Lamarck, that variations are due to the inheritance of parental acquirements, cannot cover all the facts, if any; it does not begin to account for the occurrence of a Shakespeare, or of a six-fingered hand. The Bathmic theory of organic evolution, which accounts for variations as due to an “ inherent adaptive growth-force,” is a mere cloaking of ignorance in the semblance of knowledge. Nor will it do to speak of heredity and variation as “ opposing forces ”; this is no place for symbolism.

If we confine ourselves to the unicellular animals and plants, and assume, as we surely may, that any of these may acquire a character—such as the increased virulence of a bacterium—we must admit, though Mr. Reid will not, that such parental acquirements are transmitted to offspring. When a bacterium reproduces itself by fission it is evident that the children are the subdivided parent; and in such a case it surely needs some hardihood to deny that acquired characters are transmissible. In his recent *Wunderleben*, Ernst Haeckel cites the case of the bacteria as conclusive; and though Mr. Reid endeavours to explain it away, we may here accept this possibility in the case of unicellular organisms.

But the problem before us is the origin of variations in all the higher animals and plants, which are propagated by bi-parental reproduction. Rejecting the possibility of the transmission of acquirements as inadequate, even if proved true of such organisms, and rejecting also, as at any rate far from being tantamount to an adequate explanation of the cause of variations, the latest opinion of Weismann, that the “ germ-plasm,” on rare occasions and to a small extent, may be so affected by its surroundings as to give rise to variations in the offspring, we are met by the further most remarkable and plausible theory of Weismann, that the cause of variations is what he calls *amphimixis*, the mixture of two kinds

of germ-plasm in bi-parental reproduction. In his sixth chapter, Mr. Reid deals in a really masterly fashion with this subject. Generally speaking, he is more Weismannian than Weismann, and, on the other hand, is no great ally of the biometricians; but in this chapter he turns upon his master and rends him. It has been proved by observations on parthenogenetic species (those which are reproduced by the female alone) and by the mathematical estimation of variation in asexually-produced structures such as leaves, and by other considerations, that bi-parental reproduction is not a cause of progressive variations—*i. e.*, variations away from the mean or type of the race. Mr. Reid goes far to prove, I think, that, on the contrary, bi-parental reproduction is a cause of regressive variations, which carry the offspring away from the type of its own parents and back to the average or specific mean. "Its major function is the elimination of those useless variations which arise in one generation and are lost in the next."

So far, then, we have failed in our search for the causes of variation. The Mendelian school of biologists—students and amplifiers of the remarkable work published by the Abbé Gregor Mendel in 1865, and forgotten for nearly thirty years—are inclined to declare that they have discovered the cause of variations. To them Mr. Reid pays very little—perhaps unduly little—heed. The Mendelians have certainly thrown light on the process by which a child may display a character found in a grandparent but not in either parent; but, after all, this does not explain the occurrence of any new thing. We may recognise the great achievements of Mendelism without being able to find therein the explanation which we seek—the explanation of the causes that produce those variations true and new, upon which the possibility of Natural Selection depends. Mr. Bateson has somewhere said that "natural selection selects; it does not create"; but Mendelism, also, leaves this prime fact of the "creation" of new variations unexplained—even though Mr. Bateson illuminates the matter, as he does, by saying that "variation is a novel cell-division." That is a statement of site, not of cause: it locates the novelty, but does not explain it.

Let us see how the difficulty is met by Mr. Reid, after his brilliant and trenchant exposition of the evidence which has led to the rejection of Weismann's theory. He declares that spontaneous variations are "undoubtedly due to an inborn tendency that is inherent in the germ-plasm of every species of plant and animal." Certainly Mr. Reid does not offer this answer without an attempt (p. 95) to explain the origin and cause of this tendency; but after the most careful study of his speculations, I confess that his "inborn tendency to vary" seems to convey no

new idea. When we come to the summary of the first section of his work, we read :—

IV. A progressive variation constitutes a deviation from the parental and ancestral type, which, speaking generally, is in the direction of increased magnitude and complexity. It results from the complete recapitulation of the parental development *plus* an addition.

—which raises the natural query, whence the addition? The addition is the essence of the variation : it *is* the variation. Hence the last sentence quoted, which purports to explain the cause of the variation, does not appear to me to fulfil its promise. Surely when Mr. Reid wrote, "It results from . . ." he meant, "It consists in . . ."?

The biometricians, again, many of whom are certain to be mightily displeased with Mr. Reid for venturing upon conclusions ere they have finished their—necessarily interminable—calculations, afford us little help. Professor Weldon, for instance, writes : "The production of a regular series of variations, under given environmental conditions, is a property of species as constant as the production of typical individuals." This is an exceedingly important proposition, but it does not satisfy us. We are not content to be referred to the "law of error," or to hear that variations are clustered round the mean like shots round a bull's-eye. Surely science is not content with asserting that Shakespeare was the result of a bad shot—a very bad and wild shot indeed—on the part of heredity?

And even when Weismann's assertion of the importance of "inequalities of nutrition" is supported by Dr. Vernon's experiments—not referred to by Mr. Reid—we are not satisfied, for this assertion depends for its force upon the already rejected theory that it is bi-parental reproduction which "furnishes an inexhaustible supply of fresh combinations of individual variations." For myself, I regret that Mr. Reid has ignored the contributions of Herbert Spencer to this subject. I am unconvinced that, on the question of the causation of variations, we have learnt very much since the 'sixties, when Spencer taught that we must ultimately refer them to the law of the "instability of the homogeneous" (*Principles of Biology*, §§ 85 *et seq.*) applied to those "physiological units" which almost every subsequent student has made a point of re-discovering and re-naming.

Still confining ourselves to the more purely biological portion of this most comprehensive treatise, we must refer, though more briefly, to Mr. Reid's admirable chapter on the "recapitulation theory," which asserts that the individual, in the course of development, "climbs its own genealogical tree," or, in the lan-



guage of Haeckel, the great exponent of this "law," that "ontogenesis is a recapitulation of phylogenesis"—the history of the individual a blurred and modified epitome of the history of the race. Usually attributed to Von Baer, and brilliantly supported by Haeckel, this conception has lately been somewhat discredited. Haeckel is considered to have laid undue stress upon the facts of embryology as proofs of organic evolution; and the degree of parallelism between the individual and the racial history is seen to be far less complete than was supposed. If, however, we first study Haeckel's treatment of the subject in his recently revised *Anthropogenie*—now published in English as *The Evolution of Man*—and then turn to Mr. Reid's fifth chapter, we can scarcely fail to be convinced not only that the theory corresponds to the facts, but also that it illuminates thousands of facts which, to those who repudiate it, must seem utterly unintelligible. In his preface Mr. Reid says of this theory "in the whole range of biology there is nothing that is more certainly true"; and we hold that he has justified his somewhat dogmatic words. But he has not only given new strength to the theory. With that architectonic power—as Matthew Arnold would have said—which distinguishes the scientific thinker from the scientific brickmaker or hodman, Mr. Reid has correlated the theory with the facts of reversion and of regressive variation—which we have already defined. He has demonstrated, with what I venture to regard as completeness, the identity between reversion and regression: "It is, in fact, impossible to conceive of a case of regression which is not one of reversion, or *vice versa*." He has shown how every case of regression or reversion may be regarded as a failure to recapitulate part of the parent's development. The individual stops climbing, so to speak, ere he has reached the top of the racial tree. On the other hand, progressive variations imply that the individual has recapitulated the racial history—"plus an addition." He has not merely climbed the tree to the top but has actually added to its stature. Every progressive variation means that the tree is still growing. If Mr. Reid had devoted his entire volume, instead of some four chapters, to this subject—which he regards as "the crux of the whole"—he would not have exaggerated its importance. And if he had not given us so much else to think about and discuss we might employ many pages in defence of such epithets as masterly, which naturally suggest themselves. Hitherto Mr. Reid's main contributions to the science of heredity have been more especially medical; but in these chapters he seems to the present writer to have made a most signal contribution to the more theoretical and general aspects of the subject. We can picture the intense interest with

which the veteran biologist of Jena must read these notable extensions and confirmations of his "fundamental biogenetic law." But space fails and we must away.

Mr. Reid is, in general, as we have seen, ultra-Weismannian. He has no hesitation in accepting the "germ-plasm" theory of his master, and in making that theory his criterion of assertions as to the inheritance of acquirements. We are not certain that this method is sound. We do not say that Mr. Reid declines to admit that facts are facts save when they square with a theory; but sometimes he hardly succeeds in avoiding "the appearance of evil." And though we regard the "germ-plasm" theory as most noteworthy and as explanatory of more facts than any other, we can hardly condone Mr. Reid's entire omission of any allusion to the rival theory of Haeckel's pupil, Oscar Hertwig, which is, after all, supported by facts not a few. The theory of Hertwig, that every cell is potentially a germ-cell, and that there is no such absolute differentiation between the germ-plasm and the body-plasm as Weismann asserts, seems to me to gain much support from the recent remarkable discoveries of Professor Farmer and Messrs. Walker and Moore, as to the etiology of cancer—discoveries to which Mr. Reid makes no allusion. These observers have shown that the cancerous cell is a cell which, whether by a process of reversion or not, has assumed—or, perhaps, we should say resumed—the characters of a reproductive cell; and they have shown that the cancer cell and the sex-cell possess the most intimate similarities in structure and in their mode of division. As far as we know, any cell of the soma or body may assume these characters (under conditions hitherto unfortunately unexplained), and it seems to me that the theory of Hertwig gains from this discovery as markedly as that of Weismann loses.

The bearing of the facts of disease upon the problems of heredity is a subject which Mr. Reid has made peculiarly his own, and the large section of the present work which deals with this subject is well beyond the need of my praise. How it comes about that the study of a subject so colossal, of such vast practical importance, and so replete with implications for the pure biologist, should still be confined to one man, we cannot stop to inquire. Doubtless the fact is not unrelated to that compendious and contented, if not gratified, ignorance of medical men on this subject, upon which we have already animadverted with some acrimony. As a "neo-Darwinian"—to employ the unpleasing terminology that is current—Mr. Reid centres his attention mainly upon the relation of disease to Natural Selection. He has shown how potent is disease as an agent of natural selection, and has proved that the races which have long been subjected to a disease, have thus

undergone evolution against it. What is true of malaria or tuberculosis is true also of alcohol. Incidentally Mr. Reid has disproved the wholly absurd contention, also disproved on quite other grounds by Professor Karl Pearson, that natural selection has ceased amongst civilised peoples. He shows how races undergo evolution against disease, and his arguments seem to the present writer to afford a possible explanation of the observed fact that the lower animals, in general, are far less subject to disease than is man. For, on Mr. Reid's theory, the much greater antiquity of the lower animals has ensured the much nearer approximation to completeness of their process of evolution against disease in virtue of the action of natural selection, which weeds out the relatively susceptible and permits the survival of the relatively immune. No one else being qualified at present to deal with this subject, there remains an important piece of work for Mr. Reid—a piece of work the need of which he does not appear to have recognised. The bacteria of disease are themselves subject to variation and evolution. As the type of their hosts changes in virtue of their own selective attacks, must not their own type change in accordance with the principle of adaptation to environment? If bacteria select men, must not man also select bacteria, permitting the survival of those which can thrive in his juices, and eliminating those which cannot batten upon him? This consideration suggests that there may be a compensatory process—compensatory, that is, from the rarely-considered bacterial point of view—so that as the type of host changes, the type of parasite changes therewith. This has been noticed in the history of Courts and elsewhere, I trow. It is, indeed, high time that bacteriologists rid themselves of the comforting but gratuitous, and indeed pre-evolutionary, assumption that bacterial species are immutable, and there are signs that, aided by the work of Dr. Charlton Bastian (see his recent *Studies in Heterogenesis*) and others, we may soon fully realise that bacterial types are not immune from the universal law of change. Many students, for instance, are beginning to admit the identity of the typhoid bacillus and a common bacillus found in the healthy bowel; and Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson is inclined to the view that the bacilli of leprosy and tuberculosis are but varieties of the same species. These are considerations with which Mr. Reid must reckon, before he can be regarded as having completed the studies of which he is the pioneer and, at present, the sole prosecutor.

Planetary interest attaches to certain of Mr. Reid's deductions from his study of disease in relation to evolution, and his chapter on "Bacteria as Empire-Builders" is one of the most striking and interesting in the book. He shows how a conquering race

carries with it its vices and its diseases, and how "armed with a new and deadly disease," it succeeds in exterminating the conquered aborigines. We cannot here spare space for the discussion of the conclusion to which Mr. Reid is led, that the days of empire-building are over, that the Anglo-Saxon took the last chance, and that "if ever a New Zealander broods over the ruins of London, it will be a New Zealander of British descent." We must briefly treat one highly concrete subject ere we pass to the psychological section of Mr. Reid's book.

The chapter on Narcotics contains little that is new to the reader of Mr. Reid's *Alcoholism*, but the subject is too pressing to be ignored. As everyone knows, Mr. Reid refutes the popular notion that alcohol is a cause of racial degeneration, by showing that it acts as other poisons act, eliminating the unfit and producing an immune race: *e.g.*, the temperate peoples of the northern Mediterranean shores. But is it possible to accept the conclusion that the only successful means of combating alcoholism is in preventing the propagation of their like by those amongst us who still remain susceptible to the poison? It seems to many observers that here, for once, Mr. Reid is *doctrinaire*. His theoretical studies have led him to a conclusion which one might have expected him to test by his experience as a physician. His main contention as to the means whereby alcoholism may be abolished surely depends upon the assumption that alcoholism cannot be acquired—or that, since the acquirement injures only the individual and extinguishes his race, it really does not matter. Yet if, to take an extreme case, men forgot how to make alcohol, they would be no less susceptible, but would they not be happier?

More than a third of the present volume deals with the results of Mr. Reid's excursion into the realm of psychology, which, we take it, is new territory for him. He does not cease to be immensely interesting; every page is a stimulant; much that he has to say embodies first-hand thought, but we are persuaded that Mr. Reid will one day desire to subject these pages to a most extended revision. His reading in psychology has surely not been a tithe of his reading in biology; and his work loses proportionately; whilst our respect for his powers renders it impossible to believe that he has thought out many of his conclusions to the limit of his capacity. This we say whilst anxious to insist upon the real delight which these pages yet afford in virtue of their vigour, originality, and splendid earnestness.

This section displays one omission so incomprehensible that the reader turns the pages over incredulously, certain that he has somehow missed a chapter. Mr. Reid is probably a more unbending antagonist than any other student, not excepting Weis-

mann, of the doctrine that acquired characters are transmissible. This, to him, is the most pernicious superstition that infests the subject of heredity. When, therefore, he turns to the inheritance of mind we anticipate, say, fifty pages at least, in which he shall attempt to controvert the famous doctrine of Herbert Spencer, the founder of the evolutionary psychology, that so-called "innate ideas" or "forms of thought" depend upon the possession by the individual of a nervous organisation which corresponds to the experience of the race; in other words, that, on the slightest contact with the environment, we come to possess ideas which are, practically, *a priori* or "innate" for us, though originally *a posteriori* for, or acquired by, the race. This doctrine has provided the *via media* between Locke and Kant; it has seemed to make all plain; it has been proclaimed as of pre-eminent value even by those academic philosophers who regard Spencer as a pretentious quack—on just this one occasion inspired. Without this doctrine, we are all at sea again. If the mind is not, as Locke thought, a *tabula rasa*—which would imply that all minds are identical in the first place, save in area—how save by reference to "ancestral experience" or converse with phenomena are we to explain its evolution? As far as I can see, we must either accept the Spencerian solution, or cut the Gordian knot by a resort to idealism and the doctrine that mind is prior to phenomena. Mr. Reid is not an idealist; yet he nowhere makes any allusion to this almost universally acclaimed doctrine, which is absolutely incompatible with his conviction that acquired characters are not transmissible. Perhaps the word absolutely should be withdrawn; possibly, though most improbably, the idea that we benefit by ancestral experience—an idea without which the evolutionary psychology fails, without hope of success or successor—may be restated in a form which recognises Natural Selection as the "God in the Machine"—to quote a phrase of Mr. Reid's which, in every direction but this, he goes far to justify. Mr. Reid must face this theory of Spencer's or modify his dogma: it really will not do totally to ignore it. However, it is unnecessary to comment further on an omission so signal.

The difficulty of criticism impresses us when we turn to details. Mr. Reid arouses our gratitude and our pugnacity successively, if not sometimes simultaneously. Often he makes dark places plain: more often still he makes them dark with excess of light of which he has robbed other places hitherto found plain. He rejects the Spencerian doctrine that will is evolved from reflex action—being thus in the illustrious company of Wundt, whom he does not mention—and maintains that "instinctive action is of the voluntary, not the reflex type," thus opposing our accept-

ance of the great doctrine that self-consciousness is an essential factor of anything worthy to be called volition. Two pages later, in support of the amazing doctrine that "all inborn characters are in reality acquisitions," he doubts "whether the parental impulse is really inborn in the male human being." "It is very doubtful whether the human male has any 'natural affection' for his children. There are indications that he acquires his love for them, as he may acquire a love of country or of a particular religious system, through the incitements of his imitative instincts." Mr. Reid dedicates this book "To Eric, who taught so much to His Author," so we cannot retort by saying "We musicians know"; but some of us will feel that we are more likely to revert to a belief in black magic or the Ptolemaic astronomy than accept the statement that we like the touch of a baby's cheek in virtue of our "imitative instincts." We have all met assertions that transcend the limits of credence and credulity alike—of which this last shall be first.

Mr. Reid nowhere mentions the name of Locke or the *tabula rasa*, but in truth he might adapt that phrase to his beliefs. He inclines to the view that all men are born "equal"—mentally alike. In matters of mind environment is everything and heredity just nothing at all. "Would any man be 'able' if reared among fools?" he asks. I am no historian or biographer, but I incline to answer, with the emphasis of colloquialism, "hundreds *have*." And indeed I will, for once, accuse Mr. Reid of inconsistency. He attempts to demonstrate that, despite Mr. Francis Galton and Professor Karl Pearson, environment is practically everything in the realm of mind. This belief is of value to us indirectly, since it leads our author to make many acute and profound observations on the subject of education—which, on his principles, is, of course, almost the only practical subject worthy of attention. But it implies that, so far as mind is concerned, Mr. Galton's great scheme of "Eugenics" is beside the mark; and as it is precisely the ennoblement of mind that is Mr. Galton's object, his whole scheme must appear futile to Mr. Reid. Yet on page 108 we find these words:—"If the weak in muscle and brain survive and have offspring equally with the strong, very slow regression will follow, no doubt; unless, indeed, in an era more enlightened than our own, Artificial Selection takes up the task which Natural Selection has laid down (*sic*) and, by a careful selection of parents, raises mankind to a pinnacle of strength and intelligence as yet undreamed of."

We have left unmentioned many matters of importance. Space has failed for allusion to the bearing of Mr. Reid's work upon the utterly misleading cry of "physical degeneration," and for

adequate discussion of all the points he makes; so that our expression of the sheer pleasure and enlightenment and exhilaration which the reading and re-reading of this book produced, has been tempered with a proportion of dissent which may, perhaps, mislead. The last word on heredity will not emerge from the womb of even this portentous century, and Mr. Reid, brilliant, original, and invaluable thinker though he be, is not so singular as to be infallible. There are no indications that any other living writer, whether biologist, physician, or psychologist, could produce a work on heredity possessing a grasp half so wide. It will necessarily be subject to the detailed criticism of the "specialist"; that is, of course, the necessary function subserved by the specialist towards those rare books which a man has to be much more than a specialist in order to write.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## SIR THOMAS BROWNE AND HIS FAMILY.

ON the nineteenth of this month, the tercentenary of his birth, a statue of Sir Thomas Browne is to be unveiled at Norwich, where he practised medicine for forty-seven years. The sculptor will have put forth all his skill to express in bronze this author's form and features; and it seems opportune to attempt a similar service for his mind and character.

Rembrandt paints his own portrait, and we ask for nothing better. Sir Thomas Browne, it might be argued, has drawn his own lineaments for us in *Religio Medici*. The picture, however, is not, for several reasons, to be regarded as final. "The *Religio Medici*," Coleridge wrote, "is a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes; it is much of what he was at all times, a good deal of what he was not." To this I would venture to add, it is not by any means all that he was. How should it be? The *Religio Medici* was written by a man of thirty who lived to be seventy-seven, by a bachelor who lived to be a grandfather. It is true that the writer gives us elsewhere no such view of his spiritual nature, nor such vivid glimpses of a temperament and frank revelations of personality. The *Christian Morals*, for instance, forms a series of exhortations in which the "I" of *Religio Medici* is nowhere found. But if we try to sum up Sir Thomas Browne by the confessions of his most famous treatise, we shall surely receive an incorrect impression of all that he became. Besides, even if *Religio Medici* were our sole source of information, we need not think its author meant us to follow such a course. In the preface to this work, which was written some years later than the work itself, he protects himself against any notion that the opinions which it contains should be received as final or irrevocable. "It was set down," he says, "many years past, and was the sense of my conceptions at that time, not an immutable Law unto my advancing judgment at all times. . . . All that is contained therein is in submission to maturer discernments." We shall be wise if we apply this warning to its personal passages also, and if we conclude that these, like his controversial views, are often "to be taken," as he said of the latter, "in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of Reason."

For, if we set aside this warning, what mental picture do we form of the author of *Religio Medici*? We see a man of



profoundly introspective habit, of cloistered spirit; whose one recreation it is to lose himself in the contemplation of the mysteries of his religion; who only puts up with this present life in the expectation of another. "Could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought. I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity." Even when he is about the exercise of his profession, spiritual needs appear to dwarf the requirements of the body. "I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soul." It is almost strange that one who counted the world "not an inn but an hospital; a place not to live but to die in," should care to practise an art which is designed to prolong our sojourn here. This physician and philosopher of thirty has had, for his part, enough of sublunary matters. "Methinks I have outlived myself, and begin to be weary of the sun; I have shaken hands with delight in my warm blood and canicular days; I perceive I do anticipate the vices of age; the world to me is but a dream or mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and anticks, to my severer contemplations." It is true that he who wrote these words admits that his meditations did not invariably take on this sober hue ("I never hear the toll of a passing bell, *though in my mirth*, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit"), yet his mirthful moments were rare, he would have us understand, and his disposition melancholy. It is true also that we gather from *Religio Medici* the idea of a nature truly and largely charitable, affectionate, and tolerant. But, if we argue from this treatise only, we cannot, after making all reasonable deductions, avoid the conclusion that a deep and reasoned sadness was the master-mood of Browne's mind. If we knew no more about him than *Religio Medici* can tell us, we should feel that he was too deep in love with ascetic ideals to care to put the cup of life to his lips; and that in an earlier age he would very likely have taken refuge from the world within the cloister of a monastery.

We know enough, from other sources, to assure ourselves that this conclusion would be wrong. The evidence is fragmentary and largely inferential, but it is adequate. "I, too," said Dr. Johnson's College friend, "have tried to be a philosopher, but somehow cheerfulness was always breaking in." Cheerfulness was presently to come "breaking in" on Browne.

Let us first, however, briefly consider how far the earlier circumstances of his life may have helped to breed this sombre and introspective habit of his manhood. He lost his father very

early, and his mother married again, events which may conceivably have saddened his childhood; it is significant that in *Religio Medici* he professes himself ready to love his friend above those to whom he owed his being. For this attitude, however, he makes handsome amends, if amends be needed, in his *Christian Morals*. "Bless not thyself only," he writes, "that thou wert born in Athens; but among thy multiplied acknowledgments lift up one hand unto heaven, that thou wert born of honest parents; that modesty, humility, patience, and veracity lay in the same egg and came into the world with thee." The boy's interests are said to have suffered from a fraudulent guardian, but his education, at least, was well cared for, first at Winchester and then at Broadgate Hall, Oxford. To his childish days there is but one reference, and that of tantalising brevity. "I remember," he writes, "when I was very yong, and I thinck but in coates, my mother carryed mee to my grandfather Garrawayes howse in Lewys. I retaine only in my mind the idea of some roomes of the howse, and of the church." That his mind was more retentive of his studies, the greatness of his erudition makes us readily believe. At Oxford it is evident that he was a reading man, for being senior commoner at Broadgate Hall when it blossomed into Pembroke College, he was chosen to deliver a Latin speech on the occasion, in the course of which he employed—it was almost unavoidable—the metaphor of the Phoenix rising from his ashes, a bird whose existence he was later, in the *Vulgar Errors*, gravely to arraign. Travels followed: to Ireland ("I came once from Dublin to Chester at Michaelmas, and was so tossed that nothing but milk and possets would go down with me two or three days after") to France and Italy, where he studied medicine in the schools of Montpellier and Padua, and home by way of Leyden, in Holland, where he took a medical degree. But of his Continental experiences, save that he mentions one or two doctors with whom he discussed theology, there is no record. From his own statement we may think of him as conversing freely with those whom he met. "For my conversation," he says, "it is, like the sun's, with all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad." Balancing this against another statement, "my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity," we may conclude that he did not care for trivial talk, but already displayed that hunger for information on all sorts of topics, which was one of his distinguishing characteristics to the end of his days; and in his time men were more disposed than now to go for information to their fellows, when encyclopædias were not at everyone's elbow. That he maintained this attitude

is witnessed by the Rev. John Whitefoot, Browne's intimate friend in Norfolk, who says that he was "so free from loquacity, or much talkativeness, that he was something difficult to be engaged in any discourse; though, when he was so, it was always singular, and never trite or vulgar."

On returning from abroad he settled down near Halifax, and here, it is believed, *Religio Medici* was written. The locality cannot have been a very congenial one, for the book "was penned," he says, "in such a place, and with such disadvantage, that (I protest), from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of any good book whereby to promote my invention or relieve my memory." From this neighbourhood he removed to Norwich, and had no reason to regret the change.

Those were the great days of Norwich, when its cloth-working industry had made it the third city in the kingdom. The Duke of Norfolk had a palace in the town, where his brother, Lord Henry Howard, entertained with much splendour, and the East Anglian belles appear to have rivalled those of London in their good looks and in their dress. Browne came to Norwich with good introductions, and appears soon to have become acquainted with all the people of the town and neighbourhood who were worth knowing. His practice was, no doubt, lucrative, for, though he had spent his patrimony on his travels, he was before long in a position to marry. A busy and varied life at Norwich had perhaps done something to counteract his too introspective habit of mind. He may have gradually become convinced that to help forward the progress of the world was a saner course than to turn his back upon it in a sour distaste. In *Religio Medici* he had spoken of marriage in disparaging terms. True, he had safeguarded himself by declaring that he spoke not in prejudice, being "not averse from that sweet sex, but naturally amorous of all that is beautiful"; nevertheless, his recorded utterance runs, "Man is the whole world, and the breath of God; woman the rib, and crooked piece of man." Dislike of marriage, however, is often a sign that a man is marked out for it; and within four years of writing these depreciatory words Browne had met and married the lady who was to be his lifelong companion. She was Miss Dorothy Mileham, of Burlingham St. Peter, in the county of Norfolk. We know nothing of his wooing, nor of the early years of their marriage, nor have we any picture of his wife, but after reading the Browne correspondence we can form an idea of a tender-hearted and sensible gentlewoman; and can readily accept Whitefoot's estimate, that "she was a lady of such symmetrical proportion to her worthy husband, both in the graces of her body and mind, that they seemed to come together

by a kind of natural magnetism." In his letters to his son Edward, Sir Thomas usually leaves a space at the foot, whereon his wife has added some few lines, which still exhale the perfume of household charities and loving thoughts. In the care of his family, the practice of his calling, and his scientific researches the earlier married days of our author can have never lacked for occupation.

The date of his marriage—1641—serves as a reminder of the troubled days in which he lived. Within a year of it the enmity between King and Parliament, long smouldering, burst into flame. Browne, like many other honest Englishmen, must have found himself in some perplexity. There are several indications that he was a Royalist, but none that he approved of the arbitrary exercise of power. The Parliamentary party was strong in East Anglia. The Eastern Counties were banded in a strong organisation known as "The Association," with the avowed purpose of keeping the war beyond their borders. With such an object Royalists of Browne's type could not be expected to quarrel. Beyond passive resistance, however, he would not consent to go: he was presently one of the four hundred and thirty-two leading citizens of Norwich who refused to subscribe to a fund for regaining Newcastle for the Parliament. He waited, with what patience he might, until "the furious face of things" should disappear. We should be slow to blame anyone who refuses to imbrue his hands in civil bloodshed. Something of what he felt may be inferred from a letter written at a later date to his son Edward. "Times look troublesomely," he says, "but you have an honest and peaceable profession which may employ you, and discretion to guide your words and actions."

The advice implied was the outcome of his own practice. When the curtain next rises on the household in Norwich, the Civil War is over, and the new king has come to his own. Browne's letters to his son Thomas give us some interesting glimpses of the flowing tide. "Lent was observed this year," he writes, "which made Yarmouth and fishermen rejoyce." Norwich returned two Royalists to Parliament "against all opposition that could possibly be made," and was not backward in its loyal demonstrations. "There are great preparations against tomorrow, Coronation Day," he writes; "the county horse came hither to joyn the regiment of foot of this city, a feast at the new hall, generall contributions for a feast for the poor, which they say will be in the market-place, long and solemn service at Christ Church beginning at 8 o'clock, and with a sermon ending at twelve. Masts of ships and long staging poles already set up for beacon bonfires, speeches, and a little play by the strollers in

the market-place, another by young cityzens at Timber Hill on a stage, Cromwell hanged and burnt everywhere."

The domestic correspondence of the Brownes from this time forward is considerable. The philosophic visionary of *Religio Medici* appears in the letters as a curious scientific inquirer and as a father devoted to the interests and keenly interested in the pursuits of his growing sons and daughters. He has lost several children in infancy or childhood, but has still two sons, Edward and Thomas, and four daughters, Nancy, Elizabeth, Mary and Franck (Frances). And, being a most fatherly man, he identifies himself so closely with these children that for the remainder of his life it would be difficult, even if one wished it, to dissociate him from them. The nature of a man comes out most clearly in his commerce with those of his own household; and I think no further apology is needed for dwelling, in what follows, on various members of Sir Thomas Browne's family, as well as on Sir Thomas himself.

It is convenient to give him his title, though to do so is to anticipate. He was knighted by Charles II. in 1671, on the occasion of a Royal visit to Norwich, possibly as much in recognition of his loyalty as of his literary renown. Sir Thomas takes occasion to say a kindly word of his Sovereign, and gives at least one instance of his sagacity. Certain brewers and excisemen of Norwich complained of the Mayor for closing some alehouses, refusing to licence others, and so "hindering the king's profit." Summoned before the King in Council, the Mayor was able to show that there were still far too many alehouses in Norwich, and that they were the cause of much poverty and debauchery, whereby the poor-rate had increased eight hundred pounds; upon which he was commended and dismissed. "His Majestie soone perceived the excisemen and brewers make a cloake of his interest for their owne, and would not have his subjects debauched and impoverished upon his account." But let us return to Sir Thomas Browne's more intimate affairs.

There is no sign of favouritism in his dealings with his children, but one gets an idea from the correspondence that the second son, Thomas, was especially dear to him. His method with his boys was to let them stand on their own feet unusually early, and it was justified by results. This second son, "Honest Tom," as his father commonly addresses him, was sent alone to France at fourteen years of age, to acquire French and to pursue his studies generally. This seems a rather severe trial for so young an adventurer, but "Honest Tom" had a good head on his shoulders, and appears to have kept it uncommonly well. It is not surprising if the boy was a little depressed at first. "I hope

by this time," writes his father, "thou art not so melancholy as you seem to be; hold out a little, diffuse thy spirits; trust in God's protection, and apply thy heart unto Him." Tom was warned to be temperate in diet, and to avoid over-heating himself—excellent advice, which seems to have become proverbial in the family. "Temperance and an umbrella must be my defence against the heats," writes Edward, later on, from Venice. But the father has other injunctions, upon which he repeatedly insists. "Be courteous and civill to all, put on a decent boldness and avoid *pudor rusticus*, not much known in France." Again, "Keep no bad or uncivill company, be courteous and humble in your conversation, still shunning *pudor rusticus*, which undoes good natures; and practise an handsome garb and civill boldness, which he that learneth not in France travelleth in vain." Tom is urged to "hold firm to the Protestant Religion," and to attend the services of the Protestant Church; "for," writes his father—and this may surprise some admirers of *Religio Medici*—"tho' their church order and discipline be different from ours, yet they agree with us in doctrine and the main of Religion."

After spending more than a year in France, "Honest Tom" returned to his native country, having lost, we may hope, all trace of *pudor rusticus*, but not his hold upon the Protestant religion. It was doubtless a happy home-coming, for even the servants of the house were devoted to him, and there is no lack of high spirits in his journal of a tour through Derbyshire, which he shortly afterwards made in company with his brother Edward. Sir Thomas was jealous for his son's English composition. "Remember to make commas," he says, "as (,) and full stops at the end of a sentence, thus (.)" And later, "Thy writing is much mended, but you still forget to make points." It was, no doubt, at his father's instigation that "Honest Tom" kept a journal of the Derbyshire excursion. It is a wonderful performance for a lad of sixteen, and shows the writer to be as full of mettle as he was ready with his pen. Tom is much struck with the position of Boston Steeple ("Tump" in the vernacular), over which he waxes eloquent. "To say we saw into Holland from hence, though true, could bee but small commendation for this lofty companion of the clouds." Then follows a most picturesque description (which it is almost a shame to abridge) of the travellers' ride from Chesterfield to Bakewell, through "a strange, mountainous, misty, moorish, rocky, wild country," in the foulest possible weather. They had joined themselves to some "Darbishier blades" from Bakewell, who had taken "a strengthening cup" to cheer them on their way, and whose manners were as wild as their country.

These gentry, being well horsed and used to the hills, set such a pace for "Honest Tom" and his companions as their tired nags could hardly attain. Happily, "a friendly bough, that had sprouted out beyond his fellows over the road, gave our file leader such a brush of the jacket as it swept him off his horse, and the poor jade, not caring for his master's company, ran away without him." After this, the "Darbishier blades" rode more cautiously—for a time; but on approaching a moor, of whose perils the travellers had been advised at starting, the pace again became furious. "They told me 'twas no staying there, and 'twere better to kill our horses than to bee left in those thicke mists, the day now drawing to an end; and so setting spurs to their horses they ran down a precipice." And now the rain came down harder than ever, leaving the travellers not a dry thread, and the terrors of the moor were revealed. The story must be continued in "Honest Tom's" own words. "Wee were now encountering with the wild more, which by the stories wee had been told of it we might have imagined a wild bore. I am sure it made us all grunt before we could get over it, it was such an uneven rocky track of road, full of great holes, and at that time swells with such rapid currents, as we had made most pitifull shift, if we had not been accomodated with a most excellent conductor; who yet for all his haste fell over his horse's head as he was plunging into some dirty hole, but by good luck smit his face into a soft place of mud; where I suppose he had a mouth full both of dirt and rotten stick, for he seemed to us to spit crow's nest a good while after." Upon this new mishap the cavalcade proceeded more soberly, and Bakewell was reached a little after dark. A Sunday was spent at Buxton, where, says Tom, "wee had the luck to meet with a sermon, which we could not have done in halfe a year before, by relation: I think there is a true chaphell of ease here indeed, for they hardly ever goe to church." Thence across the rocky hills, bound for Chester; and as they rode down the last, "it did not altogether repent us," says Tom, "that wee had visited them." The experiences of an earlier traveller come to his mind, and he is ready to affirm "with heroical Tom Coryot, as hee travelled over the Savoyan mountains, *tandem et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" From Chester they passed into Staffordshire, Tom expressing much indignation at the defacement which Lichfield Cathedral had suffered in the wars (he quotes Juvenal very aptly thence to Warwick, where Guy of Warwick's statue had also been damaged—"abused by some valiant knight of the post," says Tom, "in these late troubles, who, I suppose, counted it valour sufficient to encounter but the statua of Sir Guy. Such

Don Quixot hectoring we have had lately that I wonder how their prowess suffered a windmill standing in the land." Halts were called at Coventry, Leicester, Stamford, Peterborough, and Wisbech, and so back to Tom's native county, with whose superiority he is complacently charmed:—"Give mee leave to say this much," he concludes; "let any stranger find mee out so pleasant a county, such good way, large heath, three such places as Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lynn in any county of England, and I'll be once again a vagabond to visit them."

Soon after this jovial expedition the brothers went up to Cambridge together. We gather that Sir Thomas was not displeased with his son's narrative. "Honest Tom," he writes, "be of good hearte, and follow thy businesse. I doubt not but thou wilt do well. If you practise to write, you will have a good pen and style." But writing was not to be Tom's serious business. Good scholar as he was, and fond of reading ("your beloved Flutarch," his father writes to him; and he read Juvenal, Lucan, and Homer when on active service), his spirit thirsted after adventure, and he became an officer in the King's Navy at the moment when war with the Dutch was imminent. He was present at the great fight off Lowestoft in June, 1665, and bore his part in all the actions of the year following. There are many testimonials to his ability and his fearlessness. One must be quoted. "Captain Brooke told us," Lord Sandwich was overheard to say to "Honest Tom," "you were the only man that stuck closely and boldly to him unto the last, and that after so many of his men and his lieutenant was slayne, he could not have well knowne what to have done without you." The whole of the triumphant story should be read in Sir Thomas' letter to his son of May, 1667. Alas! it is the last letter, seemingly, which "Honest Tom" received. He landed at Portsmouth in May, and from that time he disappears. We know not the manner of his passing. We only know from occasional pathetic references to him here and there in the remainder of the correspondence that "Honest Tom" was not forgotten.

A dozen years pass. Most of Sir Thomas Browne's books have been published, but his professional life is as active and full of inquiry as ever. His eldest son, Edward, has travelled extensively on the Continent, and father and son have exchanged voluminous epistles, but Edward's writing has not the spontaneity and charm of Tom's. Edward is now married and practising medicine in London, and his little son "Tomey" (so is the name spelt) lives with his grandfather at Norwich. Mary Browne has died, but Elizabeth and Franck are still living with their parents. Copernicus has been in his grave more than a century, but Sir



Thomas cannot bring himself to accept his system; indeed, he never loses a chance of girding at it. Before this period he had testified his belief in witchcraft—a “vulgar error” we could wish he had abjured, for it involved him in the one dark passage of his life. Two Suffolk women were accused of throwing a child into fits by means of witchcraft. The case was tried at Bury St. Edmunds. Sir Thomas said in evidence that “the fits were natural, but heightened by the Devil’s co-operating with the malice of the witches, at whose instance he did the villainies.” Witchcraft was a capital offence, Browne’s testimony doubtless carried weight, and the unhappy women were condemned to death. It is an incident to face, to deplore, and then, if possible, to forget. We would give much if Browne could have shown himself emancipated from this gross superstition. But his evidence, such as it was, was given in sad sincerity, and he erred in good company, with Bacon, Bishop Hall, Baxter, Sir Matthew Hale (Lord Chief Justice, who tried the women), and many others of similar dates and standing. We could wish there were no such blot upon our good physician’s record, but may console ourselves with Dr. Johnson’s reflection “that in all sublunary things there is something to be wished, which we must wish in vain.” Possibly he lived to change his mind, for the trial took place in 1664, before Edward was married and little Tomey born—Tomey, who was presently to steal into the old knight’s heart, and perhaps fill there (who can say?) the place that once was “Honest Tom’s.”

Tomey was a lively child, the delight of all the household. He was his Aunt Betty’s special charge, who was sometimes “fayne to play him asleep with a fiddle. When we send away our letters,” adds Sir Thomas, “hee scribbles a paper and will have it sent to his sister, and sayth she doth not know how many fine things there are in Norwich.” I have known a modern child do just the same. Dame Dorothy writes to her son that Tomey “is a very good boy, goes to schole, and delights his grandfather when hee comes home.” Rummaging about the house, the child found various things that once were “Honest Tom’s,” of whom Betty used to tell him stories, and would have her write his uncle’s life upon a sheet of paper for his delectation. We may think how this touched his grandfather’s heart. Sir Thomas loved to have the child sit with him and read aloud to him. Lady Browne can find no fault with Tomey, except that he did not mind his book enough, and this defect was soon remedied. “Hee is now,” she writes, “a very good boy for his book, I can assure you, and delights to read to his grandfather and I, when he comes from schole.” But he

was not invariably so sedate. "He is in some action perpetually," writes Sir Thomas, "or doing of something. I have been fayne to hire him to sit still half an hour." Tomey appreciated the good things of this life, "calling," when there was cyder at dinner, "for the bottomes of the glasses where 'tis sweetest," and, when new clothes were expected from London, "would give all his stock to see his briches." In another mood he is "begging books and reading of them." Out of doors there were more exciting joys—a fair, from which the child came home loaded with spoils, and wishing his little sister in London could have a share of them; occasionally a play; once or twice an election, in which he took great delight. Someone asked him "which of the candidates he was for?" "For all four," was the politic reply. Only one case of naughtiness is recorded, and that was quickly over. "Tomey very much ashamed that he behaved himself no better," writes his grandmother, "but hopes hee shall the next time. He is now as civill as I can wish him." When he was ill, Franck nursed him devotedly, though unwell herself. Once he went to visit his parents in London, and Lady Browne rejoices at the prospect of having him back again. "I shall be so glad to see my Tomey return in health," she writes, "though never so durty, he knows fullar's earthe will cleane all." It is reasonable to believe that her husband looked forward with equal pleasure to the child's arrival.

Thus, amid the charities of home and the occupations of public life, Sir Thomas Browne's days were drawing to a close. "As bad dispositions," he says somewhere, "run into worse habits, the evening doth not crown but sourly concludes the day." With him it was far otherwise. His long life did not outlast his powers of brain or heart, and he was only called upon, in his last sickness, to endure a few days' suffering. Nor, so long as our language endures, will "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scatter her poppy" over his works. I might have attempted an examination of his wonderful and glowing style, but the attempt has been made repeatedly by abler heads. *Religio Medici*, *Urn Burial*, and *Christian Morals* do not need the auxiliaries of analysis or commendation; they make a conquest, unaided, of those who read them. I have preferred, in doing honour to Sir Thomas Browne, to weave into my fading chaplet memorials which all have not the time or the opportunity to study; and so, with admiration and with a tenderness for lovely and departed spirits, I lay it on his tomb.

HARRY CHRISTOPHER MINCHIN.

## NOTES ON A CITIZEN ARMY.

THE present military condition of Great Britain must cause grave anxiety to all who think. It is not easy to recall a time when there has been such universal dissatisfaction. Military experts and laymen alike are agreed in considering the situation dangerous and disquieting.

The reasons for this general dissatisfaction are obvious. The last public demonstration of our military inefficiency is more than five years old, yet we cannot say that the lesson taught then has been learnt, or the remedy applied. Our weaknesses are substantially the same as in 1899, and in some particulars we are even worse off. In spite of perpetual tinkering, the Regular Army is dangerously inadequate for the work we demand of it, whilst its cost is enormous. The new system of military administration has done little as yet to deserve any large measure of public confidence, while I for one have grave misgivings as to the benefits which will ultimately accrue to the country from the increased power on purely military matters which may now be wielded by a politician in the person of the Secretary of State for War.

Unfortunately, while there is general agreement as to the existence of a serious evil, there is also general disagreement as to the proper means of remedying it. Whatever solution may be ultimately found for the problems connected with our foreign service army, the problem of the Auxiliary Forces, which is that of the land defence of the United Kingdom, can be considered and solved quite separately. In this connection I may say that I entirely disagree with those who would throw upon the Navy almost the whole responsibility for the protection of the shores of Great Britain. Invasion may be unlikely; who can say that it is impossible? But the manhood of our armed and organised people can, with the assistance of the Navy, make it impossible.

No one will deny that if a Citizen Army could be organised at a reasonable cost, and made adequate for the defence of this country without calling for any help from the Regular Forces, our military problem would be far nearer solution than it has ever been. The two offensive weapons of the Empire, the Navy and the Army, could then be employed freely and fearlessly, unhampered by the consciousness that they were leaving inadequately defended shores behind them. I propose, therefore, in

these notes to confine myself to this single branch of our military problem—the provision of an economical yet efficient Citizen Army for home defence. That such an organisation is feasible I have always believed, and my recent experience with the Citizen Militia of Canada has given me practical proof of the soundness of my belief.

But first I must register my disagreement with various proposals for the solution of this problem which have lately been put forward, and which meet with some support. Until every possible means has been tried to avoid it, I entirely disapprove of compulsory military service for the adult in time of peace. I am convinced that our objects can be obtained without having recourse to such extreme and un-British methods. I am also equally opposed to those methods of dealing with the Auxiliary Forces which, unfortunately, seem to have been devised with the idea that if the Volunteer will not conform to certain official regulations, the country can well dispense with his services. Attempts have been made to apply cast-iron standards of efficiency to forces whose essential character demands elasticity of treatment, and the result has been the loss or exclusion from them of many of the most valuable elements of potential military strength in the country. The Auxiliary Forces have been cramped and twisted to fit a system, instead of the system being constructed to fit the peculiar and inevitable conditions of a Citizen Army.

The basis and the starting-point of any scheme for a large voluntary Citizen Army must, in my opinion, be the military training of boys. The Citizen soldier has so much to learn and so limited a time in which to learn it that as much as possible of the preliminary work of soldiering should be acquired while he is still a boy at school, leaving the more advanced military training for his mature years. It is an easy matter for the schoolboy to devote a good deal of time to drill in a Cadet Corps; it is a far more difficult thing for the busy man to give up his time to such work. What is learnt in boyhood is easily learnt and long remembered, and we have every reason to believe that the existence of Cadet organisations, apart from their military value, is beneficial to the general objects of education.

The work of Cadet Corps should be devoted more particularly to certain special points—the necessary preliminaries to the military work of after life. With light rifles, Morris tubes, or the excellent gallery cartridge used in Canada, boys can obtain a sound knowledge of the rifle, and often make first-rate shooting at the ranges. The knowledge that is so hard and costly for men to obtain can thus be gained by boys in the form of a school

pastime. Then, again, inadequate discipline is the besetting weakness of all citizen forces. They have aptitude and intelligence to master the arts of soldiering, perhaps more quickly than the Regular soldier, but the time they spend under arms is necessarily so short that in the important essential of discipline they are seldom to be compared with the professional fighting man. This weakness can be largely obviated by intelligent work during school days. The discipline of the school and the discipline of the Cadet Corps can be made complementary to each other to the advantage of both.

Apart from shooting and the inculcation of military discipline, the attention of Cadet Corps should be mainly concentrated upon "close order" drill. Much of the field work can be more advantageously left till later years, but it should be the chief aim of a Cadet Corps to train its members so thoroughly in all the necessary close order formations and movements that when later in life they join Volunteer or Militia regiments they will be fit to proceed at once, without waste of time, to the more advanced branches of military training.

On the basis of these ideas I reconstructed the system of training for Cadet Corps in Canada, carefully defining the work which they were desired to do, and directing their attention to the main object of their existence. I also endeavoured to induce the Canadian Government to recognise the advisability of making a certain amount of Cadet training compulsory for all schoolboys. I advised that every boy between the ages of fourteen and seventeen should be required to attend 100 drills in a properly recognised Cadet Corps.

In order to stimulate and, in some measure, reward the patriotic work done by school teachers in drilling and instructing the Cadets, I obtained for them the right, after passing certain examinations, to receive a commission in the Militia. These commissions gave them a definite military position, and, in course of time, entitled them to the decoration awarded to Militia officers for long and meritorious service.

I am convinced that if Cadet Corps were officially encouraged in this country on these or similar lines, the result would be that a vast recruiting field would be formed for a voluntary Citizen Army. Those who entered its ranks would already be familiar with more than half of their work, and would be in the best position to take the fullest advantage of the training before them. The "awkward squad" would be unknown. Every recruit would be a graduate of the Cadet Corps, and even officers and non-commissioned officers would be found almost ready-made.

The problem of the military defence of Canada with which I

had to deal during my tenure of command of the Canadian Militia was closely analogous to the problem I propose to discuss in these notes. I devoted much time to its study, and the solution at which I arrived has been largely accepted in principle by the Canadian Government. It has been suggested to me more than once that a concise account of the defence organisation which I prepared for Canada would be of value to those interested in military reform in this country. The following is a brief description of its main features which could, I believe, be taken *en bloc* for the Auxiliary or Home Defence forces of Great Britain.

When I went to Canada three years ago I found that though there was a Militia Act in force making service compulsory on the manhood of the country, it has been and was, as regards any compulsion in time of peace, a dead letter. The service of the Militiaman was of a purely voluntary nature, and, therefore, for all practical purposes, the Militia of Canada and the Auxiliary Forces of Great Britain may be taken as serving under very much the same conditions.

In organising a defensive force for the Dominion, therefore, I had to assume that it must, in order to have the least chance of finding acceptance with the people of Canada, be a purely voluntary force during peace time, and, further, I had to remember that the land defence of the Dominion against a possible invasion must be its chief, or rather its sole duty; at the same time it must be capable of putting a large force into the field at short notice.

It was considered necessary for the Militia to be in a position to mobilise not less than 100,000 men in the early days of hostilities. How was such an army to be obtained? It need hardly be said that a professional or standing army was out of the question. Canada could not tolerate either the cost of the thing or the thing itself. A mere indiscriminate arming of the general levy of the population in time of danger was equally inadmissible as a solution. Patriotism and native courage, without organisation or training, would not provide the required fighting force. The only solution was the creation of a Citizen Army. But even the maintenance and periodical training of a Volunteer establishment of 100,000 men was considered too heavy a financial burden. So small was the sum allotted by the Canadian Government for military purposes that in recent years even the nominal peace establishment of about 40,000 men has seldom received its twelve days' training. A proportion only of this small number has been called out for training, and the military instruction received by the officers and men could not be considered adequate to make them an efficient fighting force. Starting, therefore, with these

rigid limitations, a system had to be discovered for organising, training, and equipping an army of 100,000 men capable of holding their own in the field.

The system which I devised to meet these requirements was described by the Minister of Militia in a Parliamentary statement about two years ago. A Militia, or Citizen Army, of 100,000 men was to be organised and enrolled. Its battalions, regiments, and batteries were to have an establishment closely corresponding to the war establishments of the Imperial Army. This force was to be fully supplied with arms, war equipment, and all the material required for taking the field. An armoury and a building for stores were to be provided for every company, squadron, and battery, so that it would have at hand all that it required for rapid mobilisation, and the delay and confusion occasioned by the issue of stores from central depositories over a wide stretch of country would be avoided.

The officers and men of this force were to be divided into two distinct categories. I cannot explain the system more clearly than by quoting some remarks which I made upon the subject to the Canadian Club of Ottawa about the time that the scheme was introduced :—

The system on which it is to be managed is what may be called a "skeleton" one. That is to say, the officers, non-commissioned officers and part of the privates of every regiment, battalion and battery will be enrolled and trained as at present for peace and war service. The remainder of the strength of all these units will be made up of men who undertake to turn out in time of war only, and to do as much training as they can manage without interfering with their business in time of peace. More especially they are to undertake to become good rifle shots, for it is too late to learn shooting when it is time to go into the field.

The details of the system may be better understood by analysing the composition of a single company of infantry on this basis. All the officers and non-commissioned officers and about one-third of the privates would be liable for twelve days' annual training, with extra training (which will be explained in detail later) for officers and non-commissioned officers; these would receive pay. The remainder of the company, about two-thirds of the total number of privates, would be enrolled for war service only. They would not be required to perform any training in time of peace, but would be encouraged to undertake voluntary training. Rifles and ammunition would be supplied to them, and they would be pledged to fire a stated number of rounds every year, as, with the compulsory training in the schools as Cadets, these men, provided they were physically sound and kept up their rifle shooting, would in a very short time become efficient soldiers.

These would form the "flesh and blood" of the "skeleton" organisation. Two principles lie at the foundation of this "skeleton" organisation—one is that the country cannot afford to give a complete military training to the whole war establishment; the second, that quite raw troops can be made into good and steady soldiers in a wonderfully short time if they have experienced leaders, and a certain number of trained men in the ranks to steady them and enable them to learn their work by constant example.

It is thus apparent that the working of the organisation demands a thorough military education for those who would train and lead the force—its officers and non-commissioned officers. This military education would be based upon a great Central Training Camp, for which a large area of suitable ground would be purchased. Its ground must possess a variety of tactical features and be equipped with rifle ranges, field firing ranges, artillery ranges, and accommodation for indoor teaching and lectures, which would go hand in hand with the practical work in the field. Every year as large a percentage as possible of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the force would be invited to attend this Central Camp, receiving pay. Their instruction would be taken in hand by the Permanent Corps—a small instructional force of all arms, whose duty is the military training of the Militia—and they would be put through a thorough and practical field training under the conditions of active service. Every hour spent in this Camp would be utilised, the evenings being devoted to courses of lectures with lantern illustrations, bearing upon the work to be done the following day. Provided a certain minimum period of training was completed at the Central Camp, officers and non-commissioned officers would be free to come and go as their business or other engagements demanded. At the end of their training the officers and non-commissioned officers would proceed at once to the District Camps of Instruction in the various provinces, where the local militia receive their annual training. Here they would pass on to their comrades the knowledge they had acquired in the Central Camp. These District Camps would be conducted with a constant eye to the convenience of those attending them.

Such was to be the annual training of the nucleus of the Militia. It was to be supplemented by a system of local instruction. The headquarters of the squadrons and companies were to be provided with well-equipped buildings constructed on an approved pattern. They were an essential feature of the organisation, and were to be not only the armouries and mobilisation stores of the units, but places of instruction and of social amusement. Each



of these buildings would be a centre from which would radiate a constant stream of military knowledge. A permanent sergeant-instructor would be attached to each of these units, charged with the care of the building and to assist in the instruction of the rank and file. He would, together with the officers and the other non-commissioned officers, largely assist in the rifle-shooting, the drills, and the lectures, and, where possible, in the instruction of neighbouring cadet corps. These instructors would be highly qualified and well paid men, drawn from the permanent instructional corps, and their military qualifications would be continually refreshed by periodical attendance at the Central Camp.

One means of instruction at these armouries, in which I have great confidence, is the instructional placard. I prepared a number of these while I was in Canada. They explained in a simple way, with numerous illustrations, every branch of a soldier's work. They were especially adapted for the instruction of civilians, and were hung in conspicuous places in the rooms used by the men, so that they learnt from them almost involuntarily. They have already proved themselves of great value in the training of the Canadian Militia. A museum of field engineering, containing, wherever possible, full-sized objects, was to be attached to each regimental centre.

The military work of the "flesh and blood" of this citizen army, *i.e.* those who enroll for war service only, would centre round these company armouries. Here they were to be encouraged to do annual shooting under the eye of the instructor. Here, too, they were to be allowed to attend voluntarily as much instruction in the way of afternoon and evening drills and lectures as they were inclined to, or as their work permitted; they would also be heartily welcome to attend parades if they desired to do so; but, though they were to be entitled to the long service decoration, they were to receive no pay.

Such are the main points in brief outline of the new system of organisation and training I proposed for the Canadian Militia. But so far I have spoken only of the first line of defence—an army of 100,000 men. By the same system a backing to this in the form of a second or reserve line of similar strength would be provided in a novel manner. Every unit of the first line would contain in its establishment the germ of a reserve unit of like constitution and strength. Each regiment and battalion would have a third in command, every company and squadron an officer and two non-commissioned officers, in addition to the full establishment. They would undergo the same annual training as the others of their rank, but would be free from the administrative work. In case of mobilisation these super-

numerary leaders would remain at headquarters, and there undertake the organising and training of a reserve unit corresponding to that of the first line, and ready either to reinforce the field army by means of drafts or to go as a unit to the front. The rank and file of the reserve unit would, as far as possible, consist of men who had previously registered their names in readiness to volunteer for war service, but from whom no peace training would be demanded, although they would be gladly welcomed at headquarters if they were inclined to do a little military work. Thus there would be provided an automatic reserve for doubling the strength of the defensive force within a short time after mobilisation.

The leading principle of the scheme I have just described, a principle which runs through it from top to bottom, is that it recognises the existence of a large number of patriotic citizens who, while ready and eager to defend their country in time of war, are not in a position to devote much time to peace training, and who, above all, cannot afford to bind themselves to any cast-iron system of periodical instruction. The very fact that they are busy citizens, with little time at their disposal, indicates that they are well endowed with brain-power, and, in many cases, they form the most valuable military material in the country; it is the object of the system to secure and utilise the services of these men on their own terms. It provides them with every convenience for rifle-shooting, and invites them to do as much, or as little, practical field-training as their civil occupations allow. The aim of the system is to be so elastic that a place is found for every citizen of potential military value, and every inducement and facility is given him to remain a defender of his country, although his private affairs may for long periods absorb practically all his time. I may here remark that every possible encouragement and recognition should be shown to the citizen who voluntarily gives up his time to do the work of the nation as a soldier of the Auxiliary Forces, and I suggest that the bestowal of a distinctive medal on members of the Auxiliary Forces, after a certain limited number of years, would go a very long way to recompense men for their patriotic exertions.

A few of the details of the scheme still remain to be dealt with. A great weakness of all Volunteer forces is the inadequate training of officers. Soldiers under good leaders are formidable, under incapable ones they are worthless. Yet to secure the proper training of leaders for a citizen soldiery has always proved to be the greatest difficulty. The good officer is generally a busy man. He cannot afford, without sacrificing his material interests, to devote long periods of time to military work. As we cannot expect him

to sacrifice his material interests, we must devise a system to suit his convenience. I worked out and introduced a system of training by which an officer could utilise a number of short holidays to secure a sufficient military education. The examinations for promotion from rank to rank in the Militia were divided into five classes, to be carried on throughout the year side by side, each class being divided into four courses of twelve days each (with slightly longer courses for special arms). The four courses of each class were to be consecutive, and their dates to be fixed at the beginning of the year. The first class was to be for the appointment of lieutenants, the second for promotion to captain, the third to major, the fourth to lieutenant-colonel commanding, and the fifth for promotion to staff appointments and brigade commands. In order to grasp the method of this system, the military training of an officer may be followed from the beginning of his career. An officer's first appointment is "provisional" only, subject to his qualifying himself in a given time. He then undertakes a course of bookwork and practical work, which may be done in his own time and in his own way, with the assistance and guidance of the instructional staff at his regimental headquarters. His first holiday will be devoted to a course in Class I. at his district school of instruction, where he is attached to a unit of the permanent corps. After twelve days of practical work he may take the class examination, and if he passes he is confirmed in his rank. If he fails, or is not ready for the test, he can repeat the course by simply staying on for another twelve days and going through the same work, or he can go home and return later to repeat the course at his convenience. A similar test awaits him when he seeks promotion to the rank of captain. But later, when he seeks to qualify for the higher ranks, he goes for his course, not, as before, to a district school, but to the Central Camp, where he undergoes a thorough tactical training and practises the handling of troops under active service conditions. The qualifying instruction of officers for the staff and the higher commands—the fifth class—also takes place at the central camp. From first to last it is to be noted that the officer has never had to be absent from his business or civil occupation for any long period. A large number of short courses taken at his convenience, in conjunction with the work he would do privately, would give him sufficient instruction to pass the examination qualifying him to lead troops in the field according to his rank. A similar scheme of training was instituted for non-commissioned officers from the rank of corporal up to holders of warrant rank. It should be mentioned that, for the more scientific branches of the service, the courses of instruction would last for a slightly longer period.

Within the limited time available for training officers and non-commissioned officers of the Militia, it was impossible to expect that they could be sufficiently instructed in certain subjects which require much time. I, therefore, considered it necessary to make these subjects the work of special corps, who would do little or no military training, but would confine themselves to special branches. Carrying out this idea, a Signalling Corps was authorised, with branches all over the country, the signallers to be distributed on mobilisation among the different field forces that might be organised. It was also the duty of the Signalling Corps to instruct certain men in every regiment, who would receive a special bonus on passing the required test. Developing this idea in another direction, the Corps of Guides was raised, a novel organisation, under the control of the Intelligence Department at headquarters and having ramifications all over the country. It was composed of men with special qualifications, such as road surveyors and others. In time of peace their work is devoted to mapping, to the collection of military information, and to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of their respective sections of country. In time of war they would be attached to field forces to act as intelligence officers, undertake mapping, act as guides, &c.

One other point remains to be noticed. After close observation of the work done at the Camps of Instruction in Canada, I came to the conclusion that, for men who can afford but little time for soldiering, it is of the highest importance to have as simple a drill as possible. I also came to the conclusion that it was far easier to organise and command men in the field and direct their work to the best advantage if they were always worked in small commands. I chose eight men and a leader as the smallest number of men which would give a useful command to a non-commissioned officer; I wrote drill-books on these lines, and made these small commands the base of the organisation of the Cavalry Squadron and the Infantry Company. Two Eights and their leaders formed a troop or section, and a squadron or company, instead of being divided into four troops or sections only, would contain an elastic number. The Eights were worked in single rank, but for the purpose of economising space each troop or section was formed up with one Eight behind the other.

It is my opinion that this organisation much facilitates the training of the citizen soldier. Especially is this the case when he is skirmishing, acting on advance-guard, rear-guard, or out-post work, &c. In these branches of military knowledge especially, it is far easier for a non-commissioned officer to pick up his work if he commands always the same number of men than if he commands an uncertain number depending on the

strength of the squadron or company to which he belongs. Again, an enemy is beaten not by names but by rifles, and it is satisfactory for a commander to know that if a troop or section is holding any post, that troop or section will consist of a definite number of men instead of being, as at present, the fourth part of a company which may be very weak in strength.

The one great want in modern warfare is leaders, especially a good supply of subordinate leaders, who would thus be trained in large numbers, as every Eight has a second in command in constant practice. Close study of the work done by some of the regiments in Canada on this small command system has made me confident that the principles I am advocating are correct.

I consider that the drill, the formations, and the words of command of the cavalry should conform as much as possible to the infantry drill, except that the cavalry, when mounted, would necessarily require more interval and distance than when on foot. A common drill would facilitate the interchange of soldiers between the two arms, and the task of the leaders of both when working together, or when commanding a mixed force, would be greatly simplified.

The cost of the defensive organisation I prepared for Canada has been worked out in detail, and for five million dollars (£1,000,000) a year Canada can provide herself with a citizen army of 100,000 men in the first line, properly organised, trained, and equipped, and the nucleus of a staff of officers and non-commissioned officers for a second line of 100,000 men. With a similar system this country could be provided with a citizen army of half a million men in the first line, and a reserve nucleus of officers and non-commissioned officers, for an annual outlay of £5,000,000.

The adoption of such a system at so small a cost would combine great financial economy with an immeasurable increase in military power; the country would be secured from all possibility of successful invasion; and, lastly, there would be provided a great reservoir of military strength to supplement the efforts of the Foreign Service Army in case of need. For, should our Foreign Service Army be hard pressed in war, it is certain that the citizen soldiers would voluntarily come forward to offer their services, individually or as units. But, irrespective of this great reservoir of military strength, I am also convinced that from this Citizen Army a definite reserve could be formed for the Regular Army, ready to turn out at once if necessity arose. All that requires to be done is to take advantage of the thousands of young men in the Auxiliary Forces, who, for a sufficient bounty, would enroll themselves for, say, a year's liability in the First Reserve

of the Foreign Service Army. If a sufficient number of men enrolled themselves in one regiment they should go to the front as a regimental unit.

The institution of this system of citizen soldiers, especially retained for active service, might supply the solution of an Imperial problem that has hitherto baffled the best intentioned efforts. The valuable help in war that has been offered us in the past by our Colonies has been unsystematic and haphazard. The organisation has had to wait until war was actually upon us. The forces offered us by Colonial Governments, or raised by us with their consent in the Colonies, have been organised piecemeal, and have gone to the front in dribbles at long intervals. The strength, description, and quality of these troops have been decided upon by a multitude of accidental considerations quite apart from the ideal requirements of an organised system well thought out in advance.

Such a system, or rather want of system, in the participation of the Colonies in great Imperial wars cannot be regarded with any satisfaction in the light of future possible dangers. The peculiar conditions of the South African War cannot be expected to reproduce themselves in order to suit our cumbrous and unsystematic methods. If we ever have to fight a first-rate military Power, whose mobilisation is a matter of days rather than weeks, the decisive moment of the struggle may have come and gone long before the first Colonial contingent has crossed the seas. For such a contingent must, under present conditions, wait first for the awakening of a vigorous public sentiment in favour of participating; next, for the deliberation of the Colonial Government concerned as to the desirability of giving effect to this sentiment; and, lastly, for the organisation and equipment of the force decided upon. Absolutely nothing would have been thought out or prepared beforehand in readiness for the emergency. In a word, the potential military power of our Colonial Empire is enormous; its actual striking power in a moment of sudden and unforeseen danger is almost a negligible quantity. In the past all efforts to persuade the Colonial Governments to maintain organised forces in readiness for Imperial purposes have been doomed to failure, and there is nothing in the history of the last five years to lead us to expect a change in their attitude. But all the advantages sought for might be obtained without any accompanying objections by applying the bonus system to the Colonial Forces. A Colonial War Service Reserve might be instituted, for which I am certain whole regiments of Colonial Militia would volunteer. My experience of Canadian citizen soldiers convinces me that many regiments would thus volunteer

*en masse*, numbers of them being composed in the main of young unmarried men of a high standard of physical fitness, whose natural aptitude for war would make them peculiarly valuable auxiliaries for the Imperial Forces.

As an instance of the great desire shown by the Canadian Militia to take part even in the minor campaigns of the Mother Country, I would mention that when the Tibet Expedition was in progress I was approached by Major Morrison and other officers of the Ottawa Militia Corps with a purely spontaneous offer of their services, with 200 men, to take part in the expedition; and this was in a town about half the size of Brighton and for a war which had elicited no great amount of enthusiasm. If even a rumour had gone round that volunteers were wanted from the Militia, not hundreds, but thousands would have come forward.

There could be no reasonable objection on the part of Colonial Governments to the Imperial Government instituting bounties for foreign service enrolment. They do object at present to contributing either men or money for Imperial military purposes in time of peace; but the above scheme would avoid this objection, and provide selected and well-trained Colonial divisions ready to sail for the seat of war the moment it broke out. Besides improving the war organisation of the Empire, such a scheme might in time prove to have great ulterior advantages. We might reasonably expect that before long it would become apparent to Colonial Governments that there was an element of unfairness in the British taxpayer being called upon to pay Canadian and Australian troops for holding themselves in readiness for the common defence of the Empire as a whole.

I cannot but think that the arrangements above described would do much to counteract a dangerous tendency towards separation that is now apparent in Colonial military affairs. Recent changes in the higher administration of the national forces of Canada and Australia have brought about something like a divorce between the Imperial and Colonial military organisations. It is not necessary to emphasise the disadvantages, and even dangers, of such a tendency. The whole question of Imperial unity is seriously affected by it. But if some of the best and most efficient elements of the various Colonial armies, while remaining Colonial in character and administration, at the same time formed an integral part of the Imperial defence organisation, this tendency would, to a very considerable extent, be counteracted.

DUNDONALD.

## ENGLAND'S STRENGTH IN ASIA.

WITH the termination of the war between Russia and Japan there are not wanting symptoms of a recurrence of our intermittent nervousness on the subject of the Indian frontier position and our strength as compared with that of Russia. We are warned that the war-clouds which have rolled back from the Far East are certain to gather thickly on the northern mountains of the Indian borderland, and that it is already time for us to watch most carefully for those stealing shadows which herald the coming storm. I do not believe in any sudden downpour on the Indian frontier; but, because I believe most fully in the value of preparedness for it, I venture to offer a few opinions (not for the first time) which are gathered from actual experience and long association with the frontier people on the strength of England's position in Asia.

I have always held the belief that England's strength in Asia is greater than that which the majority of Englishmen are disposed to concede, if we are to judge merely by Parliamentary utterances and military warnings. The general tendency is undoubtedly to depreciate our strength and the value of our local geographical position. It is somewhat curious that, whilst we pride ourselves on being level-headed people, as a rule, we seem so often to miss the golden mean of appreciation which is the true criterion of level-headedness, falling into the double error of over-confidence at one time and a miserable want of it at another; balancing our military policy between foolhardiness and timidity. I need not recall historical examples to prove my point; I will only, and very shortly, draw attention to a few of those factors in the Asiatic field of political contention which appear to me to be chiefly overlooked.

In the first place, what do we mean by strength? Strength may be political and moral, or it may be military and physical; it may depend on area and geographical position, on population or on wealth; and as all these conditions are more or less interdependent, acting and reacting on one another, we get a tolerably complicated problem before us, admitting undoubtedly of very wide divergences of opinion in detail, and too complicated to admit of our doing more than touch on a few broad principles. Politically and morally, then, how does England stand in Asia? What is the value of English prestige relatively to other Asiatic Powers? Naturally it will not be admitted in Asia, beyond the geographical limits of our political influence, that we hold a



paramount position. We need not expect it. Amongst Asiatic peoples political opinions are even more a matter of education than they are in Europe. The average Asiatic believes only what he is taught. He has no basis for independent opinion, unless war involves him in personal action and new lessons are impressed by physical force. Thus, comparative prestige becomes, under normal conditions, a question of geographical position.

Throughout India, to the borders of the Indian Empire, the "izzat" of the "Sarkar"—the prestige of the British Government—is undoubtedly supreme. Nothing short of a successful invasion of the peninsula would ever affect this conviction, which is born of educated observation, and is not exactly an expression of loyalty so much as a belief in the inevitable dispositions of Providence which has arranged that England should rule Asia. It is important to note the distinction. People discuss the loyalty of the Indian native without clearly defining what is meant by the term. Personal loyalty there is, and it has its quality of reverence, almost of affection. Few English people, I think, understand the sentiment with which our late Queen was regarded in India, and even beyond India. In Tibet Queen Victoria is an incarnation. She still lives there as a truly beneficent influence, albeit under an unpleasant form. In the utmost wilds of the Central India jungles I have been able to recognise the same sentiment. I doubt if the "great white Queen" is dead to the famished womankind of the Gond aborigines, who daily place their little swings of twigs and sticks by the wayside with a scanty offering of rice to propitiate the great mother (*mata*) who comes into their houses and carries away, gently and happily, the child who has died of small-pox; and the war-worn *sowar*, who can only remember, of all that he had seen in England, that the Queen spoke to him in Hindustani, and who would have given his life to serve her as cheerfully as any Japanese soldier would give his life for his Emperor, is almost typical. There is personal loyalty in India, deep and strong, but there is beyond that loyalty a practical faith in the length and strength of England's arm, mingled with a certain contempt for the might of other nations, which is not always shared by Englishmen.

If, on the other hand, we could transfer ourselves from India to Russia in Asia, we should find widespread exactly the same belief in Russian prestige, but not the same sentiment of personal loyalty. In Asia the Czar is hardly a human ideal. The sort of academic faith, unsupported by sentiment, which Russian methods propagate, is apt to be rudely shaken under stress of reverse and loss. I firmly believe that the fighting capacity of Russia's Asiatic soldiers has been largely discounted by the first

successful blow struck by an Asiatic Power and the consequent loss of prestige. That they should fight on at all, and fight so well, under a flag for which they never have had, and never could have, any affection, now that its prestige has been so fatally damaged, is, to me, an unexpected thing, and one of which we may take due count when reckoning up the staying powers of our own Asiatic troops.

Turning to the intermediate buffer States lying between Russia and India—the frontier kingdoms of Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Persia, and Tibet—we may reckon that our prestige is exactly in proportion to the spread of our influence, and we cannot but expect that the native rulers of these States should live in a state of half-hearted expectancy, waiting upon events to determine their course of action under any given circumstances. It is of no use for us to pretend that we depend on the Shah, or the Amir, or on any discredited Grand Lama, for a whole-hearted alliance to us and our cause, nor even for much respect for political agreements and treaties, unless we make it clear that it is worth his while to back us, and for this we must depend on the maintenance of our prestige; and this prestige—our moral strength—will ultimately depend on the clear outward and visible evidence that we are physically strong. Not for an instant do I suppose that the minds of these frontier chiefs are to be influenced by the ephemeral political persuasions of this or that Viceroy. They will only listen to reason when reason is backed by sound artillery and the latest fashion of small arms; and in estimating the position of England in Asia from the point of view of her political influence and moral suasion alone, the trans-frontier borderland can only safely be considered as an indeterminate factor.

Whilst on this subject, we may ask, What will be the effect of Japan's crushing victories over her European foe on *British* prestige? Shall *we* suffer, as a European Power, as undoubtedly, in a much larger degree, Russia will suffer? Will our frontier and trans-frontier allies turn to us with greater confidence, or will they think that they, too, may emulate Japanese success hereafter by adopting Japanese methods? Of the effects so far as Russia is concerned there can be no doubt; but the Afghan or Baluch chief will certainly appraise the position more clearly than we do, and will not miss the point (so frequently ignored in England) that the Russian army is Asiatic as much as European, and that the fight is largely a fight between Mohammedan and infidel, in which the members of the true faith are distinctly coming off second best. My own impression is, that the result of the war will lead to but little change in trans-frontier senti-

ment. The bigoted Afghan prefers the Christian, with his alien faith and his incomprehensible politics (but whom he can respect, sharing the Old Testament with him, and giving him credit for a real, if a misguided, belief in the greatness of Allah), to the yellow infidel, who has no belief at all, and with whom he has absolutely nothing in common. He will hate the Jap as he hates the Gurkha or the Sikh, to whom he accords a shorter shrift in the hour of trial than he ever deals out to the European. It is well to remember that race antagonism is far more bitter between Asiatic nationalities than between the Asiatic and the European. Were it not so, we should not be in India now. I doubt much whether a definite alliance with Japan will raise us much in the estimation of our frontier neighbours, although, as soldiers by heredity and right, they will marvel at the military capacity shown by this new and incomprehensible Asiatic Power, and will fully appreciate the astuteness of those who have made good use of it to fight their battles for them. Knowing something of the limits of Afghan perception, I consider it inevitable that they should regard us as immensely clever, but not over-conscientious as allies.

The larger question of how far the qualities of loyalty and faith in our prestige make material for cohesion, and their influence on our military strength, we will for a moment defer.

It will be conceded that our moral prestige and our military strength are largely interdependent, and when we come to this point we may as well accept the necessity of reckoning up our military strength, and of comparing our resources with those of our only serious rival in Asia. And we will, if you please, ignore the possibility of a combination of purely Asiatic Powers against us as too remote a contingency to be usefully considered.

It has always been a surprise to me that there should be men of light and leading in this country who, to judge by their utterances or their writings, are actually *afraid* of Russia—afraid that, with her vast resources in men and money, and the development of her railway system to the borders of Afghanistan, she can thereby peril our security in India by a general advance across the Oxus. We will, for the purpose of estimating our comparative strength, set aside the results of the late war with Japan, treating them as a passing rather than a permanent influence on Russian capacity for further military action in Asia, although it appears to me that there are ample reasons for assuming that many a long year will pass ere she will again be in a position to assume an offensive attitude on a large scale. We are dealing with the question of our own strength in Asia, and as it is impossible to treat such a question from the purely abstract rather than

the relative point of view, we must take it for granted that the statements of these military experts to whom we are so often called to listen (but who have for the most part but a theoretical basis for their assumptions) are true.

We will suppose that Russia is in a position to distribute a force of 500,000 men at the termini of her Central Asian railway system on the Herat frontier and on the banks of the Oxus facing Afghan Turkestan, and that she could, if she so pleased, occupy the great plains which constitute Afghan Turkestan to the south of the Oxus and to the north of the mountains which extend from the Hindu Kush to the Persian frontier without serious difficulty. Under normal conditions such a supposition is certainly not unjustifiable, although, in my opinion, it requires considerable modification. It is only wise, however, to accept it in full in estimating the balance of power and formulating our own position in India. The possibility of facing such a condition is our criterion of strength or weakness. Now what constitutes military strength apart from moral prestige? Geographical position, in the first place; the sinews of war—men and money—in the second; fighting capacity in the third. It has often appeared to me a marvellous circumstance that England, protected as she is by sea from foreign invasions, should have secured to herself so much of the world's surface almost equally well protected by geographical barriers, a fact which really goes much further to account for the British Empire than is at first sight perceptible. India, with her long-extended land border, is a notable instance of this remarkable feature of protective geography. There is no borderland in the world like that of India. The Alps and the Andes are as nothing compared to the gigantic Asiatic upheavals which, in bands and battalions of serried mountain ranges and desolate, wind-swept plateau, divide off the Indian peninsula from the steppes and plains of Central Asia. From China and Tibet on the east through the Pamir uplands to Kashmir, the geographical wall, or series of walls, is so complete that not even in the remote historic periods of human history can we trace any record of a successful passing southwards of those Asiatic hordes who, unopposed, were constantly seeking more favoured climes, and everlastingly beating at the golden gates of Ind.

If any people would have successfully carried their arms through that mountain band into India it would have been the Chinese. And they did succeed in getting farther than any other people, but they never really broke the back of the Himalayas. Nothing yet has occurred in the process of the world's development to make that task any easier. Railways and roads may effect much elsewhere, but railways and roads across the Hima-

layan ranges (anywhere, in short, to the east of Kabul in Afghanistan) would, I think, be almost impossible, even under conditions of absolute peace and security, and with the goodwill of the people on both sides pressed into their construction. From the Himalayas we pass to the much-discussed Hindu Kush, and here we undoubtedly encounter a weak link in our line of geographical protection. We know perfectly well that from the days of Alexander to those of the Moghul, the Hindu Kush has been crossed north of Kabul, Kabul itself reduced, and India invaded time after time. Kabul, indeed, is the historic gate to India. But through all these rather misty records, can we find any trace of an organised defence of those natural barriers which form the real bulwark of the Kabul plains? I know of none. I am aware that this is a much-discussed link in our geographical barrier of Northern India, but I can only give you my personal opinion, from a fairly close and practical acquaintance with that memorable country, that the occupation of Kabul as a base for further advance on India can only be achieved again if we are kind enough to sit still and allow of its accomplishment without serious interference. The same may be said of the more westerly barriers, which gradually increase in altitude and difficulty. We may proceed round the circle westward, finding no convenient crack in the geographical armour of our northern defence works till we come to the valley of Herat.

For the benefit of those who are not well acquainted with the map of India, I must explain that this mountain barrier which we have been following round from the Chinese frontier is to the south of Afghan Turkestan, which lies between it and the Oxus River. It affords no protection whatever to these Oxus plains which we have assumed, for the sake of argument, to be at the mercy of Russia. It is not until we reach Herat that we come to a real open way—the true line of least resistance between Central Asia and India. Here, for the first time, our geographical dispositions for defence fail us, and we cannot but recognise that from Herat southward to Kandahar or to Sistan, on the western flank of Baluchistan, we have a possible line of approach to India, which requires all our attention and all our resources to close. Personally, I do not believe in any serious threat to our borders from any other point but this; for it is here and here only that men can be successfully massed in large numbers, and the issue fought out on the open plains. It is Herat and Kandahar and Sistan and Quetta which call for armies and oblige us to reckon up our resources in men lest perchance we should be found wanting when the time should come to exhibit our strength.

Nature, then, has so arranged her geographical distributions of mountain and plain that we may look on India as we look on our own country, as most exceptionally favoured for defence against outside aggression. But we must not lose sight of the weak points of our position. Were there no weak points we might sit still comfortably and pursue the policy of masterly inaction. But we are faced with the fact that there is a comparatively open way (it is not an easy way) in Western Afghanistan, or in Eastern Persia, which requires more than watching. It requires the distribution of proper scientific means of defence and the maintenance of an army to make use of the means. There is no possibility of shirking this point. We must have an army in India, and it must be an army fully equal to any that can be brought against it. Anything short of this is to invite attack. Let me guard against misconception. I have already stated that, in my opinion, the valley of Herat and the broad plains of Balkh—all that constitutes Afghan Turkestan, in short—is practically at the mercy of Russia as things stand. But we are, perhaps, a little too much in a hurry to undervalue the capacity of the Afghan for holding his own, just as we undoubtedly undervalued the Japanese. Afghan material in fighting-men is splendid material. I can imagine none better. Man for man, the Afghan is fully a match for the frontier tribesman whom Russia might put into the field against him. But we do not know what his present value in the aggregate as a fighting machine may be. Twenty years ago he was not able to hold his own against properly-led troops for a day. He had no leading and no confidence in his officers; two essential qualifications for success. He may have improved since those days—probably has improved; but all the same I should doubt whether the military system of Afghanistan has done more yet than make him a most valuable auxiliary for irregular mountain warfare. He could not stand against properly manœuvred battalions in the plains, in spite of his personal courage. Of this, however, we may be sure. The occupation of these northern provinces would take time—a considerable time—and the necessary construction of railways and supporting lines of communication (without which the advance of a large force southwards would be impossible) would all be so much advertisement of further proceedings, and give us breathing space to prepare for them.

We may turn now to the question of England's strength in men and money to meet any emergency, likely or unlikely—for I insist that we cannot wait till the emergency is probable—that may call for its exhibition.

We are in the habit of talking a little wildly about Russia's

millions as if millions of men meant overwhelming strength. If millions of men are scattered over millions of square miles of territory, with thousands of miles of frontier to look after, they do not, after all, loom large in any one section of it; and under any circumstances these millions are dependent on population. There must be a definite limit. It is, then, to the purpose to recall to your minds the fact that Russia, all told, can only muster about 150,000,000 of people. We have very nearly double that number (290,000,000) in India alone, and it is with India that we are just now concerned. Mere numbers, however, may mean very little. It is quite true that of our 290,000,000 a very large proportion are people of unwarlike races, who could hardly be guaranteed for purposes of soldiering, but we must remember that exactly the same may be said of Russia as a whole. In all large communities the proportion of the warrior caste must be comparatively small. Japan is no exception to the rule. We are not all warriors even in England. If we reckon up the population of those districts in India to which we are accustomed to look for our recruits; if we take into account the varied Mohammedan tribes of the long North-western Frontier, the Mohammedans of the Punjab and Hyderabad, the Sikhs of the plains, and the Gurkhas and Dogras of the hills, to say nothing of the Rajputs and the fighting races (and some of those of Madras may well take their place in the list)—that is to say, the people amongst whom fighting is a tradition and the military profession an hereditary right—we shall find at least 50,000,000 from whom we can draw our soldiers without indenting in the Bengali or the Parsee shopkeeper, or even the Hindu agriculturist, although it is from the latter class that some of the best of our soldiers have been made. The proportion of natural fighting material in India is at least double that of Russia, look at it how you will, and yet we talk as if we could not make an army for want of men to make it with! What, then, is the difficulty? It will be said that, although we have the numbers, regarded as a raw product, we have not the means of inducing the necessary numbers to join the ranks, and consequently we have not a trained and disciplined army, even if we have the money wherewith to maintain it. This entirely depends on whether we limit ourselves to our present methods of inducement, our present ideas of military efficiency, and our old world standards. We may be disinclined to adopt Russian methods, we may discard the idea of compulsory service, we may still believe that an efficient soldier must measure a certain number of inches in girth and in height; but if we do this, I would point out that we are imposing our own artificial limits on our military strength. I maintain that the strength is

all there, only we cannot persuade ourselves to utilise it as others do. For my own part, I do not believe that any form of compulsory service would be found necessary in the particular case which we are considering. A call to arms to meet a foreign invader would be responded to almost with enthusiasm. Should, indeed, any temporary measure of conscription become necessary under such circumstances, it would be received by the Asiatic in quite a different spirit to that accorded by the Englishman.

A war with Russia would be a popular war with the native soldier. To a great majority of the best of our Indian troops, it would be but the realisation of their military ambition. It is a constant theme of conversation amongst them, and not only in India but even beyond the borders. The spirit which animated a newly-recruited battalion of Gurkhas, who not long ago went off disgusted to their homes when they found that they were not at once to be led against Russia, is the spirit of a great part of the Indian army in a greater or less degree. *We* may profess to be afraid of Russia. *They* are not. Like the Japanese Minister to whom it was suggested that there were many points of similarity between England and Japan, they would say that fear of Russia is the only thing they are not prepared to share with us. It is at least within our power to insure that long before Russia has placed herself in a position to seriously threaten our borders we should possess an Indian army numerically quite equal to any that we should be asked to meet. Again, we shall hear that an army so constructed would have no military training comparable to that which it would have to meet, that we cannot fashion a soldier out of raw material in a day, and that an armed mob would be the result of a hastily-raised force. There is, doubtless, much to consider in such a suggestion; but I am inclined to think that here again we must revise our ideas as to what constitutes military efficiency under the special geographical conditions with which we have to deal.

The lesson of our latest frontier war in Tirah was that 10,000 (even less, I believe, and I had special facilities for estimating their numbers) well-armed mountaineers, such as the Afridis, could keep four times their number of regulars quite sufficiently at arm's-length for an almost indefinite period even without scientific leading or strategic organisation.

The lesson we ought to take to heart from the late war is even more to the purpose. Does anyone suppose that Japan has held a standing army of drilled and disciplined soldiers for years past—500,000, or, say 700,000 men—in readiness for such a contingency? What she has had is a system of universal, or national, military training, tempered by selection of the fittest.



This is very different from a standing army. The vast majority of her soldiers are but trained civilians, and it is this sort of training which might be applied with effect on our Indian frontier. Where we in England take two years to turn out a reputable cavalry trooper, a few months are sufficient in a country—like Argentina, for instance—where men learn to ride from their youth. The truth is that the methods, and the length of time, required for fashioning a suitable fighting force depend entirely upon circumstances, and circumstances in mountainous Asia point to the attainment of efficiency by the process of selecting the quality of the material, and preparing it for special action, rather than by maintaining a large force all strictly turned out to the same pattern. The question of a large European force to fight a quasi-European foe is *à propos* to this consideration. To my mind this has always appeared to be a matter of sentiment rather than practical necessity. As a necessity it almost seems to imply a mistrust of Indian troops, which I consider to be absolutely misplaced. This is not the time to enlarge on such a theme, but let me say once for all that I trust that all the silly nonsense which is sometimes talked about stiffening the native army with English bayonets is a thing of the past. British troops, invaluable as they are, and invincible as we believe them to be under conditions which suit them, should not be wasted when they are apt to be ineffective from physical causes. They are not, and they never will be, good mountaineers, for instance.

I fear that I am drifting too far into military considerations, but while on the subject of our military strength, I must just put in a word for our Asiatic allies. What could Afghanistan do in case of invasion? You may take it as absolutely certain that Afghanistan would declare against the first invader who violated the Afghan border, no matter who the invader may be. It is a great mistake (one that might cost us dearly) to underestimate the strength of Afghanistan, or to undervalue the splendid fighting materials which that country possesses. At a very moderate computation the Amir could put 100,000 men of all arms into the field, including excellent light infantry and artillery for mountain work, besides a fair contingent of serviceable, if irregular, cavalry—cavalry, that is to say, better mounted and equipped than the average Cossack, but not so amenable to discipline. But Afghan troops, however excellent the raw material may be, want discipline and leading, and that they can only get by the importation of instruction from outside. That they will get it is certain—Afghanistan is not standing still; but time will be necessary for the adoption of any new system in a country like Afghanistan,

and meanwhile Afghan military efficiency is at a discount. Eventually, Afghanistan may admit of European instruction, and we know that the young British officer is unmatched in all the world for his capacity to turn native raw material into good fighting stuff. Here, unfortunately, is a possible weak link in England's chain of defensive armour. Where are the young officers to come from? That unlimited supply which appeared a few years ago to be inexhaustible shows symptoms of running short. There is an unfortunate spirit of unrest, which is ominous of a difficulty in filling up vacancies as they occur. Indeed, there are not wanting signs that it is in the ranks of the officers rather than in those of the men that the real shortage is to be feared. Let us hope that this will pass, and that some means will be found of making the best of all our excellent voluntary material without necessarily exacting a universal standard of ability as the one great criterion of efficiency.

As for our intra-peninsular allies, the rulers of the native States of India, we ought to know their sentiments and aspirations by this time. The one prominent feature in their policy lately has been the readiness of a great majority of them to give us all the assistance they can in time of trouble. I do not mean to say that they altogether love us, or that they love British rule, but they are wise enough, educated and enlightened enough, to know when they are well off, and to see that no other rule at present is possible. They are no longer an ignorant and impulsive race of irresponsible rulers. To suppose that they would willingly exchange British rule for Russian, after what they have seen lately of the latter, is simply an absurdity. We should certainly have their backing, and such assistance as they could render if we wanted it—at any rate, until we muddled ourselves into a disastrous mess—which Heaven forbid! Into such a question as the nature and extent of such assistance I have no time to enter. I have, I trust, proved my point that as regards numbers we are essentially strong in Asia, and I hope I have made my opinion clear that in the matter of military efficiency of these numbers, we have absolutely nothing to fear if, without maintaining an enormous standing army, we carefully watch the signs of the times and know beforehand how and where to make our demands with the certainty of a satisfactory response. This is purely a question of military administration which we need not pursue further.

But there is another factor in the strength of a nation which will have occurred to many. It is, perhaps, the most important of all. We have seen a comparatively small and a peace-loving people (unmilitary according to their own showing), a people

devoted to the arts and graces of social life, suddenly rise to a military pre-eminence after a fashion which has almost no parallel in the world's history—certainly none in modern history. These makers of fans and lovers of flowers, conscientious artists in ivory carvings, and enthusiastic workers in the potter's field—a small people, who would pass no tests for physical measurement in height or girth—what is it that has made them great as a fighting nation? Religious enthusiasm, the symbol of the cross, or the banner of Islam, has accounted for much in the military annals of the world. It is not that—there is no spirit of fanaticism in Japan. The mad lust for conquest and greed for loot have sent many a scourging army across Asia. It is not that; there is no bloodthirstiness, no greed in Japan. Perhaps we know what it is without being able to define it. The encircling bonds of pure-hearted patriotism, the spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to country, the sentiments, the passion, aroused by endangered nationality and of outraged independence, stirring the man as it stirs the heart of the individual, sinking the individual in the mass and amalgamating the whole—all that we know, in fact, of patriotism in the truest and highest sense of the word—this is at the bottom of their efficiency, the very bed-rock of the whole structure of their irresistible military strength. Are we then strong in Asia as Japan is strong? Have we combined all the varied elements of Indian nationality into one homogeneous whole, with one faith in their rulers and one impelling spirit of patriotism to move them? It would be ridiculous to maintain that we have done so. We have not even shown them what it means. Is the spirit of patriotism so freely abroad in this country that we can point a moral and call for imitation? Where do we find it? In those unseemly exhibitions of party faction which disgrace parliamentary procedure? In trades unions and strikes for less work and more pay? In the countless resignations of army commissions which are sent in because more is demanded of an officer in the way of professional capacity than he is disposed to concede? I fear that we are not such brilliant examples at home of the living principle of patriotism that we can pose as a fine moral example to the East. And yet we all know that, weak as our power of national expression may be, and lamentably deficient as is its appearance in the councils of the Empire, it is there all the same; and it is the very knowledge of its existence, deep-seated and unimperilled by the storm of party faction, that renders us all so careless about its appearance on the surface. Any national peril at once reveals it, as did the Boer War; but under the ordinary routine of the country's daily life it is difficult sometimes to detect. It is not

our national characteristic to wave our flag and to call attention to our assets of loyalty and patriotism. We think we can take all that for granted, and that it matters not what others think about it. I believe this to be absolutely wrong. It matters very much what the Indian native thinks about it. Remember that he can only judge by appearances. I particularly dwell on this point, for I believe it to be at the very root of the question of our strength in Asia. It is the basis of the strength of Japan beyond all contradiction. It ought to be so with us. Do we take the least trouble to inculcate the principles of patriotism *ab initio* in our elementary schools, either in England or in India?

Do we ever attempt to hold together the infinitely varied units of which we are destined to constitute a powerful and Imperial nationality by the strong and binding force of education? A child is always a little patriot at heart. Teach him to love the sight of his country's flag, to sing patriotic hymns from his earliest beginnings, and you will have that which you find in the South American republics—a strong and intense fervour of patriotism developed for each separate State, although the original and varied stock from which all these patriots are derived may be essentially the same in all States. If you want a child to become a British patriot, teach him to love the British flag. If you want him to love England, appeal to his imagination, teach him something of the romances of England's patron saint, St. George, and let him know the English flag when he sees it. Go over to Holland and watch the phlegmatic Dutchman in his own country village on a national *fête* day. Not a man, not a woman, not a child but responds to the call for personal patriotic manifestation. Was not this, again, at the heart of the Boer resistance? It is in this connection that I regard all these new societies, lately formed for the preservation of Imperial unity, as most essentially useful. The pity is that they usually deal with old, sun-dried, and unimpressionable people instead of with the enthusiastic natures of the young. We must shake off something of our hard, practical, armour-clad methods, and learn again that sentiment, sheer sentiment and idealism, have been at the root of all victorious feats of arms from the days of Helen of Troy until the spirits of Japanese ancestors looked down on the victory of the Sea of Japan. What I have said of English education is doubly true of India. In all the broadcast elementary schools which are scattered through that land of sentiment, I have never once seen an Imperial symbol—never once heard a loyal hymn from the lips of Indian children. Nevertheless, when all is said, I maintain that there is loyalty in India, and there is belief in British prestige. There is not half the loyalty there might be,

but such as it is, it places us in a position of distinct superiority to Russia, and makes us comparatively strong.

As to what would happen if Russia made a serious move towards India by the invasion of Afghanistan, I have little now to say, though I think I have formulated clear notions (to myself, at least) of what would actually happen. Only one point must be remembered—*i.e.*, that the first move must meet with a response. We cannot sit still and wait upon events, however convenient it may be to do so. A waiting policy is never a winning policy in the East. We must act, and we must know well beforehand what that action is to be under given circumstances. We must act, not because—as some advisers seem inclined to affirm—not because we are afraid of unrest and disaffection, and perhaps of a rising in India, the instant we are threatened on our remote borderland, for there would be no rising. For that matter, there never has been a rising of the Indian masses. Not even in the dark days of the Mutiny did the people rise (as they are rising in Russia, for instance), or we should not be in India now. Not, surely, because we are afraid of another mutiny amongst our troops?

For reasons into which I cannot enter here, such a disgrace would be practically impossible. To me the idea that Indian troops would become unsteady in face of the one eventuality for which they have lived their lives and learned their work is not merely an absurdity—it is a criminal absurdity; for it means that we do not believe in our Indian army, and if we do not believe in them, how are we to expect that they will believe in us? In the event of a war with Russia, we should be asking Mohammedan troops to assist a Mohammedan nation (Afghanistan) to repel a foreign invader. Where does the incentive for disobedience come in? I fail to see it. It is a ridiculous and pernicious suggestion. Let us leave it. We should have to act because there would be a wave of indignation against us throughout the country whose interests we have undertaken to protect, if we did *not* help them.

I have been told that the Afghan would view with horror the approach of British troops marching to his assistance in his country, foreseeing that ultimate division of it between England and Russia which would destroy for ever his national dependence. I have only space to protest against what I conceive to be a total misapprehension of the position. To begin with, the Afghan knows well enough by this time that we do not wish, and do not mean, to burden ourselves with his country if we can help it. He knows nothing of the sort about Russia. But what he expects at all costs is that a professed ally should be true to his engagements and help him with the material help of his troops and his

guns. If you do not believe it, remember, at least, what I have seen. I have seen the Afghan bitterly, dangerously disgusted because we did not help him at Panjdeh; and, in spite of that most melancholy failure, I have seen him turn out in thousands to sweep away his own villages, clear out broadcast his own cemeteries, destroy his own hallowed mosques, break down his cherished religious symbols—all at the bidding of English engineers—for the purpose of confronting a Russian foe and with the enthusiastic hope of ultimate support from a British escort. I have held council with Afghan generals as to what they could do in combination with British troops to hold their own against a Russian advance. With a force behind them of the most fanatical of all Afghan tribesmen (Duranis chiefly), they decided at once, not only that we could work together with right good will, but that they were confident and hopeful of a successful issue, provided we English engineers directed the defence of Herat. What more do you want? You need not ask me to believe, after that, that the Afghan would resent our assistance. I ask you to believe that he would be dangerously indignant if we did not offer it. The danger would be that he would give us up as hopeless, and finally combine with Russia.

The question of *what* we should do is another story altogether, into which we cannot possibly enter. I have indicated briefly that which I consider the weak line of resistance in our defence, and I can do no more here and now; but just that brief indication should be enough to prove that I am no advocate for a policy of unpreparedness, a drifting policy of letting things slide. I *know* that we have a weak side to our armour; I have had the opportunity of seeing it from every possible point of view, and, knowing it, I know also that it is essential that we should strengthen it by all available means, keeping our stout little frontier army up with full strength in men and material, improving our defensive works by all scientific methods, employing nothing but the latest and best of offensive weapons, and preserving a wise council of thorough understanding with our frontier allies as to where and how we shall strike if the time ever comes to strike. Above all must we foster those germs of loyalty and patriotism which undoubtedly exist in India. What I deprecate so strongly is the notion that we are weak in Asia; that we have anything to be afraid of; that we must maintain a huge and costly army like the army of Russia; that we want masses of European troops to enable us to hold our own; and that we shall have no unity of action, no support from those who have everything to gain by supporting us and everything to lose by our discomfiture, an idea which to me is as preposterous as it is

mischievous. But, when all is said, I can only conclude as I began by expressing my conviction that it will be long yet ere we are called on for decisive action. I may be wrong, but I cannot believe in the mad-dog policy on the part of Russia of courting further disaster under the most unfavourable conditions by striking at India because she has been defeated by Japan. I have too much faith in Russia still to believe it. Yet we must be prepared, because readiness for action is our best security for peace.

Once again I would like to refer to the brighter alternative to which our undoubted strength in Asia at present and Russia's disasters seem faintly to point—the alternative of a good understanding with her; of the realisation of an agreement which shall be of mutual benefit to us both; the linking up of railway systems which will promote international commerce (which, at the worst, will give her no more facility for approaching India than it will give us for preventing such an approach), and will at once outflank all the complications of Afghan and Persian policy; complete understanding with those countries, too, based on mutual commercial interest, and that security for peace and relief from the everlasting burden of nervousness about India which can only be obtained by the development of such interests—all of which we are told is quite outside the pale of practical politics. It may be so, but I am not convinced. Already I think I see in the Far East a faint white light betokening the dawn of a brighter day—a day of which the coming has been heralded by the extraordinary success of a powerful and self-contained ally—a success which creates a new era in the world's history, and must inevitably lead to a total redistribution in the balance of political power in Asia.

THOMAS HOLDICH.

## WEI-HAI-WEI AND CHUSAN.

THE termination of the war in the Far East brings at least one definite matter under the notice of the public. I refer to our occupation of Wei-Hai-Wei, the former Chinese naval station which, in Admiral Ting's time, was called with Port Arthur the twin-guardians of the Gulf of Pe-chih-li. There is an impression abroad that our occupation of this harbour and the district attached to it terminates *ipso facto* with Russia's loss of Port Arthur, and that a peace having been concluded, which transfers that fortress to Japan, we have necessarily to pack up our belongings and quit a place which, from settled policy, or more probably from the want of it, we have consistently neglected throughout our possession to utilise and strengthen. In recording some facts that will modify this impression, I would wish to disclaim all intention of advocating the retention of Wei-Hai-Wei. Our national interests lie in another part of the Far East. Chusan, not Wei-Hai-Wei provides the watch-tower from which they can be kept under constant observation.

When Germany, in November, 1897, occupied Kiao-chau, the epoch which is now closing with the downfall of Russia in the Far East and the elevation of Japan may be said to have commenced. Future historians will, no doubt, declare that this first encroachment on the integrity of China carried its own Nemesis. It is also reasonable to predict that they will at the same time assert that the policy of a British Government was never more unworthy of the Empire it represented than that pursued between November, 1897, and July, 1898. Even the Chinese wished to resist the encroachment—"this seizure of territory by a friendly Power"—and their first reply to the German demands, based upon the murder of two missionaries, was that they declined "to commence negotiations until Kiao-chau is evacuated." As no one supported the Chinese, this attitude could not be maintained, and the British Government advised them to comply with the German demands, which did not, however, at first include any request to occupy Kiao-chau. An indication as to what they were really after was provided in their fifth demand, which read, "German engineers to have preference in the building of any railway which China may construct in the province of Shantung, and also in the working of any mine which may exist along the track of such railway." Sir Claude MacDonald called this demand "a novel



precedent at variance with the most-favoured-nation clause." Lord Salisbury thought the demand "inadmissible." The German proceedings thus encountered in their first stage the nominal opposition of the British Government as well as that of the Chinese. Unfortunately, our Foreign Office was not one whit firmer or more resolute than the Tsung-li-Yamen. It is necessary to remember its first misgivings and declarations in order to judge the course of its policy a few months later with regard to Wei-Hai-Wei.

The German ships had not been at Kiao-chau a month when a Russian squadron made its appearance at Port Arthur. The Russian official papers of the day declared that "if Germany declines to evacuate Kiao-chau Russia on her side will have every right to occupy in retaliation some portion of Chinese territory." The Russian Government did not go quite so far as its Press. It assured Japan that "Port Arthur had been lent to Russia by China only temporarily as a winter anchorage." Less than a fortnight after the Russian ships entered Port Arthur the conditions on which Germany had obtained a lease of Kiao-chau for ninety-nine years were made known. On the morrow of that arrangement Russia objected to the presence of two British men-of-war at Port Arthur, and "in the ordinary course" of duty "they were moved to some other anchorage." The ground was thus left clear for Russia to acquire a lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan on the same terms as Germany secured for her lease of Kiao-chau. In March, 1898, it became known that Russia had acquired a lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan "in usufruct" for twenty-five years, but with a proviso that "an extension of the term may be arranged." It is unnecessary to cumber the narrative with details, but a recapitulation of the main facts connected with the German occupation of Kiao-chau and the Russian occupation of Port Arthur and Talienwan is essential for the correct appreciation of our proceedings at Wei-Hai-Wei. It will, however, suffice to mention the fact that France, in March, 1898, also obtained a lease of Kwangchow Bay in the extreme southern province of Kwangtung, which is limitrophe for a short distance to Tonking.

The reservations made by the representatives of this country when Germany formulated her demands upon China in November, 1897, did not cover any serious purpose. All the available evidence shows that if the German seizure of Kiao-chau had remained the *only* violation of the integrity of China we should have done nothing. It was not until Russia secured Port Arthur that the feeling spread in the official world that we ought to appropriate something on our own account as a set-off to the acts of the three

Powers. The proof of this statement is provided by Lord Salisbury's reply of February 25th, 1898, to the intimation from our Minister at Peking that "the Chinese Government would offer lease of Wei-Hai-Wei to the British Government." The Marquis telegraphed that the policy of his Government aimed at discouraging "any alienation of Chinese territory." Yet at that moment the lease of Kiao-chau to Germany was an event seven weeks old. What was still unknown was how far Russia intended to proceed at Port Arthur. German aggression did not impel us to take action, but Russia did. The subsequent stages of the story reveal still clearer proof of this.

Exactly one month later—March 25th, 1898—Lord Salisbury telegraphed to our Minister at Peking, "Balance of power in Gulf of Pe-chih-li is materially altered by surrender of Port Arthur to Russia," and consequently he was to obtain "the refusal of Wei-Hai-Wei on the departure of the Japanese," who were still in occupation pending the payment of the last instalment of the indemnity. The terms on which Wei-Hai-Wei should be acquired were to be "similar to those granted to Russia for Port Arthur." Three months were passed in dilatory discussion, but on July 1st, 1898, the lease of Wei-Hai-Wei to us "for so long a period as Port Arthur shall remain in the occupation of Russia" was signed. The words in inverted commas give only the official *précis* of the literal wording of the convention, and well-informed persons assert that the protocol places a wider construction on the arrangement than the text itself supplies. From this it appears that while Wei-Hai-Wei was to be ours during Russia's occupation of Port Arthur, it did not necessarily cease to be ours on that occupation coming to an end. There was a further contingency, or at least assumption. Port Arthur was not only to pass out of the occupation of Russia, but back into the possession of China before our tenure of Wei-Hai-Wei became null and void.

There are several matters connected with the occupation of Wei-Hai-Wei that claim attention before we consider the exact circumstances that will attend any proposal or plan for its abandonment.

It is quite clear that Wei-Hai-Wei was secured solely as a set-off against Russia's acquisition of Port Arthur. With somewhat theatrical magniloquence, Lord Salisbury declared in the House of Lords that we had placed our queen opposite Russia's queen on the political chess-board of the Far East. The public did not know at that moment of the limitations placed upon our tenure of Wei-Hai-Wei by Lord Salisbury's volunteered pledges to Germany. The reader will remember that when Germany first put forward her demands, which contained no request for any

territorial cession or lease, in November, 1897, the British Government had talked big of upholding the most-favoured-nation clause of the Treaty of Tientsin. The earlier correspondence contains several references to the necessity and the intention of maintaining that golden principle. Our action was very different from our declarations. The day after the telegram to Sir Claude MacDonald to secure "the refusal of Wei-Hai-Wei," Lord Salisbury hastened to offer by telegram explanations, quite unsolicited, at Berlin of this step, and, still worse, to tie the hands of his Government when the intention had passed into the deed. The telegram to the British Ambassador reads as follows :—

H.M.'s Government have demanded a reversionary lease of Wei-Hai-Wei, and it is possible that the German Government will address you with regard to our occupying territory which forms part of the Province of Shantung. Should this be the case, you are authorised to explain that Wei-Hai-Wei is not at present, and cannot, we believe, be made, a commercial port by which access can be obtained to any part of the province. We do not wish to interfere with the interests of Germany in that region. The action, in our opinion very regrettable, of Russia with respect to Port Arthur has compelled us to take the course we are now pursuing.

This apologetic telegram addressed to the Power that had begun all the mischief, whose high-handed procedure at Kiaochau had furnished the incentive and excuse for Russia's not more high-handed action at Port Arthur, would have been pronounced apocryphal if it were not in the Blue Book. A few months had sufficed to change the British policy from one of upholding the faith of treaties to a deferential consideration for "the interests of Germany." The telegram quoted does not stand alone. On April 2nd, Mr. Arthur Balfour, then acting at the Foreign Office for his uncle, gave it further emphasis by telegraphic instructions to our Ambassador at Berlin, of which the following is the salient passage :—"We do not anticipate that this policy will give any umbrage to German interest in Shantung, since it is not possible to make Wei-Hai-Wei a commercial port, and it would never be worth while to connect it with the peninsula by railway. If desired a *formal undertaking on this point would be given.*" It was only a few days later that Mr. Balfour ironically promised in the House of Commons that "if any British subject is foolish enough to go to Wei-Hai-Wei for commercial purposes he will have every facility."

Germany was not content with verbal assurances ; she required the "formal undertaking." She asked us to sign a declaration to the effect that "England formally declares to Germany that she has no intention, in establishing herself at Wei-Hai-Wei,

of creating difficulties for Germany in the province of Shantung, or of injuring or contesting her rights there, and more especially that in that province she will not establish railway communication." This declaration was duly given with a slight verbal alteration as to railway communication. Our promise was "not to construct any railroad communication from Wei-Hai-Wei and the district leased with that place into the interior of the province." The explanation of the official disparagement of Wei-Hai-Wei by the very Government that acquired the lease of the place is to be found in the pledges given to Germany, which fettered our movements and strangled all possibility of making it prosper. Everybody knew what was wanted to ensure the development of Wei-Hai-Wei; nothing more, indeed, than the short coast-line to the Treaty port of Chefoo. But this could not be built, through our needless and humiliating engagements with Germany. This position created by our own act was so obviously untenable and valueless that it engendered a suspicion that we were merely keeping Wei-Hai-Wei warm for Germany. Our ostensible policy was so puerile that many said it could not be our real policy. A mere blunder may sometimes seem to bear the aspect of a dark Machiavellian design.

And now after the lease has run for seven years the chief circumstance that gave it force has ceased to be in existence. Port Arthur is no longer in the occupation of Russia. Strictly speaking, the signature of the treaty putting the formal end to that occupation should be followed by our evacuation of Wei-Hai-Wei. It is quite true that diplomacy might easily find a way of averting this consequence, in the conditions under which the lease was given, because while Russia will have ceased to occupy Port Arthur, it will not have been restored to China. Nor is there any reason to expect difficulty from the Chinese Government which pressed Wei-Hai-Wei upon us in the first place, and which has always drawn some small measure of consolation from our presence there. A new lease, or the ratification of the old, can easily be obtained from the Chinese Foreign Office. Finally, it is said, and I believe it to be true, that the Japanese themselves do not desire that our departure from Wei-Hai-Wei should automatically follow their formal acquisition of Port Arthur. An interval of calm will be desirable from their point of view in the Far East after the close of the terrific struggle which is now happily concluded, and Wei-Hai-Wei, as a derelict on the ocean of international relations, might furnish material for fresh strife. Its retention by England for a further term may, therefore, be the course adopted for the sake of preserving general harmony.

But if this course is pursued it should be made clear that we do

not remain on at Wei-Hai-Wei because its retention is necessary for British interests. The place, by our own reckless promises, was deprived of its natural value at the very beginning, and there never was any temptation to expend on it the several millions required to convert it into a Far Eastern Malta or Gibraltar. The result of the late war has finally disposed of any need for a naval station in this quarter. To lock up any considerable part of our fleet in the Gulf of Pe-chih-li in the future would be voluntarily to deprive ourselves of much of the advantage we must derive from Japan's success. But, of course, the Japanese may have valid reasons for asking us to keep the Union Jack flying at Wei-Hai-Wei a little longer, and we could not very well refuse to fall in with their views and consult their convenience. For no other reason, however, should we cling to a place useless from the first by our own blunders, and now more than ever without value to us through the altered situation in the Far East.

Whatever the attendant bungling may have been, the intention in occupying Wei-Hai-Wei was the good one of upholding British interests. It was a definite act, and that was something to be thankful for in the midst of sterile words, although those who did it showed by their explanations and pledges that they were half afraid of their own deed. May it be humbly suggested to those who guide our Imperial affairs that the evacuation of Wei-Hai-Wei might be so arranged as to furnish the excuse for an act that would be far more beneficial for British interests than was its occupation? We give up Wei-Hai-Wei, either now or at some early date, because the cause of our presence there has been removed. But there are still British interests to be upheld in the Far East, and it will require strenuous and sagacious action to protect them. The creation of a Japanese hegemony on the shores of the Sea of Japan will not put an end to the keen international competitions in the Far East. England and Germany are just as much face to face in the Yangtse Valley as Japan and Russia were the other day in Manchuria. Can we not take a leaf out of Japan's patriotic book and prepare for that conflict without delay? We have had fair warning as to what is coming, and everyone who hails from the Yangtse Valley is loud in bewailing British apathy and blindness, and in contrasting them with German energy and keenness. The late German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, gave us the first warning, which we never seem to have taken to heart. It was in May, 1898, that he made the audacious assertion

that Germany, by her occupation of Kiao-chau and her Agreement with China respecting Shantung, has acquired a special position in that province, which consequently is not unreservedly open to British enterprise,

whereas Great Britain not having occupied any place in the Yangtse region, that region is still unreservedly open to German enterprise.

The reply to that statement of policy, if we were ruled with any spirit, would have been the occupation of Chusan, which the Chinese were quite willing to place at our disposal as far back as 1883. The Wei-Hai-Wei question furnishes us with an opportunity of securing the lease of a new naval station without any fettering promises to Germany that would leave no uncertainty about the clearness of our vision and the firmness of our purpose. The naval station meant would be at Tinghai, in the principal island of Chusan, where, as an English admiral once said, "the whole British fleet could ride at anchor in safety."

Our position with regard to the islands of Chusan is not generally known, and does not seem to be correctly appreciated. The facts appear to have been forgotten which justify our desire to put to practical use a claim that has long remained in abeyance. From the sentimental point of view, Chusan must always be an object of interest to us, because it was a centre of our enterprise in the days of the East India Company as long ago as the seventeenth century. It was also in our possession and subject to our authority from 1840 to 1846, and again from 1860 to 1862. The British military occupation of Chusan on those two occasions forms the most creditable episode to be met with in the long history of the relations of Europeans with China. During the first and longer period the occupation was marked by the most perfect harmony and mutual respect. The officials and the people on our departure displayed the deepest regret at the termination of our temporary rule. In a formal address, which may perhaps still exist among the records of our War Office, it was stated that "*the European soldiers never ill-treated or annoyed the inhabitants.*" That testimonial marks a contrast with the proceedings of the German soldiers during the Boxer rising, which were made known, not for the first time, but in the most formal manner, at the recent trial of Deputy Kumert at Halle. The judges of that German court, who thought that "outrage formed a necessary part of the occupation by foreign soldiers," would do well to study the record of Colin Campbell's garrison of a Chinese possession during six years.

The occupation of Chusan in 1846 is also remarkable, because it terminated with an act of prescient statesmanship that has not always characterised our proceedings in similar circumstances, as, for instance, when we restored Java to the Dutch in 1817. Sir John Davis, who then represented the British Government in the Far East, gave up Chusan in accordance with his orders, but, thinking that others might covet so valuable a possession, he

inserted two clauses in the Bocca Tigris Convention of April 4th, 1846, which safeguarded our interest in Chusan for all time. They read as follows :—

(3) It is stipulated on the part of His Majesty the Emperor of China that on the evacuation of Chusan by Her Britannic Majesty's forces, the *said island shall never be ceded to any other foreign Power.*

(4) Her Britannic Majesty consents upon her part, in case of the attack of an invader, to protect Chusan and its dependencies, and to restore it to the possession of China as of old; but as this stipulation proceeds from the friendly alliance between the two nations, no pecuniary subsidies are to be due from China on this account.

Our reversionary interest in Chusan, therefore, dates back sixty years. The question that merits consideration is, whether the withdrawal from Wei-Hai-Wei, when it occurs, will not provide us with a sufficient reason for claiming a similar lease of a naval station on Chusan. We occupied Wei-Hai-Wei as a set-off against Russia's presence at Port Arthur. We also occupied it because the balance of power was disturbed. Well, Russia has gone from Port Arthur, but Germany remains at Kiao-chau. Germany's aggressive tendencies towards the Yangtse Valley have also become more marked, and we cannot safely ignore them. She has herself been surveying islets that would suit her requirements along the Chinese coast, first off Fuhkien and latterly near the old mouth of the Yellow River. It is no longer only in the Gulf of Pe-chih-li that the balance of power has been disturbed, but throughout the whole of the Far East. The successes of our Japanese allies do not solve every problem. They may even raise new problems and new combinations that the very considerable strengthening of the Anglo-Japanese alliance by the new Treaty will go far towards providing against. One certain consequence from the present war is clear. Wei-Hai-Wei is of no further use to us, and so far as our own interests are concerned its retention means an unprofitable outlay. If the Japanese wish us to remain for a further term we are bound, as has been said, to study their wishes, but for no other consideration should we delay in restoring Wei-Hai-Wei to its proper owners, the Chinese.

The question that has then to be considered and answered is, have we need of a naval station north of Hongkong? There are many who will say that we have not, but then the successive occupations of Port Hamilton and Wei-Hai-Wei show that other opinions have prevailed. It is true that they were both measures of precaution against Russia, and the Russian menace has passed off. But if that is so, the acute stage of competition in the Yangtse Valley is only commencing, and there we have committed a suc-

cession of weak acts that suggest to onlookers that we may be squeezed, and that certainly have emboldened our rivals. All these acts of timidity and hesitation can be retrieved at a single stroke, by our telling the Chinese Government that on restoring Wei-Hai-Wei we require a lease for ninety-nine years of Tinghai similar to that granted to Germany for Kiao-chau. If we miss this favourable chance of giving force to our dormant rights over Chusan we may never have so good an opportunity of effecting the arrangement as a *pacific* measure. Chusan dominates the Yangtse estuary. The Viceroys of Central China would pay no more heed to the tales of the decadence of England, pressed on their credibility by every carpet-bagger from the Elbe or the Rhine, when they knew that our squadron always rode at anchor but a few hours' steaming from the great river. The occupation of Tinghai, in Chusan, would put fresh heart into the British community in China, discouraged by a long succession of disappointments and humiliations through the reluctance of our Government to stand up boldly to its antagonists, and almost inclined to despair of the prestige of England being restored to its ancient pinnacle in the Far East. We can only hope that Lord Lansdowne will avail himself of the easy means ready to his hand—for the Chinese Government will raise no objection—of showing the Germans that we will no more tolerate intruders in the Yangtse Valley than they have done in the province of Shantung.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.



## TO THE SNAKE-DANCE.

THE coloured porter had crossed the continent many times without catching the "Arizona fever," and he looked aghast when he said good-bye after the three days' journey. "It done beats me that you two ladies should come all the way from Chicago to get off at Winslow, Arizona." And we did not wonder at his misgivings when we saw the little shack of a town, with its forlorn row of saloons and shops along the track, its cottages braving the desert, and its livery-shed, in whose warped and paintless wagons we were to set out for Moki-land in the morning. But to the north, far in the horizon, lay a violet line, and when we walked out beyond the houses before sunset, our spirits grew bold for the journey.

We were five poor little human adventurers who started early with our two teams, leaving a larger wagon to follow us. The violet line was still violet, but its beauty was obscured now and then by rising ground, and by the row of trees which guarded the Little Colorado River. Our driver, twelve-year-old Johnny Williams, was an irresponsible, gum-chewing, garrulous lad; and when, after fording the hurrying yellow stream, he tried in vain to urge our balky horses out of it, we thought dubiously of the eighty miles of desert beyond. But the driver of our goods wagon unhitched his team to help us out, and at the neighbouring ranch we changed horses for the better, and drank of the last spring, and took a fresh start of courage.

This was the home of the goods team's driver, and here his wife joined us as cook, cheerily wiping away a tear as she bade her three little shavers good-bye. "My brother couldn' fin' no one else to cook," she explained, "an' we didn' wan' to disappoint you ladies." How satin-smooth was the Arkansas dialect of this pair! It made our consonants seem heavy and useless baggage, to be left behind with other encumbrances. I loved the woman's voice and the man's kindness, and their brave rearing of children where none before them had dared to trust the bounty of the earth. This "Rufe" was the brother of the Winslow liveryman, and our "personal conductor" to the Snake-Dance; but all things grow uncertain when one leaves steel rails and takes to the road, and Rufe's uncertainty of the way and the goal stimulated our spirit of adventure. With such vague guidance, with only two horses to each wagon for this long strange journey, almost anything might happen. Let it come, then—we drew long breaths of that clear bright air, and felt a leap of the heart for all that might befall. If not Wolpi and the Snake-Dance, then to be lost in the

desert would give us back the gallant past; we should be pioneers exploring that violet mystery which grew more beautiful beyond us—no vanishing mirage, indeed, but a ridge of something hard and real, a sudden lift of the earth, a shore for this silver sea.

How white lay the plain around us, bleaching as for ages under this burning sun; level as the ocean in a calm, but billowing now and then, here at the edge, into long breakers—deep V-shaped arroyos, the rivers of yester-year. Straight over these passed those dim marks of wheels which led us onward. Into the breakers we dipped like a lifeboat in a storm, until the backbone of our light craft cracked with the strain, and Rufe and the resourceful young railroad man, our other passenger, strengthened it with wires; until, snap!—it broke altogether and dropped us on the desert, where we waited ruefully in the sun till this same serviceable pair splinted the wound with the iron foot-rest, and persuasively bandaged it with the entire stock of wires which our fellow-passenger had hung at the back of the goods wagon for such an emergency.

As we started again this provident youth took the reins from Johnny, and gradually usurped offices from that happy-go-lucky son of the desert, and even from Rufe himself, until he became our captain-in-chief and indispensable manager—doubtless a railroad president in embryo. Like most of this Western world, he had come from much further east; behind this railroad life—these years of riding up and down with his superintendent, smoothing the ways for the traffic of the world—was a childhood of ritualistic service, Sundays as an acolyte at a candle-lit Anglican altar; and even here he was humming the familiar chants in the pauses of his Arizona stories. By this time the third carriage of our caravan was trailing along behind us—a large desert barge drawn by stout bay horses. When we stopped for luncheon, and Rufe and his wife gathered the low scant clumps of mesquite for our fire under a sun almost hot enough to kindle it, I perceived that Boston had come to Arizona in the person of a slim middle-aged professor who clung to his black clothes and white linen and little silver-handled stick in the desert, and whose speech was an importation. "If he was a reel Englishman I could stand it," said Frank, their tall cowboy driver, who had lost his front teeth in clearing the land of Mexicans, "but for an American to talk like that—by blazes, it gets me!" Frank was already growing restive, and eager for a sympathetic ear. "Do you know what that Boston man and his Flagstaff friend are dragging across this here desert? One hundred and fifty pounds of ice, and a cot bed, and more bottles and cans and rags than we can get rid of in a month." For the two gentlemen had their

private outfit and travelled in luxury. Their meal looked like a Newport picnic, and made us feel more barbarous than ever with our rougher fare.

The Bostonian and the cowboy—we needed both in our little world, and took to the road again with a singular sense of completeness. It was fitting that the new arrivals should not be in haste to pick up friends in the wilds, but they made a stately background for our democratic intimacies. For we liked being barbarians; in this wilderness we were all alike intruders, huddling together against the void. Here a few wanderers must stand for humanity, and each individual must typify his kind. What mattered the arts and artifices of life, the learning or breeding, the rank and wealth and glory which separate men from men? We were but poor little mortals out of our world, who had to fight with our great emotions lest we be overwhelmed. We must set up against them the details of the journey, the sand and stones of the road, our own good comradeship of talk and laughter, even while the desert was widening around us and that violet ridge was growing into rocky slopes which divided the light like prisms.

But the moment of change came—who does not know that moment when the soul awakes and claims the great emotion? For hours I had assailed the desert—now at last it was mine. And in that moment a name leaped out of memory with the rush and thrill of a song. The Painted Desert—we shouted the name with joy. This was the Painted Desert—how could we have forgotten the vivid word? That ridge of verdureless hills beyond us was streaked and striped and splashed with colours that burned in the sun; the whitest gleaming white, soft old-rose pink, Nile-green, and yellow ochre, and a deep blood-red. The purple haze of distance was thinning as we drew near, and leaving the colours bare. The veils of green which time has drawn in other lands were stripped here from the naked earth, and we saw her as she lay through airless and waterless ages under the fiery sun.

Against that remote antiquity how strange an anachronism was our little caravan! We, of Boston, of Chicago, of Flagstaff, we of to-day and to-morrow, invading an unpeopled planet, startling the silence of its long communion with sun and stars! For it might be a moon landscape, this Painted Desert of Arizona—a bit of that ancient moon which the new astronomy reveals, lying bare and gaunt and lifeless under the unwinking sun through the innumerable ages of its doom. A moon country, and something of the exultation which the first lunar adventurer might feel in setting foot on that burning marl, I felt in this earthly wilderness. Like him, I could not measure the feeling, nor call it by familiar names. It was not joy or terror, nor love, nor hatred. It was a

sudden gift of wings, a sudden growth into freedom. Freedom!—with great leaps of the soul we reached out toward the freedom of the desert. We knew the wild grandeur of it—of breaking bounds and possessing infinities of space and time to roam in. At last we slipped through the human meshes and found the background of vastness and silence against which life sets up its little shows.

Life?—our hearts lurched with doubts of life. The scant low sage and mesquite scarcely grew, and not even a twisted juniper tempered the heat of sand and sun. No sound of beast or reptile, no whirr of wings, not even a humming of winds made answer to our questions. As we drew into those savage hills even the pitiful plants of the desert found no foothold among the stones—not a twisted twig, not a silvery blade reminded us of our teeming earth. And these hills were an Inferno splashed with blood and streaked with fire; their level strata built up hoary devils' fortresses, huge castellated cities of the lost. Childe Roland's tower frowned down upon us—"The round squat turret, black as the fool's heart." The place seemed the scene of poets' tragedies and the rash, terrific deeds of history; and yet here was no darkness—earth mourned in the face of the sun.

It was a relief to alight from our wagons and climb out of this blazing pit; to reach the height of those vast castellations and find a friendlier plain beyond us at the new level. By this time we were thirsting, for the yellow Winslow water was less tempting than the promised spring beyond us, and, moreover, it was fitting that we thirst in the desert. The hills now were not stratified, but volcanic: queer isolated buttes bursting out of the sand in shapes symmetrical or tortuous, frowning with sullen colours. As we rounded each of them the perfidious Johnny promised us a glimpse of the Indian trader's shack, where we were to pass the night; yet beyond each slope rose another and another, till we despaired. At last a black cone fronted us, zebra-streaked from tip to centre with zigzags of white: the charred lava-showered cone of Pyramid Mountain, our last marvel in a day of marvels; and under the long, beautiful curve of its base a bit of greenery and a stockade made us shout with joy. Soon we were alighting among green bushes, stretching our stiffened limbs and drinking cool, clear water from the spring. A well in the desert—none may know the beauty of this scriptural phrase until he finds the well, as we did, after a day of sun and sand.

It was the festival of his year for Mr. Shuffin, and his heart went out to us in welcome. Months might pass after this before he would see another pale-face; we were his friends and brothers, and the best that he had was ours—water, basins, and a cook-stove, stories and long remembrance. Soon other white travellers

appeared, coming back from Moki-land, and our persuasive railroad man changed our broken wagons for their strong one, and one of our horses for a better. We supped ravenously of our usual fried bacon and potatoes, and canned corn and tomatoes, longing in vain for dozens of cool, juicy oranges with which to slake the desert thirst. Curious Navajos eyed us stolidly, or listened not too eagerly when we tried to bargain for their silver-and-turquoise rings and bracelets—men in trousers and blouses, shy, unkempt women in blouses and skirts. One of these ladies offered me a half-dollar for my shabby pink silk parasol, though its handle had been broken on the way; and I grieved that my need compelled a refusal. But her need was greater than mine, for in the morning the battered thing was gone. After all, I was glad—have I not myself longed for bits of vanity almost to the stealing point—old Roman glass, ragged Flemish lace, perhaps even the wampum necklaces of this lady's husband? I could make shift against the sun for my little journey, but she will thwart him with my pink parasol for years.

We lingered in the moonlight on Mr. Shuffin's porch listening to the tale of Frank's adventures as cowboy, section-hand, prospector, and all-round fighter. The Boston men had not kept in tune with their wild-western driver, and his free spirit was in revolt. At their supper he had been obliged to lay down the law: he was "no nigger," but as good a white man as they, and only on terms of social equality would he continue the journey. The Professor and his friend had considerably patched up a peace, but complete harmony could not be attained. So it was we and not they who heard his Arizona epic—we who had loved at first sight the tall, lank, scarred adventurer, and who now laughed under that solemn black mountain at his long warfare with the hated Mexican. It was late when we slept at last on our blankets among the bushes, under the keen stars and the white half-moon.

We were off early in the morning for the forty-mile pull to Wolpi—a more monotonous day over sandier roads, which taxed our horses' strength. To be sure, those volcanic buttes were very strange; one looked like an inverted cup—the proof, perhaps, of some god's wrath who had sought for a drink in vain; another, the Giant's Chair, needed only a few strokes of some mighty chisel—a few touches by Michael Angelo or Rodin—to show a throned god as monumental as the Sphynx, the lonely lord of the desert silently guarding his kingdom against the vicissitudes of time. The earth now was a little less arid—the mesquite clumps grew closer, we lunched in the shade of juniper trees, and once the horses had a drink at a yellow pool left in a hollow by recent rains. But we almost despaired of Wolpi, so slow and heavy was

the gradual climb. Our drivers were amiably uncertain of the way, and picked up a Navajo horseman to guide us by the shortest road. He was a beautiful creature, this Navajo, caracolling back and forth on his slim bay horse, with the crimson silk kerchief banding his forehead, and the heavy silver chains and belt over his velveteen blouse. We trusted him even when the wheel-tracks almost vanished; and at last, as the long monotonous day was drawing toward sunset, we saw him draw rein at the crest of a ridge, and point, like some fine equestrian statue, toward the promised land. We whipped our jaded horses on, and looked across a curving valley to the thin mesa of Wolpi, rising like a knife-blade out of the desert.

Our rig was ahead, and our gallant railroad friend was in control. We leaped out and in again with the glee of children, and then, with one laughing word to the horses, we dashed down that steep road at a reckless gallop. A wild rush of a mile or two brought us to the bottom, and there, with Wolpi still seven or eight miles away, we alighted and gathered brush for the supper fire. But the other wagons came up while our horses were being freed for their meal, and the Professor objected. Magnificently he commanded his driver to move "on to Wolpi," and swore by his gods that he would eat no supper short of that shadowed cliff. Frank explained that the tired horses could not make the last sandy pull without a meal and a rest, but the Professor dramatically acted out his *rôle* against the desert silence, his black figure towering in the twilight, and his super-civilised voice sounding the gamut of wrath. "On to Wolpi!" he thundered, and while we women cowered somewhere in the shadow, he winked a reassuring eye at us, and even smiled to show that he was human.

But Frank was too staunch a fighter to be moved by Bostonian threats, so we and the horses supped while the Professor and his friend marched heroically up and down. In less than an hour we were off again by moonlight, pulling slowly through the deepest sand of all our journey. Soon our road traversed corn-fields, the corn growing in thick clusters out of the dry sand. And lithe Moki youths ran towards us curiously, their brown legs bare. We told and discounted marvellous stories of their running: as of the husbandman whose field lay forty miles from his home, and who ran to and from his work every day. And at last we alighted under the frowning wall of rock, rented a government hut from the Indian owner, and spread blankets for the women on its floor, and for the men on the rock outside. We had reached it—this steep island in the desert, and we slept peacefully under its fortress walls.

The sunrise race allured us as much as the sunset dance, so we were up and breakfasting at five o'clock, while the cloudless sky reddened eastward. The mesa was whitening now, and flushing with the dawn—a straight wall six hundred feet high, which we must climb like flies. At its top the increasing light showed windows—yes, dwellings piling upward. Like Coronado's conquistadores, like our own early frontiersmen, we marvelled at these eerie habitations growing like progeny out of the very rock; pictured the fierce Apache raids which must have driven this peaceful tribe long ago to the tip of that waterless cliff.

He who has climbed to Wolpi at sunrise will never forget that sunrise. The trail opened before us as we climbed—very steep and narrow, but safe enough; we were rising out of this desert of our wanderings, leaving the shadowed valley, the huts and tents, the Bostonian—yea, all the world—asleep below. We dashed on breathlessly through the clear, cool air, fearing lest the sun should arrive before us; and paused at last, victors, at the top, with that spacious wilderness circling below us to the vast round red horizon, under whose rim waited the golden day.

That was the great moment, the moment of conquest, of achievement. We had mounted to the tip of the world, we had won the sky-city, and all things were in harmony with our joy. As we dashed through the narrow lanes to the end of Wolpi, vivid barbaric figures were waiting on rocks and roofs, with only a few pale-faces among their faces of bronze. From an overhanging rock we also searched the desert, and discovered at last five or six moving fly-specks far away. Nearer they came, these dark specks growing into men; at last we could see the bare legs running, the half-naked bodies streaked with colour; at last they were just below us, disappearing up the trail. And we crossed to the tiny plaza over the underground antelope kiva, where, in a moment, the gaudy victor dashed to his goal and took the feathered trophy; while another and another of the painted racers ran past so near that we might touch them—ran silently, swiftly, easily, their feathers and fringes streaking the windless air.

It was all very still and solemn, their passing and our lingering. Our talk and laughter sank to whispers or died on our lips, for from the dark temple underneath us rose the low chant of the antelope priests, the first strain of the Moki music. It was built on a few notes of some scale wilder than ours, and it sounded endlessly monotonous and strange; yet as we listened it seemed one with the desert and the sunrise—an aspiration, an effluence out of the heart of this occult earth. Through the square hole of entrance we dimly saw dark figures crouching at an altar, and shaking their softly-cooing rattles. Above it a man sat still as the

rock, his hands clasping his upraised knees, his eyes fixed in a level inward gaze that swerved not for our wondering. Surely the inscrutable music and the inscrutable watcher belonged to their place and hour, and we intruded too curiously upon their salutation to the sun. Yet still we lingered and listened, unable to move so long as that unchanging picture lasted—the little open space among huddled houses, the fixed oracular figure, the strange earth-music rising out of the earth, and encompassing all—far out and far below—the immensity of the desert and the rising sun.

At last we explored the three villages of the mesa while the day grew hot; the narrow lanes and tiny houses of Wolpi, the deeply rutted narrow ledge which connects it with Sichomovi, and at last the foreign Tewa, whose people make pottery and speak a different language. Everywhere the little rooms were astonishingly clean, as though freshly white-washed for the festival; and very pretty with their rows of pots and baskets, their gay blankets and garments hanging on a line, and the three worn millstones in the corner. We bargained with the hospitable people for baskets, pots, kachinas, &c., but tried in vain to persuade them to sell their jewellery and blankets. All were preparing for the festival; ugly old women were dressing their pretty daughters' hair in the big round whorls of maidenhood, and modestly braiding their own; meals were being set out or eaten—bowls of thick mush, baskets of wafer bread which looked like black flakes of charred paper. Little naked children were playing on the edge of precipices, men were sunning themselves in doorways and smiling in slow talk, women were grinding corn or painting pots, or carrying homeward their great round oyas heavily filled from the distant spring far below. And at last we visitors were growing weary of the sun, and descending the steep trail with our bowls and baskets, to lunch and rest through the heat of the day.

The sun was burning near the zenith when we slowly followed that trail again. A few light clouds deepened by contrast the sharp blue of the sky as we turned into the Snake Plaza, the largest open space of Wolpi, from whose rocky floor rose at one end the mushroom-shaped Snake Rock. At our left the plaza faced a precipice, at our right was the usual high jumble of houses, against which leaned now the *kisi*, or bunch of cotton-wood boughs bound with coarse cloth at the bottom. A narrow little balcony ran along the wall above this, and I asked permission to join two or three pale-faces who had already mounted to it. They cried out a welcome to their "hotel," as they called it, helped us up the ladder, and gave us seats on their planks, and introduced us to the hotel's proprietor, old "Mary," the most hideous thing in Wolpi, where pretty girls too quickly change into ugly old



women. One of our new friends loved a joke better than life; he called himself Mary's partner, and never tired of summoning the wizened little woman down from her airy perch above us to collect toll of each newcomer. Our Boston Professor, arriving soon after us, grew very tired of this joke and others; and I sometimes suspected that the joker, who bears a name as great in Arizona as the other's is in New England, took a malicious glee in watching him suffer. At any rate, nothing could stop his rush of laughter, which carried us along through the hours of waiting while the motley crowd gathered on every edge and ledge—even on the bulging top of Snake Rock, which was fringed by the moccasined feet of gaily dressed Navajos.

At last the U.S. Indian agent commanded silence, and even our laughter sank to whispers. The snakes were coming in, he said, and we must not excite them with noise. Indeed, they had entered just before he spoke—an old priest, carrying a heavy bag, had squeezed past me and down the ladder, depositing his burden at last in the covered base of the *kisi*. I recalled the story ethnologists tell of the nine-days' ritual which leads up to the dance; the elaborate symbolism of each detail, from the hour when the snake-priests gather in their "little elder brothers" from the desert, to the final dramatic moment of giving them back to their place. It was a nation's prayer for rain which I had come so far to witness—an object-lesson in primitive religion, the more to be heeded because it may soon be a story of the past. It was the climax of a year, as ceremonial as the Greeks'; a year of flute dances and harvest dances, and kachina dances—all the world-old rites by which an isolated people had for centuries assisted its kinship with earth and sky, its need of corn and rain, and dreams, and gods. So long had these rites been enacted, that their origin was lost in the dark abysm of time, that the very syllables of the chants were archaic, of undiscoverable meaning, no longer the spoken language of these people around me, but the dead one of their ancestors. In this hidden corner of the earth, protected for ages from the curiosity and conquest of stronger civilisations, a symbolic drama out of the world's lost past was preserved for our astonished modern stare.

Yet, how swiftly the symbol slipped away, like the allegory of a fairy-tale! A troop of gay little maids had only to cross the plaza with their trays of sacred meal, and I was watching with every sense alert, content with the spectacle, and heedless of its meaning. The entrance of the antelope priests plunged me deep into the past. Was this America or Egypt, and was I a railroad wanderer of this new century, or some Pharaoh's daughter of that lost day? This low, monotonous chant, with its strange slanting

intervals, was more her music than mine. These dark figures, be-feathered, be-fringed, their blackened faces broadly mouthed with a thin white streak, their painted bodies sashed with bright embroidery, their moccasined feet softly stamping the white rock—surely, these were the forerunners of a procession of Apis preparing to manifest their brute god.

We were all silent now, the most flippant of us yielding to the spell. The seventeen antelopes made their three circuits and lined up below us facing outward. The twenty-eight snake-priests entered and circled thrice—darker, more terrible than the others, with white jaws and black-streaked bodies and darkly-fringed leathern kirtles. As they drew up in a closer line facing the antelopes, my mind fed upon incongruities. What was this rite to the motley audience which had gathered together, like the serpents, from the four corners of the earth? To Moki and even to Navajo, each motion was a supplication, each archaic syllable a vow, and all the chances of wind and cloud were charged with portent. To the missionaries and teachers it was idolatry and ignorance—an abomination to be stamped out and forgotten. To the men of science it was a phenomenon, a miracle of survival from the primitive past of the race. To us, it was an æsthetic emotion, impossibly strange and weird, a series of postures which should move for ever on a sculptured frieze, of wild harmonies fit for the motive of a desert symphony. But what was it to the cowboy and the man of the world—to our professor who looked bored even now, and to Frank, his driver, who ranked Indians and Mexicans together in his good-natured but unchangeable scorn? At this moment we were all leaning over to watch that double line of painted and fringed and savage figures, swaying rhythmically to and fro to the beat of their low chant and softly shaking rattles. It was as though they were lulling the venomous snakes before handling them, and we also were lulled by the quiet and beautiful interlude. The chant and the swaying went on as though they would continue for ever, long enough to move the most callous of us out of our conventions, to reveal even to the unimaginative the fine sincerity of this alien people's dream; long enough to prepare us for the solemn and dramatic change.

A child, a tiny brown boy with a wreath of bright cotton-wood leaves on his black hair, stepping out from the ranks of the snake-priests, broke the monotony of deep voices with his treble chant. His solo was a signal; the music changed, and an old priest, crouching before the *kisi*, began to draw out the reptiles. Now I was back in the past again, deep in old Egypt or older Assyria, oblivious of slangy whispers and clicking cameras, even of the little dog who raised an incongruous laugh by strutting boldly

toward the *kisi*. The snake-priests broke into groups of three, and now truly one in each group became the bearer of the inscrutable, became a symbol of man's eternal quest. Very watchfully he took the rattlers and arrowheads in his mouth and outstretched hands, while his two guardians soothed them with long feathers. Not a motion of those wicked little heads was lost by these keen watchers, not a dart of the poisonous tongues.

It was strange that we felt no disgust as these groups circled the plaza with reptiles squirming over bare breasts and faces, coiling around beaded necks. A larger emotion possessed us; here were men toying with death on this high rock between the desert and the sky, tossing it gaily to their gods with dancing and song; our brothers of an earlier world were making speech with the infinite, and we felt the thrill of their awe. Here, in this far country, was a human tribe at its most poetic moment—a tribe compact as an individual, recreating its dream out of the long isolation of its past. It was giving us its utmost—its masterpiece of art, its song, its prayer—against such rhapsody could we be realists?

The music was wilder now, the dance more violent. The outstretched arms and dangling snakes, the faces masked and wreathed with reptiles, were circling the plaza while fierce voices wailed. Sharp fangs were charmed away from painted breasts; rattle-snakes, falling and coiling, were straightened by the tickling of eagle-feathers, and caught up adroitly by the neck. The antelope priests, standing steadfastly in line, were swaying and shaking their sibilant rattles.

Suddenly the chief priest darted across the dancers and sprinkled a circle of white meal on the flat rock. With a choral frenzy of song, the bearers cast their snakes in a heap within it, and leaped and shouted around it as the little maids threw over them their sacred meal. There, while the music stormed and shrieked, the clustering snake-priests leaned over the squirming serpents and gathered them up in their outstretched hands. In a trice they were out and away—to the north and south, to the east and west, down the white mesa fleetly to the four corners of the earth, that the "little elder brother" might be given back to the desert, the people's messenger to the god of rain.

And so it was over. We rose and stretched our arms and sprang down the ladder, and rubbed our eyes free of the spell. We leaped back from time's dim abyss to our own day, and made friends with our own kind—with scientists and painters and other adventurers, whom the common isolation disposed to cordiality. We gathered the Moki children around us—bright-eyed, plump little smiling brown youngsters—and gave them candy and gay

ribbons and mechanical toys : a happy, pretty little half-naked troop, mystified and enraptured over the white children's playthings, laughing especially at a rubber pig, which blew up and squeaked and collapsed. We wandered back to the other villages on the narrow mesa, to Sichomovi and Tewa, and lingered in their little lanes, bargaining once more for pottery and baskets and turquoises.

One picture, one eerie sensation of loneliness, I remember as my farewell to Wolpi. At Sichomovi I had lost my friends, and as the swift twilight was falling, I ran back several hundred yards to Wolpi to find them. Suddenly I was in a little open space between those rock-built houses, with dark faces smiling and beckoning around me, and not a white face visible. The village was emptied of its visitors, my strange hosts were come home for the night. Suddenly I knew what it meant to be lost among savages in those fierce days still so near to us. These faces were smiling, but of old they frowned ; the night was falling ; I was alone. The whole wild drama of conquest returned upon me, the desert filled with foes. And as I made my way back between darkening walls and along the narrow open ledge, I fought the old wars of my race with Apache and Navajo, and the sight of my friends was a rescue, the slow descent to our star-lit camp was a release.

[NOTE.—The English language was not made in Arizona, and it contains no words applicable to various natural formations of that desert country. Therefore, Spanish and Indian words have passed into the common speech of the people, and thence into literature. The word *mesa* (pronounced *messa*) defines that sudden lifting out of a plain of higher level strata of rock ; a mesa may be a narrow ledge, level at the top, like that of Wolpi, or a broader table-land ; but it is always a higher level of horizontal strata. An *arroyo* is a sharp, V-shaped channel in the desert, from two to eight feet deep, through which water may flow one or two days in twice or thrice as many years. A *remolino* is a sand-whirl—there are always remolinos wandering over the desert. A *butte* (rhymes with *mute*) is a desert mountain or large rock of volcanic formation, and, therefore, irregular shape, usually isolated. An *oya* is a water-jar of pottery, carried by Indian and Mexican women to and from their wells. The Mokis call their underground chambers of worship, which contain elaborate altars, *kivas* ; their bunch of boughs where the snakes are concealed, a *kisi*, and their small and curiously-painted effigies of gods, *kachinas*. The word *shack*, to any one who knows the southwest, is much more descriptive than *shanty*, though it means

little more; but shanties may be found in cities, shacks only in the wilds.

The snakes used by the Moki in their ceremony are chiefly venomous rattlers and arrowheads, and a few large, but harmless, bull-snakes, the rattlers making a large majority. The best authorities agree that the reptiles are not stupefied, nor are their fangs extracted, the snake-priests securing immunity by their skilful handling. Many authorities believe that the dark-green liquid which these priests drink after the dance, and which causes violent vomiting, is an antidote for snake-poison, and one or two students have devoted much time and many wiles to an effort to discover the secret from the old Moki women who alone know how to brew the liquid.

The Moki, or more properly Hopis, are the only tribe which preserved their paganism from the Spanish padres, and kept it even to our own day. But now it is being undermined. "There won't be many more snake-dances," said an old snake-priest, sadly. "Our children come home from the schools and laugh at the things we tell them." Not much longer, perhaps, will these strange villagers cling to their fortress rocks and follow with dance and song their mystically ceremonial year.]

HARRIET MONROE.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

### II.

One year probably after *Tamburlaine*, the poet produced *Dr. Faustus*. There was a prose history of Faustus in existence which Marlowe diligently copied (especially in the so-called comic parts), and a ballad on the same subject. Unfortunately the text as we have it (derived either from the quartos of 1604 or 1616) is more corrupt than in most of the other plays. The cause, undoubtedly, is the bad taste of the time which loved "clownage" and "fond and frivolous conceits," and the great popularity of the piece, requiring new versions for successive audiences. Phillips, in his *Theatre of Poets*, says that "of all that Marlowe hath written to the stage, his *Dr. Faustus* hath made the greatest noise, with its devils and such-like tragical sport." Alleyne acted the principal character, as he had before acted *Tamburlaine*, and evidently increased his reputation thereby. We even know how he dressed the part. A stanza in Rowland's *Knave of Clubs* (p. 22, ed. Percy Soc.) runs thus:—

The gull gets on a surplis,  
With a crosse upon his breast.  
Like Allen playing Faustus,  
In that manner was he drest.

What are we to say of this second example of Marlowe's dramatic energy? There is no doubt about the reply. Great as *Tamburlaine* was, *Dr. Faustus* is greater still. There is the same largeness of conception, the same vigour of rhetoric, the same "high, astounding terms," to which allusion is made in the prologue of the first play. But there is also greater maturity in the author. No feminine interest, such as Goethe derived from Margaret, is to be found in the work of his great predecessor. Rarely, as we have remarked, could Marlowe draw a woman. But there is decided growth in psychology. Take Mephistophilis. Here is no sneering, clever, versatile devil, "the spirit that denies," such as Goethe portrayed. Marlowe's Mephistophilis is full of an awful melancholy, a being who had had practical and memorable experience of what Faustus theoretically denies. Two dialogues between the man and the fiend will illustrate this:—

FAUST. Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy lord?  
MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

- FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?  
 MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God.  
 FAUST. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?  
 MEPH. Oh, by aspiring pride and insolence!  
 For which God threw him from the face of heaven.  
 FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?  
 MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
 Conspired against our God with Lucifer,  
 And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.<sup>1</sup>  
 FAUST. Where are you damn'd?  
 MEPH. In Hell.  
 FAUST. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?  
 MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it:  
 Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,  
 And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,  
 Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,  
 In being deprived of everlasting bliss?  
 Oh, Faustus, leave these frivolous demands  
 Which strike a terror to my fainting soul!

This is sufficiently impressive, both in style and thought. Milton could not do better than copy one of the lines in *Paradise Lost* (IV., 75).

Which way I fly is hell: myself am hell.

The second dialogue is equally significant:—

- MEPH. Now Faustus, ask what thou wilt.  
 FAUST. First, will I question thee about hell.  
 Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?  
 MEPH. Under the heavens.  
 FAUST. Ay, but whereabouts?  
 MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements.  
 Where we are tortured and remain for ever:  
 Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd  
 In one self place; for where we are is hell,  
 And where hell is, there must we ever be:  
 And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves  
 And every creature shall be purified,  
 All places shall be hell that are not heaven.  
 FAUST. Come, I think hell's a fable.  
 MEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind. . . .  
 FAUST. Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales!  
 MEPH. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the contrary.  
 For I am damn'd and am now in hell.  
 FAUST. How! now in hell!  
 Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here.

The hero is an *esprit fort*—more virile than the fiend, or, to speak more accurately, Faustus, who does not know, has more fortitude than Mephistophilis, who believes and trembles.

(1) Cf. repetition of name of "Zenocrate" in *Tamburlaine*.

So the scene proceeds, wringing our hearts; and as the curtain falls, the chorus softly whispers:—

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight  
And burnéd is Apollo's laurel bough!

I have purposely spent a good deal of time over Marlowe's two earlier dramas, because they contain his most characteristic work. Of the two dramas which must be taken next, *The Jew of Malta* and *Edward II*, the first is manifestly inferior in workmanship, and the second shows the author subject to other influences than that of his own unaided genius. Somewhere about this period in his career, Marlowe began to work at the refurbishing of old plays, a profitable industry in which Shakespeare also was engaged. It is a very speculative task to attempt to determine how and when these Elizabethan dramatists did their work—although Mr. Ingram has but little hesitation in his book on Marlowe—and whatever may be said, can only be advanced very tentatively. The first two acts of *The Jew of Malta*<sup>1</sup> are fine stuff, well-arranged and spiritedly written, with the character of Barabas, the Jew, emerging splendidly. The remaining three are, comparatively speaking, poor, jejune, machine-made work; and it is not a very improbable hypothesis that Marlowe grew tired of the play and passed it over, with a few general hints, to some inferior craftsman. Barabas, robbed of his money by the Maltese authorities, has his revenge through the instrumentality of his daughter, Abigail, and finally falls a victim to his own crafty designs. There are two fine speeches put in his mouth, one in the first act containing the celebrated line "Infinite riches in a little room," where Barabas is counting over his wealth; the other at the opening of the second act:—

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tolls  
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,  
And in the shadow of the silent night  
Doth shake contagion from her sable wings,  
Vex'd and tormented runs poor Barabas. . . .<sup>2</sup>

Just as Marlowe may have had in his eye an old play entitled *The Jew* (referred to in *The School of Abuse*, by Stephen Gosson in 1579), so Shakespeare undoubtedly had before him *The Jew of Malta* when he wrote *The Merchant of Venice*. The two poets, who had hitherto worked alone, seem to have

(1) Date about 1589. Cf. reference in Machiavel's opening speech to the death of the Duke of Guise, who was assassinated by order of the French king in 1588.

(2) Cf. Collier's *Dram; Poet*, iii., 136. The lines are quoted in *Skialetheia, or The Shadow of Truth*, 1598. Dyce, 1, 262.



worked together sometime after the production of *The Jew of Malta*. The effect was significant. Shakespeare gave up some of his earlier euphuistic tendencies, fell under the influence of Marlowe, and finally worked out his own vein independently, after Marlowe's death. Marlowe, hitherto exploiting his own genius, first became Shakespeare's schoolmaster and then his pupil. Let me repeat that these deductions are very hypothetical and speculative, but with this warning, we can advance a little dogmatically, for the sake of clearness. Refurbishing old plays was the order of the day, which, as has already been explained, was a lucrative industry, much encouraged by stage managers. It is possible that Shakespeare and Marlowe worked together on *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England* (though Greene probably had a hand in it, hence his sneers about Shakespeare's plagiarism), and while the character of The Bastard is undoubtedly all Shakespeare, *King John* contains many Marlowe passages. The three parts of *Henry VI* form another piece of work in which Marlowe may have co-operated: and here again Greene may have felt that some of his work had been utilised. When Greene in his *Groatsworth* alludes to "Tygres heart wrapt in a players hyde" he is referring to a line in *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, the play on which parts two and three of *Henry VI* are founded. Gloucester, the Lord Protector, sometimes speaks with the voice of Marlowe, according to Mr. Ingram; while it is very interesting to note that, although Kentish men do not appear in Shakespeare's other plays, they are spoken of admiringly in *Henry the Vith*. Marlowe was of course, a Kentish man. It is a good deal more than doubtful whether Marlowe had a hand in the *Taming of the Shrew*, although the fact has been asserted. As for *Titus Andronicus*, there is no positive proof of a collaboration or indeed of precise authorship, but some of Aaron's expressions are very like Marlowe, while Demetrius' words:—

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed:  
She is a woman, therefore may be won.<sup>1</sup>

are clearly Shakespeare's. But a good deal of direct or indirect imitation went on in those days and sometimes a phrase or a passage was bodily lifted from one play to another.

In illustration of the relationship between Marlowe and Shakespeare, two pieces are very significant. I have said that the later dramatist fell under the influence of the earlier at one period of his career. There is no doubt that *Richard III* was

(1) Cf. *Henry VI.*, Part i., Act V., Sc. 3. :—

She's beautiful: and therefore to be woo'd,  
She is a woman: therefore to be won.

written by Shakespeare, yet the character of the hero, with his hard, dæmonic vigour, and his absolute unscrupulousness, almost inhuman in his diabolic skill and ingenuity, is not quite of Shakespeare's customary style, if we compare it with the other kingly personages in his Histories. But it might quite conceivably be the work of Shakespeare writing in imitation, conscious or unconscious, of Marlowe's craftsmanship. Then, as has already been suggested, Marlowe from being Shakespeare's schoolmaster became his pupil. What is the proof of this? There is one very remarkable proof in Marlowe's *Edward II*, written in 1591, though possibly not produced before 1593, and one of the best of his plays. How good it is may be gathered from the fact that a keenly enthusiastic though somewhat petulant and emotional critic declares that in it Marlowe is better than Shakespeare. Mr. Swinburne in his *Essay on George Chapman* comparing it, as indeed it is natural to do in consequence of its main motive, with *Richard II*, thinks that the figures in Marlowe's drama are more lifelike and stand out more clearly as individual personalities. Of course Charles Lamb's verdict in his *Specimens of Dramatic Poets*, is well known, although it shall be quoted once more. "The reluctant pangs of abdicating royalty in Edward," he remarks "furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his *Richard the Second*, and the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted" (p. 28, *Ed.*, 1808). Both judgments strike one as extravagant. The death of Faustus is as tragic as the death of Edward II, and it would be difficult to rate either of them higher, in point of pity and terror, than the heart-breaking scene of King Lear with the dead Cordelia in his arms. Shakespeare's *Richard II* contains some of his best and most beautiful poetry, while Marlowe's play, as a matter of fact, contains fewer detachable passages of beauty than his other great pieces. The dramatic construction is better in *Richard II*, and, even in the matter of character drawing, Richard is a more interesting figure of weakness than Edward. On the other hand some of his personages are very well delineated by Marlowe—almost surprisingly well—especially Piers Gaveston, young Spenser, and the younger Mortimer. And Edward himself is not altogether wanting in nobility; witness the moving lines when in the midst of the sufferings of his dungeon, the unhappy king bursts out:—

Tell Isabel the queen, I looked not thus  
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

On the whole, however, the play is not of the usual Marlowe

type. Why? Because it was written in imitation, conscious or unconscious, of Shakespeare's work. Observe the absence of soliloquies, impassioned, rhetorical, in season and out of season. Observe the clearer discrimination of characters, who speak according to their respective nature and not all of them in the same intense Marlowe language. Observe, too, the careful subordination of poetry to the end of the drama instead of that love of poetic passages for their own sake, which makes *Tamburlaine* and *Dr. Faustus*, and even *The Jew of Malta*, glow here and there with imperishable fire. Some of Marlowe's fervour has cooled down, and that, too, in the very play usually compared with the piece which, above all, exhibits a perpetual *feu de joie* of Shakespeare's youthful poetry. We can hardly doubt that in *Edward II.* Marlowe was being influenced by, or learning from, his younger rival. Perhaps too much, however, has been made of Shakespeare's debt to his predecessor. If one might sum up the matter in a few phrases, they would run thus. It was due to Marlowe's example that Shakespeare gave up the conceits and euphuisms belonging to the early period of his dramatic work, and acquired a virile style and noble and romantic ideals. Shakespeare inherited Marlowe's blank verse as an instrument, and perfected it, adding much to its suppleness and its adaptability, both for purposes of narrative and soliloquy. It seems more than probable that Marlowe and Shakespeare worked together on old plays, e.g., *King John*, *Henry VI*, and, more doubtfully, *Titus Andronicus*. Lastly, Shakespeare took a few phrases from Marlowe and incorporated them in his work. Here are a few of the obvious imitations. We naturally turn in the first place to *The Merchant of Venice* in relation to *The Jew of Malta*. Barabas says (*Jew of Malta*, Act I., 2) to the officers :—

Why I esteem the injury far less  
 To take the lives of miserable men  
 Than be the causers of their misery.  
 You have my wealth, the labour of my life,  
 The comfort of mine age, my children's hope :  
 And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong.

Shylock says (*Merchant of Venice*, IV., i.) :—

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
 You take my house when you do take the prop  
 That doth sustain my house : you take my life  
 When you do take the means whereby I live.

So, again, Barabas says to Abigail, his daughter (*Jew of Malta*, Act II., i) :—

Oh, my girl,  
 My gold, my fortune, my felicity. . . .  
 Oh girl, oh gold, oh beauty, oh my bliss !

And we hear of Shylock crying of "his ducats and his daughter."  
(*Merchant of Venice*, II., viii.)

Once more Barabas says (Act II.) :—

I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
Heave up my shoulders, when they call me dog,  
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.

And Shylock says (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., iii.) :—

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, &c.

Let us turn to parallelisms in other plays. Where did Shakespeare catch the rhythm of Romeo's address to Juliet? (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., ii.) :—

But soft, what light from yonder casement breaks,  
It is the East, and Juliet is the Sun!

Here it is, in *The Jew of Malta*, Act II. :—

But stay, what star shines yonder in the East,  
The load-star of my life—if Abigail.

Where, again, did he catch the phrase (*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III., ii.) :—

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds  
Towards Phœbus' mansion:

save in Marlowe's *Edward II.*? :—

Gallop again, bright Phœbus through the sky. . . .

Shakespeare's—

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,

is well known. Listen to *Edward II.* for a suggestion. Mortimer says :—

Base fortune, now I see that in thy wheel  
There is a point to which when men aspire  
They tumble headlong down.

Sometimes Shakespeare seems simply to copy. The speeches of the First Player in *Hamlet*, Act II., Sc. ii., concerning Priam and Pyrrhus and Hecuba are very like what we find in Marlowe's *Dido*. Compare especially—

Unequal match'd  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage, strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerv'd father falls.

(*Hamlet*.)

and

Which he disdain'd, whisk'd his sword about,  
And with the wind thereof the King fell down.

(*Dido*.)

Marlowe's bombastic phrase, "Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia," is echoed by Fistol (ii. Henry IV., II., iv.), who says:—

Hollow, pamper'd jades of Asia.

In *Tamburlaine*, Part I. Act V., Sc. ii., Zabina says:—

Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels,

just as she is preparing to commit suicide; and in *Hamlet*, IV., v., Ophelia says: "Come, my coach," just before her piteous death. I have already referred to *Troilus and Cressida* (II., ii.).

Why she is a pearl  
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,

obviously taken from Faustus' invocation to Helen.

On two occasions Shakespeare quotes Marlowe's lyrical poems.

In *Merry Wives*, III. i., Sir Hugh Evans sings:—

To shallow rivers to whose falls,  
Melodious birds sing madrigals:  
There will I make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies—

lines which come from *The Passionate Shepherd*, while in *As You Like It*, Act III., v., we have the notorious reference to Marlowe in words taken from his *Hero and Leander*:—

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?

Doubtless more might be added; but perhaps these examples will suffice to prove how carefully Shakespeare studied the plays of his great predecessor.<sup>1</sup>

There is no necessity to say much about the two remaining plays of Marlowe. *The Massacre of Paris*, which, anyhow, must have been composed after August 2nd, 1589, the date of Henry III.'s death, who expired in consequence of a wound he had received from Jaques Clement on the preceding day, was in all probability the latest of the poet's pieces, and is, almost cer-

(1) Cf. too, the use of word "spangled," i., *Tamb.*, V., ii.

The fiery *spangled* veil of Heaven.

and *Mid. Night's Dream*, II., i. :—

By fountain clear or *spangled* starlight sheen.

and *Tam. of S.*, IV., v. :—

What stars do *spangle* heaven with such beauty?

tainly, the worst. It ought to be said, however, that in the form in which we have it, the text is exceedingly mutilated and full of corruptions. It appears that Alleyn acted in it the part of Guise, who is fashioned after the model of most of Marlowe's aspiring heroes. Witness the following passage :—

What glory is there in a common good  
That hangs for every peasant to achieve?  
That like I best, that flies beyond my reach.  
Set me to scale the high Pyramides  
And thereon set the diadem of France;  
I'll either rend it with my nails to nought  
Or mount the top with my aspiring wings  
Although my downfall be the deepest hell.

But how little have these sentences in common with Marlowe's "mighty line!" And think of a dramatist who, having to tell the story of St. Bartholomew's night, makes little or nothing of the characters of Catherine de Medici and Coligny! *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, is probably an early composition or else begun early and laid aside. The tradition is that it was written in collaboration with, or else finished by, Nash, the biting satirist. It is not deficient in fine passages, although, strangely enough, considering that Marlowe was a good scholar, he makes two curious mistakes. He converts Iliöneus into Iliöneus—

Like Iliöneus speaks this nobleman,  
But Iliöneus goes not in these robes.

And he makes an army march to Tenedos, which is an island—  
And so in troops all march'd to Tenedos.

It is, perhaps, interesting to remember that in Christ Church, Oxford, a Latin play, under the title *Dido*, was represented in 1583 for the amusement of Prince Alasko, written by Dr. William Gager, and in 1564 a play in hexameters on the same subject was performed before Queen Elizabeth in the chapel of King's, Cambridge. It was written by Edward Haliwell. The beautiful fragment, *Hero and Leander*, with its continuation by George Chapman, and the charming pastoral, *Come live with me and be my love* (once attributed to Shakespeare, but rightly given to Marlowe in *England's Helicon* [1600]), have already been mentioned in another reference.

Marlowe's death, like the greater portion of his life, is clouded in mystery. We do not know how Marlowe looked in the flesh; no portrait of him survives, no bodily presentment, which might bring his personality home to us. And the man, who is a problem to us in his daily existence, is equally a problem when

he comes to die. One thing is certain. In the very prime of his life—he was twenty-nine years old—he died a violent death at Deptford. The record in the parish church of St. Nicholas at Deptford is clear. "Christopher Marlowe, slaine by Francis Archer the 1st of June, 1593." The "fatal age" for reformers and young men of promise, as Camille Desmoulins called it, was fatal also for him. He was eight months short of thirty. But when we get beyond this simple fact, all is confusion. We do not know who Archer was or what he was. One account calls him "a bawdy serving man, a rival of his in his lewd love."<sup>1</sup> Another speaks of a certain Ingram, who may be Archer, who invited Marlowe to a feast and was playing "tables" with him.<sup>2</sup> There is no real doubt that the scene of Marlowe's death was Deptford; nevertheless one writer<sup>3</sup> says it occurred in "a streete in London." The manner of his death is equally doubtful. A most circumstantial story is told by Beard in his *Theatre of God's Judgments* (1597), from which it appears that "Marlin" (Marlow is written in the margin) "purposed to stab one whom he ought (owed) a grudge unto, with his dagger." "The other party perceiving so avoided the stroke, that withal catching hold of his wrist, he stabbed his own dagger into his own head, in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be wrought, he shortly after died thereof." But Beard is not altogether trustworthy, for he is collecting all the instances he can find to prove that ungodly people have a terrible end, and he is evidently anxious to improve the occasion. He adds, for instance, as a graphic touch, that Marlowe "cursed and blasphemed to his last gasp, and together with his breath an oath flew out of his mouth." Nevertheless this account is the one which obtained more or less credence afterwards. Vaughan (*Golden Grove*) says that the poet was stabbed in the eye and that his brains came out at the dagger's point. Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* (ii., 7), follows Beard. A reference to this current story is to be found in *The Returne from Parnassus* (which seems to have been acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth, though not printed till 1606).

Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd Muse,  
Alas, unhappy in his life and end.

So far, we discover that Marlowe died suddenly, that he had a quarrel with one Archer, that he tried to stab him, and that he was himself stabbed by his own dagger. Also it is plain that the reason why the poet lived at Deptford, was that the plague

(1) Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, &c. (1598).

(2) Vaughan, *Golden Grove*, &c. (1600).

(3) Rudierde, *Thunderbolt of God's Wrath*, &c. (1618).

was raging in London. These are the only data, but of course they can be embroidered by the imaginative to any extent. Mr. R. H. Horne's *Death of Marlowe: a Tragedy* (1870) is a stately poem and well-known, as it has passed through several editions. But the most elaborate conjecture on this subject is to be found in Mr. Ingram's *Christopher Marlowe* (p. 242). Lying off Deptford, he tells us, was Drake's famous vessel, *The Golden Hind*, which was an object of much wonder and curiosity to all and sundry. Queen Elizabeth visited it, amongst others, and after this royal visit, the ship became a popular place of resort for holiday folks. The cabin was converted into a banqueting room, or saloon for refreshments, and as a matter of fact, there is an allusion to something of the sort in the play of *Eastward Hoe!* (1605, Act III., Sc. i.) in which Ben Jonson, Chapman and Marston collaborated. "We'll have our provided supper," says one of the characters "brought aboard Sir Francis Drake's ship, that hath compassed the world, where with full cups and banquets we will do sacrifice for a prosperous voyage." Hither, according to Mr. Ingram, Marlowe came with some companions and the fatal quarrel with Archer occurred on board *The Golden Hind*, after a feast in which "tables" (*i.e.* draughts) were being played. The wound may, he adds, have been either accidental or intentional; but all the authorities assert it to have been intentional.

I do not know that any comment can add to the pathos of this sudden and violent death. At the age of twenty-nine dies a poet and dramatist, who had written the best tragedy in *Dr. Faustus* and the best historical play in *Edward II*, which had hitherto appeared on the Elizabethan stage. He had also written a pastoral of wide popularity, to which Raleigh thought fit to compose an answer, and two sestiams of a poem, *Hero and Leander*, which was at least the equal of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*. He had shewn signs of steady growth and development in his dramatic art, for *Edward II* is clearly devoid of some of Marlowe's worst faults, and we may assume with some certainty that it came late in his career. As a poet he had moments of genuine inspiration: he was as Shakespeare says "of imagination all compact." As a dramatist he had grandeur, nobility, rhetorical strength, but also a certain extravagance and bombast, which we may properly call youthful, because he evidently tried to curb this tendency as he grew older. He was singularly devoid of humour, it is true; but a man, who has a golden mouth and a large utterance, is not usually well provided with the wise restraint of this quality. In the portrayal of character he was becoming more accomplished as time went



on, as we can easily see by comparing Guise and Gaveston with his earlier portraits. And as a dramatist, in the strict sense of the word, he was improving, for he was learning to speak less with his own mouth and more through the mouths of his personages. *Edward II* is an extraordinary change in this respect.

What Marlowe accomplished we know. What he might have accomplished, if he had lived longer, we can only surmise. But that he would have rivalled Shakespeare and added some imperishable masterpieces to English literature, is certainly not beyond the bounds of reasonable probability. Fate determined otherwise. The fury "with the abhorred shears" severed the thread of a promising career. "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight, and burnéd is Apollo's laurel bough."

His contemporaries, at all events, realised the loss which they and England had sustained, and offered generous tributes to their dead friend. George Feele in 1593 alluded to "Marley the Muses' darling": Nash in the same year burst out "Poore deceased Kit Marlowe!" George Chapman in 1598 declared that he was "up to the chin in the Pierian flood." Ben Jonson referred to his "mighty line"; Henry Petowe (who tried to continue his *Hero and Leander*) spoke of "Marlo admired, whose honey-flowing vaine, No English writer can as yet attaine." But perhaps Michael Drayton's is the best tribute of all.

Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,  
Had in him those brave translunary things  
That the first poets had.<sup>1</sup>

"Brave, translunary things!" It is a fine phrase—perhaps as fine as any we can discover to offer at Marlowe's shrine. But Marlowe himself put it more exquisitely when he wrote of "one thought, one grace, one wonder at the least," always hovering in the poet's head and always inexpressible in verse.

W. L. COURTNEY.

(1) *The Battaile of Agincourt, Elegies, &c.* By Michaell Drayton (1627).

## TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

It is rightly pointed out in the *Chronicle* of the Berlin Royal Technical University,<sup>1</sup> that was published on the occasion of the tercentenary of that institution in 1889, that the after effects of the mighty development which followed upon the great events of 1866 and 1870-71 were not immediately manifest, but only dawned upon the Germans by degrees; that Teutons had to emancipate themselves from conditions and views to which they had become accustomed, and to familiarise themselves with a new and more expansive order of things, which took them all by surprise, exceeding, as it did, all that they could possibly have contemplated. This, of course, refers to the enormous strides on the road of progress in industry and business that the new German Empire began to take just over thirty years ago. Every large town in the Empire has since then vastly increased in size, and its external appearance, its hygienic arrangements and methods of traffic have all kept pace with the complete revolution in modes of thought that its inhabitants have gone through as to the requirements of life. A glance at the statistics of the Empire will show that the people of Germany, through their own municipal and other sources, together with the contributions from the State, have been paying for elementary, secondary, higher, and technical education not much less than they have done for the defence of the country.

Lord Rosebery told the people of Leeds two years and a half ago that it was most desirable to bring home to the minds of the nation the necessity of greater efficiency. "Educate," he said, "educate, educate, was the word that we seemed to hear in half the news reports of the world. . . . It had been hoped we should have caught up Germany, but the most distressing figures with regard to education were the German ones." Some time afterwards Mr. Haldane, M.P., came over to Berlin and gathered elaborate details about the activity of the Royal Technical University at Berlin, and Lord Rosebery again stepped forward to speak in eloquent terms of Germany's success in the sphere of technical education.

If only the general public could be induced to take up this matter of higher technical education seriously, and to devote intelligent interest to fathoming and examining the intellectual causes of

(1) Wrongly spoken of in England as an "Imperial Charlottenburg." The name of the University is "Die Königliche Technische Hochschule zu Berlin."

German prosperity, the time, otherwise wasted on acrimonious and useless political polemics, would be applied to a more profitable kind of rivalry. Impulsive efforts to wake up are made from time to time; but the agitation to do so, like movements for the reform of the army, generally fizzles out in exaggeration. One side exposes weak points in our system, declares that the Continent is far ahead of us in intelligence and knowledge, and recommends the immediate adoption, in the form of patchwork, of part of the German system; and then the other side, consisting of those always unwilling to reform, seizes the advantage, pointing out that our energy and prosperity, which are undeniable, will carry us through everything. In this way the temporary alarm is assuaged and the nation slumbers again.

It would be more sagacious to admit that a part of the German system could not with advantage be transplanted to Britain unless it were found possible to transplant the spirit of the whole system. One must bear in mind that each section of the German system is an integral part of the whole. Every youth in the empire is trained methodically and suitably to his station, and develops according to the amount of intelligence he possesses. He must advance in knowledge every year to suit the standard prescribed by law before he can proceed any higher. He is thoroughly grounded with the rudiments of learning at every stage. No young German of the higher spheres of society would be sent to a foreign university with a certificate that he was excellent at football and all other outdoor sports, had a good moral character and pleasant manners, and—was fairly acquainted with Latin! I am not exaggerating. Certificates of the nature just sketched are frequently brought over from British schoolmasters by students seeking permission to attend the technical universities in Germany, and not infrequently they are couched in still more humorous terms! On the other hand it is satisfactory to know that in general the young fellows are better *students* than their Teuton *confrères*, for they arrive interested in their subjects, and willing to learn; and it is said by the professors that they work steadily. German students, weary of having been so long under a severe yoke, are wont to devote at least one year to sheer idleness and revelry. But, unfortunately, many of the British students lack on arrival that preliminary general knowledge which is a *sine quâ non* for every German youth who seeks higher technical or classical instruction.

This is a complaint also made at home, for last year Professor Alexander, of the University of Manchester, when distributing prizes at Burnley Grammar School, said:—

In order that they (*i.e.*, people who were going to occupy the higher places in the world of industry) might take advantage of the higher

technical training, the essential pre-requisite was that boys should be trained in the ordinary course of a secondary school. The greatest difficulty which managers of the higher technical schools found at present was that the students did not know enough of the ordinary school course. A boy who was well-grounded in mathematics, who knew how to express himself in good English, and who had learnt something about his country, was better qualified and would turn out a better student of technology than if he had been trained wholly and solely in acquiring certain special knowledge which was to be made use of in that higher education.

This is precisely the German contention; and German legislation has acted up to it. It is quite right that we should be agitated as regards the fate of our industrial pre-eminence, and we cannot avoid looking upon Germany as our chief rival in this field. One of the main causes of this successful rivalry is that no youth in Germany can proceed from any secondary school to a classical or technical university unless he can show that he is fitted to do so by passing the test which is called the "leaving examination"; and one of the distinctive features of the German system of education, as compared with that of England, is that the best education in the land can be obtained in Germany for a relatively insignificant price. Schools are not worked in Germany on a commercial basis: they are State institutions (with the exception of a very few that are subject to the same requirements), and the masters are in all cases men possessing a State certificate authorising them, as trained instructors, to teach. It is only a small minority of British parents who can afford to send their sons to our large public schools (gymnasiums as they would be called in Germany), and university education also is only open to a comparative few in England in consequence of the expense that it involves. On the other hand, almost every German town has at least one gymnasium and one "Real-Schule" (commercial school), and the total cost at either of them does not exceed (according to the age of the boy) from £4 16s. to £6 per annum, exclusive of books and (as the children live at home) of board. Hence it is not necessary for a boy in Germany to cost his parents more than £50 per annum whilst he is at a secondary school, inclusive of board. Thus *every* German boy is certain to obtain the very best elementary or secondary education according to his station in life; and his own self-respect assures him this advantage, for otherwise he would be pointed at by his comrades (for which process he has an innate aversion), and would ruin his prospects in life and become *déclassé*, as even the army in Germany is no refuge for ignoramuses.

The Government authorities in all the German States—we may say the Ministers of Education and their numerous counsellors, all highly educated men experienced in matters connected with educa-

tion—early acknowledged and appreciated the gigantic progress that was bound to be made—and was actually made—in the nineteenth century owing to discoveries in science. Scientific research was organised everywhere by the State authorities, at first with limited financial resources, but ultimately with a lavish distribution of funds, and in the chief industrial districts of the empire the great magnates of industry also contributed generously.

Germany has beyond dispute invaded with success the fields of chemical and mechanical industry in which Britain was formerly foremost, and has established herself there. During the first half of the nineteenth century English engineering had practically no serious competitor in the market of the world; but in the second half Germany and America entered the arena of competition, and we cannot blink the fact that British exports in this branch of industry have considerably diminished, whilst the Germans and Americans now compete also with our manufacturers in our own home market. Coincident with this is the fact that the German Technical Universities, which were founded barely a hundred years ago as commercial schools on a very modest basis, now take rank with the highest intellectual establishments of the land. After the German Emperor gave the Prussian Technical Universities the right to confer the degree of Doctor of Engineering (*Doktor-Ingenieur*, to be written in German letters), the other German Federal States followed suit, so that now technical science is recognised by the State all over the German Empire as of equal rank with the branches of knowledge taught at the old classical universities.

The following remarks of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain, taken from his speech at the first congregation of the Birmingham University in July, 1901, are striking in this connection :—

The more I study this question of higher education the more I am convinced of our own deficiencies, both absolutely and in comparison with those of other nations which are our competitors in the struggle, I won't say for existence, but, at all events, for a foremost place in the rank of the nations of the world, and I regard this opening time of the twentieth century as a critical time in the history both of education and of higher education, which has hitherto been too much neglected. I am convinced that *unless we overcome the innate conservatism of our people in regard to the application of the highest science to the commonest industries and manufactures in our land* [my italics], we shall certainly fall very far behind in the race.

It is the belief of many of our most eminent scientific men in England—let me only cite the names of Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and Professor Meldola—that whatever loss of ground we, as a nation, have incurred in industrial progress, is

largely due to the lack of systematic scientific education in the land; and I do not know who will dispute the fact that the appreciation of the bearing of science upon industry has been one of the chief factors in the raising of Germany to her present position in the field of industry, whereby that empire has transformed its rôle as pupil to that of a rival of Great Britain within less than a century. There is no example in the history of education that can be compared with the rapid and extraordinary progress of technical education that has taken place within the last thirty years in Germany.

Let me here quote a passage from an article written by Professor Meldola in 1899, than whom nobody in England is better able to give an opinion on the subject:—

Our educational machinery is still so far behind that of our Teutonic colleagues and competitors, that the German universities are all largely recruited by English and American students who are preparing for careers as chemical manufacturers. In stating that this condition of affairs is discreditable to our country, we are only paying our German friends that homage due to a nation which has all along recognised the supreme importance of the bearing of science upon industry. While we have been expending large sums in promoting "Polytechnics" of our own type, the Germans have been extending and improving their educational institutions so as to provide the highest and most specialised kind of instruction by the best experts that their country could supply. In brief, we have been "playing to the gallery" while the Germans have been addressing themselves to the private boxes and the stalls. (*Cf.* an article on "Technical Chemists as 'made in Germany,'" *Nature*, February 16th, 1899.)

In recent years Continental as well as American firms have entered the English market, and have sold to industrial concerns and to the large municipalities machinery of various descriptions, and complete installations for power generation, including steam-engines, boilers, dynamos, and electrical apparatus. It is also noteworthy that the Westinghouse Machine Company has been able to establish a branch factory right in the industrial heart of England.

If modern German or American machine-shops are compared with English factories of established reputation, the superiority of the former is generally acknowledged in every kind of equipment as regards tools, cranes, and other facilities. At the same time the accuracy of the British workman, as far as handwork is concerned, is also still acknowledged as unrivalled; but this does not out-balance the disadvantage just mentioned, for modern engineering aims at abolishing all handwork wherever tools can be devised to take its place.

Want of technical knowledge has also repeatedly placed England in the background in recent years, despite the fact that it was

English engineers who conceived the improvements at the same time as, if not earlier than, their foreign competitors. The latter, being better fortified with the necessary scientific knowledge, have developed an idea conceived in Britain into a technical and commercial success. I refer to the use of the waste gas of blast furnaces in gas-engines. The first steps in this direction were made in England, and shortly afterwards in Germany and Belgium; but the development of the modern large gas-engine, and its rapid introduction, are almost exclusively due to the active and intelligent work of Continental engineers. Even the Parsons steam turbine, which is, beyond doubt, an English invention, only became a success after its construction had passed into the hands of a Swiss firm, which added a number of important improvements not only to the electrical part, but also to the mechanical construction and the design of the turbine itself.

The scope of these remarks must not be exaggerated. They refer generally—to the ruck of men engaged in those industries in which the application of the laws of technical knowledge plays an important rôle. The present condition of things has unhappily seriously affected the commercial success of England in some important fields of modern engineering and chemistry; but one must not conclude that Britain no longer produces men who in scientific as well as practical engineering take the same, if not a higher, rank amongst the best authorities of her competitors. A great deal of scientific progress in technical science has been due in the past, and is still due, to the private work of independent individual Englishmen who sacrifice their best time and knowledge, as well as large sums of money, to the investigation of modern problems. Amongst the classics of technical literature of former and recent date are to be counted, as is readily acknowledged and emphasised by Germans, a considerable number of British names; and in all branches of practical engineering we still find British engineers who are second to none in theory as well as practice.

What, then, are the reasons of the vanishing success of British engineering if they are not to be sought in individual shortcomings? This is the question I posed in a recent conversation with a well-known and very competent professor of one of the German Technical Universities, who has had exceptionally wide experience in matters connected with the application of engineering knowledge to practice in America as well as Germany. He was selected for his present post on account of this special aptitude.

The reasons (he said) are of a general and fundamental nature. To a certain extent the conservative<sup>1</sup> character of the English nation may be

(1) Cf. the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain's speech, quoted above.

considered to be an obstacle to rapid progress and vigorous development. I may compare, in the first place, the practice of the technical societies and institutions of England with the "Association of German Engineers." Your English societies have retained all the dignity of scientific corporations, but they do not lay themselves out to propagate information concerning technical development and scientific progress among the large class of practical engineers. Their papers do not meet the demands of active life; they only pass into the hands of a very limited number of friends of the institution, and lose most of their original interest and importance by the obsolete method of their publication. The general crowd of engineers only get the periodical publications which are sold in the book market; and, however good may be the intentions of their editors, their importance for the technical reader is certainly greatly diminished by the fact that their chief purpose is to yield a commercial profit.

Another factor to be taken into consideration is that those Englishmen who go to the Continent—to Germany, for example—for the purpose of widening the field of their technical knowledge are, in general, seriously hampered by their traditional unwillingness to learn foreign languages thoroughly.

But the most essential and most fundamental reason for the diminution of industrial success in England is—from our German point of view—the absolute lack of any *educational system*, adequate to the demands of modern industry—that is to say, a uniform scientific and practical education fit for a staff of engineers. I will not compare, point by point, the educational institutions of my own country with those of yours. This would take us too far; and I do not want to criticise any special technical school. I will try, however, to give you an idea of what I mean, by dealing with results, and by showing you what we consider in Germany to be the modern elements of systematic education, technical science and its adaptation to practical manufacture and business life.

Of course, I do not insinuate that all our German ideas should be transplanted to England, or that they could be—they might not all suit British conditions, however high their merit. We are attached to a system that we have developed on a firm basis; this might appear to a Briton to be a limitation to individual liberty.

Still, there must be some foundation for my views of British technical education at the present time; for, whereas in former generations German engineers, who went abroad to complete their technical education and enlarge their experience, invariably visited England for this purpose, they no longer do so, but wend their way to the United States. It is the same with Americans. The latter either stay at home or come to Germany for study, but not to England.

A German easily learns a foreign language; and in America the large number of German Americans form an element which acquires, without any difficulty, sufficient command of the German language to follow up German technical publications. German engineers go to the States either to stay there, thereby adding to American enterprise and activity the advantages of a thorough technical education, or else they come back after they have adopted whatever new and useful ideas they have discovered in the mechanical shops or in American business methods. Thus there is an active interchange of practical experience and technical science between Germany and the United States which brings advantages to the two parties concerned. The same applies to Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries. On the other hand, England participates very little



in this exchange, as foreigners do not see any advantage in going to England, whilst the English, for the most part, will not learn the languages of the European Continent properly.

That men engaged in industry and commerce in Great Britain are actually turning their thoughts along grooves similar to what the German professor has delineated in the lines just cited can be seen from remarks repeatedly published in the British Press. I may cite here the gist of a speech by Sir F. Forbes Adam, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, delivered on January 11th last, at a meeting presided over by the Lord Mayor of Manchester, and convened to discuss the connection between universities and commerce.

The chairman proposed the subjoined resolution :—

That it is highly desirable that more graduates of the universities and other persons who have received education on the university standard should be drawn into business, and that there is a need in this city of some organisation whereby such of them as desire to enter business may be brought into contact with its business houses

Whereupon Sir F. Forbes Adam stated that in conversation, on the platform, or in the Press, it was accepted without cavil that in the present intense international competition of the trade of the world the highest-trained intellects are regarded as essential. And yet we found apathy and indifference when we came to take practical measures to ensure that in this country we should do as other countries had done, and use these highly-trained intellects to the best advantage. It was necessary to secure an organisation in this great centre of industrial life which in process of years might place us on an equal footing with Germany, the United States, or other countries. What they proposed to do would in no way interfere with the prospects and promises of the future for those who had not the opportunity of higher or university education, and who went straight from the grammar schools or other schools into commercial life. It was necessary that there should be a bridge over which they could carry those who had received a university or special training, at the more advanced age of twenty or twenty-one, into commercial pursuits.

The technical and commercial success of the United States of America may be due to a great extent to the magnificent nature of a rich country and the youthful vigour of a well-mixed young population; but, on the other hand, the equally astonishing development of German industry must be attributed chiefly to the thorough education of the German engineer that ranges over all the fields of science. He is able to co-operate with energy with

the intelligence of the man of business and with the spirit of enterprise of the financier who brings the sinews of war.

The German professor continued :—

The main feature of our modern German views on technical education is that it is as necessary as it is advantageous for an engineer to have a thorough, as well as a systematic, education, in all the curricula of engineering. Individual versatility is indispensable for a universal and ready understanding between the various factors.

A thorough scientific and systematical education has not always been appreciated by all technical men. In the infancy of engineering science and industrial life, the words "theory" and "practice" conveyed ideas that were by nature supposed to be diametrically opposed to one another. Scientific men solved the problems of technical theory, but the results of their calculations were not adapted to practical use, and often seemed out of keeping with practical experience. But "practical experience" of this kind was often over-estimated. The "practical" man who was useful at his work looked down upon the "theoretical" crank in the office. A thorough theoretical education was considered desirable only for a very limited number of men in the draughting office—the large number of mechanical shopmen, erecting engineers, salesmen, and technical officials of various kinds, who comprise the vast engineering staff of an industrial country, regarded in those days a systematical education as a useless waste of time. They passed a more or less extensive apprenticeship, and in the course of time picked up some technical expressions, rules, and calculations without method or system. Some of them acquired, after many years of practical service and private work, a certain knowledge of the theoretical principles in their special line of work, if they had mental capacity, and if their superiors were intelligent.

During that time an engineer would be a useful man without knowing anything of what was going on outside his own special line of work. Industrial plants were of remarkable simplicity; co-operation with engineers of other branches was seldom needed. It would have been ridiculous then to expect theoretical training from the engineer who took charge of the plant.

But a change has come over the old order of things. The steam-engine builder has to work in close connection with the manufacturer of electrical generators; and pumps, cranes, and winding engines are driven by electromotors for all kinds of currents. The situation has been rendered still more complicated by the introduction of the gas engine and the steam turbine. A modern iron and steel plant, a transatlantic steamer, the plant of a mine, even a modern office building, all have a variety of engines, and machinery of every description. Thus modern engineering requires not only the constant co-operation of a number of specialists for the construction, erection, and installation of a plant; but it is necessary to have a skilled man, well up in various fields of engineering, to keep it in good working condition. Theory is now wanted even to run a plant successfully.

Further, the heads of industrial concerns, who intend to keep up with modern improvements; the banker who is desirous of investing money in promising inventions; municipalities; governments;—all require the constant advice of competent engineers. Similar considerations apply to civil engineering, mining, metallurgy, chemistry, and all the various departments of modern engineering. In order to be competent nowadays, an

engineer must be proficient, at least, in the numerous fields of engineering science and practice. It is impossible for the average man to acquire even a sufficient smattering of knowledge in this immense field of learning in the old empirical way. *A universal system based upon scientific principles must take the place of the individual self-instruction plan that was the pride of former generations.* The complexity of modern problems constantly increases the number of subjects which cannot be dealt with in an elementary way. Hence all classes of practical engineers must be now familiar with theory and scientific methods to such an extent at least as is required to comprehend modern publications. The consequence of the new order of things is that the demand for engineers that have had a thorough theoretical training is constantly increasing.

The designer in the draughting office, the man in the shop, the erecting engineer, the salesman, the superintendent of industrial works, the consulting engineers, the heads of industrial concerns—all of them feel the necessity of acquiring a thorough education based upon the combination of scientific methods with practical experience.

Owing to the spread of systematic training, a new method for advertising has been adopted in Germany. The machines in question are tested practically before the eyes of the customer. As an instance of this I may mention that the first complete and detailed test of an English steam turbine was made by German engineers at the instigation and request of a German buyer. Tests of this kind are published with full details, and as such are of immense value to the technical world.

The technical Universities (*Technische Hochschulen*) of Germany are a product of the nineteenth century—a product, too, of German method, push, and perseverance—as much to be admired as creations of method as the whole educational system of the empire and the systems of the army and the navy.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century technical institutions in Germany were founded for the training of craftsmen, mechanics, and engineers; and it is noteworthy that the impetus for establishing these institutions was derived from England. In the years between 1776 and the end of the eighteenth century, the attention of Germans was drawn to the achievements of Watt and Boulton; to the first spinning machines of Hargreaves and Arkwright; to Cartwright's mechanical looms, which enabled the British textile industry to command the admiration and envy of the world. In those days Germans depended entirely on English engineers and technical craftsmen; and Germans were sent to England to learn how to use and how to construct machinery. But the difficulties they had to contend with engendered the desire to emancipate the Fatherland from foreign patronage; and then the germs of the modern technical schools of Germany took root.

After about eighty years of progressive work at Berlin the then  
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existing two technical colleges were amalgamated in 1879 into what is now known as the Royal Technical University of Berlin.<sup>1</sup> There are now over 4,000 students there. The technical universities are all divided into "departments," according to the various branches of instruction—architecture, civil engineering, electrical engineering, naval engineering, chemistry, and physics.

For students entering the mechanical or electrical departments an apprenticeship of one year in a machine or electrical shop prior to the commencement of study at the university is required. It is not intended to turn students into skilled workmen—from three to four years in the shops would be necessary for this; but to render them familiar with the various materials, tools, and shop methods, to bring them into contact with the workmen, and to give them an idea of factory organisation.

Germany has ten technical universities, viz., at Aachen, Hanover, Berlin, Danzig, Dresden, Brunswick, Munich, Karlsruhe, Darmstadt, and Stuttgart. That of Danzig was opened amidst much ceremony by Kaiser Wilhelm II. the beginning of last October. Four of these universities are situated within the realms of the Prussian crown, viz., Aachen, Hanover, Berlin, and Danzig. The number of students at all these ten universities now exceeds seventeen thousand.

In Saxony the incentive for founding a technical college in 1823 came from competition with England; it was "the condition of the spinning, weaving, and cloth industries in the kingdom of Saxony that was appreciably menaced by English competition, and the keenly felt scarcity of practical draughtsmen, which compelled Saxon manufacturers to go abroad for their machinery." During the last ten years several important laboratories have been added to the Dresden Technical University, amongst them one for the chemistry of dyeing and the technics of dyeing—the first of its kind attached to a technical university in Germany.

In Bavaria, too, as early as 1815 and 1816, efforts were made to found higher technical schools because of the development in manufactures arising from the discovery of machinery with steam propulsion—in other words, because of the competition of English manufacturers.

In point of reputation, the technical university at Karlsruhe stood on the same footing as the University of Heidelberg. It was organised according to the pattern of the Paris École Polytechnique, in 1825. It is a curious fact that at that time those in authority in Baden opposed the plan on the ground that industry could not be promoted by means of technical schools. Those who supported these views cited the example of England, which had no such public schools in those days.

(1) Situate at Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin.

The technical university at Aachen differs from the other great German technical institutions—except that of Danzig, which was opened last October—in that it is of quite recent date, and has not undergone any special changes in its organisation. It was in February, 1858, when the then Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm (afterwards Kaiser Friedrich III.) crossed the German frontier at Herbesthal, near Aachen, on his return journey home with his young bride, the Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland, that the "Aachener und Münchener Feuerversicherungs-Gesellschaft" (the Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Company) presented him with a gift of about £750 to dispose of as he might deem most fit. The Prince determined to found a polytechnic institute in a Rhenish city, to serve the interests of the whole Rhine Province. The choice lay between Aachen and Köln, and after the lapse of five years Aachen was selected in 1863. The foundation-stone was laid in 1865, and the institute was opened in October, 1870, when the German armies were marching victorious through France.

The Aachen University is in the nature of things closely connected with the economic conditions of the Provinces of the Rhine and Westphalia, and especially with mining. Mining engineers can receive a complete scientific training here without being obliged to go afterwards to one of the special mining academies. Its proximity to the Ruhr and Saar coal districts, to the district of Liège, and to the iron districts, gives it special advantages in this respect. The industrial depression is just now affecting the number of students; but in 1902-3 there were 1,194.

Before the Royal Technical University of Danzig was even planned there was a great deal of discussion for several years as to the desirability of erecting a technical university in the east of the Kingdom of Prussia. It was claimed that universities should be founded at Danzig and Breslau. Danzig was first selected, but in course of time there will be another at Breslau. The Danzig University was opened on October 6th last by Kaiser Wilhelm II. in person, with much ceremony. It will teach general sciences, architecture, constructive engineering, machine construction, chemistry, and shipbuilding.

The erection of another large technical university at Danzig, as well as the intention to erect one at Breslau, is a proof of the continuous development of technical education in the German Empire, furnishing matter for real, and not mere empirical or superficial contemplation in Great Britain. In this regard Kaiser Wilhelm's speech at the opening ceremony is noteworthy as reflecting the spirit that is pushing Germans on in this matter. His Majesty said he was glad to be able to open a new institute for giving instruction in technical sciences because he was impressed

with the belief that special tasks had to be solved in the competitive struggle between nations by the civilising development of technics; and that in their solution much depended on the future welfare of the Fatherland and the maintenance of its position as a Great Power. His Majesty added:—"I consider it to be one of my most important duties as sovereign of the country to further the dissemination and intent study of the technical sciences, and to work for an increase in the number of technical universities. The great extent of the development of German technics in all directions since the inauguration of the era of railways was never contemplated, and we do not owe it to accidental discoveries and felicitous ideas, but to the serious work and to the systematic instruction that rest on the firm basis of science given at our universities."

Speaking the following day on the choice of Danzig, the Ober-Bürgermeister of the town pointed out that Danzig, which was now called upon to play a leading part in shipbuilding, had distinguished itself in this branch of industry in olden times, and had been selected by Philip II. of Spain to construct vessels for his great Armada.

The aim of the German technical universities is to afford a higher training for the technical calling, and to cultivate those arts and sciences which belong to the field of technical instruction. They all comprise the four technical sections for the training of architects, civil engineers, mechanical engineers, and technical chemists. Darmstadt and Karlsruhe have a special section for electro-technology, which in Hanover is combined with the chemical-technical section, and in all the other technical universities with mechanical engineering. Berlin and Danzig have special sections for shipbuilding and the construction of marine engines, Brunswick for pharmacy, Karlsruhe for forestry, and Munich for agriculture. Mathematical-physical subjects, as well as those of general education, come under the head of general subjects, except in Stuttgart, where they form separate branches.

The Berlin Technical University is the largest in Germany, with a staff of 390 teachers. The leading salaried professors on the staff receive salaries varying from £250—£375, with an allowance for house-rent and a share in the fees of the students attending their lectures up to £150. They are officials of the State, and are entitled to a pension. Foreigners are admitted if they have fulfilled the conditions required in their own countries for entrance in a university or at a technical high school. For Englishmen the certificate of having passed the matriculation examination at a university is accepted.

The fees for the various technical universities vary slightly, but

it may be taken that no student will be required to pay more than from £15—£17 10s. per annum for fees for lectures and practical exercises in the laboratories. The term-fee for a course of lectures is reckoned according to the number per week, generally at 4s. per hour; for practical exercises at 3s. or 2s. per hour. That is to say, a course of five lectures per week will be reckoned thus: 4s.  $\times$  5 = 20s. per half-year; five practical exercises thus: 3s.  $\times$  5 = 15s. The total fee for that course would therefore be 35s. per half-year. Sometimes the fee amounts to 45s., and sometimes to 18s. Besides these, there are special fees for the practical exercises in physics and in the various laboratories (chemical, machinery, electro-technical, techno-chemical, metallurgical, photo-chemical, &c.), amounting to from 10s. to £3 per half-year.

In the German universities it is not necessary to remain the whole period at one place. Students may select their universities, remaining for a time only at one of them, and may also select their subjects; the time spent at one university is reckoned by all the others in their favour. They do not live on the premises of the university, but reside at home, in families, or in furnished apartments. Their academic life is regulated in general on the lines of the life at the classical universities. They have their associations and regular places of meeting of an evening.

The middle and lower technical schools in the German Empire play a very important part in the technical education of the subordinate officials, artisans, foremen, &c. There is no precise uniformity throughout the empire as to the nature of this branch of the subject. In Prussia these schools are under the Minister of Trade and Industry; in Saxony and Hesse they are under the Minister of the Interior; in Bavaria and Baden under the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction; in Württemberg some of them are under the Minister of the Interior, and some under the Minister of Public Worship and Instruction.

The higher schools of mechanical engineering are for the training of foremen and technical instructors in the machine industry and other allied industries. There are also ordinary schools of mechanical engineering for providing practice in drawing for lower-class technical officials of the machinery industry, *e.g.*, foremen, machinists, and managers of smaller works. The schools for metallurgy are connected with those for mechanical engineering, and are meant for the lower officials employed in the metal industry.

The building-trade schools, of which there are twenty-two in Prussia, are for the training of masons, carpenters, and other artisans connected with building, as well as draughtsmen, over-

seers, and superintendents of offices and of building operations. These men receive an opportunity for acquiring the theoretical knowledge and skill necessary for enabling them to fulfil their vocation with skill and independence. The test for these schools is that candidates must have received a good elementary education, have completed their sixteenth year, and have been practically employed for at least two summers in building and in workshops. The attendance must last four half-years, which need not be consecutive. In Bavaria there are eight building-trade schools; in Saxony twelve, in Württemberg one, and in the other States twenty-four.

For pottery and tile-making, Prussia has three, Bavaria two, and the other States two specialist schools; and there is one for glass instruments. The artisan schools (*Handwerkerschulen*) and industrial schools (*Gewerbeschulen*), and art-industry schools (*Kunstgewerbeschulen*), are for various handicrafts, and drawing is one of the chief features.

The schools for the textile industry adapt themselves to the particular industry carried on in the locality of the school.

Besides these there are numerous specialist schools for special industries and crafts, *e.g.*, wood-work, basket-making, watch-making, locksmith-work, printing, carving in ivory, toy-making, photography, violin-making, the miller's trade, distilling, tanning, &c.; about sixty farriers' schools; and mining schools and schools of navigation for giving sailors an opportunity for acquiring theoretical knowledge requisite for mates and master mariners of ocean-going vessels. There were 165 schools of agriculture and horticulture in Prussia in 1903 for affording practical and theoretical knowledge.

The connection between industry and technics is regarded in Germany as a truism admitting of no argument. From inquiries that I have made, I find the following are briefly the aims of the modern German technical university in regard to mechanical engineering:—

*a.* to prepare students for practical office work as regards the making of drawings and all calculations appertaining thereto;

*b.* to make them familiar with the properties of materials, tools, shop methods, factory organisation, installations, and the operation and testing of machinery, so as to enable them to become superintendents of works;

*c.* to enable them to reduce the problems arising from the designs and operation of various machinery to the principles of fundamental branches of mathematics—mechanics, dynamics, hydraulics, thermo-dynamics—and of electricity;



d. to instruct them in such a way as to enable them to meet the demands of progress ;

e. and to give them the impression that engineering is only one link in the chain of commercial and industrial development ; that the study of engineering is only important so far as it enables us to solve the problems of practical life, and to solve them in the most economical way, so that theory shall merely be a tool in the hands of the scientific worker.

In Germany the demand for scientific education is traditional ; and it is this national predilection for theoretical studies that has gradually prepared the way for, and immensely assisted, the rapid development of German industry. The advantages of a *systematic scientific* education are so overwhelming that no serious discussion need be raised to prove its advisability.

The Minister of Education in Prussia has introduced a plan for selecting men as professors who have distinguished themselves as *practical* engineers, and who combine a solid foundation of the knowledge of the theory of their work with sufficient practical experience. This plan has been carried into execution at the Danzig Royal Technical University.

J. L. BASHFORD.

## A PLEA FOR THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

THE English nation has long been imbued with the belief that the Bible and the Stage are things apart, and the idea of joining them together in the bonds of brotherhood is so startling that certain minds refuse to grasp the subject with any degree of clearness. Until recently I never regarded Holy Writ as a hunting-ground for the playwright, but experience has shown that the religious drama is both a possible, and, when treated in a reverent spirit and handled with artistic care, a valuable instrument for good. It is the earnest desire of many of the most enlightened men of the day that the Stage, instead of being regarded solely as the vehicle for thoughtless amusement, should be converted into a platform from which students of sociology and psychology could pour forth in a more or less dramatic form the results of their investigations and reflections. Examples of what these criers in the wilderness consider the style of drama calculated to achieve their ends have been tried from time to time, and the result has been blank disappointment and financial failure. The problem-play having dissolved itself in Scandinavian mists, we have to ask ourselves in what manner we can improve the Stage so that it shall become a more effective agent in the social life of the nation. To be successful the drama must be optimistic. I do not mean by this that the "happy ending" is indispensable, although Aeschylus has shown us in the *Eumenides* how the most terrible and awe-inspiring series of events can be made to have a cheerful conclusion. Nor do I mean to infer that authors should deal only with those phases of life which lie on the surface and are not shadowed by suffering and sorrow. In the great classical tragedies, however harsh and repugnant they may be in detail, we find there is a definite design, as Aristotle has pointed out, to purify the passions by the excitement of pity and terror, and the characters move so much in the heroic sphere that an irresistible appeal is made to all the finer instincts and nobler impulses of our nature. The worst of mankind object to see portrayed on the stage the mean, the sordid, and the paltry in life, because there is that indefinable something within us which ever craves for the sublime and the beautiful, and even the heart-breaking woes exhibited in tragedy produce a moral elevation which carries with it a peculiar pleasure. The problem-play never succeeded in doing this, and the question

arises as to whether there is any possibility of extending the horizon of the drama, and, if so, in what direction?

Performances, such as the old morality-play *Everyman*, or *Ben Hur* point to the fact that in the Bible and all that appertains to it we have a field of literature which, properly treated, could be made the means of winning to the side of dramatic art those who are now conscientiously opposed to the Stage. Or, again, dramas such as Mr. Hall Caine's *The Prodigal Son*, which give a modern rendering of a Biblical subject, are definite attempts to influence the masses by the presentation of subjects which combine religious instruction with secular entertainment. We are living in an age of materialism. In spite of churches and creeds, Indifference stalks with giant tread through the land. There are those who tacitly acknowledge a religious belief, but who make little or no outward profession of faith, while there are others so spiritually inclined that anything which is not associated with religion is devoid of attraction. Could the religious drama be made to appeal to these two opposing elements? Would it tend to draw the one class to the contemplation of subjects which, owing to their non-attendance at church, are seldom present in their minds, and would it afford satisfaction to the other by enabling them to gaze upon well-loved scenes which hitherto they had been able to realise only with the assistance of paintings and a more or less vivid imagination? Is there any desire for the religious play? Can Biblical subjects be treated with becoming reverence on the stage? Each of these questions has been answered already by some practical proof in the affirmative. There was a play produced in London some years ago which achieved one of the biggest successes of modern times. It was enthusiastically received by the public in every part of the English-speaking world; ministers of religion wrote fervid epistles to newspapers and preached concerning it from their pulpits, and by their evidence one might imagine that *The Sign of the Cross* was a divinely inspired drama dealing in an exalted manner with one of the greatest episodes in the history of man. Instead of which it was merely a cleverly constructed melodrama with lust as its main theme, brutality for its sensation, and a thin veil of quasi-scriptural language intended to conceal its inherent vulgarity. But that *The Sign of the Cross* was successful, that it was accorded such warm encouragement by the Church, plainly shows there is room for the religious drama. With regard to the treatment of scriptural incidents on the stage, the delicate manner in which the scene on the Mount of Olives was presented at Drury Lane is sufficient to demonstrate that, apart from a few episodes which will at once occur to the mind,

there is nothing that could not be mounted in such a manner that the susceptibilities of the most pious would not be wounded.

Every educated person who has taken the least trouble to become acquainted with the history of the drama is aware that it had its origin in religion, and that in its early days it never lost its devotional character. Without entering into unnecessary detail we may simply mention the Hindu as representing the sacred drama of the Oriental races, and pass on to that stage in the history of the drama which has directly influenced its development in Europe. To us, Greece represents the drama's beginning, and the tragedies of Greek writers and the criticisms of Greek philosophers have moulded our tastes and directed our opinions. Although the Greeks may, perhaps, have owed something to external sources, there can be no doubt that the growth of their drama was an essential part of the nation's progress towards the higher arts of civilisation, and so long as the theatre maintained its ascendancy it was intimately associated with the pious observances of the people. In their greatest tragedies we find that the chief characters are deities or heroes supposed to be descended from the gods, and treated with almost equal reverence. Indeed, it is said of Aeschylus that so strongly did his dramas savour of religion that he narrowly escaped the accusation of having betrayed the Eleusinian mysteries. The performances were considered part of the sacred festivals, the theatre was dedicated to Bacchus, and an altar in that deity's honour occupied a conspicuous position in the centre of the orchestral circle; the beginning of each performance was marked by a lustration, and the chief magistrates paid their public adoration to the god. It is impossible for us fully to appreciate the influence of the drama on the Greeks from the religious standpoint. To us their gods are myths and their rites vain ceremonies. It is recorded that the apparition of the Furies in Aeschylus' tragedy was so awe-inspiring and exciting that "females are said to have lost the fruit of their womb, and children to have expired in convulsions of terror." Such an effect could not have been made by a drama that did not vividly appeal to the deepest of human feelings, and the audience must have instinctively believed that they were assisting at a solemn ceremony and actually in the presence of the deities themselves. The tragedians were so impressed with the dignity of the stage that they did not hesitate to put forward the most sacred subjects; and if the ancients could see all they cherished as most holy incorporated in their theatrical spectacles, if they could assist at those performances in a spirit of sincere devotion, it seems strange that the same attitude could not be assumed by the public of to-day.

But there is no hope for the religious drama if it be approached in a sceptical spirit and treated with mocking contempt.

The drama having owed its birth to religion, it is interesting to trace the course of events which ultimately led to the divorce between church and stage. Unfortunately, it was the corruption of the Roman drama that was responsible in part for the violent antagonism of the early Christians, but even if the drama had maintained its pristine purity the heads of the new faith would still have regarded it with aversion because it was associated in their minds with a form of worship which they justly abhorred. For centuries the drama lay quiescent, unheeded, amid the silence of the Dark Ages, and then, strange to say, it was again brought to life in direct association with religion. In a rude, untutored manner the drama spread itself among the people, and gradually the priesthood began to see in it a valuable medium for the diffusion of religious knowledge; indeed, it appears from a MS. in the Harleian Library that one of the Popes was so convinced that it was a useful factor in instructing the people in the mysteries of the Christian faith, that he granted an indulgence of one thousand days to every person who attended in serious spirit the Miracle Plays at Chester during the Feast of Corpus Christi. These Whitsun plays were the beginning of our national drama, and this country can fairly claim to have resuscitated an art that practically ceased to exist with the fall of the Roman Empire.

It is curious that a form of art which owed its birth to the pious instincts of pagans, and its ruin to the introduction of Christianity, should once again be brought into prominence under the fostering care of the clergy, and with religion as its central feature. The Mystery Plays were first given at Chester about the year 1268, but so far back as 1110 there was performed at Dunstable the Miracle Play of St. Katherine, written by one Geoffrey, who afterwards became Abbot of St. Albans. Late in the twelfth century, William Fitzstephen, in comparing the public amusements of Rome with those of London, wrote that "London, in lieu of the ancient shows of the theatre and the entertainments of the scene, has exhibitions of a more devout kind; either representations of those miracles which were wrought by the holy confessors, or those passions and sufferings in which the martyrs so signally displayed their fortitude." It is also fully established that these Mysteries were performed in religious houses, and that the monks and friars took part in their representation. It must, however, be confessed that the clergy were not unanimous as to the propriety of those in holy orders appearing in public performances. As time went forward, critics were not wanting who took exception to some of the ludicrous inconsistencies of the repre-

sentations, but the coarseness of the age, the absence of refinement, the low standard of taste, were undoubtedly responsible for much of the vulgarity that attended the performances, and possibly many beautiful truths were masked in hideous inventions. Warton, a very severe critic of these exhibitions, was compelled to admit that they had their uses, "not only in teaching the great truths of Scripture to men who could not read the Bible, but in abolishing the barbarous attachment to military games and the bloody contentions of the tournament, which had so long prevailed as the sole species of popular amusement." Rude and even ridiculous as they were, they softened the manners of the people, by diverting the public attention to spectacles in which the mind was concerned, and by creating a regard for other arts than those of bodily strength and savage valour. But that which would appear coarse and crude to cultured tastes might appeal with peculiar intensity to a people less refined. There are those to whom the blatant methods of the Salvation Army are highly objectionable; but what to the sensitive intellect appears blasphemy is to the ruder mind an expression of powerful fervour. Happily, an opportunity has been afforded us of seeing one of the old plays, and we are, therefore, better able to judge of what they were in actual performance. In *Everyman* there was a combination of spirituality and realism which compelled serious attention and effectually removed any disposition towards irreverence. The sentiment of the Church was strong within it, and the impression it made on the senses was akin to that produced by a solemn service held in an ancient cathedral.

The Miracle and Morality Plays were followed by the Interludes, and these held their own until quite the latter end of the sixteenth century, when they were swept away by the mighty rush of the dramatic movement which shed such lustre on the Elizabethan age. The drama then became a national pastime; the actors were men of talent, and so completely did the theatres win the public from the ruder amusements of the time that the Royal bear-ward complained to Queen Elizabeth "that the playhouses had seduced the audience from his periodical bear-baitings." We have now arrived at that period in the history of the drama which most directly affects the subject-matter of the present essay. Once again religion declared itself in bitter opposition to the stage, and the seed that was then sown has borne bitter fruit. The hostility of the Puritans, the writings of their eminent men, their consistent enmity to the stage through successive generations, is responsible for the unsympathetic attitude of millions of worthy people towards the drama. From father to son, from mother to daughter, the legend was handed down that the doors of a theatre were the

portals to the City of Desolation. Until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642 the Puritan party was comparatively powerless to stay the onward progress of the drama. There is no doubt that their prejudice against the stage was strengthened by the use it was put to by the Catholics, who through its medium freely ridiculed "the new Gospellers," and Fuller has remarked, "The Popish priests, though unseen, stood behind the hangings, or lurked in the tyring houses." Ordinances were issued forbidding the performance of these Catholic dramas, but they were often given in secret, and there is an unpublished letter of the time in which the writer comments on the case in the Star Chamber respecting a play acted at Christmas, 1614, in the house of Sir John Yorke, which "contained many foul passages to the vilifying of our religion and exacting of popery, for which he and his lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece and imprisoned in the Tower for a year, two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums." The Puritans found their most audacious champion in William Prynne, who, in his *Histriomastix, or Players Scourged*, collected everything that had ever been written concerning plays and actors, to which he added his own violent and bigoted opinions. Nine years later the full force of the Puritan opposition made itself felt, and in 1642 the theatres were suppressed on the plea that "stage plaies do not suit with seasons of humiliation, but fasting and praying have been found very effectual." They knew the stage was inimical to their designs and to the political principles they professed. As a versifier of the period put it:—

'Tis worth our note,  
Bishops and players both suffer'd in one vote,  
And reason good, for they had cause to fear them;  
One did suppress their schisms, and t'other *JEEER THEM.*

The Puritan hatred of the stage found its fullest expression six years after, when the party had become the ruling power, and in 1648 it was enacted that "all stage plaies should be suppressed, that the boxes, stages, and seats should be taken down, so that there might be no more plaies acted." It was war to the knife, and some idea of the current feeling may be gleaned from an incident which happened in one of the battles of the period when an actor honourably surrendering himself a prisoner was shot down in cold blood to the words, "Cursod be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently." In every way the members of the theatrical profession were persecuted and cast into prison. With the Restoration, however, came a new order of things, and the license extended to the drama of that time brought in its

train the most damaging criticism it had ever encountered. Jeremy Collier, in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, illogically attacked it from the point of view of the Early Christian Fathers, who knew they were fighting a heathen drama, and with them it was Christ *versus* Bacchus. There were sufficient grounds for adverse criticism, and Collier's stinging satire had a most salutary effect, although Dryden took exception to the rude manner of his attack. A few years later another writer, Arthur Bedford, published a pamphlet entitled *Evil and Danger of Stage-plays*, in which, among other things, he gave us a catalogue of "fourteen hundred texts of scriptures, ridiculed by the stage." It is very important to bear in mind this Puritan enmity to the stage when considering the place occupied by the English drama in the estimation of an important section of the population. For nearly three centuries Puritanism has dominated the country and ruled the bulk of the middle classes. But of late years the theatre has come to be regarded with a much more favourable eye, and even the most rigid Nonconformist would hesitate now to describe it as a den of infamy. Sir Henry Irving has done more than any man to destroy the pharisaical prejudices against the drama, and to his wholesome influence we may partially attribute the diminution in the volume of sound which Macaulay summed up as "the bray of Exeter Hall." The Irving régime at the Lyceum was the triumph of art over bigotry, and his good work is being carried on by others no less enthusiastic in the profession which they head.

Having shown the intimacy that existed between Religion and the Drama in the classic and middle ages, and having dwelt upon the causes which brought about their separation and antagonism, we are now free to deal with what may be considered the first steps towards a *rapprochement*, and we come to those arguments which may be advanced to further the union of the Bible with the drama. Whatever exception may be taken to *The Sign of the Cross*, it must be admitted that it accomplished an end which entitles it to a position the critic could not allow it on its merits as a play. Those who were interested in dramatic art regarded its success with mingled feelings of humiliation and satisfaction; we could not but feel pleased at the manner in which it appealed to those who considered the theatre as the home of vice, albeit we regretted this appreciation was not brought about by worthier means. We smilingly pitied the ministers of the Gospel who saw in the play the idealisation of a Christian triumph, and who were so little trained as playgoers that they were unable to realise that it was the subtlety of the dramatist's art and not the scriptural message which was responsible for the enjoyment they derived from its



representation. But *The Sign of the Cross* showed us that the "Nonconformist conscience" was not wholly dead to theatrical art, and that, approached in the right manner, it was prepared to gratify its human yearning for amusement under the flowing robe of religion. The Passion Play of Oberammergau periodically attracts thousands of devout and curious sightseers to the little Bavarian village, and the Passion Play in Paris has been very favourably received. I do not advocate the introduction of the Trinity on our stage, and all I want to see removed are the present restrictions which forbid the dramatist to take from the pages of Holy Writ characters belonging to the earth, and scenes which, while compelling our pious admiration, are not essentially divine in their origin. Further, it might be made obligatory that all plays dealing with Biblical subjects should be written as poetical dramas, and that the Censor should be strictly enjoined to sanction none but those conceived in the most reverent spirit; that it should be his duty to attend the dress rehearsal so that he might veto any detail in the production which, in his opinion, was in the least degree open to the accusation of vulgarity or bad taste. Consider how many subjects there are in the Old Testament which would provide an author such as Mr. Stephen Phillips with fine material for effective dramas. There is another point which invariably arises in all discussions on the scriptural drama, and that is the moral character of those who would be called upon to represent the chief personages. Not long since we smiled satirically when it was given out that an eminent French *tragédienne* was to assume the rôle of the Virgin Mary, and at the first blush it did jar on the susceptibilities that the Madonna should be represented by any living woman. But if a lower standard of morality has come to be associated with stage life the church is not altogether blameless. When the modern Puritan realises that actors are as good as their fellows, then the stage will be respected as it was in those classic days when one of the victors of Marathon considered it an honour to perform in public before his fellow-citizens, and when the poet's prize in the Athenian contests was regarded as a distinction of the highest worth.

B. W. FINDON.

## CRICKET AS A GAME.

WHATEVER may be the general opinion as to the relative merits of the cricketers of to-day, as compared with those of a quarter of a century ago, there can be no doubt that first-class cricket as played now is a much duller game to watch than it was about that period. The reason is not far to seek; there has been an immense increase in the amount of first-class cricket played during the past twenty-five years, and the players themselves become stale and weary before half the season is over. Again, county cricket, unless when the Australians are with us, practically monopolises the whole of the cricket season, and the unsatisfactory method of reckoning the championship, which places a premium on the drawing of matches, as well as the enormous importance attached to winning that championship, have a tendency to make the play so cramped and slow that a general depression often pervades the entire cricket-ground, both players and spectators apparently being alike affected.

First-class cricket in England, judged as a sport or game, is rapidly deteriorating from the fact that there is in it a lack of that real spirit of joyous recreation which should always accompany any open-air sport or pastime. The skill of the player is as great, or greater, than ever, but it is the spirit in which the game is now played which, to my mind, spoils the sport. It is, indeed, gradually sinking to the level of a profession, and only an indifferent one from whatever point of view it is taken. The fashion of the moment always governs us in everything we do. And in cricket there is no exception to this rule. For example, fifty years ago seven o'clock was considered a late hour for dining, half-past six being the usual hour, but now the irreducible minimum is 8.15. The reason for this change we know not. It is only because we are told in a most serious manner that no one dines before 8.15 as it is not "the thing."

And so it is with cricket. In a humdrum way it used, thirty years ago, to be considered that the object of cricket was for one side to win a match for which two or three days (valuable days to business men) were set aside. Nowadays it is the fashion to treat cricket from a statistical, rather than a practical, point of view. These statistics are very carefully worked out by the newspapers, and as carefully scanned by the eager spectators, who are ever on the alert to see if their pet champion will complete his 1,000 runs that day, or bowl his one hundredth wicket (by the

way, they do not reckon whether he has missed his fiftieth catch), or break some record or other; and they care far more for these records than for seeing a match properly played out to a finish with small scores on either side, for, indeed, large scores are the delight of the paying public. These same carefully compiled statistics are the curse of modern cricket.<sup>1</sup>

The County Championship, as it at present exists, is answerable for a great deal of the insufferable dulness of modern cricket, dull to the players, I hope; to the spectators, I know. One cause of this state of things is, that the County Championship extends over and monopolises the whole season, and instead of every match being, as it were, self-contained as regards interest, it is, or may be, only towards the end of the season that there is any interest at all in any particular match.

I read one day lately that a player, himself a splendid hitter, had stayed in for the space of one hour without getting a single run in order to secure what the newspapers next morning termed a "magnificent draw"! This great self-sacrifice on his part was in order to make sure that his county won the championship. Now there is no other game, except chess, where such a *fiasco* could frequently occur without absolutely killing the sport, certainly from a financial point of view, and it speaks volumes for the vitality of cricket that it has not already died a natural death. But there have been lately manifest signs of disapproval amongst the spectators, sometimes at the amount of time wasted, sometimes at the laborious tediousness of the play, and sometimes at the absurdly large margin of runs a captain insists on accumulating before declaring his innings closed. I say there have been signs that spectators and players are beginning at last to think for themselves instead of accepting as gospel all that the newspapers would have us believe to be the be all and end all of cricket. I notice that they (the newspapers) are exulting over the small proportion of drawn matches there have been this

(1) Speaking of statistics, my nephew, a smart youth both at cricket and learning, is studying Higher Mathematics with Professor Decimal Poyntz at Brighton. I accompanied tutor and pupil to the cricket ground one day to see a Sussex County match, in which Fry played a splendid innings of somewhere between 50 and 60. On his retiring, I vigorously applauded him, but not so my nephew, who was busy writing some figures on his card. "Oh, dear," he said, "Fry's average will go down 2.519 this week and Hirst will nearly pass him." He thought nothing of the splendid exhibition of cricket we had seen, but only the miserable average! I jokingly asked Professor Poyntz, who was himself once a cricketer (*vide* Lillywhite, Vic. 2, Cap. 6, par. 3), what was the value of 0.5 of a run? However, he was quite equal to the occasion. "I assume," he said, "that if you run half-way down the pitch calling 'Run!' to your partner, and he sends you back and you are run out, that is the required fraction." My nephew thinks the Professor distinctly scored.

season compared with last. After all, very nearly one-third of the matches have been drawn, and I fail to see much cause thereat for exultation. But even this diminution, if analysed, would not amount to much; it has not been altogether a fine summer, and often a deluge during the night has made the wickets unplayable next day and so brought the match to an abrupt conclusion.

When the new War Office Buildings were first commenced and the foundations dug, the whole area was turned into what appeared to be a huge concrete tank. A friend of mine, who had rooms overlooking the site, one day showed me this from his windows. "Is not this grand?" he said, "here the Government are going to place the contents of the old War Office, including all the officials, in the tank, and, having turned on the water until everything is drowned or spoilt, will commence to build a new office, will reorganise the whole system and commence afresh." Well, he was mistaken, the Government had no such benevolent intention, although, perhaps, it might have been the best thing for the country had they carried out this barbarous suggestion. But, to compare this with cricket, I honestly believe that if some benevolent individual would destroy every record of cricket, and not allow any more to be issued, it would be to the ultimate advantage of the game. I never can forget that the University Match last year was lost, or, rather, "drawn magnificently," through that insane greed after records, and several times this year matches have been drawn which might have been finished from similar reasons. I consider, and always shall consider, that a drawn match is three good days wasted.

If cricket is to be played, or, rather, worked, to the bitter end by statistics, by all means let it be so, but then let us be logical and work it out thoroughly. But let us have a result of some sort.

Professor Poyntz suggests that, in the event of a match being unfinished owing to any cause other than rain, flood, or bad light, the side obtaining the highest average number of runs per wicket should be adjudged the winners. Reluctant as I should be to see any such alteration in the rule, some such arrangement would be more satisfactory than the frequent recurrence of drawn matches.

To prove the worth of statistics and averages, let us take the County Championship this year for instance. Yorkshire and Lancashire head the poll. Yorkshire (rightly) are easily first, Lancashire second. This, according to the rule laid down by the omnipotent M.C.C., works out as follows:—

	Matches.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.	Percentage
YORKSHIRE	... 28 ...	18 ...	3 ...	7 ...	15 ...	71.42
LANCASHIRE	... 25 ...	12 ...	3 ...	10 ...	9 ...	60

Let me here remark that this method of dealing with the championship appears to me to be a superlatively silly one and calculated to encourage drawn games. A writer in the *Field* of September 9th points out that, according to this reckoning, a side which played 20 matches and won 1, drawing 19, would get full possible marks, whereas a side playing 20 matches, winning 19 and tying 1, would be 5 per cent. under full marks. The absurdity of this method speaks for itself.

But if worked out according to the calculation on the average performances with the bat and ball of the two counties we find as follows :—

Yorkshire.		BATTING :—	Lancashire.	
Hirst .....	61		Poidevin .....	44
Denton .....	46		Hallam .....	42
Rhodes .....	36		Tyldesley .....	40
Jackson .....	29		Spooner .....	40
Tunnicliffe .....	27		Maclaren .....	40
Wilkinson .....	22		Sharp .....	40
Haigh .....	21		Hornby .....	36
Hawke .....	20		Findlay .....	28
Myers .....	19		Cook .....	20
Grimshaw .....	17		Kermode .....	8
Hunter .....	10		Brearley .....	4
	308			342
BOWLING :—				
Haigh .....	14.73		Brearley .....	18.64
Rhodes ..	15.70		Cook .....	19.10
Hirst .....	18.38		Kermode .....	21.43
Myers .....	19.80		Sharp .....	28.77
Jackson .....	23.92		Poidevin .....	33.34
	5/92.59			5/121.28
18.51 ...	180.51 for 10 Wickets.		24.25 ...	240.25 for 10 Wickets.

These figures at once expose the fallacy of statistics in a game like cricket and the futility of averages as a guide to merit. According to these averages the Lancashire and Yorkshire elevens are as even as can possibly be, the former having a percentage of advantage in batting, the latter a corresponding percentage of advantage in bowling, and, if worked out, the result of a match between the two counties ought to result as nearly as possible in a tie. Whereas, in reality, we find that Yorkshire have won 18 matches to Lancashire's 12, have lost the same number, and have drawn 7 against Lancashire's 10.<sup>1</sup>

(1) I have here again had recourse to my friend, Professor Decimal Poyntz. He tells me that the value of cricket averages as at present made out is positively unreliable. To be of any service they require a mass of additional detail. For instance, assuming that Fry and Hirst are playing, the one in Yorkshire, the other at Brighton, on the same day, and each make a century, in

## CRICKET AS A PROFESSION.

Alas ! it is too true that cricket is following in the wake of many other outdoor sports, and resolving itself into a question of gate-money. Indeed, it cannot possibly be otherwise, for if a county plays 28 matches in the year and has to pay the "expenses" of the amateurs and the regular fees of the professionals, it is only on gate-money that they can rely for reimbursement. The regular professional players have my whole sympathy. I do not think that they are at all overpaid; indeed, if everything be taken into consideration, the reverse may be nearer the truth. The pay only lasts during the time that the professional is in his prime, and that is not long. He may permanently injure his health in the execution of his duty—a sprain, a blow on the head, or a chill caught in some of our Arctic summer weather, and his time is over. The cricket season lasts five months; what is he to do in the winter? No; when all is said and done the professionals are a most deserving class and are much keener in their profession than are many others that I wot of in their particular walk of life. But to the amateur—to the young cricket phenomenon, whether from the public school or the university—I look upon cricket as a dangerous temptation. We read such paragraphs as the following in the sporting column of our cheap Press. "Mr. — played a magnificent innings of 109, it being his first appearance for the county this season, and it is a matter for great regret that he should have abandoned the cricket-field for the infinitely more sordid occupation of Mincing Lane." Now, it is very far order to calculate the respective values of the two scores you require to know to a decimal:—

## CONDITION OF SOIL AT THE TIME WHEN EACH CENTURY WAS MADE.

Table I.

Calcareous matter .....	.....
Silicious matter .....	.....

Table II.

Drying power of the atmosphere in each place .....	.....
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Table III.

Direction of Wind .. .. .	.....
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Table IV.

Velocity of wind to regulate swerving power of ball .....	.....
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For this purpose it would be necessary to have a geological, hydrographical, and an astronomical expert in each place. Perhaps we shall live to see these improvements.

from my intention to include in the remarks I am about to make those excellent sportsmen who, having private means and no need of a profession, devote their time to cricket. I am a cricket enthusiast myself, and can conceive no pleasanter form of sport. We should, indeed, be captious if we criticised such genuine amateurs as the Walkers of old, or Hawke, Jackson, and Dalmeny, and others of the present day, who are the mainstay of county and international cricket. But it is for the young cricketer who is without means and is, or ought to be, about to seek a profession, that the county secretary or committee set their snares. He is very much elated with his success, and flattered by the adulation of the Press. He thinks it rather good business to get his cricket for nothing, and, tempted at the same time by the hints of a probable third or fourth secretaryship, ultimately gives in and adopts cricket as his real profession. "'Carpe diem,' after all," he thinks (unless he comes from the modern side) "is the best motto," but, unfortunately, after a few years he finds that the third secretaryship only exists for the able-bodied, and, when he becomes "feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder," it is passed on to one younger and more skilful than he is. Then he finds himself stranded, too old to learn any profession, and only a cricketer living on his past reputation, which is all too fleeting.

Again, oh! the pity of it! there is a miserable pittance to be made by writing about the matches he takes part in himself. Whatever may be the general opinion as to the literary merit of cricketers as cricket reporters, I think the vast majority will agree with me that it is not particularly high art for them to write on players who are taking part in the same match, either for or against them. Indeed, a very strong element of log-rolling comes in here, an interchange of compliments, for there are generally two writers, one on each side, and, as they are debarred from praising themselves, even when merited, the two writers interchange friendly puffs. For university youths especially to write cricket slang and criticise their fellows in the cheap Press is, in the opinion of most of us, nothing short of an outrage, which should by some means be put a stop to once and for all. So, let me offer my earnest advice to youthful cricketers not to be tempted either by a third secretaryship or even a sporting correspondentship of the *Daily Gusher*. Far better to stick to the more sordid occupation of Mincing Lane and play at cricket in your holidays.

#### A SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT.

I was sitting next to a cricketer, well over middle-age, but who still occasionally plays in matches, during an important match

when every effort was being made by the side, who were palpably beaten, to "draw" the game, first by wasting time in the field, and later on by playing a game so ridiculously slow that it could hardly be called cricket. The spectators had distinctly shown that they were anything but pleased with the performance, and my neighbour was by no means behindhand in expressing his views. I found out that he had played a very great deal of cricket, first-class and otherwise, but had only been able to do so strictly as a recreation owing to business ties. During the tea interval (at which, by the way, he manifested great disapproval) I asked him what, in his opinion, was wrong with modern cricket, and, given a free hand, how he would remedy the evil complained of? As he has probably seen and played as much cricket as most people, and closely followed the ups and downs of the game with the jealous eyes of an enthusiast, I give the pith of his communication to me. He began by a general condemnation of averages, records, statistics, and county championships. The latter, however, he admitted to be inevitable in some shape or another. But as to averages! "If the England eleven had been chosen by averages," he almost shouted, "neither Jackson nor Maclaren would have played." And there I did desiderate Professor Decimal Poyntz, who would have fully exposed the average fallacy.

"I would willingly give a thousand pounds," he said, "in the form of a cup or shield, to be held for one year by the champion county, if the matches could be played under conditions I would lay down. They would be as follows:—

"That all the gate-money taken at the matches be pooled amongst all the counties playing. That regular ties should be drawn as in other competitions.

"Each tie would consist of home and home matches, and in the event of being equal a deciding match would be played.

"This would reduce enormously the number of county matches played, and we should again see some of the interesting matches that have so long been given up. There would be room for at least two representative Gentlemen and Players' matches, North and South should be revived, and many others."

He then proceeded to set forth the alterations he would make in the rules in order to shorten the scores.

"I would," he said, "draw two parallel white lines from the leg-stump and the off-stump, respectively, at right angles to the popping crease sufficiently long as to be plainly visible to the umpire, and adjudge the batsman leg-before-wicket if a ball which in the opinion of the umpire, would have hit the wicket hit any part of his person (save only his hand or wrist), which is



over and between those two lines. To my mind this rule would have the effect of eradicating that pernicious practice of intentionally defending the wicket with the leg instead of the bat. Again, I would have the bat narrowed by half an inch or even more. This would, I am sanguine enough to think, go a long way towards preventing that dreadfully slow game so often adopted, even on excellent wickets. Then I would have a net 3 feet high stretched round the ground so that all the runs are run out unless hit over the net.

“The fault of modern cricket,” he continued, “is that the bowlers and batsmen are not playing under equal conditions, owing to the vast improvement in the grounds. In former years, when the bowler possessed too great an advantage, he was handicapped by not being allowed to raise his arm above his shoulder. This had the effect of equalising matters; but now the batsmen have a distinct advantage, and, in consequence, the hours of play have to be shortened and innumerable intervals for tea, bovril, &c., have to be taken to revive the drooping energies of the exhausted bowlers and fieldsmen. And, finally,” he added, “I would give another thousand pounds to see a properly constituted and elected central body to legislate for cricket. Who are the M.C.C.?” he forcibly ejaculated, bringing down his hand on his knee. “They are only a private club, the committee are practically self-elected, they hold their meetings mostly in camera, and once a year there is a general meeting of the Club at which anyone having a grievance is promptly shouted down. Now it is too childish to suppose that, considering the importance of cricket and its enormous growth throughout the country, a mere club should regulate its destinies. I ask what has the M.C.C. done in past years, and what does it do now? I will tell you one or two things they have done. About fifteen years ago the M.C.C. discovered that nothing in the rules authorised running a ‘bye,’ and they had to make the addition to the rules, so that if the recordmongers chose to go in for calculations they would find that every ‘bye’ run before the alteration in the rules was strictly illegal and should be eliminated from the score. I wonder what effect that would have upon the result of many matches in bygone years? Here, indeed, is work for the recordmongers! Well, after existing for some fifty years as lawgivers, the M.C.C. discovered this omission and made the alteration. A curious thing happened at the last Test Match, a substitute was allowed to be wicketkeeper, and this, it appears, is now not against the rules. Thirty years ago, however, the rule read somewhat after the following:—‘A substitute shall not be allowed to bowl, or field point, slip, wicketkeeper, or long-stop, or occupy any position behind the wicket.’

I wonder when the M.C.C. altered this rule, and if it was with due notice to the members?

“And what cricket do they give us at Lords? Were it not for the Australians’ and the Middlesex matches the M.C.C. would give us a most sorry show—Gentlemen and Players, the Universities’ and Public School matches being the only ones to which any public interest is attached. And they perpetuate absurd anachronisms in the way of matches, such as M.C.C. against the counties, for which, I suppose, no one can possibly care a two-penny piece. Then, it is a monstrous piece of favouritism to allow Middlesex to use the ground of a private club at a ridiculously small rent for their county matches. Middlesex should have a county ground of its own and the consequent expenses and responsibilities. Another flagrant piece of injustice to other counties is, that Middlesex can qualify any alien (through their influence with the M.C.C. Committee) to play for the county by merely putting him on the ground staff. This is not as it should be. No, we must have a central authority if cricket is to live much longer.” Here the tea interval came to an end, and with it my neighbour’s discourse. His observations gave me considerable food for thought, and, although not entirely agreeing with him on many points, I consider that a great many very admirable suggestions were made by him which it would be well if the authorities would ponder on and take to heart.

GERALD W. SIMPSON.

## FRENCH LIFE AND THE FRENCH STAGE.

“CES MESSIEURS.” BY M. GEORGES ANCEY, AT THE THÉÂTRE DU GYMNASÉ.

MAY—the month of Mary: wonderful month, month of months: when, in Catholic countries, all the Maries, the thousands of Maries, have their *fête* day. And when the children, the thousands of children who have attained the thoughtful age of eleven or twelve, solemnise solemnly their First Communion. Thus: what excitement, what confusion, and what anxious as well as thrilling hours in the month of May.

First of all, the suit, the dress. Until now the clothes of Edouard have been of no importance, and Yvonne's wardrobe has been conspicuous only by its excessive plainness. But for their Communion fine new attire is indispensable. And weeks before the ceremony, households both great and small are passionately engaged in preparing *trousseaux*, that shall make a *beau* of Edouard and a *belle* of Yvonne. Relations, friends, neighbours, and M. le Curé himself are consulted. The finery is discussed at meals, produced for the visitor's inspection, and packed away at night as carefully as heirlooms. If a stain appear, what an outcry! If some item get mislaid, what a panic! Arguments, cries, even quarrels: everyone distracted, everywhere a whirl; and Edouard and Yvonne put through rehearsals, and Edouard and Yvonne constantly “tried on,” and Edouard and Yvonne told to walk the length of the room, and told to bow and to kneel, and told to rise and to stand still.

Gifts arrive: prayer books, tinselled boxes of *dragées*. On the eve of the great day the parents emotionally recall their First Communion; and Edouard and Yvonne are flushed and feverish from thinking of what is to befall them on the morrow. The ceremony is a public one: thus are Edouard and Yvonne to make their first appearance in the world. And the ceremony over, they are to pass out of the church side by side and show themselves in all their grandeur to the affectionately amused and admiring multitude.

“*Ils sont gentils, ils sont adorables,*” say the tradespeople, standing at their doors.

“*Une voiture, monsieur? Une voiture, madame?*” asks a monstrous *cocher*, shaking with good-humoured laughter on his box.

Way for Edouard and Yvonne, as they come along the pavement side by side! The tradespeople smile, and the monstrous *cocher* goes purple in the face as he repeats his invitation. “One would say” a bride and a bridegroom in miniature: for Yvonne is all in white, with white flowers, white satin slippers, and a long white veil, and her brother wears a smart black suit and a white waistcoat,

and a white rosebud in his buttonhole. Also, a white bow on Edouard's arm; and his gloves are white, and so is his tie. Behind them come their parents, beaming with pride and joy. Madame nudges monsieur: and monsieur chuckles, monsieur winks. Not much dignity about madame and monsieur—but mercy! the dignity of their offsprings. They ignore the tradespeople, the monstrous *cocher*: look straight ahead. They walk slowly and sedately, and their expression is composed, inscrutable. At a crossing, Edouard offers Yvonne his arm, and she pauses ere accepting it to lift up her train. (Upon my word: Yvonne, aged twelve, lifts up her train.) Presently she asks whether her veil falls gracefully, and Edouard carefully studies the veil, and is pleased at length to pronounce it perfect and “*très chic*.” But the tie of Edouard: does his tie set straight? And Yvonne turns her eyes upon the tie, and graciously proclaims it to be straight and “*très correct*.” Along the *boulevards*, across public squares, through crowded thoroughfares, they go, followed always joyously and proudly by their parents. Everywhere, First Communions. Paris, this fine, sunny afternoon, overrun by these brides and bridegrooms in miniature. Not until the shadows fall do they return homewards. And then, in households great and small, a feast; which terminates with the healths of Edouard and Yvonne being proposed eloquently, gaily, *comme dans le monde*.

The wonderful day—the day of days—is over. M. le Curé declares himself satisfied. “*Une belle journée pour la Sainte Église*.”

An admirable day no doubt—for the Church; for the parents a proud and tender day; but for the First Communions themselves? An exciting, but in too many cases, a dangerous day. Think that among these little girls in shining white array and long flowing veils, many are delicate, very sensitive, very impressionable, over-anxious, over-serious. Over-anxiety, over-seriousness, when one is twelve, like one's long veil that must be carried so decorously, like one's long skirt that must be lifted up so carefully, are pretty to look at, but heavy to wear. Often, for the children themselves, the result of the picturesque ceremony of the First Communion is a complete mental and physical breakdown. Thus, in *Ces Messieurs*, does Doctor Huet account for the collapse of Henriette Vernet's niece, the little Hélène:—

HUET: “*Surmenage cérébral, occasionné par des lectures, par des conversations, par des inquiétudes au-dessus de son âge; en somme, la crise religieuse des petites premières communiantes sensibles, qu'on a trop poussées, et dont le cerveau a été surchauffé, au moment de la formation, pas autre chose. Les parents ne s'en doutent pas, qu'on ne joue pas avec une fillette de douze ans. Avant sa maladie, elle devait toujours être tourmentée? Elle devait avoir la manie des scrupules, la crainte du péché, la terreur de l'enfer! Oui! C'est ça. Qu'est-ce que tu veux? C'est la faute des gens qui entourent ces enfants, des femmes et des prêtres surtout. Ils vous traitent de petites cervelles de rien de tout au picrate de potasse de leurs divagations mystiques; ils vous enferment de pauvres gosses, qu'on devrait mettre au grand air, dans des salles puantes de*

catéchisme, où ils leur font entrevoir quatre heures par jour un incendie en permanence, où, après la mort, ils sont presque immanquablement attendus par une mise en scène de chaudières bouillantes, avec un grand diable, au milieu, jouant de la fourche . . . tout ça les frappe. Pour cinq qui restent impassibles, il y'en a dix que ça rend malades, les filles surtout."

PIERRE: "Je l'ai assez dit, bon Dieu!"

Pierre Fauchery is the father of the little Hélène. He represents the intelligent, affectionate Frenchman, who, as a young *père de famille*, is anti-clerical, not solely, nor chiefly, because he dislikes the political bias of the Church, but much more because he resents and detests the influences of the priest in the family. And this detestation is the more vehement because between the young French anti-clerical *père de famille* and his enemy thrust themselves—fascinating, pathetic, obstinate—those whom he loves: wife, sister, mother, the women of his household. Here is a situation which the liberal Englishman of culture can still—he may not be able to do so much longer—survey from a distantly disinterested point of view. And, from this point of view, his disposition is to condemn the French non-political anti-cleric as intolerant; and, what is more, as a philistine. In these days, when the Catholic Church is no longer free to indulge her propensity to burn the philosopher, she has merits in his eyes, and especially in the eyes of the æsthetic critic, on account (as Matthew Arnold stated it) of "the treasures of human life stored within her pale." Why, then, should the French anti-cleric wish to deprive his wife, sister, and mother of her mystical influences, which they find consoling? Why should he want to rob his children of the impressions that will endure through their lives, of her picturesque ceremonies, which, if they leave no moral effects behind them, at any rate serve to develop imaginative feeling? In this sense, liberal and cultivated Englishmen, having made up their minds upon the character of the supporters of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and of M. Combes, in their effort to destroy the influences of the priest in education and in family life, find themselves compelled to class amongst fanatics and philistines, with other representatives of liberal ideas and the highest intellectual culture, such an anti-cleric as M. Anatole France—the modern successor of those other anti-clerics, Michelet and Victor Hugo—who (as I hope to show in a future notice of *Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame*) have been the very men to unlock those treasures of human life spoken of by Matthew Arnold, and to bring out of those forgotten storehouses legendary treasures, both old and new, unspoiled, saturated with strange perfumes of the past centuries, to enrich and embellish contemporary French literature and the French stage. Thus, in these circumstances, it may be worth while to leave disinterested codes of criticism on one side, and to attend to the interested evidence of such a *mangeur de prêtres* as Pierre Fauchery.

Animated and eloquent is the young *père de famille* when we meet him in the first act. There are differences, even quarrels, between

him, his mother, and his widowed sister, Henriette Vernet, and also between him and the two middle-aged Censiers, his uncles. An excellent Catholic is Madame Fauchery, and Henriette has become almost a fanatic. Two tragedies have wrecked her life—the death of her husband and the loss of her son. She finds herself a widow—childless—when she is still young, elegant, and beautiful, and, in her sorrow, she has resolved to renounce the world and its pleasures, and to lead a pious, charitable life. Thus, we see in Henriette the patron of innumerable *bonnes œuvres*, and the energetic ally of the priest. Shocked by her brother's fiercely anti-clerical attitude, she fears not only for his own soul, but for the souls of his children. And the little Hélène, her favourite, she particularly determines to protect from the pernicious influences of Pierre—who, in spite of his heresy, she nevertheless adores.

MADAME FAUCHERY: "Voilà bientôt six ans qu'Henriette a perdu son fils. La plaie se cicatrise un peu, mais elle doit son principal secours à la religion et à sa fervente piété. Et puis une bonne partie de sa tendresse s'est instinctivement reportée sur mon fils Pierre et sur ses petits bébés, qu'elle s'est mise à considérer un peu comme les siens."

The old, old discussion is raging anew. We meet the entire household united. But there is no real bitterness, no real anger; the Faucherys, Censiers, and Henriette are devoted to one another; and Pierre, the eternal debater, at the worst assumes a teasing, mocking tone. He has the Frenchman's deep love for his mother. Even while he shocks her with his denunciations, he stands beside Madame Fauchery's chair. And he rests his hand affectionately on her shoulder, looks down upon her affectionately, and affectionately smiles upon her.

MADAME FAUCHERY: "Pierre, tais-toi, en voilà assez. Je ne te comprends vraiment pas, mon enfant. Tu as des idées ridicules. Je t'assure que je suis très attristée quand je t'entends parler des gens comme il faut, et surtout des prêtres, des saints prêtres qui sont si bons, qui t'ont élevé, avec une pareille inconvenance. Heureusement qu'ils sont là, va, pour ceux, qui, comme moi, n'ont plus longtemps à vivre, et qui, ayant des fils comme toi, ne peuvent plus guère avoir d'espoir que dans le paradis."

PIERRE (très gentil): "Qu'est-ce que tu veux, ma chère maman, je ne les aime pas, moi. Ça ne m'empêche pas de t'aimer beaucoup. Quand je vois un prêtre, ça m'horripile; je trouve cet état-là, ce rôle-là, pas naturel. Je les sens faux, je les sens fourbes. Je les sens en lutte avec tout ce qui est vraiment beau, humain et même religieux."

Then, later on, immediately after another outburst:—

"Maman, allons, embrasse ton fils, ton vilain fils, qui t'aime bien. . . ."

MADAME FAUCHERY: "Mauvais sujet, va! . . . Il y a du bon en toi. . . . Si tu voulais."

Particularly down upon Adolphe Censier is the irrepressible Pierre. It is Censier's ambition to become a deputy. He offers himself to

the electors as a *chrétien-patriote*, and is anxious to obtain the support of M. le Curé and of influential clerical families.

PIERRE: "Ton élection, ton élection . . . il serait à désirer qu'elle n'eût pas lieu. Avec beaucoup de députés comme toi, la France serait bientôt la proie des bûchers, et nous y grillerions comme aux plus beaux temps de notre histoire."

And with the elder Censier, Pierre is also irreconcilable. His uncle preaches the lesson of tolerance, of indulgence.

CENSIER: "Je veux bien admettre qu'autrefois, avant la Révolution, il y a eu des prêtres qui n'étaient pas très respectables, qu'il y en a même encore quelques-uns aujourd'hui, là. Évidemment, ce ne sont pas tous des saints, mais la généralité est bien. Ils rendent, en somme, des services et si je m'en passe pour moi-même, je comprends très bien que des personnes, comme ta sœur, trouvent en eux un secours indispensable. Parfaitement. Et puis je suis pour l'indulgence, pour la liberté; je veux que chacun puisse vivre à sa guise, voir des prêtres ou ne pas en voir, être religieux ou libre penseur. Il y a des honnêtes gens partout, mets-toi bien cela dans la tête."

PIERRE: "Va, va ton train; je le connais, le refrain de l'indulgence. C'est avec lui qu'on tolère une société, où tout ce qui pourrait être grand, nouveau, et vivant, est immédiatement étouffé sous la calotte du prêtre."

But Henriette takes her brother's diatribes more seriously. She becomes passionate, even hysterical, and she even sees in Pierre's admonitions the proof that he has ceased to care for her.

HENRIETTE: "Je suis définitivement au bon Dieu, et si je ne craignais pas de faire de la peine à quelques personnes que j'aime encore, il y a longtemps que je serais dans un couvent. Qu'est-ce que tu espères donc? Ébranler mes convictions? Tu te repentiras plus tard de n'avoir pas suivi mon exemple. . . . Non, tu ne m'aimes plus, moi qui t'aime tant. C'est affreux, sans compter que tes enfants s'éloigneront de moi, eux aussi. . . . C'est affreux! Pierre ne m'aime plus!"

However, as I have already said, there is no real ill-will in this household. Pierre affectionately makes his peace with Henriette, and Henriette, consoled, announces that she has splendid tidings to impart. The new Curé, the Abbé Thibaut, has just arrived, and, what is more, he may be expected momentarily to call. Henriette is restless, flushed, enraptured over the prospect of his visit.

HENRIETTE: "L'Abbé Thibaut, c'est à dire Jean-Marie Thibaut. Il a tenu à se faire appeler couramment Jean-Marie pour se mettre plus directement sous le patronage de la Vierge. Je trouve cela charmant. Il est tout jeune, trente ans à peine, et zélé! et pieux! Maman, tu feras préparer un plateau avec du thé, de la bière, des biscuits, des petits gâteaux pour qu'il puisse se rafraîchir, ce pauvre homme."

And a few minutes later the Abbé Thibaut appears.

He is, as Henriette describes, quite young—and zealous! and pious! Self-composed, confident, urbane, he occupies the place of honour in Madame Fauchery's *salon*, and he accepts the homage paid him with gracious smiles. He is courteous, charming. With

honeyed words, he distributes sacred pictures amongst Pierre's children (Pierre himself has flown at the Abbé Thibaut's approach).

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT: "Nous allons vous donner de belles images. D'abord pour Mademoiselle Hélène, une jolie Sainte Vierge. Pour Monsieur Léon, l'image de son saint patron, justement! et puis pour Monsieur Maurice. . . Ah! C'est celle-là, qui est belle: Saint Georges qui tue une grosse bête."

Such a honeyed voice, such a sweet smile! When he has distributed the pictures, he is begged by Henriette to speak of himself, of his last cure in the village of Saint-Rémy. A poor little place, Saint-Rémy. There, the Abbé Thibaut knew many an anxious moment, had many a sacrifice to make.

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT: "Oh, les débuts n'ont pas été commodes. Une pauvre cure, très éloignée de la ville, sans aucunes ressources, sans aucun subside, avec peu de paroissiens. J'en étais arrivé à payer les cierges de ma poche, pour pouvoir dire convenablement mon office le dimanche. Je ne voulais pas que le bon Dieu souffrit en aucune manière de notre pénurie locale, parfois cruelle cependant. Je ne faisais qu'un repas par jour, je me couchais souvent sans lumière, et l'hiver, quand il faisait froid, je courais pour me réchauffer."

HENRIETTE (*emotionally*): "Comme vous avez dû souffrir."

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT: "Oh, ne me plaignez pas, madame. Il faut faire ce qu'on peut. Je me suis toujours dit, quand je me trouvais dans une passe difficile, faute de moyens pécuniaires, 'Bah, le bon Dieu y pourvoira.'"

Deeply touched is Henriette. When at last the Abbé rises to take his leave, he is accompanied by Henriette and Madame Fauchery to the door. And as the curtain falls, Henriette cries, dramatically,

"He is a saint."

Delicacies of all kinds arrive for M. le Curé in the second act. The scene is the Abbé Thibaut's presbytery. And here his faithful, doting old housekeeper, Madame Bernat, receives from the hands of Henriette's maid fruits and even bottles of mineral waters . . . for M. le Curé's digestion. Her master is away, visiting the poor. And old Madame Bernat fears that he will not return in time to say farewell to the Abbé Morvan, a missionary, who is about to return to Africa, and who presently appears. A fine, even a noble character is the Abbé Morvan. Brusque, frank to a fault, he rather alarms his bishop. No place for the Abbé Morvan in France, where tact, subtlety, even craft are required. Africa for the Abbé Morvan. There his frankness and brusqueness may pass unnoticed, and his courage and blunt kindness may be turned in the direction of cheering and nursing patients struck down with fevers and cholera. . . . "Faith?" . . . The Abbé Morvan is not quite sure that he has "the Faith."

L'ABBÉ MORVAN: "Le dogme; ah, le dogme! . . . Je n'ai pas eu beaucoup de temps de l'approfondir. Je le respecte; oh! ça je le respecte. Maman Bernat, moi j'ai pris un parti radical. J'ai toujours été intimement persuadé qu'il y avait un bon Dieu; j'ai continué à le servir, comme on m'avait appris, et j'ai évité avec soin de regarder plus loin que le bout de mon nez."



Bluffly, bluntly, the missionary rattles on—a tall, thin figure in a shabby cassock. But ere he leaves he becomes grave. For the Abbé Thibaut he has a deep affection, but . . .

L'ABBÉ MORVAN : " Il y a en lui deux hommes, l'un qui est plein de piété et d'ardeur, qui est prêt à tous les dévouements et qui peut faire beaucoup de bien ; l'autre qui n'est pas inaccessible aux vanités de ce monde ; qui va chez les riches et qui en tirerait volontiers parti, pour la perte de son âme. C'est un sensuel qui est resté un chaste, un cérébral. L'éducation du séminaire a eu trop de prise sur lui."

It is the "second man" that shows himself in the Abbé Thibaut throughout M. Georges Ancey's extraordinary play. He is painfully anxious to gain favour with his Bishop. That way promotion—a fine, fashionable cure—lies. And to impress and please his Bishop, the priest must contrive to make himself welcome in grand, influential houses, adorn and beautify his church, and, if possible, obtain money for building local hospitals and schools. Such efforts, crowned ultimately with success, will not go unrewarded. Monseigneur will say, "What devotion, what zeal! *Mon cher enfant, je penserai à vous.*" And Monseigneur is true to his word—M. l'Abbé is soon seen to occupy a high, enviable position, while the Abbé Morvans darn their shabby cassocks in distant fever-stricken lands. Most "devoted" and "zealous," then, is the Abbé Thibaut. In Henriette he finds a protectress ready, eager to assist him in the development of his ambitious plans. He would raise hospitals, schools. Monseigneur would come in person to perform the opening ceremony. And Monseigneur's gracious visit should be made the occasion of a great religious *fête*. The project appeals strongly to enthusiastic, ardent Henriette. "You shall be director," she cries, to the Abbé, "and the position will not fail to be useful to you. I will look after the children; I adore children. We will work together; it will be delicious; but, unfortunately. . . ." And here Henriette tells the Abbé that she wishes to keep her fortune intact out of regard for her brother's children. They are to be her heirs. She shrinks from depriving them of their inheritance. Not that anyone at home would utter a reproach, a remonstrance. When she mentioned the great project to her family, one and all agreed that she was free to make what use she thought fit of her fortune.

A cloud passes over the Abbé's smiling face. For a moment he is embarrassed, bitterly disappointed. Then, eloquently, skilfully, and cunningly, he seeks to dissipate Henriette's scruples.

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT : " Mon Dieu, madame, je ne puis qu'approuver vos scrupules qui sont ceux d'une bonne et aimable parente. D'autre part, je ne voudrais pas m'ingérer dans vos affaires personnelles et vous faire prendre une décision dont vous pourriez vous repentir. Permettez-moi cependant de vous dire une chose qu'il est de mon devoir de prêtre de vous faire connaître. Je conçois que vous ayez une profonde et sainte affection pour vos petits neveux, qui m'ont paru charmants. Mais, cela ne doit pas vous empêcher de penser à vous. Vous savez combien le bon Dieu voit d'un œil agréable les âmes qui se vouent à la pratique

de la charité. Une place toute spéciale leur est réservée dans le Paradis. Souvenez-vous de la parole du Sauveur; 'Femme, tu t'occupes de beaucoup de choses, une seule cependant est nécessaire! . . .' De plus, étant donné l'état troublé de votre âme, il serait profitable de créer autour d'elle une atmosphère de calme. La surveillance d'un asile vous apporterait une occupation des plus saines; vos scrupules sans cesse renaissants s'évanouiraient d'eux-mêmes. Réfléchissez donc encore, croyez-moi! Nous ne devons pas nous attacher outre mesure aux affections de ce monde. Le sacrifice est, hélas! la loi de notre misérable vie. (*Se rapprochant et lui prenant les mains.*) Sachez que, pour ma part, ma chère enfant, j'éprouverais une joie toute chrétienne à m'occuper avec vous, auprès de vous, de ces pieuses pratiques."

And the Abbé Thibaut triumphs—raises with Henriette's fortune the schools and hospitals that are to win him the congratulations and also the protection of his Bishop.

What rejoicing, and what a display of flowers and of finery, in the third act of *Ces Messieurs*. The scene is Madame Fauchery's garden, where a *fête* is to be held in honour of the *bonnes œuvres*, which Henriette has introduced into her native village of Sérigny, and of which the Abbé Thibaut is the director. Monseigneur is expected, and Henriette, all the household save the obstinate, ungracious Pierre, is excited at the prospect of his visit. Moodily, Pierre paces the garden. Henriette's patronage of the Abbé Thibaut has made the village gossip. Their names are coupled . . . laughingly, impertinently. But when Pierre ventures a remonstrance, Henriette turns indignantly upon him, pronounces him "*Fou, archi—fou,*" and is on the verge of hysterical tears when the approach of the Bishop, the Abbé Thibaut, and a retinue of *Ces Messieurs* is announced. They are accompanied by the village band, and by a number of village girls in white muslin dresses. Also, village boys; and, in the background—timid, delicate, pale—Henriette's niece, the little Héléne. Stately, but courteous, an imposing figure in his robes, Monseigneur pauses to receive the homage due to his exalted rank. His hand is kissed, and he is ceremoniously escorted to a *daïs*. Around the *daïs* gather Henriette, Madame Fauchery, their guests, the Abbé Thibaut, and the retinue of *Ces Messieurs*. The village boys and girls step forward. One of *Ces Messieurs* claps his hands. And, timidly, awkwardly, in a voice that trembles with nervousness, the eldest girl recites an address of welcome. Such a sad, sad performance! But Monseigneur applauds gently; Monseigneur is delighted; Monseigneur amiably affirms that the address is worthy of an Academician, and, calling forward its author, the Abbé Roturel, he graciously congratulates him. But—the *clou* of the *fête* is a song chanted by all the children present, and composed especially for the occasion. It is set to the air of—the "*Marseillaise.*" It is entitled "*La Marseillaise du Sacré-Cœur.*" And it runs:—

"Nous entrerons au Séminaire,  
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus,  
Nous ferons par toute la terre  
Bâtir des temples à Jésus.

" Afin qu'un jour notre France  
 Obtienne de plus justes lois  
 Et que ses prêtres aux abois  
 Retrouvent l'estime et la confiance."

*Refrain.*

" Aux armes, bons chrétiens!  
 Décimons, les païens!  
 Montons, montons,  
 Montons en chœur  
 Aux pieds du Sacré-Cœur."

Applause—bravos—and from Monseigneur the exclamation, "*C'est merveilleux.*" Headed by the village band, the children pass before the Bishop, bow and curtsy, and troop out; and then does Monseigneur proceed to express the great pleasure and deep satisfaction the *fête* has afforded him. To Henriette, he is charming. The Abbé Thibaut he singles out for particular attention, and regards with undisguised benevolence and admiration. "What devotion, what zeal! *Mon cher enfant, je penserai à vous.*" Monseigneur does not speak the words—but his looks, his whole attitude, plainly show that the Abbé Thibaut is assured of the Bishop's best "protection." In fine, a great day for the Abbé Thibaut. Before him, a cure far away from the village of Sérigny—an important, enviable cure. And not even the insinuations, and then the accusations, levelled against the Abbé Thibaut by the jealous Abbé Nourrisson, shake Monseigneur's admiration for the "devoted," "zealous" priest. The Abbé Nourrisson repeats the village gossip, declares that Henriette's deep interest in the Abbé Thibaut, and his own attitude towards her, have caused a veritable scandal; and even relates how, disguised by a false beard and a pair of smoked spectacles, he has followed the Abbé Thibaut to the house of a certain person . . . named Paulette . . . in the Latin Quarter. But Monseigneur is neither disturbed nor shocked. He is a man of the world. He sees in the Abbé Thibaut an invaluable servant of the Sainte Église—whereas the Abbé Nourrisson is tactless, common, unsympathetic, unpopular. Also, he is notoriously a scandalmonger. And so Monseigneur pooh-poohs the Abbé Nourrisson's accusations. Urbanely, smilingly, he reminds him of past indiscretions, acts of jealousy and malice, which were brought to his (Monseigneur's) notice. And, turning from the informer, he glances affectionately towards the end of the garden, where the Abbé Thibaut is surrounded by Henriette and his innumerable admirers.

L'ÉVÊQUE: "Quelles sommes remuées par lui! Quelle force nouvelle aux mains de l'Église! Déjà son exemple promet d'être suivi par plusieurs prêtres du département. D'opulents propriétaires du voisinage m'ont écrit. Ils veulent fonder des écoles nouvelles, sur le modèle de Sérigny. Des fortunes entières s'offrent à nous. On m'a déjà fait don de sommes importantes qui sont dans mes caisses, à l'Évêché, bien en ordre, vous entendez. Je deviens riche, je deviens puissant, je puis faire vivre mes œuvres, je puis vivre moi-même . . . je puis . . . je puis tout! Le bien de l'Église, disiez-vous toute à l'heure? Le bien de

l'Église . . . mais le voilà . . . Allons, c'est bien, c'est très bien. Je ne m'étais pas trompé sur son compte, en le nommant à Sérigny; il a bien donné tout ce que j'en attendais."

It may be an accident, but if so the coincidence is a curious one, that in *Ces Messieurs*, a much earlier play (kept off the French stage until this year by the Censor), we find the same situation and the same leading personages as in *Le Duel*, with, of course, an opposite *dénouement*, resulting from the different character lent by M. Henri Lavedan and M. Georges Ancey to clerical influences upon women and in the sphere of the affections. In *Le Duel*, the Duchesse de Chailles was, as we have seen,<sup>1</sup> held back by her scrupulous confessor, the Abbé Daniel, during her husband's lifetime from becoming the mistress of Doctor Morey. She is saved after her husband's death from a convent, and smilingly informed that her vocation is to live the full life of a woman, as the wife of a freethinking doctor, by a sympathetic bishop, whose professional disinterestedness and human liberality are carried to the point of laxity. Madame Henriette Vernet, on the contrary, at thirty-five years of age, charming still, and who after six years has recovered, in spite of herself, by force of an energetic and impassioned nature, from the first despair of widowhood, falls under the power of the young Abbé Thibaut, and is led by him, half-consciously at first, with full consciousness afterwards, under the mask of spiritual consoler and director, along a path of hopeless, heartless, mystical passion to the verge of madness.

The *dénouement* comes in the fourth act, in the sacristy of the Abbé Thibaut's church. Monseigneur has signified his appreciation of the young Abbé's services to the Sainte Église by appointing him Curé at Versailles, and in a fortnight he is to bid Sérigny farewell. Infinitely does his old doting housekeeper, Madame Bernat, rejoice over the good news, but the Abbé Thibaut is ill at ease. How will Henriette accept the tidings? Her manner has been strange of late; she has been hysterical, passionate; the Abbé fears an explosion. But Madame Bernat seeks to reassure him, and holds forth emphatically on the mission of the priest.

MADAME BERNAT : " Être prêtre, en somme, malgré toutes les grandes phrases, c'est un métier comme un autre, comme d'être soldat, charpentier, ou laboureur. Ça répond à des besoins qu'on a, sinon à une idée vraie. Il en faut des prêtres, il en faut de la religion; il y a des gens qui veulent entendre de belles histoires, comme vous savez les raconter, qui ouvrent la bouche toute grande pour le gober au vol. Est-ce votre faute? Non, ils en veulent? Donnez-leur—en. Sans compter que cela n'a rien de désagréable. On est honoré, choyé, respecté. On a de beaux ornements sur le dos qui vous font ressembler à un bon Dieu. Vous serez très beau en évêque, c'est moi qui vous le dis. Faites donc votre chemin; prenez la vie comme elle est et ne cherchez pas midi à quatorze heures."

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT : " Évidemment, tu as peut-être raison."

When Madame Bernat has left the sacristy, Henriette enters

(1) The *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* of August.

suddenly—excited, wild-eyed, haggard. She has heard the news and come to beseech the Abbé to remain at Sérigny. Upon his refusal, she becomes frantic, frenzied. The Abbé tries to check and soothe her—but in vain. In a wonderfully eloquent and passionate speech, the distracted Henriette lays bare her heart and soul.

HENRIETTE : " Ah, vous désirez que je revienne à des conceptions plus humaines. Eh bien, oui, au fait, vous avez raison, tenez. J'étais folle; devant la brutalité de votre départ . . . de votre fuite, je me ressaisis. Oui, il n'y a ici qu'un homme qui veut partir, tout simplement, à côté d'une femme qui l'aime et qui veut être aimée, malgré tout, en dépit de tout, parce que—je le vois bien, décidément—l'amour, l'amour terrestre, l'amour humain est la loi universelle, parce que tout le reste, les idées que vous m'avez données, l'éducation religieuse que j'ai reçue, ce qu'on appelle les principes, la morale, la chasteté, la foi, tout, vous entendez, tout est faux. L'amour seul existe! Et toutes les belles histoires que vous nous racontiez, ne prendraient pas sur nous, si vous n'étiez pas là vous-même, en chair et en os, avec vos discours caressants et vos gestes de comédien, pour vous ériger peu à peu dans nos imaginations exaltées, à la place du Dieu que vous prêchez et auquel vous croyez à peine. Que vous importe, d'ailleurs, que votre sensualité étouffée, où tout se passe en paroles, nous laisse éperdues et haletantes! Que vous importe de pervertir nos sens et d'en exaspérer les besoins! Que vous importe de joncher votre route de malades et de détraquées! Ça vous est bien égal, l'amour est bon Dieu! . . . Remarquez-vous, soyez mère, faites de la vie . . . voilà ce qui eût été moral, voilà ce que vous auriez dû me dire! Pourquoi ne me l'avez-vous pas dit? Aussi ne croyez pas que je vous tiennne quitte! Vos paroles ont été ardentes, et je vous ai aimé, et je vous aime: voilà ce qui est clair? Donc, vous allez rester, et si vous, qui n'êtes au bout du compte qu'un petit curé de campagne, vous avez le malheur de partir, après avoir été comblé de mes bienfaits et soutenu de mon argent, vous serez un malhonnête homme . . . oh! pas un Dieu, cette fois! non! un malhonnête homme, tout simplement, et je me vengerai. Ça, je vous en réponds! Nous verrons ce que vous direz d'un bon scandale devant tout le pays, sur la place de l'église, dans l'église! Nous verrons où en sera votre carrière après! Je vous accorde deux jours pour réfléchir, deux jours, pas un de plus. Maintenant, vous êtes prévenu! Je n'ai plus rien à ajouter."

L'ABBÉ THIBAUT : " Madame . . . Mon enfant."

HENRIETTE : " À bientôt."

The curtain rises on the last act to show the Fauchery household divided and distracted. The little Hélène has been dangerously ill, and is still in the state of collapse accounted for by Doctor Huet earlier in this paper. And Henriette is believed by her mother and her uncles to be insane. She has had wild, hysterical outbursts, and long spells of stubborn, strange silence. She has been heard to weep, and to vow vengeance against the Abbé Thibaut. Censier, the *chrétien-patriote*, fearing a scandal, has suggested that Henriette be removed to a *maison de santé* kept by one Doctor Lardon. Madame Fauchery has given her consent, but when the project is mentioned to Pierre he vehemently declares that his sister shall not leave the house. He occupies the place of his father; he is master; upon this point he means to be obeyed.

PIERRE : " Voilà donc où nous en sommes, depuis que l'Abbé Thibaut est à Sérigny. Avant, nous nous aimions. Surtout nous n'avions jamais eu une

attitude aussi hostile, les uns envers les autres. Il a fallu que ce petit saint paraisse, pour que tout change, pour qu'on se montre les dents. Depuis qu'il est ici, il n'y a eu que des tiraillements entre nous, une animosité sourde, un désaccord pénible et de tous les instants. (*To Madame Fauchery.*) Tu viens de manquer de perdre ta petite fille, par la faute de qui, je te le demande? Maintenant enfin, après une nouvelle visite à ce curé de malheur, qui t'a encore fait peur de l'enfer, l'esprit surchargé de ses balivernes et de ses mensonges, tu prends son parti contre ta fille, et, pour lui éviter le soupçon d'une inquiétude, la moindre parcelle de désagrément, à ce soi-disant intercesseur auprès de la puissance divine, tu consens sur des propos en l'air, à laisser enfermer ta fille! Eh bien, non, en voilà assez. Je n'admets pas la moindre réplique. Si mon oncle a le droit de parler à la Chambre, moi, j'ai, ce me semble, le droit de parler dans la maison de mon père. Henriette ne bougera pas d'ici. Voilà."

Henriette, in the meanwhile, has kept her room. She wishes to see no one, she wishes to be alone, and it is only after infinite persuasion that she at last consents to see Pierre. The scene between her and her brother is inexpressibly tender. At first Henriette is hostile, but little by little Pierre wins her over by recalling the days when they were children together. Tremendous friends were Henriette and Pierre. They rejoiced together in that very garden . . . by those trees . . . over there. Henriette was jealous of her brother, regarded her little girl friends as rivals, and became sulky if they paid him too much attention. Upon one memorable occasion a little girl kissed him, and there was a scene.

Suddenly Pierre breaks down.

PIERRE: "Veux-tu rester là! Veux-tu te rasseoir! (La saisissant par les deux bras, nerveusement.) Regarde-moi bien en face, dans les yeux. (Les larmes dans la voix et dans les yeux.) Tu ne reconnais donc pas ton vieux Pierre, ton vieux Pierre des grands jours?"

HENRIETTE: "Qu'est-ce que tu as? Tu as des larmes dans les yeux! Mais si, je te reconnais! je crois bien que je te reconnais! Tu es toujours mon Pierre! Il n'y a que toi qui m'aies jamais aimée."

The little Hélène is brought down, and Henriette takes her into her arms. Quietly and cautiously the elder Censier enters.

CENSIER: "Elle t'a écouté? Elle t'a répondu?"

PIERRE: "Oui."

CENSIER: "Eh bien?"

PIERRE (*pointing to Henriette, who is kneeling beside Hélène*): "Eh bien . . . voilà."

In the meanwhile, the Abbé Thibaut, accompanied by the proud, doting Madame Bernat, is on his way to his fine, fashionable new cure at Versailles.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

*Author of "Cenere," &c.*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

## PART II.

### CHAPTER III.

AGAIN the crazy little carriage belonging to Petrin il Gliglo rolled along the river bank. The night was hot, dark, and damp. After a few sentences on indifferent matters, Antonio and Regina had fallen silent, as if overcome by the quiet of the country and the night. They were silent, but Regina spoke within herself, as was her habit, and made note of a sad discovery. Antonio was changed. No; this time it really was not fancy! He was changed.

"He kissed me almost in a frenzy the moment he got out of the train—as if he had feared he would never see me again. Then all of a sudden his expression changed. Something gloomy, something deprecating, came into his eyes. Has he lost his faith in me? Is there something between us now? Well! of course it's like this at first. To-morrow the constraint will have passed off."

To drive away all vestige of fear she spoke to him again; but her heart was thumping uncomfortably, and when she took his hand and found it inert and cold, unexplained anxiety again took possession of her. It was almost as bad as her terror during those days when she had been vainly expecting a letter from him.

"Oh, what is it?" she thought. "Has he not forgiven me?"

"Feel!" she said, putting Antonio's hand against her side. The hand became suddenly animated.

"Is your heart still bad?" he asked, as if bethinking himself.

"No! It's beating for joy!" she replied, and talked on very fast. "Yesterday I went to the old painted mill, to eat *gnocchi*. It was such fun! There was a splendid sunset. What a character that old miller is!"

She told the miller's prophecy, then went on to describe a visit to the Master and his family.

"He's a character too! But he's really quite mad. He wants to send the children to Rome—the boy to make his fortune, the girl to become famous. He says——" and she mimicked the Master's speeches and voice.

Antonio laughed, but his laugh was cold and contemptuous, and seemed far away.

"Oh, what is it?" thought Regina, overwhelmed by unexpected sadness. That scoffing laugh was new in Antonio. He was scornful. Was it of herself?

Fancies! Folly!

"As soon as we're alone, I'll take him by the shoulders, shake him, and cry, "What on earth's the matter with you? Haven't you forgiven me? Don't let us have any more nonsense, *please!* There has been more than enough!"

They were silent again. The chaise rolled on through the dark warm night, through the pungent perfume of the motionless vegetation. The young trees along the river were black in the darkness, blacker even than the darkness. Everything was silent, everything exhaled sweet odours. From the hot ground, from the damp wayside weeds, from the paths bathed in dew, rose an intoxicating scent, a silent breath, dreamy and voluptuous. Beside every bush seemed to stand a woman waiting for her lover, her desire and her joy filling the emptiness of the hot, rich night.

"To-morrow we'll go out by moonlight," said Regina, who could not keep quite silent. "The night I arrived there was a beautiful moon, wasn't there, Petrin?"

The driver made no reply.

"He's asleep. We shall be upset," said Antonio.

"Oh, no! The old horse is quite used to it," returned Regina, and sure now that Petrin was not listening she added, softly, "How wretched I was that evening!"

"Were you?" said Antonio, as if remembering nothing of what had passed.

Regina turned round, astonished and trembling. She had no strength left.

"Antonio!" she whispered, her arm round his neck. "Why are you like this? What is it? What's the matter?"

"Do you ask?" he murmured, not looking at her. His voice was hardly a breath, but a breath in which Regina felt the raging of a storm of resentment. Again she was afraid.

"You don't mean to forgive me!" she said, separating herself from him. But already he had turned and pressed her to him, his lips seeking hers with a fervour which seemed rather of despair than of passion.

Adamo's voice rang out from the bank.

"Antonio—o! Regina—a!"

Then Petrin's broad back swayed from right to left, and his whip cracked.

"*Quel ragass m'ha fatto ciappar pagura*" ("That boy made me jump"), said the man, as if talking in his sleep. Antonio and Regina moved apart, and she blushed in the darkness as if new to love.

Her heart was beating strongly, but between its strokes of joy were shudders of sickening grief.



After supper, as on the night of Regina's arrival, they all went out, except Signora Caterina. Toscana and her brothers ran about as usual, leaving their sister and her husband far behind.

"Yes," said Regina; "my mother is right. You look ill! Surely you've been having fever!"

He did not answer at once. He was thinking. He seemed seeking an appropriate beginning for a speech and unsuccessful in finding it.

"Your mother herself looks out of sorts," he said at last. "What distress you must have caused her, Regina!"

"I? But I never told her a word!"

"Didn't you?"

"Don't you believe me? To explain your silence, I said you were ill."

"Oh, did you?" he repeated, still incredulous. "Well, I was imagining it was her advice which had made you less—unkind."

"Unkind? What do you mean?" she asked, coldly.

Antonio was perhaps frightened in his turn. Had he deceived himself, thinking Regina penitent and ready to come home? He became animated, and found that beginning of speech which he had sought. The hour of explanation had come.

Regina asked nothing better; but to her surprise she did not feel the commotion, the joy, the tenderness which she had anticipated. She was distressed. Antonio had forgiven her; he had suffered; he had come, resolved to take her back at all costs; he loved her more than ever, with true passion; he was united to her by all the strong ties of his heart and his senses. But she was not content; she was not properly stirred. Something was standing between her husband and herself—something inexorable. They walked as of old, their arms round each other, their fingers interlaced; but there was a whole gulf between them, a whole immense river of cold, colourless water, perfidiously silent, like that river down there below the road, scarce visible between the black trees in the black night.

Regina was certainly the clearer sighted of the two, and she now saw a mysterious thing. Once it was her soul which had escaped Antonio, hiding itself behind a world of littlenesses, of vanity, of vain desires and ambitions; now, on the contrary, it was his soul which some occult and violent force was trying to wrest away from her. She attempted to fathom this mystery.

"What is it? He loves me; he has forgiven me! But he mistrusts, is afraid of me. Why is this?"

"Regina," said Antonio, "you must explain to me what you are intending to do."

"You know already."

"I don't. I don't understand. Your last letter was even worse and uglier than the first. I am not going to reproach you—as you say, it would be useless; but another man in my place—well, never mind! You have told me more than a hundred times that I don't

understand you. Now, to show you at least my good will, I ask you to explain."

"But didn't I write it?" she cried, half humble, half pettish. "I wrote 'it all depends upon you.'"

"Do you mean you will come back with me to Rome?"

"Yes."

"Oh, very well. I am quite ready to forget all that has taken place. But now I must know one thing more. Why have you given up your idea so soon? I say *idea*, not caprice, because it has seemed to me, and seems still, a very serious matter."

"How can I tell? Are we able to explain our ideas or caprices, or whatever you choose to call them? Have you never contradicted yourself? One thinks one way to-day, another to-morrow. Are we masters of ourselves? You said a minute ago, 'If I were another man.' I understood what you meant to say; that if you had been another man you would have ill-treated, insulted me. But, on the contrary, you are very kind—perhaps kinder than before. Can you explain to yourself why, instead of hating me for the trick I have played you, you care for me perhaps more than before?"

She spoke not entirely of conviction; but she wished to suggest to Antonio the line he had better take. She believed she had succeeded, for he became thoughtful as if repeating her questions to himself, and presently said with a slight smile,

"Well, I daresay you are right!"

"Don't let us say any more about it," cried Regina, imitating the Master again. "It has been a freak—a folly of youth. Let us draw a veil over the past."

"You know you have humiliated me," urged Antonio; "it was a blow in my face—a betrayal—and besides——"

"Oh, don't we all make mistakes? What about all the other women? Those who really betray their husbands?"

"Yes," he answered her, quickly, "and the husbands who betray their wives? Generally it's the bad husband who makes the bad wife. But I never gave you any cause, Regina! What had you to complain of in me? True enough I am not a lord, but you knew that from the first. Had I promised you more than I could give? Well, you should have had patience—confidence. Our circumstances may improve any day. I shall never be rich, but, of course, in a little time, my position must alter to a certain extent——"

"Oh, that'll do! That's enough," protested Regina. "You did not guess that my fancy would pass away so soon?"

"Did you think it yourself when you wrote? My dear, things seriously done have serious effects. Well, we will cancel the past, as the Master says. I've got one thing to tell you, however. Your letter has done us some good after all. I saw at once that in one sense you were right. Everybody has to try to get on, to push, to solicit, to intrigue, '*Out with you, sir, in with me!*' and all that. 'Come,' I said to myself, 'isn't it just possible I might do some-

thing?' Well, I began my solicitations. I set Arduina to work. I had her running about the town all day. I sent her to the Senator, the Princess, to her journalists and deputies——"

"Of course you didn't tell her——" interrupted Regina.

"I told her no more than this: 'I want to be secretary to some Minister. Find me a berth, and I'll get you six subscribers to your paper among my colleagues.' She laughed and went to work, and I set others in motion too. But it was all no good; there wasn't a vacant post anywhere. Then Arduina gave me an idea. You remember how the princess sent for me one day to ask information about the Stock Exchange, and how I saw she was beginning to be suspicious of Cavaliere R——? Well, Arduina, who is no fool at bottom, sounded Marianna. She found out it was just as I thought. 'Why shouldn't you become her confidential agent?' said Arduina. So I went to the princess and offered my services. I said the office of a spy did not seem to me very delicate, but that I would accept it, as it was a case of urgent necessity. That was on the 5th. Four days later I proved that the Cavaliere R—— was speculating with her money more for himself than for her."

"How did you manage it?" asked Regina, who was feeling vaguely uneasy at Antonio's relation.

"I will explain. You must know that Madame, for all her riches, is as ignorant as a child about money affairs, and naturally has to put herself entirely into the hands of some person who acts for her. The Cavaliere R—— has been serving her in this way for many years, and no doubt at first he was perfectly scrupulous in his operations and in the statement of accounts. Marianna, however, has been observing for some time that the proceeds of the speculations have kept continually diminishing, which the Cavaliere accounted for by the special conditions of the money-market. At her instigation, Madame made me the proposition I told you of. Well, as she pressed me, I accepted the job, and told her to put me in full possession of some recent transaction that I might verify it. Next morning Madame sent me one of his statements, on which I read, among other things,

'Exchange of 10,000 marks at 123.20 lire; acquired 8 shares of Acqua Marcia at 1,465 lire.'

I looked this up in the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* at the Chamber of Commerce, &c., and found the Berlin Exchange was at 123.37 lire, and the shares of Acqua Marcia were quoted at 1,460 lire. Consequently, Cavaliere R—— had put 57 lire into his own pocket. Then I made Madame give me all his statements up to the end of June, which she had kept mixed up with her private letters and newspapers. By the help of the bulletins of the Exchange and other publications which I got through a stock-broker I know, I proved that in these operations alone the man had made a profit of 137.45 lire."

"And then?"

" Oh, then Madame thanked me very warmly and said she'd take the opportunity of her going away to relieve the Cavaliere of his services, and on her return would ask me to undertake the speculating. She left home on the 12th, and has given me a whole lot of matters to disentangle before her return. I must look up my German a bit, for she has no end of business with Germany."

Instinctively, Regina took her hand away from Antonio's, and said, " Well? "

" Well? " repeated Antonio.

" How much is she to pay you? "

" For the present, a hundred *lire* a month; but a little later, you see, I'm to become her factotum. I must grind at the German," he repeated, seeming much preoccupied with the question of the language. He talked on about it, but Regina was no longer listening.

" Let's go back! " she said, turning suddenly. " You must be tired! Toscana! Gigi! Shall we go in? Here they come! Antonio, it's a funny thing, but do you know I dreamt something very like this the first night I was here."

She told her dream of the ten thousand *lire*, Marianna, and the fireman.

" There's no doubt at all that dreams are very queer things! "

He made no reply.

" And why," asked Regina, after a moment of hesitation, " why didn't you write to me? "

" What was I to write to you? You had settled the question for yourself. I wished to settle it in another manner, and a discussion by letter seemed useless. Besides, I had decided to come to you here."

Antonio's explanation was rather lame, but Regina did not insist. He went on to describe his plans for the future.

" Next year I'll go up for the examination and pass at latest in October. Meantime, we can count on 325 *lire* the month, net and certain. You see, our position is already a little better. I have sub-let the Apartment, and I've seen a capital *mezzanino*, in Via Balbo, for 80 *lire*. Three first-rate rooms looking on the street, and one, a large one, on the courtyard; all very light and sunny. We can have two drawing-rooms."

Regina listened, but she felt something which was not joy. Antonio's news was not altogether cheering, and his voice seemed entirely changed. It was the monotonous, distant voice of one not the merry and happy Antonio of old. It moved her to positive pity.

Two drawing-rooms! Yes, she understood his pre-occupation. He wanted to give her something of what in her infatuation she had dreamed, in her foolishness had asked. He wanted to give her at least the illusion that she was a fine lady, prosperous and fashionable. And he made his offer quite humbly, as if he were the guilty one, ready for any weakness, if only he might be forgiven! She would have preferred a tragedy of reproaches, and then the sweetness of

pardon, a storm which would leave their domestic heaven clearer than before.

On the other hand, she realised that Antonio's love was blinder, more abject than she had imagined; at least, in this fact there was some satisfaction.

They walked towards the house, so absorbed in their prosy talk that they no longer noticed the mystery of the hot, sweet night brooding over the colourless river, the dark sky, the motionless black woods, like the profile of a forest sculptured on a bronze bas-relief.

From time to time flashed the violet gleam of a bicycle lamp, which went silently by, preceded by a big butterfly of shadow. At intervals a few voices vibrated in the silence and immobility of the sleeping world. The magic of dream floated in the warm, soft air. But the young pair no longer felt the magic. Antonio was hot about his plans; Regina overcome by pity for the man whom her folly had so miserably and so profoundly changed.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THEY returned to Rome about the middle of August, and changed their dwelling. The *mezzanino* was really charming, but one of the rooms remained almost empty for lack of furniture.

"We might let it," suggested Regina.

"Fie! Who's the little bourgeoisie now?" cried Antonio, indignant.

"Oh, one changes as life goes on," she said, not without bitterness; "one gets older, gets whipped, ends by adapting one's self to anything."

She did in fact adapt herself—without knowing why. In herself and in her surroundings, in the quiet life which she and Antonio had resumed, she was sometimes conscious of an emptiness like that in the new Apartment, but she no longer rebelled.

After dinner they would go out arm in arm in the good bourgeois fashion, stifling the gentle tedium of their existence at the Café Aragno or in Piazza Colonna, oftener in the streets and avenues round Piazza della Stazione. The little tables in front of the Café Gambirinus or Café Morteo were always surrounded by people who at any rate seemed very lively. Crowds tramped the broad streets, bright with electricity and moonlight. Beyond the great white square, where the twin lights of the trams shone like drops of water, the station carriages looked like files of monstrous sleeping insects.

After the long silences and solemn solitudes of the Po, back now in the crowd, in the cold, sharp splendour of the electric lights, hidden like little moons among the black ilices, Regina felt herself in a dream. The cafés were overflowed with light. Livid reflections came from some empty table. Vestiges of lunar rays made their way through the green shadows, the strange semi-darkness of the trees. The crowd rolled past and looked into the café, merry with a second

crowd reflected and multiplied by mirrors. Now and then, in the smoke-wreathed background of the Morteo, hovered the moving and screaming figure of a singer, whose coarse notes were mixed with the melancholy scraping of violins and the buzz of the people. A hundred faces, derisive but brutally pleased, looked at the swaying, strident figure. Regina found a curious interest in watching the crowd, the faces, the light dresses of the women, the physiognomy of the men who ogled the singer, the pitiable arms of this pitiable creature.

One evening a little girl with thick hair falling in a red plait over thin shoulders, with a green hat and a short green dress, which left half-bare her meagre legs and big feet cased in yellow shoes, reminded her of a water bird. Then suddenly, under those trees blackened and burnt up by the heat of a thousand burning breaths, she thought of her great river, of the poplars rising at this hour like candles lighted by the moon, of the white line of the river banks cleaving the immense circle of the plain; and she marvelled that she no longer felt the nostalgia which she had known of old.

Antonio proposed to sit down at the café, but Regina preferred moving round with the crowd, going as far as Via Volturno, where the voices of the melon-sellers crossed, followed, answered each other jealously, like the crowing of cocks.

“*Favorischino, Signori! Favorischino!*”

On the black, damp tables, cut melons showed rosy in the trembling lamp-light, and diffused a fresh and agreeable odour like great red flowers. Children, workmen, a pair of students, a woman or two, bent over the pink flesh of the juicy slices.

“*Favorischino, Signori!* Behold what beauties! Real blood! Will you buy one, lady?”

There was a stall at the corner of the street against the wall, and the vendor looked condescendingly at the people clustered round his banks of melons; but if anyone noticed his money-box, he turned anxiously and put on an air of preternatural solemnity.

“Do you intend to buy, madam?”

And from an ambulant gramophone, whose red trumpet rose in the shadow like a coral cup, issued a strange, hoarse music, a metallic and rapid laughter, now near, now far, which streamed forth from an unknown and alarming profundity, expressing a false joy, a cry of misery, grief, derision, of wickedness and roguery, of pity and sadness—a voice at once mocking and imploring, empty and portentous, unconscious, and supremely melancholy.

To Regina it seemed the voice of the surrounding crowd. Yes! the voice of the pale young daughter of joy, with the auburn hair under the great black hat, seated alone and thoughtful before one of the tables at the Morteo; the voice of the child like the water bird, of the famished singer, of the rough melon-seller, of the bright-eyed old man in the pink shirt, of the gentleman with the thick lips and brutal looks, of the melancholy fat man, of the lady in the red

dress lifted to show a trim ankle, of the wet-nurse with the Jewish profile, of the yellow infant which she held in her arms, of the little woman in black with floating veil who ran after the tram, of the pair of lovers leaning romantically against the garden gate.

"And it's my voice too, and Antonio's!" thought Regina, and sometimes the crowd still disgusted her, but her disgust was tempered by compassion. Returning home, she still saw the melon-seller, the fat misanthrope, the nurse, and the girl with the red frock; but above all the thin singing woman, who was probably hungry, and the daughter of joy with the thoughtful, the pure face. She fancied that Antonio had glanced at the latter with a certain interest, and she thought:—"Can they have known each other once?" But she felt no resentment, only great compassion for the lost girl, for Antonio, for herself, and for all the unconscious ones, the rich or the wretched, for all the sadness and the weariness of men, which gurgled forth from the blood-coloured cup of the ambulating gramophone.

Sometimes Antonio and Regina sat on a bench at the bottom of the avenue in the shadow. He seemed overcome by depression and fatigue. She watched dreamily the great coloured eyes of the tram, the course of the newspaper carts, carrying to the station their load of glory and of gossip, the going and coming of the people, the shadows of the trees, the clouds which rose up from the silver depths of the horizon. White and tender the moon looked down from heaven. Music of mandolines and violins throbbed and vibrated, a neighbouring bell tolled, a distant trumpet sounded.

"They all make music!" observed Regina. "The whole world seems holiday-making and merry."

"On the contrary, according to you it's sad," said Antonio, not without irony.

"No; it's worse than sad! It's miserable, and I am very sorry for it!"

He made no reply. Since their re-union he did not controvert the melancholy speeches of his wife on those occasions, infrequent now, when she allowed herself to be depressed.

In September Regina perceived that the old miller's prophecy had come true. She was to be a mother.

The fact was not particularly agitating, certainly not displeasing, either to her or to her husband. It occasioned, however, a small dispute between them, for Antonio declared at once that the child must have a nurse, while Regina was for bringing it up herself.

"Too much worry," he said, almost roughly.

"Well, have we the means to pay for a nurse?"

"We shall have," he affirmed, shortly.

The year passed. Nothing extraordinary happened. During the winter Regina went out little and scarcely saw anyone. She did not visit her mother-in-law, finding an excuse in the stairs. When

Arduina came to look for her, she bade the maid say she was not at home. She was aware of her own ingratitude, since after all it was Arduina who had got Antonio his post with the Princess; but she could not overcome her antipathy to her husband's whole family.

Before the child's birth she fell into a sort of moral lethargy. In spite of the physical disturbances her prospects did not displease her; on the other hand, the idea of motherhood woke in her little enthusiasm. During the winter she devoured an immense number of novels, which her husband brought from the library. Hour after hour she sat over the fire, which Antonio had arranged in one of the drawing-rooms—quite alone and very quiet.

Antonio went out in the morning often while she was still asleep. He ran in for lunch, went out again, came back towards evening after an extra hour or two in the office, studying or despatching business for the Princess. Regina had got used to solitude.

All was going on well; perhaps too well. In addition to his two salaries, Antonio said he made a little by extra work in the department. Then one evening towards the middle of April, when the birth of the baby was imminent, he told Regina a somewhat curious story.

"If you won't scold," he began, "I'll confess my sins to you."

"I needn't scold if you have upbraided yourself and repented."

"Repented? No; the serious thing is, I haven't repented! Look here. The day you ran away last year I got dragged by a friend of mine into a gambling-house——"

"Ah——!" cried Regina.

"Don't be frightened. It was the one only time. I was irritated, naturally; infuriated—almost desperate. But, you know (I never spoke of it, but I want to tell you now once and for all), I was far angrier with myself than with you. You were perfectly right. I had been imprudent, improvident. I hadn't properly forewarned you of all the little annoyances of middle-class life in a big town. We needn't go over it. It's enough that I was furious with myself for not having the sense to find some way out of my subordinate position. Well, I went with the fellow, and I played. You remember I had 100 *lire*? I put them all on the green table. I saw I was still a great baby, fancying I understood others and myself, while, on the contrary—why, I saw two or three of my colleagues there, and I even observed one of them cheating! Another had that day gone down from our Department into that of the Intendance, and the man who superseded him had paid him 2,000 *lire*. He (my colleague) had three children and another coming. His wife hadn't been out for two months because she hadn't a decent frock. He had made the exchange because he wanted to get away from Rome, pay his debts, provide for his wife's confinement. That night he had his 2,000 *lire* in his pocket, and, would you believe it, he lost them all! As for me, I began by winning. I got up to 1,800 *lire*; then I lost till I was down to 50. I won and lost again. That's how it always is.



Towards morning I had made about 2,000 *lire*. I was worn out, sleepy, nauseated. I thought of you. I thought, 'If Regina only knew!' All at once a quarrel burst out between one of the players and my colleague, who had been cheating. They came to blows. The manager of the house intervened. There was pandemonium! I got up and came away with my fine 2,000 *lire*."

Regina listened, seated by the window, against which Antonio was leaning. It was almost night. From the beautiful hushed street, where the lamps shone pale in the last rosiness of the long twilight, from the gardens of the opposite houses, from near, from far, came that warm and grateful perfume of the spring evenings in Rome. The new moon, pale green like a slice of unripe orange, was going down in a violet-pink sky, above the already darkened houses in the far part of the street. Regina remembered the night when she had leaned against the window of their first Apartment and complained that she could not see the stars. What changes within and around her! That night she had formulated to herself the plan of flight and separation. Now—now all that seemed a dream. Why does life change one in this way? And neither was Antonio what he had been that evening. He confessed it himself. He said, "I was a great baby and did not know it."

Now—now he was telling her a story, and Regina was listening, but with an inexplicable conviction that it was not true. Why should he say what was not true? She did not know, did not try to explain her incredulity. She just felt that the story Antonio was telling her was an invention. She was vaguely distressed. She would much rather have thought Antonio had really been gambling, had lost or won—it mattered little which—so long as he were not telling her lies!

He went on:

"Now hear the best of it. When I found myself with the 2,000 *lire* I formed at least two thousand projects. I thought of going to you. I thought of gambling again. What I did was to hand the money over to Arduina and tell her to get me a post as secretary. Then came the days in which I was going to the Exchange about the Princess's matter, and presently I purchased five shares in the Carbuo Italiano Company. They were at 300 *lire* just then. Do you know what they are worth now? Do you know, Regina?"

In spite of herself, Regina was excited. Antonio was bending over her, and though his voice was calm, almost indifferent, she felt in him some unaccustomed agitation.

She forgot the doubts which had assailed her. No; Antonio was no longer lying. The expression of his eyes, brilliant in the light of the window, was truly a sincere expression, on fire with audacity. His eyes, once so soft, so amorous, were now those of a man intent on making a fortune at all costs.

"Do you know?" he repeated.

"How should I know?"

"Guess."

"500 *lire*?" she hazarded.

"More."

"600?"

"More—more."

"1,000?" she suggested, timidly.

"More still."

"Then we are rich!" she exclaimed, with forced irony, angry at her own excitement.

"We are not rich yet, but we can be. It's the first step, which is everything, my dear! Our five shares are each worth 1,200 *lire*. They may go up even higher, but I intend to sell out to-morrow. Half the money I shall give to you; with the other half I'll make another venture. Fortune, it seems, is only a matter of will. But you mustn't be frightened!" he ended, for Regina had turned pale.

"Why did you never tell me about it?"

"What was the use? Suppose the shares had gone down?"

As on that former evening, which rose obstinately before Regina's memory, the maid interrupted by announcing dinner, and the young pair went into the next room. By the lamplight Antonio again noticed Regina's pallor, but he jested.

"Don't fly away on the wings of Pegasus!"

They talked a little of the morality and the opportunities of speculation, of risks and lotteries.

"Nonsense!" said Antonio. "All life is a lottery. We must risk something or die. And now we'll go out for our walk."

Next day he sold the shares, after having shown them to Regina, and gave her 3,000 *lire*. She put 2,000 in the savings bank; with the rest she bought furniture, and provided for the birth and christening of her baby.

"Perhaps I shall die," she said, in the last days of waiting.

"You'll see that now, just when we've got a little luck, I shall die."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Antonio, almost angry.

She did not die, but she gave to the light a miserable little being, its life hanging by a thread, a baby like a kitten, ill-formed, ill-coloured, with an enormous head.

When she first saw this little misery she wept with disappointment and repugnance.

"If it would only die!" she mourned, cruelly. "Why, oh why have I given it life!"

"Young lady," she was answered by the nurse, a peasant woman, like a statue, with a bronzed face in an aureole formed by a turquoise head ornament, "leave the infant to me. You have brought her into the world, and now you have no more to do. Leave her to me, *Signuri*."

Regina appeared to have little confidence, so the big woman was offended. She sulked, she quarrelled with the servant, who insisted

the baby was dying. Next day she fell out with Marianna, who had come to inquire for Regina, and made the remark that the child seemed a kitten.

"Just let her grow a bit," cried the indignant peasant, "and she'll be clawing at you! Little Miss Catharine may be like a kitten, but you're for all the world like a rat!"

By the middle of May Regina had recovered; she had regained her beauty and felt strong and happy. The nurse kept her promise; her rich country milk gave life and vigour to the poor little city infant. The distorted black little face cleared and acquired a profile; the immense heavy eyes began to be human. Sometimes the baby smiled, and her whole little face became animated. Then Regina felt certain her daughter was beautiful; but presently she laughed and thought she must be deluded—a victim of that mania which attacks all mothers.

However, she was happy, happy in her freedom, her health, her life. After the first few delicious walks on Antonio's arm she began to go with the nurse and the baby. The mornings were splendid; breaths of perfumed wind gave stimulating sweetness to the air; bands of shining silver furrowed the luminous heights of the heaven.

How different from the spring of a year ago! Now Regina felt impulses of tenderness for everything and everybody. The warm surging of that breeze which came from the summer of the southern plains and passed on to her northern home still stung by the sharpness of winter, ravished her soul, sending it forth in flight like a bird drunk with light and space.

One day she sallied forth quite alone. She felt like that hero of Dostoevsky's, who, unexpectedly obliged to cross the principal streets of the great city in which he had long lived without attention, seemed to himself born again to a new life. Roaming in the immensity of Via Nazionale, Regina looked about her with childish curiosity. For the first time she perceived that the Hotel Quirinale was a soft grey, while to her it had always seemed mustard colour; she saw the tower of the American Church striped and elegant like a lady's dress; she admired the fine perspective of Via Quattro Fontane; she stood on the sunlit carpet which covered regally the steps of the Exhibition. A red-faced cabman raised two fingers, thinking her a foreigner seeking a carriage; a Moor in European dress passed near her and stared; a flower-girl offered her roses. It was all interesting; but a year ago she would have been annoyed.

She descended Via dei Serpenti, and as she advanced saw the arches of the Coliseum open to the deep sky, and she fancied them huge blue eyes looking at her and full of eternal dream. She found herself alone before the great dead sphinx; only a boy—fair-haired, rosy, dressed in green—was watching the entrance from between two baskets of oranges. The broken columns lying in the sun showed metallic reflections; the voluptuous wind brought whiffs of country

fragrance; cries of love-making birds came from the trees of the Palatine; the outline of the trees was soft against the feathery silver clouds which veiled the sky.

Regina descended, almost running. She penetrated under an archway and paused, checked by sudden chill. A priest passed close to her, black and fluttering, like a melancholy bird. She moved on, opened her guide-book, but did not read. Play of sun and shade painted the background of the Coliseum's immense emptiness. The walls, dotted with wild plants and yellow flowers, suggested a mountain side; shady corners, green with moss, seemed little damp pastures; mysterious caverns opened great black mouths. Hoarse cawing of rooks came from behind the huge blue eyes which the great sphinx fixed on its own ruin. From the hopeless profundity of heaven rained a dream of solitude and death.

"I have never cared for history," thought Regina. "There are persons who come miles to gush about a stone on which possibly some Roman warrior set his dirty foot. That seems silly to me. Why? A stone is for me only a stone! Nothing speaks to me by its past, but by its present significance. The past is death; the present is life. Here am I, and here once laboured twelve thousand slaves—or how many was it?" (Again she opened the guide-book, but did not read.) "Here the lions devoured the Christians, and cruel eyes of emperors, women, plebeians, with less conscience than the lions, enjoyed the horrid spectacle. But all that is past, and it doesn't move me a bit. Oh, dear! Here come the foreigners, bursting into this dream of death, chattering like ducks in a stagnant pond! Let me escape!"

She went away. The Palatine trees trembled in the breeze against a sky ever brighter and brighter. The campanile of Santa Francesca Romana was clear-cut, bright, and dark. The Arch of Constantine framed the bright picture of the roadway with its background of silvery cloud. Regina followed the road and seated herself on the highest step of the stair of San Gregorio. Everything she could see in front of her, from the pine trees, noisy with birds, to the rosy vision of the city's edge, all was light, life, joy; behind her, in the damp cloister, green with moss, in the portico guarded by tombs, in the abandoned garden, all was silence, sadness, death. Always the great contrast! Vibrating with life, she nevertheless entered into that place of death and allowed herself to be taken round by a friar, who seemed a skeleton wrapped in a yellow tunic. They visited the chapels, in whose silence the beautiful figures of Domenichino and Guido grow pale, like persons condemned to solitude. Regina crossed the desolate garden and watched the friar, with profound pity, wondering he could still walk, though he was dead to life.

She thought of her baby, the little Caterina. Ah! she should be taught to appreciate, to enjoy, to adore life!

"How many dead people there are in the world!" she thought. "I myself was dead till a few months ago. Now I have revived a

little, but I am not so much alive as my baby shall be! I am only a resuscitated person with the memory of the grave still in my soul."

As she went out she put a small coin in the friar's yellow palm, and from the manner in which he thrust the money into his pocket and looked at the donor, she perceived that he had still some life in him, this little yellow skeleton of a friar!

Then she went out, hurrying from the sepulchre-guarded portico, thirsting for the sun, for noise, and for immensity.

### PART III.

#### CHAPTER I.

ON Christmas Eve, Old Style, Regina and Antonio went to the princess's reception. They were accompanied by a little blonde lady, modestly attired in black. It was Gabriele, the Master's daughter, who had realised her dream of finishing her studies in Rome at the *Scuola di Magistero*. For two months, courageously and quietly, she had lived on study and privation in a garret of Via San Lorenzo, in the family of a strolling musician, who had once been an organist near her home. The Venutellis had offered her hospitality, but she had refused it, contenting herself with visiting at their house and allowing them occasionally to take her to the theatre. To-night, chiefly out of curiosity, she had condescended to go with them to Madame Makuline's. She wanted to see a rich lady close, that she might excite the envy of her puffed-up young friend at Sabbioneta.

Innocently, or sarcastically (Regina had not yet made out if Gabriele were ingenuous or malicious), she said:

"I've been sending her picture cards of the fox hunt, the meet, the motors, the smart people. That young woman has no ideas beyond all that." (She said *that young woman* in accents of profound contempt.)

"Nor have many others," muttered Antonio.

He was stepping a little in advance of the ladies, and seemed lost in thought, very erect and fashionable, however, in his dark, smooth overcoat.

"Do you mean that for me?" said Gabriele, after a pause. Then, without waiting for a reply, almost as if penitent, she added, "Dear me, Signor Antonio, aren't you crushed by that coat? The history professor has one like it, and the girls say whenever he goes out he has to come home and lie down—he's so worn out by it."

"Indeed!" said Antonio, absently.

They arrived at the Villa. The night was warm and still; the blue splendour of the moon eclipsed the lamps. The street was empty. Regina remembered the first night she had come to this house, and she sighed and smiled. She did not know why she sighed nor why she smiled, but she rapidly recalled how unhappy she had been then,

while now she was so extremely happy, with a husband who loved her so much and worked for her so hard, with her pretty baby, her home, her heart-felt peace and assured prosperity; and yet— And yet? Oh, nothing! A mere cloud, the shadow of a cloud passing over the depths of her soul!

The great doors opened. The servant did not smile, but his pale, impassive face lighted up amiably at sight of the newcomers.

"Are there many people?" asked Antonio, as the servant took Regina's cloak.

"A few," replied the big youth, in a bass voice.

Regina looked at Gabriele, who, after a rapid glance at the wolves in the porch, narrowly scrutinised the servant. He carried the wraps into an adjacent room, and Antonio was familiarly opening the door to the right.

"Wait one moment," said Regina, who was smoothing her hair. It was beautifully arranged. She was rosy and a little plumper than she had been a year or two ago. Her light dress with its neck garniture of foamy white was becoming. She looked young and almost a beauty. Indeed, she thought so herself, and entered the princess's drawing-room quite satisfied.

"How's the little one?" asked Madame.

"Quite well, thank you. May I introduce my friend?"

Gabrie bowed to the hostess, who scarcely noticed her. Then she sat down in the corner of a sofa and stayed there the whole evening, shy, quiet, and silent.

The usual old ladies and old gentlemen filled the rooms, which, as usual, were overheated.

The only person at all young was a lady dressed childishly in blue, with big blue eyes and long, downcast golden lashes. She sat near the hostess, in a circle of two old ladies and three old men, amongst whom was he of the pink-china bald head.

Madame was silent, listening to a German traveller who was giving an account of his recent tour in India. Fatter than ever, paler, more dowdy in her clumsy black velvet gown, the princess looked like one of the many old women of remoter ages whose ugliness has been immortalised by the painters of their day. Her eyes alone seemed alive in her swollen, corpse-like face.

The lady in blue asked the German if he had read Loti's article on India (without the English) in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

"Oh, he exaggerates, as usual. To read Loti, you'd suppose the burial in the Ganges a poem. On the contrary, it's a great—"

"—a great *saleté*," said Marianna, sitting near Gabriele, and whispering so as not to be overheard by Madame, who often reproved her for her coarse language.

Gabrie, who had understood from her Sabbioneta friend that great ladies never said ugly words, stared at Marianna, then dropped her eyes and remained quiet in her corner.

"Whatever Loti says is false," continued the German. "I once

heard Madame Ciansahma, a Japanese authoress, say that when she wanted a laugh she read a book of Loti's."

"And don't we laugh when Madame Ciansahma takes us off, and tries to look like an European?" asked the blue lady.

"How can she know what Madame Ciansahma looks like?" whispered Marianna, leaning forward.

Regina also leaned forward and indicated the blue lady.

"She's blind, isn't she?"

"Stone blind. For that matter," added Marianna, "the blind sometimes see more than those with eyes."

Gabrie, mute and stiff, wedged in between the two young ladies, looked and listened. Everyone was talking except herself—her small, colourless self in her little black frock. The blind lady, moving and talking as if she could see perfectly, became the special object of her attention.

The princess was talking. Antonio also, very handsome but preternaturally grave, was talking to an elderly young lady who had stuck a golden fringe on top of her scanty red hair. Scraps of phrases, laughter, isolated words in the midst of the general hubbub, reached the corner where sat Regina, Gabrie, and Marianna.

"Do you know that lady's history?" asked Marianna. "Blind as she is, she tried to murder her husband, who was the cause of her calamity."

"How was that?"

"I'll tell you afterwards. Now I must talk to those people over there."

She moved off with a great rustling of her petticoats. But suddenly she stopped and said, looking back to Regina,

"I met your baby out with that demon of a nurse. I put the woman in a fury telling her we were going to have an earthquake."

"I know," said Regina, laughing; "you frightened her to death."

"Frightened her? Won't that poison the baby? But it's quite true about the earthquake. I read it in print."

"Really? What fun!" said Gabrie.

Marianna seemed to see her for the first time.

"Is this a relation of yours?" she asked Regina.

"More or less," said Regina.

"I observe a likeness. But bless me! I'm forgetting my duties."

She started again, but again turned back.

"Oh! I've been wanting to tell you something, Signora. Come with me. How grand you are to-night! It must be because——"

"What do you want to tell me?"

"Come with me," said Marianna, taking her hand.

"Gabrie, you come too," said Regina.

Gabrie rose, but, bethinking her that Marianna probably wished to speak to her friend alone, she begged to be allowed to remain where she was.

"You won't be lonely?"

"No, no. I like this corner. Go."

Regina went, but soon came back and took Gabriele to the supper room. The table was laden with plate, and the company stood round it eating and drinking. Marianna, seated at the *Samovar*, was pouring tea into Japanese cups, delicate and transparent as flowers. Antonio was carrying them to the guests. He gave one to Gabriele, who smiled at him quietly.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" asked Antonio.

"Yes, very much. Only I can't understand all they say. Even Regina talks French. She speaks very well."

Antonio looked at his wife, so fair, delicate, graceful. She drew nearer and said:

"What are you staring at me for?"

"Am I not allowed to look at my wife? Why are you pale? You were quite rosy when we came. What's the matter?"

"The matter? Nothing. Am I pale, Gabriele?"

"A little. But it's very becoming," said Gabriele, tasting the tea.

"Thank you, dear!"

"You're much the prettiest here. Isn't she, Signor Antonio?"

"The prettiest and the best dressed."

"You're overwhelming me, you two," said Regina; "you're a pair of flatterers, that's what you are!"

"She's grown fatter, hasn't she," said Antonio to Gabriele. "Do you remember how thin she was? By Jove, she was a fright!"

"Thank you, my dear!" said Regina.

"No, she wasn't a fright. She was thin, certainly. But when she came home last year she was thin then. And quite *green*, she was! And always in a bad humour! She was afraid you had run away from her, Signor Antonio, and was always watching for the postman——"

"Who told you that?" asked Regina, astonished.

"I saw it. But the moment Signor Antonio arrived——"

"Upon my word, if you fail as a novelist it won't be for want of observation, my dear!"

They were standing all together at a short distance from their hostess. The latter suddenly turned and came towards them. In her small be-gemmed hands she held a silver plate and a fork. She was eating slowly, munching at a slice of tart, and she had smeared her mouth with chocolate. Never had she looked more hideous.

"Is your friend from Viadana?" she asked, pointing to Gabriele with her fork.

"From the country—from my home!" cried Regina, looking affectionately at the girl.

It seemed to her that Gabriele's little face wore a look of ineffable disgust.

The days and the months rolled on.



A morning came when Regina woke to see a thread of gold coming through the closed shutters and falling on the blue wall across the corner of her room. It was the sun beating on the window. Spring had come, and Regina felt a profound gladness. Time had run on, and she had not noticed it, so happy she thought herself. Sometimes she felt quite afraid of her happiness, and even this morning, after her quick joy at sight of the sunshine, she looked at the sleeping Antonio and thought:—

“Suppose he were to die! Anyone of us, I, or he, or baby might die at any moment! This great light which shines in my soul might be put out in one instant.”

She raised herself on her elbow and surveyed her husband. His fine head, motionless on the pillow, illuminated by the gold ray from the window, had the severe beauty of a statue. Blue veins showed on his closed eyelids. His whole aspect was of suavity and gentleness.

Last night he had come home late, later than usual, even though most nights he was late. Regina was not jealous. He worked hard all day. Every hour was absorbed by feverish activity. Only in the evening could he amuse himself, walk, do what he liked. His wife knew this and asked for no account of these hours. Besides, did he not always tell her where he had been? There were days in which husband and wife hardly saw each other, except in the morning when they first woke; and sometimes, if he woke late, Antonio had to jump out of bed, dress in a hurry, bolt his breakfast, and run to the office.

For all that, perhaps because of that, their life went on smooth and tranquil as a limpid and quiet stream. Nurse (always relating how she had lived with a pair who used to beat each other even in bed—“and when I wanted to make peace between them I took a stick too”) used to say:—

“We can't go on like this, Mistress! Do quarrel with Master a little, or you'll see we shall get some bad luck.”

“I defy the prophecy!” said Regina.

“Well, I hope I'll get through bringing up the little angel first! See what a beauty she is! See!”

Antonio woke, and before opening his eyes felt that Regina was looking at him, and he smiled.

“It must be very late!” he exclaimed, seeing the ray of sunshine.

“No; it's the sun which is earlier. It's a quarter to eight. Shall I ring for baby?”

“Wait one minute! Give me a kiss! We hardly ever see each other!”

He took her in his arms and kissed her, hugging her like a child. She kissed his smooth brow, his hair, and, feeling him all her own, so loving, so young, so handsome, so trusting, her heart throbbed

with a tenderness that was almost pain. Thus for several minutes they remained embraced, in the silence, in the luminous penumbra of the warm, blue room.

Outside, the street was becoming animated; but the noises vibrated softly, as if blended in the deep serenity of the air.

"I feel as if we were lying in a wood," said Antonio. "I'm still half asleep, and I'd like to sleep on like this to the end of time."

"It's the spring!" said Regina. "I also see the wood, and through the wood the river, and, oh, so many flowers!"

"Are you going to the Pincio to-day?"

"No; I'm going to see Gabriele. She has been three days in bed, poor child."

Antonio made no remark. He did not require his wife to account for her time, just as she did not demand it of him.

Regina wanted to go and see her mother in June, and he asked, suddenly, "When is the exam.?"

"What exam.? Gabriele's? July, I think."

"Then you aren't going back together as she said the other day?"

"No."

They were silent. So much time had passed, so many things had changed—Regina had left home twice, and twice she had come back—that the caprice of her first going away now seemed a mere childishness, far off, obscured by subsequent events. Still, every time they spoke of parting, even if, as to-day, it were at one of the sweetest and most intimate moments of their life, they felt embarrassed, separated, torn asunder by some extraneous force. But this did not last. To-day, spring was beating at the window. It was the time not of clouds, but of sun. Young, at ease, in love with each other, Regina and Antonio forgot the winter with the birds, and with them sung their hymn of joy.

He called her his little queen, and squandered on her a thousand extravagant pet names. She admired him—meaning it, too—and told him he was the most beautiful husband in the whole world. From the wall the sun's eye watched them, pleased and peaceful.

Regina went with the nurse and baby to the station gardens, then set off to visit Gabriele. She was taking her a book, a bunch of violets, and a packet of biscuits; and she walked along lightly and briskly, imagining herself engaged in a work of charity. She glanced at the station clock and saw it was ten. Not a leaf fluttered, and the motionless air was perfumed by narcissus and young grass. In the distance the mountains were the colour of flax-blossom, and scarce visible, as if seen through the transparence of water. A bird-seller stepped just in front of Regina, and so intense, so insistent was the joy of spring, that even the little half-fledged sparrows, the redbreasts stained with blood, the canaries yellow as daffodils, twittered with delight in the two swinging cages carried by the melancholy man. Regina thought of buying a baby sparrow for

Caterina; but what would Caterina make of it? She would choke it without even amusement. No; Regina would not accustom her little one to senseless pleasures and cruel caprices.

"But," she reflected, "if I buy the bird I shall give one moment of pleasure to this sorrowful seller, who probably hasn't taken a penny to-day. Yet why should I suppose this man sorrowful? He may be quite happy. We are always imagining the griefs of others, and probably they don't exist. Once I thought everybody was unhappy; now—now—I see I was wrong."

Spring penetrated even into the big house where Gabriele lived. Regina had always seen the stairs damp, greasy, and muddy; but to-day they were quite dry, the landings washed; an open door revealed a passage with polished floor. From the first storey, which represented the luxury of a bookkeeper, to the fourth, inhabited by the ex-organist, the inhabitants had cleaned up the house to receive the Easter warmth—enemy of that great enemy of the poor, winter. Regina had an undefined feeling of pensive pleasure as she heard her green silk petticoat rustling up the silence of the stairs. She was not consciously thinking of her silk petticoat, nor of the comfort of her life, the short, well-lighted stair of her own dwelling, her two drawing-rooms, her savings, bank book, her subscription to the *Costanzi*; but the certainty of all these possessions illumined her heart, and made her a little sentimental. She felt herself a person of consequence, sun-warmed like Easter, violets in her hand, bringing the breath of spring up that stair of poverty, of workers, students, failures. She would have liked to leave a violet on the threshold of every apartment. She remembered an anæmic young student whom she had once seen coming out of N. 8, his lips blue, his eyes pale as faded hyacinths, buttoned up in a threadbare though clean overcoat; and she wished she might meet him to-day to greet him and make him understand that she loved the poor, whom once she had despised.

But the young man did not come out, and she climbed on till she had reached a door where a card, fixed with four wafers, informed the visitor that this apartment had the good fortune to shelter

MARIO ENNIO COLORNI,  
*Ex-organist and*  
*Professor of the Violin.*

It was not impressive to Regina, as she had seen it already. She had visited Gabriele several times. In the first instance the Master had written praying her to "scrutinise whether the environment were dangerous or doubtful, as all the houses in the San Lorenzo quarter were reputed to be."

Signora Colorni opened the door, a little woman with a black cap and blue spectacles. She did not immediately recognise the visitor, and hesitated childishly about allowing her to enter. Regina made her smell the violets, and said, in the Mantuan dialect:—

"Don't you know me? How is Gabriele?"

The little woman, whom typhus fever had left bald, dumb, and nearly blind, smiled gently. Her little face was the face of a child who has put on Grandmother's cap and spectacles for fun. Regina walked on into the apartment, crossed the passage, which was very clean and in which was a great smell of cooking, went into the little parlour, the half-shut window of which was veiled by a curtain of yellowish muslin. Through the open door she saw that Gabriele's room, in process of arranging by Signora Colorni, was empty.

She turned. The dumb woman smiled, and waved her hand to the window.

"What? Out? But she wrote to me she was ill in bed!"

The little woman shook her head, coughed, and touched her forehead to signify that Gabriele had certainly been ill. Then she smiled again, pointed to the window, took a chair, for they had come into the little room, and placed it before Regina.

"Will she soon be back? Where is she gone?"

The woman took an envelope from Gabriele's table and held it to the wall.

"Gone to post a letter, is that it? Well, I'll wait a few minutes, as I am tired. And how's Signor Ennio?"

Again the woman smiled, made the gesture of violin-playing, then opened her arms very wide, perhaps to intimate that he had gone a long way, and that his instrument was speaking tenderly and humbly to some German bride and bridegroom in that hour of sun, in the poetry of some suburban inn, lively with chickens and pink with peach-blossom.

Regina sat down, and the little woman went away.

For some minutes profound silence reigned in the clean little apartment, full of peace and the odour of baked meats. Gabriele's tiny room, with its pink-bordered yellow paper, its narrow white bed, its little table littered with books and copy-books, its window open on a sky of pearl-strewn azure, gave Regina the idea of a nest on the top of a poplar-tree. Yes! life was lovely even for the poor! Everything was relative. This strolling fiddler, who at night brought two, three, sometimes even five *lire* home to his little, hard-working, dumb wife, and found his little home clean, a good piece of kid in the oven, and a soft bed waiting for him, was happier than many a millionaire. And Gabriele, with her pluck and her dreams, who saw her life before her long but luminous, like that depth of sky behind her window—who could say how happy she must be! "Happiness is not in our surroundings, but in ourselves," thought Regina. "I declare I once thought myself wretched because I lived on a fifth floor in a house which was in quite a good quarter. Now I believe I could be happy even here—in this house of poor people, in the outskirts of the kingdom of the most miserable!"

Still Gabriele did not come in. So much the better, if it meant she was cured. Regina looked at her tiny clock; it was half past ten.

She could wait a little longer. She got up and walked to the window. On the right, on the left, overhead, that dazzling sky; down below the railway, the tall houses tanned by the sun; bits of green, the vague breathing of life and of spring, the immense palpitation of a distant steam engine. All, all was beautiful.

Still no Gabriele. Regina left the window and approached the table to set down the violets which she still held in her hand. Her silk petticoat made a great rustling in the silence of the tiny room.

Yes, everything was beautiful; not least that little table covered with foolscap and notebooks which represented the dream, the essence, the finger-marks of a soul clear and deep as a mirror. Regina took up an open note-book.

She remembered the time when she, too, had thought of becoming an authoress. She had never succeeded in writing the first line of her first chapter. How far had Gabriele got? Well, it was to be hoped she would do better than Arduina! Regina's thoughts wandered to her husband's relations. They had disappeared, or at least faded from her life, like personages in the opening chapters of a novel who find no opportunity of coming in again. Regina often sent nurse and baby to visit the grandmother, and she listened to Antonio when he talked of his family. Herself, however, she hardly ever saw any of them, and though now she regarded them as neither more nor less agreeable than a thousand others, she could not resist a feeling of resentment whenever she found herself in their society.

But why should she think of them now when she was turning the leaves of Gabriele's note-book? She sought the sequence of ideas. This was it. Confusedly she was thinking that if Antonio, instead of taking her to his relations in that odious Apartment, choked up with lumber and horrible figures like an ugly and ill-painted picture, had brought her to a little, silent, sunny home as humble as even this of the ex-organist, she would not have suffered so acutely during her honeymoon.

She put down that notebook and picked up another. Her thoughts now changed their shape like clouds urged by the wind.

"No; I should probably have suffered more. I had to suffer, to pass through a crisis. I suppose all wives of any intelligence have to go through it. And now, now it's easy for me to think everything beautiful, because I am happy, because my life has become easy. Ah! What's this?"

"A young lady of seventeen, of noble though fallen family, anæmic, insincere, vain, envious, ambitious; knows how to conceal her faults under a cold sweetness which seems natural. She is always talking of the upper aristocracy. Someone told her she was like a Virgin of Botticelli's, and ever since she has assumed an air of ecstasy and sentiment. This does not prevent her from being ignobly enamoured of a sign-painter."

Regina recalled the enthusiasm with which the Master had read part of this extract to Signora Caterina. She saw again the big

Louis XV. room, flooded with the burning twilight, the clouds travelling like violet-grey birds over the greenish sky, over the greenish river.

"See what a spirit of observation! It's a character for a future story, Signora Caterina. My Gabriele picks up, picks up. She sees a character, observes it, sets it down. She is like a good housewife who keeps everything in case it may come in useful——"

The Master talked, and Regina pitied him. The Master read, and Regina recognised in the figure drawn with photographic minuteness the young lady from Sabbioneta.

Gabrie's notebook was almost filled with these little figures. Regina turned the leaves without scruple, and in the later pages she found characters of professors, students, that of Claretta (a flirt, hysterical, decadent), whom Gabriele had met in Regina's drawing-room a few days before.

She was terrible, this future novelist; not a looking-glass, but a Röntgen apparatus!

Regina, impelled by curiosity, continued to turn the leaves and to read, standing by the little table.

"A young wife, short-sighted, dark, all eyes and mouth, clever, rather original, a little enigmatical. Of noble but fallen family; imagines she doesn't value her blue blood, and, perhaps, does not think about it; but her blood is blue, and she feels it, and would like to be aristocratic. She is fond of luxury and of rich people. She is married to a poor man, but has succeeded in making him *largely increase his income.*"

"Good gracious! This is myself!" thought Regina, amused but slightly offended. "She doesn't treat me very kindly, this girl! What does she mean by that last phrase?"

Suddenly she remembered that Gabriele had once told her certain stories she has got from her fellow students.

"But it's a fire of calumny, that college of yours!" Regina had protested, and Gabriele had answered:—

"A fire? It's a furnace!"

She read on:—

"An authoress: tall, thin, yellow, with little, milky eyes, small mouth, black teeth, yellow hair, crooked nose. Moves pity by the mere sight of her. When she's with men she also tries to flirt."

"That's Arduina, slain in three lines," thought Regina.

Then she found Massimo, Marianna—"short, with malicious olive face, little black eyes, pretends always to speak the truth, but a sculptor would entitle her, 'Statuette in bronze representing Malignant Folly'", the blind lady, other persons who frequented the Princess's receptions, to which Regina had taken Gabriele several times. At last.

"A foreigner: very rich, tall, and stout; very black hair (dyed), lips too thick, pale, almost livid. Eyes small and sharp; mysterious as those of a wicked cat. Never laughs. Impossible to guess her

age. Deaf. Always talking of an uncle who knew Georges Sand. Type of the sensual woman. Has a young lover——”

And immediately after:—

“ Government clerk: private secretary to an old Princess. Young. Fair. Very handsome. Tall, athletic; long, fascinating eyes; good mouth; fresh complexion. Lively. Good-hearted. Deeply in love with his young wife. Nevertheless, *he is the Princess's lover.*”

## II.

REGINA had once dreamed of an eclipse of the sun. Reading Gabriele's page, she remembered that dream, because there was reproduced in her the same feeling of fearful darkness, of portentous silence and terrible expectation.

For a moment. When the moment had passed she again saw the light of the sun, felt again the vibration of life, perceived that everything in the outer world had retained its proper aspect and position, and that nothing was changed. But *she* was no longer the same. Around her, far and near, the light had returned; within her darkness remained.

She laid the notebook on the table, took up the violets, the biscuits, the book, and she went. Later she saw she had fled from the vulgar temptation to question Gabriele, to force her, even by violence, to tell how she had guessed, whom she had heard speak of the hideous secret. As always, she was sustained by pride, stiff and cold as the iron which sustains the clay of the statue.

The dumb woman ran after the visitor as she departed, and made signs which Regina did not understand. That little figure, like a disguised child, woke in her a kind of ferocious repulsion. Why did such beings exist? Why did not nature or society suppress all maimed, useless, weak persons?

For the rest of her life Regina remembered that quiet little Apartment of the strolling musician, the uneven stair, the equivocal landings, the dusty hall of the big house in Via San Lorenzo; but it was with profound disgust, as if she had there come in contact with all the most foul and miserable things of life. She never returned to it.

Again she traversed the sunny street, the Piazza, the avenues, without noticing anyone or anything, though she forced herself to remain calm and *not to believe* that nonsense which she had read. She would speak of it to Antonio. They would laugh at it together!

However, she was aware that agitation was gaining upon her, and, instead of going back to the garden where nurse and baby were waiting, she sat down on the first bench of the avenue on the right, opposite the Terme.

Why did she not go back to the garden? Why not call the nurse, that they might return home together? *She could not.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### IS SOCIOLOGY A SCIENCE?

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

My attention has been called to an article by Dr. Crozier in the September FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW upon my sociological work. He appears to have written this article under the sting of some extremely mild depreciation of his books, and of Mr. Kidd's kindred efforts, which occurred in a little essay of mine originally published in the *Independent Review*. This dodging from review to review will be a little perplexing to some of your readers, who will not have had access to my paper in the latter publication, and I may perhaps, therefore, invade your space with a word or two upon the greater issue which underlies Dr. Crozier's attack. His more personal challenges I will notice only very briefly. He asks me, to the length of a page or so, what I have added to the Science of Sociology, and I will answer at once and finally, I hope and believe—nothing; mere scavenger's work has been mine. He seems, moreover, to be worried by some fancied claim I make to consideration as a sociologist, and I would at once eagerly repudiate so disastrous a claim. He declares I am in extraordinary error, and that he has said it all before in some essay called "God or Force," of which I hear now for the first time. I leave these delicate questions of priority to anyone sufficiently interested to read the matter concerned, though what either God or Force has to do with a question of logical method appeals to one's curiosity. The decent path of sociological distinction is, however, not for my feet, nor academic laurels for my brow, and I do not care who believes that I have built up my mind upon a secret and insidious study of Dr. Beattie Crozier. But I do care to maintain the thesis implicit in my *Modern Utopia* and explicitly given in my article in the *Independent Review* against—I cannot say the arguments, but the protests of Dr. Crozier. Which thesis is that the so-called Science of Sociology is not a science at all, that the large copious writings upon Sociology of Comte, of Herbert Spencer, of Mr. Kidd and of Dr. Crozier are interesting intellectual experiments of extraordinarily little permanent value, and that the proper method of approach to sociological questions is the old, various and literary way, the Utopian way, of Plato, of More, of Bacon, and not the nineteenth century pneumatic style, with its constant invocation to "biology" and "scientific" history and its incessant unjustifiable pretension to exactitude and progress.

I say I am ready to maintain this thesis, but, indeed, I have very little here to maintain it against! I stated my case in the *Independent Review*, and, by way of reply, Dr. Crozier says chiefly that I speak disrespectfully of Comte and Herbert Spencer. There is no denying I do that, and no doubt it will seem very shocking to some of your readers. But it will not continue to be shocking. Both these remarkable products of the nineteenth century justify me by example; they were ridiculously disdainful of Plato; and Herbert Spencer quite preposterously refused to read Kant. The world at large has still to realise how wordy and shallow both these



writers were, and the sooner it is shocked into that realisation the better. I grew up in the atmosphere of their reputations, and I have had to overcome the prejudices of my type and class in repudiating them. But who could turn repeatedly, as I have had to do, from the lean pretentious emptiness of Spencer, to the concrete richness, the proliferating suggestions of Plato, and not be forced at last to that admission? I shall count myself fortunate if it is given me in any measure to help rescue sociological questions, the only questions that really interest adult human beings, from the sea of abstractions, from the seas of thinnest intellectual gruel, under which the nineteenth century, so busy and preoccupied about so many things, permitted them to be submerged.

The science of sociology is no real science, I assert, and I am eager to help drain the flood of it away. So I reiterate and emphasise my thesis. I will even expand it and enlarge my radiant area of offence. There is no science of sociology, there is no science of economics, but only an elaborate expansion of certain arbitrary and unjustifiable assumptions about property, social security, and human nature. There is also, if one may glance at the Fabian Society, no "scientific" socialism. Because writings upon any subject are recognisably not literature, it does not follow they are scientific. Because a work has imagination it does not, as Dr. Crozier seems to think, cease to be a contribution to thought. It was one of the peculiar weaknesses of the nineteenth century, to be capable of believing quite sincerely in the scientific possibilities of anything, of the possibility of treating any human affair almost, in a dull, slow, arithmetical superior abstract way called "scientific." In that dear old time, I remember, I once had my hair cut—and cut very badly—by a "scientific" hairdresser. . . .

But to come now to Dr. Crozier's arguments, so far as they seem to affect my positions. Essentially, they consist in two misreadings of my case. He must have read my article in the *Independent Review* with the most extraordinary carelessness, and failed to run over it again when his own article was finished. He says I ignore the past, that I would not have men learn from the past, and by spelling it with a capital P, he gives it a sort of technical air, and gets an effect of really believing that my dismissal of the scientific claim of sociology is a refusal to use the material of history and anthropology. Absolutely the reverse is the case. I state in that article, with the utmost explicitness, that I would have the problems of sociology approached by the construction of Utopian schemes, which can then be criticised and tested through a cautious and analytical use of the stores of history, anthropology, psychology, and so forth. It is true I am wanting in respect for Comte and Herbert Spencer, and that a "constructive scheme of ways and means founded on evolution" seems to me about as intelligible a phrase as "a constructive scheme of ways and means founded on devolution or involution or Chinese metaphysics," but this alleged disrespect for the "Past" or for a rational discussion of expedients, is purely a dialectical invention of Dr. Crozier's.

Dismissing that, I come to his second misconception. My case against the scientific nature of sociology, as it was stated in my *Independent Review* article, rests on the fact that it is a subject with only one unique object for study—society. Dr. Crozier has muddled this up with the discussion of individual uniqueness in my *Modern Utopia*, and states that I base my objection to the

scientific claim of sociology on the fact that every individual human being is unique. This is an absurd error. However, it enables him to say, what I have myself said at the Royal Institution,<sup>1</sup> that given a sufficiently innumerable multitude of cases the individual difference disappears. Large numbers of individual cases average out, and no one wants to deny that. But I have altogether wider ideas than Dr. Crozier of the multitude necessary for the establishment of any laws of collective human action, and I do not see that he has helped his case at all, or confuted me upon any point by raising that. He goes on, with needless Italics, to assert that "the problem of Sociology deals entirely with *men in the mass*." That answers me nothing; it only gives him back into my hands. If this alleged science of Sociology is dealing with masses of men, then clearly there are far fewer units than if the sociologist dealt with single men. A single mass of men is as unique and individualised a thing as a single man. A Grindelwald conference is a mass of men, the South African Chinese are a mass of men, London is a mass of men, the Russian Army—are not all these masses individual and unique? You have a mass of men still alive in the Russian Empire, and a mass that has played its game right out in the Roman Empire; what light does the general fate of the latter throw upon the former? Will Dr. Crozier, basing himself "upon evolution," apply his knowledge of past masses to Russia, and tell us what must inevitably happen there in the next half century, what Sociological Law will be confirmed in that instance? I submit his masses do not serve him. I submit his instance and his Italics only confirm the thesis he has failed to grasp. And I do not concede his proposition that Sociology deals either with men or with masses of men; it deals with the relationships between them.

So much for Dr. Crozier. But having countered his attack, I may, perhaps, add a few sentences to still further underline my aggression upon the scientific claims of sociology. Please notice that I have been trailing my coat-tail for some time, loudly denying scientific authority to Sociology, emphatically disputing dignified and respected claims, and asserting the rightness of the literary, poetical, and Utopian method of dealing with these things, and that Dr. Crozier's is as yet my only reply. I have been disrespectful to Comte and Herbert Spencer, disrespectful to Mr. Benjamin Kidd; to all "scientific" Socialists, my gestures go to the very limits of permissible disrespectfulness. It is not, however, true that I disdain the Past.

I sincerely hope that after all this emphasis there will remain no further ambiguity about my attitude in these matters.

H. G. WELLS.

(1) "The Discovery of the Future," *Nature*, vol. lxx., p. 326, and the *Smithsonian Report* for 1902.

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. CCCCLXVII. NEW SERIES, NOVEMBER 1, 1905.

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FRANCE AND THE EQUIPOISE OF EUROPE.

THE historic policy of England, though dormant throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century for temporary reasons, has always been directed against the preponderance of a single Power. We are reminded by the Trafalgar Centenary of the circumstances under which the last attempt to create a Continental suzerainty was defeated. The problem of European politics for all countries west of the Bosphorus and the Vistula is, whether the Continental *status quo* can be permanently or long maintained against the expansive pressure of a great national force enclosed in the existing structure of Europe, acting from the centre instead of from the circumference, and threatening by natural vigour as much as by conscious policy the independence or stability of every State upon which it impinges.

This is the real meaning of the Morocco incident, and from this point of view we have to examine the revelations of the *Matin* and Prince Bülow's efforts to undo the *entente*. Strategically, the ascendancy of a French resident at Fez could matter nothing to the possessors of Metz. Commercially, their interests are insignificant—the total amount of German exports to Morocco last year was £125,000<sup>1</sup>—and can never become considerable. Nor, in view of the provisional security for the open door under the Anglo-French agreement itself, was there any ground for German interference. That Power, after the occupation of Kiao-chau, obtained all the exclusive concessions necessary for the pacific penetration of Shantung—a region with many times the population of Morocco and of infinitely greater economic importance. The contention is equally artificial that a serious diplomatic grievance was created by M. Delcassé's failure to notify the Treaty. Prince Bismarck inaugurated the colonial epoch of

(1) *Statistisches Jahrbuch für das Deutsche Reich*, 1905, p. 165.

German policy by a sudden descent upon all the loose portions of the globe. Kiao-chau was acquired in the same manner. That England, whose political and trade interests were most directly affected by these movements, was consulted about any of them is not known. She was confronted in every case with the *fait accompli*; and upon Prince Bülow's principle this country ought to have regarded the Iron Chancellor's proceedings in Africa and New Guinea, and the present Kaiser's action in China, as irregular and even piratical. It is not to be supposed that the German Emperor would have signalled *Krieg-mobil*, and plunged Europe at last into the war of wars upon a point of etiquette. From first to last Morocco has been a pawn upon the international chess-board.

It was as well known in Berlin from the beginning as it is now that the Anglo-French *entente* had no aggressive intention. Without the express adhesion of Russia in a temper hostile to Germany, nothing could have converted it into an offensive combination. But it improved the relative political and strategical position of France. M. Delcassé was so far from being culpable in pursuing that object that he would have been criminal had he not pursued it. It strengthened the relative power of England—an aim which even our Opposition apologists for German proceedings will admit on reflection to be legitimate. It furnished at the critical moment of Russian entanglements in Manchuria an additional guarantee for the localisation of the Far Eastern conflict. It provided that further check upon the Kaiser's uncontrolled initiative in foreign policy which European interests at that moment imperatively required. The Kruger telegram, the seizure of Kiao-chau, the visit to Tangier—there is, after all, only one quarter in which real danger exists that some future *coup de Jarnac* of this kind may result in the disaster that has been three times threatened, and rush the world into war.

The Anglo-French *entente* was intended by both parties to form an additional guarantee for that equilibrium of Europe now and in the future, which M. Delcassé's patient and provident statesmanship endeavoured to safeguard. It is not enough that an independent Power, still bearing the once supreme name of France, was compelled by her military neighbour to dismiss a Foreign Minister who had laboured to undo some of the results of 1870, and had worked too well in the interests of his own country. Prince Bülow in his interviews with the correspondents of the Paris journals declares that the Republic will be regarded with entire complaisance by Germany so long as M. Delcassé's policy is not revived! Every step taken in this struggle by the German Emperor and his agents—who are not responsible

to the Reichstag, but to an Imperial will—has been unprecedented. Upon these terms France is no longer an independent Power, and, failing either a military development in this country corresponding to the rise of the German fleet, or a definite agreement between England, France, and Russia for the maintenance of peace upon the basis of the Continental *status quo*—an agreement to which the signature of Germany as well as of Austria-Hungary would, as a matter of course, be invited—there is no longer any definite security for the equilibrium of Europe. The question not of the *status quo* in China but of the *status quo* in Europe itself is the issue with which all the Powers whom it may concern are henceforth confronted.

The conditions of foreign policy during the twentieth century are once more becoming far more like those prevailing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than like the conditions we have known since Waterloo. The "balance of power" became a discredited phrase when the policy it represented, consistently pursued through succeeding generations, had ended in establishing our own maritime and Colonial position upon a basis, as it seemed to the early Victorians, of almost everlasting security. The balance of power was not only a sane but a necessary and inevitable policy through the centuries in which the danger of the irresistible predominance of one State was real. The theory of universal monarchy was implicit in the idea of the Holy Roman Empire. The memory of the overshadowing dominion established by Charles V. was the original cause of the policy of keeping Germany divided, pursued by Richelieu and his successors, and that memory influences French political thinking to this day. Our Henry VIII. inaugurated the dominant tradition of English foreign policy. He supported France and the Emperor alternately until the latter obtained a decisive superiority. Thereupon we leaned our weight steadily to the other side, and the Field of the Cloth of Gold (an event perfectly comparable with King Edward's visit to Paris) marked the beginning of a permanent English resistance to the omnipotence of Spain. But why did Spain fail? The answer at the moment of the Trafalgar Centenary deserves our closest attention. She failed because Philip II. drove into revolt the Dutch maritime provinces upon which his sea-power rested; for the essential condition of an irresistible predominance is that military and naval power should be concentrated in the same hands. After the separation of the Netherlands these factors were divided and opposed; the Dutch fleets neutralised the Spanish armies; and the course of the world's history and ours would probably have been very different had the Great Armada been fitted out in the Scheldt and manned by North Sea sailors.

Richelieu grasped the importance of this point: but he was in the position of Bismarck later: he could not himself create a first-class naval Power, and could only secure by military and diplomatic means the national basis upon which maritime ascendancy might be subsequently established.

Louis XIV., after Richelieu, was in the position of William II. after Bismarck. But the Grand Monarque had a Colbert (the Kaiser is his own Colbert). That masterly statesman set about creating the naval means of universal monarchy. He counselled the preservation for a sufficient period of Continental peace—a counsel which present German policy in connection with the construction of the fleet thoroughly appreciates. Louis XIV. plunged prematurely into European wars. Above all, he repeated the mistake of Philip II. when he attacked Holland and made the Dutch his irreconcilable enemies, where he ought to have made them his allies and his instruments. The league of England and the Netherlands was the soul of the coalition against the attempt of *le Roi Soleil* to establish an irresistible predominance; and it brought the magnificent fabric of Bourbon ambition to the ground in the struggle by land and sea which ended in the financial exhaustion of Holland as well as of France, and kept military and naval ascendancy divided more effectually than ever in Europe by the definite transfer of sea-power to this island. Napoleon renewed the efforts of Louis XIV.; and Trafalgar once more destroyed the attempt to create an irresistible predominance based upon an unchecked combination of fleets and armies.

Throughout the nineteenth century this country continued in possession of a sea-power of unprecedented completeness. But in the absence of any attempt to associate military strength with it the British Empire remains a vast, but purely defensive, organism. With the attainment of anything like a rival maritime strength by a first-class military Power using its position on land to force its neighbouring nations into a naval alliance against us, the British Empire would perish almost automatically and disappear with appalling completeness. "When Germany stands predominant both by sea and land," declared General Liebert<sup>1</sup> amid enthusiastic cheers at the recent meeting of the German Colonial Congress—held in the Reichstag buildings, opened in the presence of German Ministers, and presided over by Duke Johann Albrecht of Mecklenburg—"then will the motto be fulfilled: The twentieth century belongs to the Germans." Germany is indeed the only country in the world which is attempting to prepare the conditions of an irresistible predominance on both elements, by joining a first-class naval to an existing military ascendancy.

(1) *Koelnische Zeitung*, November 7th.

Russia is a military empire, but must remain for generations a subordinate naval factor. The United States aims at maritime preponderance, but not at military domination. France occupies—and if left to her free will must continue to occupy—a purely defensive position on both elements. The German Empire is the only modern State which is attempting, or can attempt, to concentrate both forms of fighting power in the same hands. The Kaiser's Morocco policy is essentially the policy of Philip II., of Louis XIV., of Napoleon. But wiser than these, German policy thoroughly understands the necessity from its own point of view of preserving the peace of the Continent upon its own terms until the German Fleet holds the balance of naval power, and can give the presumption of victory upon whichever side it may incline itself. If France could be compelled or induced to aid these schemes—lest a worse thing should befall her—under the pressure of such threats and temptations as have been employed since last May, the Teutonic attainment of naval as well as of military supremacy would be extremely probable; Russia would be forced into Asia; the twentieth century would, in fact, belong to the Germans; and the Kaiser would be able to say "*L'Europe, c'est moi!*"

Our own naval expenditure, now standing at £36,000,000 annually, cannot be indefinitely increased. A moment will almost certainly arrive in the course of the next few decades when France will hold the casting vote between England and Germany. She, herself, cannot obtain supremacy by that means. The odds of numbers are now against her to an extent that even the genius of another Napoleon could not redress. But she will have to decide whether the equilibrium of Europe is to be preserved by keeping maritime and military predominance divided as they are now, or whether the fleets of the Republic are to be used for the purpose of concentrating both powers in the Kaiser's hands, and making a Grösseres Deutschland as supreme in European waters as the United States hopes to be in American, and Japan in Asiatic. M. Delcassé's mind was made up upon that question. The mind of M. Rouvier is not; and as the present French Premier is an acute as well as a flexible politician, and represents a very influential, if not a very large section of French public opinion, it is essential that English readers should make a serious effort to realise his point of view.

Let us trace in rapid outline the evolution of diplomacy under the Third Republic. Up to 1870 the Continental equipoise was always righted after every convulsion by the establishment of a balance between the armed strength of France alone and the military power of the German dynasties. What is called the decadence of France is not a moral phenomenon, but a question of

arithmetic. Absolutely France possesses in all probability as great a moral and intellectual power as at any previous period; it is the statistics of material power that have turned terribly against her. At the time of Trafalgar her population was nearly as large as that of Great Britain and Germany put together, and it required the banded efforts of all the rest of European civilisation, even when exerted to the full, to hold her belligerent vitality in check. She had been subdued by repeated coalitions: never since Richelieu by a single antagonist. But her population remains very little larger than at the end of Napoleon's reign. After that period her decline in relative power was rapid, and her traditional supremacy in human force disappeared invisibly in time of peace—before statesmanship, anywhere in Europe outside Berlin, had rightly recognised what was happening. In 1870 there were still two Frenchmen in the world for every two Germans. Now there are three Germans for every two Frenchmen. That is the secret, and the whole secret, of "the decadence." So far as she possesses man for man, France keeps pace with Germany in trade as well as in every field of intellect. We need not quote the detailed proofs of this, but it is well to remember the fact when speculation upon the moral condition of the Republic touches cant. France is vastly outnumbered at last: that is all; and the new factor in European affairs since Sedan, is that Germany possesses an excess of more than 20,000,000 souls over the population across the Vosges. The Republic is regarded in Berlin no longer as a rival but as a make-weight.

From the fall of the Second Empire to the ministry of M. Delcassé French influence was effaced in Europe, and beyond providing for safety against a renewed attack, the Republic was unable to pursue a Continental policy. The stars in their courses conspired for some years to complete her isolation. Austrian sympathies, which had been with her in 1870, were gradually detached, and the Dual Empire was at last drawn wholly into the orbit of the Wilhelmstrasse. She was divided from England through no fault of ours by the occupation of Egypt. Italy was alienated by the counter-occupation of Tunis. British friendship had done much to prevent the attack meditated by the Iron Chancellor and Moltke in 1875, with a view to extorting, not five milliards, but ten, and completing the work of destruction; but England, after the Egyptian and Tunis difficulties, leaned her whole moral weight upon the side of the Triple Alliance. An impassable barrier was erected against French hopes in Europe, and she was environed on every hand by increasing dangers. Russia remained, but Prince Bismarck, by the crowning efforts of an unapproachable diplomacy, staved off for twenty years the Dual Alliance, which he had foreseen from the first, and ensured that when it could no longer be pre-



vented, it should take place under conditions the least prejudicial to the German position in Europe. For with the growth of the German population every year that had passed since 1870 had increased the power of the United Empire to make head against both its antagonists; and when time was gained everything was gained.

The Dual Alliance practically ratified the Treaty of Frankfort and opened a period in which St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Paris pursued in tacit combination a policy threatening British interests at every point. The three Powers joined against Japan. Russia came to a provisional arrangement with Vienna in regard to the Balkans; turned her back upon Europe; and pushed her railways towards the Yellow Sea and the Indian frontier. The Third Republic launched the Marchand Expedition towards the Nile. The German Emperor encouraged the Boer Republics in their aim at independence, and joined in the attack upon the integrity of China. Baron Marshall had declared that the Transvaal was a German interest, while Prince Bülow at a later period assured the Reichstag that Manchuria was not a German interest. British influence was displaced in the Near East; the concession for the Bagdad railway was secured—an enterprise meant to join up with French lines in Syria, and Russian lines in Persia, in a way which would have facilitated Russo-German co-operation against India on the one side or Franco-German co-operation against Egypt on the other. The construction of the new German navy was commenced, and the Kaiser assured French sailors in conversation that no wish was dearer to his heart than to see the fleets of the Republic riding in alliance with his own against the world. Never had any policy secured more brilliant successes in an equal space of time. But the point to observe is that the whole energies of France and Russia were engaged in extra-European proceedings. France and England came within a hair's breadth of war when Lord Kitchener and Captain Marchand met face to face upon the Upper Nile; and that conflict, had it occurred, would have wiped out the question of Alsace-Lorraine. Russia was ultimately involved in colossal disasters in the Far East, incited from first to last by the German Emperor's diplomatic visions of the yellow peril and by the predictions of nearly all German military experts that the final success of the Tsar's armies might be considered certain. In the meantime, Germany husbanded her strength, promoted her industry, organised her numbers, commenced a fundamental change in the character of her armaments by developing a naval power, and prepared her forces on sea and land in order to take advantage of every chance the future might offer. So long as France and Russia remained divided from England it was certain, at least, that the future must offer illimitable chances.

The situation was of this character when the ablest Foreign

Minister of the Third Republic, working for several years in silence and almost unknown, intervened in a manner which has brought France once for all to the crisis of her destinies, and must leave a decisive mark upon the history of Europe. The Kaiser exposes himself to failure, as versatility usually does, by inability to limit his efforts. With all his remarkable talents he has never shown at any time a grasp of the greatest of all the lessons of Bismarckian statesmanship—to calculate not only for the immediate result of his actions, but for the rebound. St. Petersburg from the first suspected and feared his intentions in China; and the Bagdad railway scheme opened Russian eyes to the possibility of still more alarming developments. England was awakened to a sense of yet more perilous contingencies when the second German *Flottengesetz* was introduced and carried in a spirit of obvious hospitality to this country, and when this event was followed by an open revelation of the fact that German Anglo-phobia surpassed in intensity and virulence the Anglo-phobia of every other nation upon the Continent. Our nearest neighbours possessed at this juncture a statesman capable of asking himself whether it was to the advantage of France that the foreign policy of Paris and St. Petersburg should continue to be all that Berlin desired; and whether the weakening of England and the gradual concentration in the Kaiser's hands of a united military and naval power such as Napoleon never exercised could be consistent, in the long run, with the safety of the Republic and the general interest of Europe. It was time to look ahead. M. Delcassé's crime, and his sole crime, was that he looked ahead. He dared to employ in the interest of his own country those traditions of Bismarckian statesmanship which the Wilhelmstrasse is still employing every day, but which, unfortunately for the special objects of the Wilhelmstrasse, have become an open book, where all may learn. "All can grow the flower now, for all have got the seed."

M. Delcassé opposed to the German Emperor's flamboyant audacity an extraordinary foresight, patience, and discretion. He gradually brought the whole mechanism of German methods to a temporary standstill. Let us see what international politics owe, on the whole, to this statesman. He held power through seven years marked by crisis after crisis of extreme danger. He succeeded M. Hanotaux upon the eve of the Fashoda crisis, and when the Dreyfus agitation had reduced the prestige of the Republic to the lowest point it ever touched. The recovery of French credit and influence achieved by his management would have been thought incredible by most foreign observers when he began. His period of office was marked by the Spanish-American war, the South African war, and the Far

Eastern struggle, including the North Sea episode. In the recent conflict the position of France was not merely delicate, as is generally said, but of almost unique difficulty, and diplomatically perilous throughout. In each of these crises, M. Delcassé's presence at the Quai d'Orsay proved a definite asset to the cause of peace. He mediated between the United States and Spain, and aided the successful conclusion of peace between them. Throughout the Boer war he did nothing to embitter French and British relations. He made diplomatic peace with Italy—ending an unnatural and insensate feud in a way which ought rather to have moved agitated humanitarians, precipitately condemning him, to put up his monument. If President Roosevelt is to receive the world's praises for the peace treaty concluded after a war, what shall be said of statesmen like Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcassé, who conclude treaties preventing war and removing the animosities of nations who might otherwise have plunged into bloodshed. A second peace of this character—the greatest of its kind achieved by modern diplomacy—M. Delcassé concluded with England, and closed, after six centuries of chronic antagonism and recurrent war, the longest duel in the history of nations.

Up to this point, it will be admitted, M. Delcassé's record is more distinguished and less controversial than that of any other foreign statesman. He did not pursue the ends we have described for the purpose of isolating Germany. He pursued these ends because they were good in themselves, because they did much to restore the power and freedom of France, while giving successive guarantees for the better security of the peace of the world. His policy promoted the interests of every single Power genuinely desirous of strengthening the European *status quo*. Regarded at first by the Wilhelmstrasse as little more formidable than an exceptionally intelligent and painstaking under-clerk, he had proved a more successful pupil to the Iron Chancellor than any of that statesman's German successors. Particularly in keeping the British *entente* and the Russian alliance in simultaneous play during the Far Eastern struggle he had shown no small share of the peculiar Bismarckian combination of dexterity and decision. He had proved that there was still a France. It was the head and front as we shall see of his offending. Rivalry is in itself the commonplace of diplomacy. Berlin would have tolerated a rivalry that failed, but could not brook a rivalry that had so far succeeded, and promised still more momentous successes. He had established with Italy, in spite of the Triple Alliance, relations exactly similar to those which Berlin maintains with Russia, despite the Dual Alliance. But in the arrangement with England, by perfectly candid and reasonable, but not too

yielding, statesmanship, and by singleness of intention, he had succeeded where Berlin, through the tortuous dealing, the gratuitous interferences, and the persistent *arrière pensée* of its policy, had repeatedly failed. That the Wilhelmstrasse should no longer possess the sole prerogative of master-strokes was a disturbing thought to that office, and one gradually arousing the feelings of moral indignation so often accompanying purely self-protecting processes.

The serious feature of the Anglo-French agreement from the German point of view was that, if carried out without interruption, it would liberate French policy for Continental purposes. That instrument rounded off and secured the Colonial Empire of France, and ended all those African disputes between this country and the Republic which had previously, in the late Lord Salisbury's well-known words, caused more trouble than all the other business of the Foreign Office put together. The issues which had kept the Third Republic engaged outside Europe were settled. With the termination of the South African war, the conclusion of the first Anglo-Japanese alliance, the probable renewal and extension of that compact, the *entente cordiale* itself, the issues which had simultaneously engaged England outside Europe were also settled. The course of the conflict in the Far East had already made it clear that the probable end of that struggle would be the dreaded return of Russia upon Europe. The aim of Bismarckian policy had been to keep all these three Powers engaged to the deepest possible extent at the greatest possible distance; and the change in the conditions of German policy, let it be admitted at once, was far more serious and complete than has been fully realised as yet, either in England or France. The change was not created by M. Delcassé. Superhuman abilities and astucity would not have enabled him to create it. It was the result of separate and naturally convergent factors. It was above all, perhaps, the inevitable recoil of conditions which Germany herself had helped to create, both in Asia and Africa. It was the Nemesis of *realpolitik*. But it was high time to demonstrate; and it was determined to strike at M. Delcassé and to force his downfall by the direct intimidation of the nation he had served too well, and which now counts but thirty-nine millions against sixty-one. Otherwise Germany would be locked in a vice. France at least could be taught at a moment when the Colonial settlement with England had left her hands comparatively free for European purposes, that she would not be allowed to follow any Continental policy except one which would make the Quai d'Orsay the satellite of the Wilhelmstrasse.

It is necessary here to examine the character and development of M. Delcassé's policy towards Germany. That it was originally

and perversely hostile there is no reason to think, and the contrary is, indeed, certain. He had shunned with his habitually prudent and reserved method the intimacy which had dragged France into the "vertical triplice" against Japan, meant to be transformed ultimately into a "vertical triplice" against England. Hints of an eventual solidarity of the Continental fleets against the Power arrogating to itself the supremacy of the seas were not of a kind to draw M. Delcassé into confidences. But his attitude so far was rather negative and unexpansive than hostile. It is known that to the Bagdad railway scheme he was originally not unfriendly. The arguments of M. Constans at first prevailed with him, and upon terms of undoubted equality of partnership with Germany and England in that enterprise he would have been willing to proceed. He withdrew his support when he found that genuine equality of benefit and control could not be obtained from Berlin. That withdrawal was one of the causes which have brought the construction of the Bagdad railway to a standstill upon the hither side of the Taurus; and we can hardly doubt that this was the first incident which caused M. Delcassé to be seriously regarded in Berlin as an enemy. When he had settled with Italy he had merely been regarded as a nuisance. Then came the English *entente* and the culmination of King Edward's Continental tour in the visit to Paris. So far there was no tangible injury to any German interest: there was a decline in relative prestige, a subtle but damaging change in the *imponderabilia*; there was nothing to strike at. A price, however, was already set on the French Foreign Minister's head. Morocco afforded a pretext.

Here, indeed—in a game which two had the right to play, could they do it with equal impunity—the Wilhelmstrasse found at last its legitimate opportunity, but not in the way usually suggested by the special apologists for German action. M. Delcassé's omission formally to notify the agreement with Berlin had in itself no appreciable effect upon the subsequent development of the crisis, and in the nature of things could have none. Great Powers do not threaten war upon a point of etiquette. When their direct and ponderable interests are interfered with, they protest at once, acting upon the information of their own servants. They do not wait indefinitely until another nation notifies them with punctilious consideration that it has done something to their detriment. France consulted Germany about Morocco as much or as little as Germany consulted England about Kiao-chau and New Guinea. Are we to suppose that France ought to have framed her procedure more scrupulously upon the latter model; and that a formal notification to Germany that she had actually occupied Tangier and Morocco would have been a less grave offence?

Upon theories like these it would be more legitimate for German foreign policy to steal a horse than for French foreign policy to look over a hedge. Germany, which is a prompt Power, would not have waited a year before moving with regard to Morocco had Morocco been an end and not a means.

Berlin found its legitimate opportunity not in M. Delcassé's omission to notify the treaty, but in his Shereefian Majesty's refusal to accept it. As the independent sovereign of an independent territory, the Sultan had every right to resist. Could he secure the support of any great Power he had every inducement to resist. Nothing in the Anglo-French Agreement abrogated his liberty to seek such support; and he authorised that quest upon something more than the scriptural assurance that the seekers shall find. It required some time to discuss both at Berlin and Fez the terms and methods of co-operation. Even the Maghzen does not act at random. The German Emperor's most impulsive *coups*, like the Kruger telegram, the seizure of Kiao-chau, and the avatar of Tangier, are never unconnected with previous and prolonged processes of thought and policy. When the memoirs of certain of the Kaiser's and the Sultan's agents are completely written, it will be found that the remarkable interval between Prince Bülow's acceptance of the Anglo-French Agreement before the Reichstag, and the ultimate repudiation of it in the face of Europe, can be accounted for in ways with which the absence of any formal notification by Paris to Berlin had nothing to do. But Germany's only fault, let us repeat it, lay not in the interference itself, but in alleging the most obvious of after-thoughts as a pretext. If the Sultan had every "right" as an independent sovereign to seek external support at his peril, Germany, at her risk, had every "right" to extend it. Right, as usual in international politics, resolved itself in this case purely into a question of power. That Russia's acquiescence in the Tangier enterprise was secured is also probable. It was, from one point of view, part of the diplomatic payment to Berlin for benevolent neutrality, as the Russo-German Commercial Treaty had been another part. From a different point of view Russia's own purposes were served. Without wishing that matters should be pushed too far in connection with the Morocco crisis, she had been disquieted by M. Delcassé's efforts to secure another powerful support for France, and was not indisposed that the Republic should be reminded of the undeniable fact that the military support of the Tsardom formed, and still forms, its chief security.

The Tangier visit took place. It meant the prohibition of the policy with regard to Morocco upon which two other Great Powers had agreed. We have to follow carefully the objects and results

of the campaign so decisively inaugurated. We need not enter in any detail—except with regard to one particular—upon what are called the revelations of the *Matin*. Berlin, always very well informed as to psychological conditions in Paris, aimed with perfect knowledge of the divisions and apprehensions existing in the French Cabinet at the fall of a Minister and the reversal of a system. There was sufficient confidence that M. Delcassé would not be supported. That statesman, for his part, was prepared to resist even when his colleagues had been convinced by indirect communications that any attempt to reply to acts by acts, and to ignore the Kaiser's veto upon French policy in Morocco, would mean a German declaration of war. The case was fundamentally identical with the episode of the Kaiser's interference in the Transvaal, except that in the latter instance no means existed (in face of the refusal of France to join a combination against us) for bringing such direct pressure to bear upon this country as would have made the German veto as effective in South Africa as it has proved in North Africa. The attempt to push interference in the Transvaal beyond the dispatch of a telegram and beyond those subsequent official utterances which helped to lure the Boer States into a hopeless struggle, would have been regarded and accepted by this country as an act of war. Similarly, had M. Delcassé been a British statesman and this country the Power most interested in Morocco, the visit to Tangier would either have meant nothing or it would have constituted a challenge which England would have taken up at any cost. But the position of France was infinitely more hazardous, and no sharper ordeal could be imagined than that which tested M. Delcassé's nerve and judgment.

“If you give way to-day, you will be obliged to give way again to-morrow; you will always be obliged to give way.” Among words of which the authenticity is questioned, the truth and force of these are not. The French Cabinet of June 6th was brought face to face with the reality of the moral and diplomatic situation created by the fact that there is a nation of 39,000,000 on one side of the Vosges and a nation of 61,000,000 upon the other. In this crisis M. Delcassé and his colleagues had to consider (1) whether war would probably occur if the Kaiser's will were resisted; and (2) whether the conditions of such a war would justify French statesmen in incurring it.

M. Delcassé's view, and, in the opinion of the present writer, the correct one, was that if the Government of the Republic held firm the German ultimatum never would be issued. Had France stood alone she would undoubtedly have been attacked. If attacked she would not have stood alone; for her partner in the impugned treaty would have been compelled, by honour and in-

terest, to support her to the end with the whole weight of British power. The fantastic character of the story about the landing of 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein must not blind us to the obligations that this country would have incurred and fulfilled. In a caustic phrase of the brilliant series of criticisms recently appearing in the *Aurore*, M. Clémenceau expresses the general French view of this particular detail of the *Matin* revelations, when he speaks of "England's promise to land in Schleswig-Holstein the 100,000 men whom she has not got." In this sentence M. Clémenceau undoubtedly succeeds in the difficult feat of exaggerating our military weakness. But any such operation would have added another to the long series of our military fiascos upon the Continent. To land in Schleswig-Holstein 100,000 British troops, who, if they escaped annihilation and succeeded in entrenching themselves, would be unable to move an inch from where they were planted, would be a menace to the military power of Germany comparable to the use of pea-shooters against the fortifications of Port Arthur.

M. Delcassé and the Kaiser alike were perfectly aware that Germany would have had to reckon with different and infinitely more formidable contingencies. The naval operations would have been the least part of the danger to the authors of a war of aggression upon France resisted by the Republic and the British Empire in concert. German power would not be impaired by one jot if every inch of Colonial territory she at present possesses were wrenched away. But the destruction of a great part of her mercantile shipping and the stoppage of her over-sea trade would mean the greatest blow that a commercial nation has ever suffered. To mobilise anything like her full military strength would involve an inconceivable dislocation of industry throughout the German Empire; and labour would have to be taken not only from the workshops, which would be partly laid idle, but from the fields, of which the continued and increased productiveness would be a matter of life and death. Even with all the assistance that Russian imports could give, the price of food would rise at the outset to famine figures. England would still continue to absorb American food exports as she does now, and though these could not be regarded as contraband they would find their best market in this country, and would be intercepted at English ports by economic influences more effectually than they could be diverted from German ports by a blockade. But the military possibilities created by Anglo-French co-operation, as has been said, would be far more extensive than the landing of 100,000 men in Schleswig-Holstein.

The British fleet would, in the first instance, give complete



maritime mobility to a large part of the military force of France ; and the disembarkment of 500,000 or a million allied troops (for a war of this character would force upon the belligerents colossal efforts) at points in the Baltic far nearer Berlin or Danzig than is Schleswig-Holstein would be a much more probable operation. Such a struggle, however it found England at the beginning, would leave her a great military power at the end. Above all, the strategical conditions within France itself would be transformed, and if the German armies forced the frontier they would find every succeeding step attended by increasing peril. The English Channel, after, all, flanks all the lines of communication between Metz and Paris. France would be reinforced by the unlimited military supplies and the increasing military forces of her ally (training a great force rapidly if compelled to train in earnest night and day) upon every side of her coasts—at Rouen, Brest, Bordeaux, Marseilles. For sea-power, both as a weapon in itself and as a means of giving mobility to armies, would, of course, act simultaneously in the Baltic, the Channel, the Bay of Biscay, and the Mediterranean. Nor could Germany hope in any case to secure another indemnity—not the ten milliards contemplated in 1875, nor the five milliards extorted in 1871. Neither Russia nor Austria could have afforded to see France destroyed in this fashion. The “irresistible predominance” resulting from such a final triumph would be rightly regarded in St. Petersburg and Vienna alike as a fatal development.

Had M. Delcassé been backed by his colleagues, had France been actually attacked, the German Emperor would have forfeited the sympathy and support of civilisation as a whole. He would have jeopardised the whole of the magnificent work that greater and more temperate men had bequeathed to him. He would have endangered the existence of the Hohenzollern dynasty and failed in the long run, as Louis XIV. failed, as Napoleon failed ; but sooner than they. To sum up : It is certain that England, were France attacked as a consequence of the agreement between them, would have been bound to give the Republic the whole of her support. The Kaiser at the best would have had no assistance from any Continental Power for the purpose of crushing France. At the worst, the intervention of Russia, at least for the purpose of saving France, would have been inevitable. We must conclude upon the whole that had the French Cabinet Council of June 6th had another result, and had France stood firm behind her Minister, war would not have occurred ; and the Republic would have realised in peace that electrifying return of self-confidence which, if it ever comes again to the French temperament, will make a new nation in a day.

M. Rouvier was of a different opinion, and was entitled to act upon views which many, and perhaps the majority, of Frenchmen held with him and still hold. Whatever weak and squalid words may have escaped the French Premier in the Cabinet Councils, where what might have been a life and death issue was fought out, he was supported by the whole of his present colleagues. His decision was not uninfluenced by rather less enthusiasm for the British *entente* than M. Delcassé's, and rather less repugnance to a German *entente*. But, fundamentally, it was based upon serious and weighty reasonings. In the absence of direct military support from Russia he held that France could not risk war. M. Rouvier, if we may gather his sentiments from those of his strongest supporters, thought that there were three separate contingencies to be studied. (1) All that could be considered certain was that England would gain at every point by a war fought in concert with France against Germany. She would have seriously damaged a commercial rival, checked the naval expansion of Germany by loading that Power with the military expenses of a European struggle, and increased her Colonial possessions, especially by German East Africa, making her African territory continuous from the Cape to Cairo. (2) M. Rouvier underestimated, doubtless, the force which this country could have brought to bear upon such a struggle, but he saw that German interests would have suffered immense injury. What he did not see was that this injury could be of any vital or permanent kind. (3) He reasoned that, in any event, France must stand to lose. In case of a successful resistance to the invader she could not expect to triumph in an obstinate and bloody struggle to the extent of recovering her lost provinces. She could not, in any case, obtain an indemnity from Germany. She would add to the colossal burthen of her existing debt, which is even now as much as her wonderful resources will bear. English commerce would gain, even at the expense of French industry, since some of the principal manufacturing regions of the Republic would be among the earliest scenes of war. It will be well for politicians in this country wishing to grasp the whole of the conditions, to realise the significance of this fact. From the material point of view even "victory and a free hand in Morocco" would be dead loss at the price.

This upon the most favourable view. But, taking the worst view and estimating the maximum risk, the German armies might repeat their successes of 1870 with the same rapidity and make fatal progress in the heart of France while the British fleet was engaged in shearing away all the fringe of German power. France might be compelled to submit to the final ruin

of another indemnity. The Republic might be overthrown. Upon the assumption that war would occur were the Kaiser's veto in Morocco ignored, M. Rouvier's arguments must have appeared irresistible. The point of principle was accordingly surrendered. The French Government submitted to the dismissal of a French Foreign Minister by a foreign Power. Nevertheless upon the question of nerve and judgment M. Delcassé's position was that if France held firm war would probably not occur. His estimate of the perils to which Germany would be exposed, in case of an act of unparalleled aggression against France resisted by the whole strength of England, was sounder than the calculations of M. Rouvier. His belief that a cool measure of the risks would act as a deterrent in Berlin was the shrewder as well as the firmer view, and in sacrificing the most successful Foreign Minister of the Third Republic, in the interests and at the dictate of German policy, France missed the greatest national opportunity she has known for a generation.

The moral is not that M. Delcassé was a rash and perfidious statesman. It is not that in failing to notify the Anglo-French Agreement to the Wilhelmstrasse he was guilty of a gross breach of international etiquette. The moral is crudely this: that the great Power with the thirty-nine millions of people has been compelled under threat of attack to submit its foreign policy to the revision of the great Power with the sixty-one millions of inhabitants. This is the fact unprecedented of its kind in the history of France. Every other leading State, except perhaps Austria, is free to form alliances and *ententes* at will. France is denied by her military neighbour the liberty possessed by Japan. The words used by Prince Bülow in his *apologia* to the representatives of the *Temps* and the *Petit Parisien* are a singularly bold inversion of the truth. M. Delcassé is accused of having endeavoured to "isolate" Germany, and the Republic is warned with accomplished indirectness that, if M. Delcassé's policy is revived, the terrorism exercised by the Wilhelmstrasse in the last few months will be resumed. Those who accept this statement of the case have forgotten that France was isolated by Bismarckian methods for twenty years after Sedan. They overlook the obvious fact that the attack upon the *entente* is a direct effort to prevent her recent escape out of isolation from becoming effective and to force her into the position of a subordinate Power. Professor Schiemann, the Kaiser's journalistic confidant, expressed the inner mind of German policy when he warned France that she is regarded henceforth as a hostage who will always find the sword at her throat if she dreams of placing a check upon German ambition. As the ally and in-

strument of German ambition, especially in its naval form, her position would be another one. It would be more pleasant. It might be more profitable. It would be secure upon the Continent and, as the practical paradox runs, would be improved in Morocco.

To underestimate the force of these temptations or the skill and persistency with which they may be presented would be premature. In the present order of the world, France cannot remain permanently neutral as between England and Germany. She will gradually move altogether into the orbit of the latter Power or will take up the dropped thread of M. Delcassé's policy and convert the *entente cordiale* into an alliance no less definite than that which binds us to Japan. In any case, it is sufficiently certain that the future of our relations with Russia will determine the future of our relations with France. The difference between the alternatives lying before the Republic is clear. The power of England does not threaten the existing position of any nation. It is exclusively interested in the strengthening of the *status quo* outside the Ottoman Empire, where changes are inevitable and where British policy no longer seeks a direct advantage. The interest of France in these questions and in every question is identical with the interest of England; and there is no reason why the policy of St. Petersburg should not square with that of London and Paris. None of these Powers threatens the ultimate annexation of Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, the disruption of the Danubian Empire, and the overturn of the European equilibrium. None of them aspires to combine naval ascendancy with military predominance. Neither France nor Russia dreams of a "Trafalgar reversed." It is to the vital interest of both that the power of the sea and the power of the sword should remain in separate hands. The Morocco crisis has proved, what M. Delcassé long ago contended, that an Anglo-Russian settlement has become the essential condition of the safety of France and the equilibrium of Europe. If the Wilhelmstrasse were equally desirous that the Continental *status quo* should be maintained and that no Power should aim at ascendancy on both elements or exercise an irresistible predominance over its neighbours, there would be no reason why the signature of Germany should not be affixed at the next Hague Conference in common with the signatures of Russia, France, and England to a treaty guaranteeing provisional peace for at least a generation.

PERSEUS.

## THE IRISH LAND PURCHASE DEADLOCK.

THE Irish Land Purchase Act of 1903 has proved an extraordinary paradox. The great danger of its failure as a final settlement of the agrarian difficulty—the dual ownership, the deplorable condition of the people in the West, and the grievances of evicted tenants—lies in its amazing success in one direction, and that the least urgent. This is a question for the British taxpayer as well as for the Irish people, for credit of the United Kingdom to the amount of upwards of £125,000,000 is involved, inclusive of the sums advanced under earlier Land Acts. The object of the measure was to create an occupying proprietary of the agricultural land of Ireland without inflicting hardship or injustice upon existing or prospective owners of the soil. The scheme was based upon income derived from second term rents, or from first term, or non-judicial rents graded down to second term rents; and it aimed at enabling tenants to purchase their holdings at prices which involved a substantial reduction of rent, and which, therefore, presumably they could afford to pay.

But the objects of the Act were not confined to the general purpose of land transfer. The peculiar circumstances of districts and of individuals were considered. Under the provisions of the Act it was intended that evicted tenants should be reinstated, either on the actual spots from which they had been ejected or other equally desirable holdings; that the Estates Commissioners should acquire estates and develop them to the best advantage, and then parcel them out among tenants; that the utterly uneconomic holdings all over the West of Ireland should be converted into economic holdings, and the indescribably wretched condition of the inhabitants at any rate ameliorated by the addition of good land to their barren holdings, or by migration. The Land Act was not framed, and was not passed, merely to enable well-to-do tenants to purchase their farms by making them advances at a low rate of interest: it was hoped that the operation of all the various clauses in the Act would proceed *pari passu*, working out the salvation of the whole country, and thus finally ridding Ireland of its most disastrous bone of contention, disorder, and even disloyal disaffection.

The correspondence that has taken place during the last few weeks on the subject of the working of the Act has been almost entirely confined to the grievances of the landlords, and to dis-

cussion on the best means of alleviating their woes. Such a view of a situation seriously affecting tenants throughout Ireland and the whole community is far too narrow. In order to give a broader view of the real meaning of the present deadlock, it may be well to recall the causes that made legislation necessary, and the objects and intentions of that legislation, and to indicate the consequences following upon the failure to provide money to finance the Act, to which in one aspect only—and that the landlords'—wide attention has been drawn.

When political economy in Ireland was banished to remote planets, it was recognised that chaos was not to be perpetual. Tentative proposals were simultaneously made to commute the sentence, and to restore gradually the "dismal science" to its proper place, and reintroduce a sane system of land tenure by means of Land Purchase Acts. As time went on the evils of a vicious system of dual ownership became more and more apparent. The landed interest was ruined—the owners of land in Ireland suffered grievously from agrarian legislation, and the occupiers did not benefit to a corresponding extent. They reaped a considerable, but somewhat ephemeral, advantage from the Land Act of 1881 and subsequent enactments, but the moral and material effects of incessant litigation, and of a system of tenure that directly discouraged agricultural enterprise, were ruinously bad. The total result upon owners and occupiers, as upon the whole industrial condition of the country, was calamitous.

Under these circumstances it came to be recognised that salvation could be found only by restoring to the country a sound and secure system of land tenure by legislation of a large and generous nature for facilitating the completion of the revolution in Ireland begun under earlier Purchase Acts, the State's liability under which now stands at £13,000,000. It was agreed that the State should lend the sum of £100,000,000 sterling, repayable in a period of  $68\frac{1}{2}$  years, for the purposes of sale and purchase, and an additional sum of £12,000,000 was set aside as a grant in aid to bridge over the gap between the amount which owners could afford to take and the amount which tenants could afford to give, and to act as an inducement to landlords to sell. We thus arrive at a total prospective liability by the United Kingdom of £125,000,000—no mean sum even in these days—apart from £15,500,000, the amount of loans outstanding on account of the local authorities in Ireland. Consequently, the people of Great Britain—and not merely the Irish people themselves—are intimately concerned in the future prosperity of Ireland.

A body of expert Commissioners was appointed to administer the Act. They were installed in meagre offices in Dublin, with an

utterly insufficient staff. No sooner did the Land Act come into operation on November 1st, 1903, than the Commissioners found themselves overwhelmed. Within a few months, so great was the number of applications for sale that a complete state of chaos ensued. Two years have elapsed since the Land Act was placed on the statute book, and at the end of July last the number of originating applications was so great that the Commissioners will require a sum of over £24,659,299 to carry them into effect, while at this date sales to the extent of only £6,902,584 had been completed. This readiness on the part of landlords to sell, and of tenants to buy, shown by the rush of applicants for the benefits of the Act, exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and revealed on the one hand the fatal character of a restriction to which Mr. Wyndham had agreed, and on the other the weakness of one of the provisions of the Act. As to the first point, in the course of the discussions in Parliament the former Irish Secretary stated that he had agreed with the Treasury that during the first three years not more than five millions' worth of land stock should be floated annually; and as to the second, the Act provided that any loss on the flotation of land stock should be met out of the Irish Development Grant—a small and strictly limited fund intended for very different purposes. The success of the Act has shown the gravity of the mistake that was made in limiting the power to raise stock, and in casting the loss on flotation on a depressed market—the stock stands at about £90 only—upon the Development Grant.

The shortage of money to administer and finance the Act is producing consequences of a serious and far-reaching character. The Estates Commissioners have revealed in their Reports the condition of confusion into which their office was rapidly reduced. As was recently pointed out at a meeting of the Incorporated Law Society of Ireland, there were, on the first of last June, 10,000 agreements which had not been posted in the ledgers for collection of interest, for the simple reason that ten men were striving to do the work of seventy. To some extent this has now been remedied.

As soon as an agreement has been arranged between landlord and tenant, and sanctioned by the Commissioners, the tenant ceases to pay rent, and in lieu thereof pays interest on the purchase-price—generally at the rate of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., until the cash is ready for distribution, and the land is vested in him by the Commissioners. Such an arrangement is perfectly fair and reasonable as a temporary expedient for a few months. But unfortunately the Commissioners are not regularly and punctually collecting the interest; and, where it has been collected, they are not regularly and punctually handing it over. The friction, loss, and annoyance consequent upon such loose methods can be

easily imagined, and the condition of the money-market cannot be pleaded as an excuse. They have been due to the neglect of the Treasury to give the Commissioners efficient clerical help.

The actual want of money to finance the Act cuts deeper. It affects prejudicially every class in the country, every individual connected with land, and the validity of the security upon which purchase-money is advanced—and this is where the British taxpayer personally comes in. Three and a quarter per cent. on the purchase-price is the sum which the tenant is bound to pay annually to the Commissioners by way of purchase-annuity—that is,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. interest and  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for sinking fund—after the landlord has received his purchase-money. Not until the sale is actually completed can the tenant begin to reap advantage from this arrangement. During the deadlock due to the lack of money he pays interest in excess of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. to the landlord,—viz.,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. or more—and not a penny of it goes to the building-up of the sinking fund, which in a period of  $68\frac{1}{2}$  years would extinguish his debt. In this way the tenant suffers directly owing to the inability of the Commissioners to complete the sale, and he suffers indirectly also, as I will presently show.

The state of the landlord is not less distressing. Land in Ireland is heavily mortgaged, the rate of interest varying from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. Until a landlord, or his trustees, can handle the purchase-money and pay off mortgages, he may have to find 6 per cent., whereas he is receiving from the tenants only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the purchase-price minus the "bonus." This is a sum in arithmetic which countless landlords in Ireland are finding it impossible to solve. The case was very well put the other day by the agent of the Marquis of Sligo, with whom some of his tenants desired to open negotiations for purchase. In reply, these tenants were informed that Lord Sligo had no desire to sell his landed property, but, "as regards certain portions of it, if the tenants of a considerable tract of country are anxious to buy their holdings, he will consent to sell for what he considers an adequate price, provided he is paid in cash without any delay." Lord Sligo, it was further pointed out, could only sell for cash, as, "if payment of the capital sum were postponed, the interest allowed would be at a lower rate than he had to pay for charges on his property, charges which he would pay off if an actual sale took place." It may safely be assumed that in 999 out of 1,000 agreements, terms have been based on the supposition that a portion of the capital receivable by the owner would be invested in paying off mortgage debt. As no money is available, and as, pending the distribution of the purchase-money, the landlord receives only  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. upon it, it is obvious that, during an indefinite period lasting perhaps for



many years, he must make a loss of the difference between  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. and the rate of interest he is paying on mortgage debts, perhaps 5,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , or 6 per cent. This he cannot afford to do, and, as a consequence, he is driven either to refuse to sell or to demand higher terms from his tenants than he would have been willing to accept had cash been available to complete the sale. It must be remembered also that the majority of landlords are only tenants for life, that the "bonus," and the power of raising cheap money on their demesne lands for the improvement of those lands, or for other useful purposes, are great inducements to sell, and that their personal estate may suffer failing completion during their lives. Add to all this the confusion and annoyance inseparable from a protracted period of uncertainty during which occupiers are neither tenants nor free-holders, owners do not know what they are, agents, bailiffs, and clerks are in a state of ignorance of the future anything but blissful, and, finally, the natural tendency of either party to become dissatisfied with a bargain less than half-completed, and it must be admitted that the financial break-down is likely to produce serious results.

The deadlock in the working of the Land Act is proving a double curse. It is an injustice to the landlord, who made agreements with his tenants in the belief that an immediate sale would be carried out, and that the receipt of the purchase-price and "bonus" would enable him to pay off charges on his estate; and it is a hardship to the tenants, who signed agreements on the understanding that the vesting of the freehold of their farms in them would rapidly follow, and that the annual payments they made in lieu of rent would go at once towards the liquidation of their debt. It is also detrimental to the interests of the tax-payers of the United Kingdom, inasmuch as it enhances the price demanded by owners of land, and it is the cause of unwarrantable interference with the working of the Act.

Early in this year the Estates Commissioners issued an *ad interim* Report, which has now been followed by a report to the end of March last, supplemented by a statement by the Land Commission to the end of July. The *ad interim* report is the document of importance, and was mainly remarkable for what it failed to reveal, but, reading between the lines, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that the Commissioners felt that they were being seriously hampered in carrying out the great work entrusted to them. In one respect only were they able to report that the measure was fulfilling expectations. Practically in all cases owners are retaining their houses and demesne lands, and the Commissioners note that there is no indication whatever of an exodus on the part of the landed gentry after the sale of their estates.

This welcome statement sets at rest the fears which were entertained that as soon as the landlords of Ireland had obtained the purchase-money for their properties, they would shake the dust of their native country from their feet, and settle down and spend their incomes elsewhere—a result which, for financial and other reasons, would have been a most grievous disaster to the country.

An indication of the disastrous results of shortness of money is plainly to be seen in the interference of the Executive with the operation of the Act. In effect, the Executive have practically repealed certain sections which were intended to ameliorate the condition of the hopelessly submerged population of the West, and to bring about the reinstatement of evicted tenants. During the debates in Parliament upon the Bill great importance was rightly attached to the re-establishment of evicted tenants as an essential condition of a great Act of Settlement, but according to the last Report of the Estates Commissioners, out of 4,626 applications for reinstatement, only 151 tenants had been replaced on their holdings, 101 by the landlords and 50 only by the Commissioners. Regulations have been issued by Dublin Castle, ordering the Commissioners to confine their operations to one—and a small class—of evicted tenants—those who had been evicted under the "Plan of Campaign." This is a distinct and unwarrantable limitation of the deliberate intentions of Parliament, and means that Ireland will continue to be agitated by a perennial cause of trouble.

In another respect the Act has been only a very partial success. It is making little progress in the West, where the people live in circumstances of the most pitiful distress, chronically on the verge of famine, spending their lives in endeavouring to draw food from the stones on mountain sides, eking out a miserable existence, ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and well-nigh hopeless. It was the hope of those who fostered the negotiations which preceded the Land Act, and it was the desire and intention of Parliament which passed the Act, that it would be put into speedy effect in the uneconomic West of Ireland, and that energetic measures would be taken to convert the multitude of miserable little tenancies in that part of the country into holdings of such a character as would make some degree of decency and comfort a possible adjunct of existence. It was believed that the inducements held out to landlords to sell, together with the powers conferred on the Estates Commissioners, would suffice for the acquisition of such an amount of good and untenanted land as to render it possible to transform uneconomic into economic holdings by addition to them, or, where that was impossible, to improve the condition of the people by settling them elsewhere

on better land. It is said that the people, however wretched, will not migrate. That may be so, though I doubt it, but at any rate they can be given the chance. A state of things exists in the West scandalous to civilisation, outraging humanity. Parliament certainly intended that the Land Act should enable the Commissioners to deal with this problem, and the Act has failed to do so. The number of originating applications from the Province of Connaught down to the end of last March was very much smaller than from any other province, and is not to any considerable extent accounted for by the fact that a number of tenants in Connaught had previously bought their holdings. The number of originating applications in Ulster to the end of last March was 16,096, in Leinster 12,362, in Munster 8,556, and in Connaught only 5,107; a fact which testifies either to the inadequacy of the Act, or to the paralysing effect of the regulations forced upon the Commissioners.

The Commissioners have not revealed the cause of this failure, but some light is thrown upon the subject, and upon the breakdown of the Act in other respects also, by consideration of the nature of the regulations issued some months ago under the authority of the Lord Lieutenant for the guidance of the Commissioners. The first of these regulations insists that no vendor or class of vendors shall be given any undue preference over any other vendor or class of vendors. That sounds just and reasonable, but it is not. It happens that there are three distinct classes of estates coming under the operation of the Act:—

(1) Bankrupt estates, which are in the hands of the Land Court, and are sold by the Court to the Commissioners;

(2) Estates which are sold to the Estates Commissioners for resale to tenants;

(3) Estates which are sold by the landlord direct to the tenant.

The Land Court is blocked for want of money, and the great expense involved in its maintenance must continue until the block is removed. This is sheer waste. For many reasons, which need not be specified, sales to the Estates Commissioners are desirable, but very few—only 15—such sales have taken place. Practically all the accumulated mass of originating applications—42,117 in number up to March 31st—received by the Estates Commissioners come within the category of sales direct from landlord to tenant, and, consequently, as a result of the regulation imposed on the Commissioners, all these direct sales must be cleared off before any progress can be made in dealing either with bankrupt estates or with the cases of owners who desire to sell to the Commissioners. At the present rate of progress it will probably be four or five years before even the appli-

cations now before the Commissioners are cleared off, and in the meantime there must be a complete deadlock in the Land Court, and also in the operations of the Commissioners in buying estates for resale to the tenants.

Speakers during the discussion of the Act in Parliament, including Mr. George Wyndham himself, emphasised the belief that most estates would be sold to the Commissioners, and by them distributed to the tenants, ensuring State supervision of the transactions. Such a process was most desirable from every point of view. As, however, the estate which it is proposed to sell becomes vested in the Commissioners as soon as the terms of sale are arranged, and as they are compelled by the Act to complete the transaction within twelve months, they are precluded from making an offer until they are sure that the purchase money will be available. Consequently, this mode of transfer is seriously impeded—in fact, practically non-operative—whereas in the case of direct sales from landlords to tenants the deadlock due to lack of money does not prevent agreements being made; they are merely hung up until the purchase money is available. My contention is that whatever money is available ought to be divided proportionately for the satisfaction of claims arising in the three above-mentioned categories of estates.

As has been already stated the Act was intended to facilitate migration of tenants from undesirable to desirable holdings. This section of the Act is practically repealed by the following regulation :—

Having regard to the provisions of Sections 2, 4, and 8 of the Act, and of the enactments repealed by the Act, untenanted lands when purchased by the Estates Commissioners, whether they form part of an estate sold, or have been acquired under the provisions of Section 8, should be utilised for the enlargement of the uneconomic holdings of agricultural or pastoral tenants, or for providing lands for the persons or for the purposes described in Sections 2 and 4 of the Act, and not for the purpose of creating tenancies for the benefit of or making allotments to, persons other than those described in the said last-mentioned Sections.

(a) The Estates Commissioners should only consider the question of providing a holding for a tenant evicted from any holding comprised in an estate upon the sale of that estate, and where there is untenanted land available for such purpose either comprised in an estate or acquired by the Commissioners under Section 8 of the Act.

(b) In considering the said last-mentioned question, preference and special consideration should be given to those cases in which the tenancy was lost, not owing to inefficiency or negligence on the part of the former tenant, but in consequence of some general rent dispute.

Sections 2, 4, and 8 of the Act are those to which this regulation applies. The first mentions the persons to whom advances may be made, viz. :—

- (a) A person being the tenant of a holding on the estate.
- (b) A person being the son of a tenant of a holding on the estate.
- (c) A person being the tenant or proprietor of a holding not exceeding five pounds in rateable value situate in the neighbourhood of the estate; and
- (d) A person who within twenty-five years before the passing of this Act was the tenant of a holding to which the Land Law Acts apply, and who is not at the date of the purchase the tenant or proprietor of that holding.

Section 4 deals with powers of trustees, and, for the purposes of my argument, is unimportant, and Section 8 gives the Estates Commissioners power to acquire land, placing no particular restriction upon them.

The regulation of the Executive goes directly behind the Act of Parliament, and restricts the freedom of the Commissioners. The regulation steps in and debars the Commissioners from assisting migration. They may be aware of tracts of good grass land available, but from which no tenant has been evicted for the last twenty-five years, which have not been tenanted for long periods, and where no holdings under £5 valuation belonging to the same estate, and situated in the immediate neighbourhood, are to be found. The Estates Commissioners may be anxious to buy land of this character for the settlement of tenants who have either been evicted from their holdings or whom it is desired to assist to migrate, but they are precluded from doing so. By the action of this regulation the Commissioners cannot move. If they desire to enlarge uneconomic holdings by removing certain tenants elsewhere, they cannot do so, not because the Act did not intend that they should carry out an operation of this character, but because the Executive have made rules which render it impossible. Only in Ireland could the administrators of an Act thus go behind the intention of Parliament, and rob a statute of its legitimate meaning and intention. Such a proceeding would not be attempted in England; if it were, it would not be tolerated for a moment. Public opinion would force Parliament to deal with the scandal. Unfortunately, though private opinions are numerous, various, and energetic in Ireland, public opinion outside of political theories scarcely exists, and where it does exist carries little weight, being generally attributed to a mental condition of chronic, unreasonable, and ineradicable discontent.

This regulation is a matter of most serious importance, because it limits the work which the Commissioners might do in ameliorating the conditions of some of the poorest of the tenants of Ireland. Its results must inevitably be to confine the Commissioners' operations within a narrow channel. The work of completing sales of good sound properties is comparatively easy and compara-

tively unimportant so far as the future social state of Ireland is concerned. It is this class of property which can be most easily dealt with, and, as the intervention of the Executive must tend to confine the action of the Commissioners to estates of this character, they will be restricted in rendering assistance to those districts and individuals who are most urgently in need of State aid. It seems inevitable that, owing to this regulation, the social work which was entrusted to the Commissioners must remain undone; especially as they are forbidden to make grants to tenants to enable them to stock their farms, grants which, by the way, have been made with liberality to the Boer farmers.

Moreover, the Commissioners are burdened with a variety of functions quite foreign to their mission. They are instructed to inquire into the circumstances of candidates for land, and to pick out those who are the best farmers; they are to make no advances to any man who could get a loan from the Local Government Board; they are instructed to ascertain whether any intimidation has taken place, and if they decide that there has been intimidation, then the negotiations for the sale of that particular estate are to be summarily stopped. Can anything be more utterly absurd? The Estates Commissioners, who, even if they had merely to work the Act as passed by Parliament, would have more than sufficient on their hands, are loaded down with the duty of deciding upon the relative agricultural knowledge and abilities of candidates. They are to find out whether a farmer can or cannot obtain a loan from the Local Government Board. How are they to do so? They were appointed to administer an Act intended to be, and capable of being, a great measure making for harmony and peace, and the invidious and impossible task is forced upon them of constituting themselves a tribunal to ascertain whether intimidation has played any part in the negotiations for sale. Intimidation is a word capable of the widest interpretation. One man may send a series of intimidatory letters, or scrawl threatening notices in public places, and, apparently, as a result of his un-inspired and independent action, the whole of the tenants of an estate who desire to purchase their holdings may be made to suffer, and a landlord anxious to sell may be precluded from doing so. It is quite impossible to believe that any set of men, however ignorant or prejudiced, could have devised these extraordinary regulations with the intention of expediting the operations of the Act. They must have been devised to introduce friction to retard the operation of an Act which was running up liabilities which the Treasury could not meet.

When the possibility of a large and generous Land Act for Ireland was under discussion, it was recognised from the first as

essential that the operation should be completed as quickly as possible. Delay in a matter of sale and purchase is dangerous. There is always the probability that during a long period of suspense the parties interested may come to feel dissatisfied with the bargains they have made. The vesting of the freehold in him is naturally a great inducement to a tenant to buy. Indefinite postponements of this, to him, most important event, and indefinite postponements of the period of ultimate redemption of his debt, is the cause of disappointment, and in dissatisfaction and disappointment lie the opportunity of the agitator, and of those who have consistently opposed the Land Act, and the Conference that led up to it. The outcome is a state of feeling dangerous to the smooth working of the Act. For the salvation of Ireland the Land Act should be carried out with the greatest possible swiftness, not only in the interests of the future social and economic condition of the country, but in the interests of true economy also.

Three points deserve the most careful consideration of Parliament and of the British people, for their credit has been pledged. In the first place it must be remembered in calculating the cost of the Act, that with the transfer of tenure various cash-devouring institutions will cease to exist. The Land Judges' Court involves an annual expense (£135,542), and as long as the deadlock exists it must be maintained in costly idleness. The Land Commission must be kept alive at a cost of £178,165 a year as long as there are rents to be fixed. The Congested Districts Board will be crawling on its own account along one road, and the Estates Commissioners labouring on another road under a heavy load of accumulated work, both paths converging to the same end. All these and other bodies are engaged upon very much the same type of work, and so long as the operation of the Act is delayed, the expense which their existence involves must continue year by year. My impression is that if the whole transfer of the land of Ireland could be completed in the next ten or fifteen years, and if the annual sum requisite to pay interest on, and provide a sinking fund for, the amount of loss sustained on floating the necessary loans were placed upon the votes, the addition to the Estimates would be to a large extent, perhaps entirely, neutralised by the economy effected by natural extinction of these various Courts and Boards.

In the second place it must be borne in mind that loss accruing to the selling landlord through delay, or through payment in stock at its face value in lieu of cash, as has been suggested, or arising from any other cause, must fall, in part at any rate, if not entirely, upon the purchasing tenants. An owner willing to sell at a certain price, if he can get a 5 per cent. investment by paying off his mortgage debt, will ask a larger price if he has to put up with a

3½ per cent. investment—the sum paid him by tenants through the Commissioners during the deadlock—for many years, and tenants are not unlikely to give it. A landlord making a loss of 10 per cent. by taking stock at its face value which is selling in the market at about £90 instead of cash, will endeavour, and probably successfully, to make good the difference in a larger purchase-price.

Loss to the vendor means a higher price to the purchaser, and a higher price to the purchaser means weakening the security of the tax-payer. Everything points to the necessity of prompt payment in cash. Various substitutes for cash payment have been proposed. It has been suggested that landlords should be offered stock in lieu of cash in part payment, or that certificates of the amount due should be issued on which money could be raised on easy terms. The latter plan is far the better, but both are faulty. Loss is inevitably involved in both, and loss is destructive to the whole basis of the Land Act and of the Land Conference Report, whether the loss falls upon the landlord, or, as is much more probable, upon the tenants.

Cash is the only remedy. The new arrangement made with the Treasury by the present Chief Secretary will ease the strain; but it is a palliative only. By the end of 1906 cash will have been provided to satisfy agreements entered into up to the end of 1904. The Treasury will be two years in arrears, and fresh agreements will have piled up. Only two sound courses are open. Either money must be found to suit the reasonable requirements of the Act, or the Act must, by amendment, be made to suit the conditions of the money market. It must be restricted in its operation, not by foolish regulations and vexatious delays, but by confining it to the more urgent cases until better times.

In the third place, it must never be forgotten that the great Act of 1903 was designed to deal with distinct phases of the Land Question in full recognition of the fact that a just settlement of them all was necessary to ensure its success as a great measure of healing, and as a final solution of the whole problem. It aimed at instituting a new system of tenure, at reinstating tenants evicted under the former system, and at improving the economic condition of districts of the west, mainly in Connaught. In the last two respects the Act has not realised the expectations of Parliament, or of all those who on both sides of the Channel wish well to Ireland, and, if it be allowed to fail in those respects, it will fail as a whole in its moral and social effects. It is very desirable that the change of tenure should take place, and that sale and purchase should operate rapidly over sound and economic estates, but it is even more imperative that the reinstatement of evicted tenants should proceed, and that the western problem should be solved.



“Something must be done.” The Irish Reform Association made a good suggestion some time ago when they proposed the creation of a sub-department under one of the Estates Commissioners, but with a separate staff for the purpose of dealing with the western problem, and with the question of evicted tenants. As regards the uneconomic West, two departments—the Estates Commissioners and the Congested Districts Board—are at present dealing with the question. As far as the acquisition of land, the addition of good land to uneconomic holdings, and migration are concerned, the matter should be in the hands of one department. Either the Congested Districts Board should be relieved of all that portion of their functions, and it should be transferred to a sub-department of the Estates Commissioners suitably equipped—the course which I should prefer—or the whole duty should be handed over to the Congested Districts Board with such an addition to their staff and funds as may be necessary. The stimulus of money is not all that is needed for the improvement of the West and the reinstatement of evicted tenants. Information as to the failure of the Act—in these respects—is wanted; the Commissioners should be encouraged to bring parties together and to explain the Act, of the provisions of which both landlords and tenants are frequently very ignorant; and they should make full reports. At present nothing is known except that the Act has partially failed. Of the causes of failure we are in ignorance, and the country is flooded with accusations against landowners for demanding extortionate prices or for refusing to sell good land, and for endeavouring to get rid of poor and unprofitable tracts only. In ordinary circumstances anything approaching to prying into the private affairs of individuals by State departments is not to be tolerated, though, as regards income-tax we have become habituated to it; but the circumstances are not ordinary. The Act of 1903, involving the pledging of the public credit to the tune of £112,000,000, was not merely an Act to assist A. to sell a certain kind of property to B. It was a great national or Imperial measure designed to subserve a great national or Imperial purpose, and when such a measure fails in most important respects, the public have a right to know the causes of failure.

To frame a scheme perfectly adapted to settle satisfactorily in all details and respects a problem so large and complicated as is the “Irish Land Question,” is beyond the wit of man; and to say that certain amendments may be necessary involves no slight upon the intentions or intelligence of those responsible for the Act, or of Parliament. About any possible amendments to the Act I have nothing now to say. My sole object is to endeavour to press upon the public the fact that, in two very important—if not *the* most

important—respects, the Act is a partial failure to say the least of it, and that the primary causes of failure are to be found in difficulties arising from lack of money to finance the Act. To starve the Act must inevitably result in robbing it of its inestimable value as an instrument of conciliation potent for peace; and I appeal with some confidence to common sense to say whether a policy of starvation is consonant with justice, wisdom, or “business.”

Ireland is undergoing a moral set-back. Men's minds are disquieted, and doubt and uncertainty are undermining faith in the goodwill of Parliament, and in the value of a conciliatory policy which the Land Conference and the Land Act, and the general policy of the Government during Mr. Wyndham's administration, had done so much to create. “Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.” Much was expected of the Land Act. Now it is “hung up,” and, in the meantime, Ireland is slipping backward. Year by year her population is decreasing; year by year emigrant ships are taking the best of her people, mentally and physically, away from her shores; and year by year an increasing proportion of the population is wending its way into the lunatic asylums, and tuberculosis is writing the death-warrant of tens of thousands. I do not for a moment claim the Land Act as a potential remedy for *all* Ireland's ills. It is an essential part and preliminary of a cure. In my opinion industrial stagnation, and the continuance of many of the evils under which the country is suffering, must be traced to the fact that the people have really no voice in their own affairs, and can exert no influence on administration, expenditure, or the action of irresponsible Boards. Year after year passes, and the Imperial Parliament, overburdened with the needs of empire, has no time, and possibly has not the knowledge, to give adequate and efficient attention to the crying needs of the Irish people. The average Englishman seems to be profoundly impressed with the honest but perfectly insane idea that similarity of treatment is synonymous with justice, and that what is good for England and works well there, must be good for Ireland and must work well there also. He forgets the differences in administration and in the whole system of government, and ignores the natural and ineradicable differences of race. The Land Conference and Land Act are object-lessons which should be taken seriously to heart. The Conference demonstrated the potential value of united action. The Act proved the inestimable value of the legislative union, and the goodwill of Parliament and of the British people. Its administration indicates the inefficiency of bureaucratic and departmental government, and the necessity of such reforms as will give Irishmen a direct and effective voice in the management of Irish affairs.

DUNBAVEN.

## GEORGE FARQUHAR.

IN superstitious moments, one is sometimes apt to imagine that the destinies bear a peculiar grudge against the English theatre. They gave us Shakespeare, indeed; but how dearly have they made us pay for him! Developing too early, ere yet the nation had emerged from barbarism, the drama of the seventeenth century remains, in all essentials, a barbarous product; and when, with the opening of the eighteenth century, our manners begin to show a tincture of civilisation, the springs of dramatic genius suddenly run dry. In later years one can point to many cross accidents which seem almost to indicate a peculiar malevolence on the part of the Sisters Three. Goldsmith dies immediately after he has proved that his exquisite genius is thoroughly at home on the stage. Sheridan lives on, but his lack of character sterilises his talent. For a century the drama sinks into abject dependency on France. Then, when a revival sets in with T. W. Robertson, it appears as though a decree had gone forth that the power to think and the power to write should scarcely ever co-exist in the same person. In one person, indeed, they do co-exist; but before he has done anything worthy of his talent, his career is cut short by the most hideous of tragedies. Thus, throughout the history of the English drama, it seems that the gifts of the gods have always come at the wrong time, or have been wrongly distributed, or cancelled by sheer misadventure. Fate seems to have repented of the favouritism shown us at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, and relentlessly set itself to re-establish the balance.

*who?*

Among the cross accidents above alluded to, not the least, I think, was the death, in his thirtieth year, of Captain George Farquhar. As this is not the view commonly taken by literary historians, I will try to give my reasons for it.

First, let us get the dates clear. Of all the dramatists of his group, Farquhar was the latest born and the earliest to die. Wycherley might almost have been Farquhar's grandfather, yet outlived him by twelve pitiable years. Vanbrugh was born in 1664, Congreve in 1670, Cibber in 1671, Steele in 1672, Farquhar not till 1677 or 1678. Yet Vanbrugh outlived Farquhar by nineteen years, Congreve and Steele outlived him by twenty-two, and Cibber by fifty. I state these facts merely to remind the reader that all Farquhar's work was produced in a few years of comparative immaturity, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-nine, and that he was in the full flush of production when his

life was cut short. More justly than any of his contemporaries, he could claim the excuse of youth for his faults; and I shall try to show that, more clearly than any of his contemporaries, he was progressing towards a sane and humane form of comedy when the pen fell from his hand.

Farquhar has been, if not damned, at any rate gravely depreciated, by a single line of Pope's: "What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!" This casual remark has struck the keynote of criticism for more than a century and a half. It echoes in Professor Ward's assertion that "He is happy in the description of manners in a wider range than that commanded by Vanbrugh; but his dialogue is in general less gay and sparkling, and while his morality is no better than that of the most reckless of his contemporaries, he has a coarseness of fibre which renders him less endurable than some of these are to a refined taste." We have here an indictment in three counts, which I shall attempt to meet one by one, but in inverse order. I submit, first, that Farquhar was much less nauseous in his coarseness than Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh; second, that he showed clear traces of an advance in moral sensibility, nowhere discernible in the other three; third, that the alleged lack of "sparkle" in his dialogue in reality means a return to nature, an instinctive revolt against the sterilising convention of "wit." "Gaiety" Professor Ward must surely have denied him by inadvertence. His severest critics have contested the merit of his gaiety, but not the fact.

If there is any play of Farquhar's which lends colour to the accusation of exceptional grossness, it is his earliest comedy, *Love and a Bottle*, written when he was about twenty. This is, indeed, an unfortunate effort, in which we see a raw provincial youth, without any real knowledge either of the town or of the world, simply aping the cynical licentiousness of his elders, and thinking himself a mighty fine fellow in so doing. Life, movement, and gaiety do something to redeem the play. It may even be called remarkable that an Irish hobbledehoy, within the first few months of his stay in London, could produce so spirited an imitation of the current type of comedy. But the character of Roebuck admits of no defence. It is a sheer monstrosity, a boyish fanfaronade of vice. And here, indeed, Farquhar does descend to a grossness almost as vile as that of his contemporaries. Not quite as vile in my judgment—but that, I own, is a matter of opinion. On the other hand, however severely we may condemn this play, it is manifestly unjust to let its sins taint the whole of Farquhar's theatre, and treat as one of his general characteristics an excess into which he fell in his 'prentice work alone. In short, while I cannot admit that even *Love and a Bottle* bears out the charge

of *exceptional* "coarseness of fibre," I hold it merely just to put aside this crude and boyish effort, and judge Farquhar by the plays, from *The Constant Couple* onwards, which display his talent and his character in some approach to maturity.

This sin of youth, then, being struck out of the record, we may inquire whether there are in Farquhar many, or any, of those passages of sheer nastiness at which the gorge rises in Wycherley, in Vanbrugh, and even in Congreve. Quotation being out of the question, one can only appeal to the experience of the unprejudiced reader. Morality, be it noted, is not the point at issue. So far as this particular argument is concerned, Farquhar may be as immoral as any of his fellows; and I freely admit that in point of sensuality, of what was in those days called "lusciousness" of language, he was no whit behind them. But I cannot find that he ever showed the predilection for absolute loathsomeness, for fetid brutality of thought and expression, that was so strong in Wycherley and Vanbrugh. There is nothing in Farquhar to compare with the abominable ugliness of Gripe and Lady Flippant in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood*; no such intolerably nauseous speeches as Sir Simon Addleplot's in Act ii. sc. 1 of that play (beginning, "Though I can give a great guess"), or Dapperwit's in Act iii. sc. 2 (beginning, "And then so neat"). Where in Farquhar shall we find anything so inhumanly gross as the Horner scenes in *The Country Wife*, or as a great part of *The Plain Dealer*? (Note especially a speech of Manby's in Act iv. sc. 1, beginning, "But she was false to me before.") Wycherley, it may be said, belongs in reality to an earlier generation, and a touch of mediæval grossness clings to him. But what, then, of Vanbrugh? Is there anything in Farquhar so revolting as several passages in *The Provoked Wife*, not only in the character of Sir John Brute himself, but even in the conversation of Lady Brute and Belinda? Squire Sullen in *The Beaux Stratagem* is no doubt cousin german to Sir John Brute, but how much less repulsive! And when was Farquhar guilty of anything so unspeakable as the character of Coupler in *The Relapse*? Congreve is somewhat less brutal than the rest; but I can think of nothing in Farquhar so abominable as the passage in the first scene of *Love for Love*, beginning with Jeremy's speech, "Oh, sir, there's Trapland, the scrivener," &c.; and others, scarcely more agreeable, might be cited. Amid all the lewdness that doubtless disfigures Farquhar's plays (especially *The Constant Couple* and its sequel) one is conscious, I think, of a sweeter, cleaner, healthier mind than can be claimed for Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh, to say nothing of Otway, or D'Urfey, or (alas!) Dryden. He never, like so many of his contemporaries, showed

a love for the merely malodorous. His muse stands sadly in need of chastening, but not of disinfecting.

We come now to the second count of the indictment—that “his morality is no better than that of the most reckless of his contemporaries.” Here a plain distinction strikes us at once. There is certainly one point of difference between Farquhar and the three contemporaries with whom he is usually bracketed: namely, that they do not, while he very distinctly does, rise from a lower to a higher moral plane. “Manly” Wycherley is as “beastly” in his last as in his first play. Congreve’s cynicism is as inhuman in *The Way of the World* as in *The Old Bachelor*. If *The Confederacy* is a little less brutal than *The Relapse* and *The Provoked Wife*, it is only because it is translated from the French. It gives no proof of moral progress on Vanbrugh’s part. But Farquhar, from play to play, becomes more decent and more humane. The criticism is summary indeed which lumps together *Love and a Bottle* and *The Beaux Stratagem*, and speaks as though Farquhar’s morality or immorality remained constant throughout his career. The fact is far otherwise; and unless it can be proved that Farquhar started below the level of his fellows (which is scarcely possible) it follows that he must ultimately have risen above it.

The character which made Farquhar famous shows him at his lowest moral level. Sir Henry Wildair is undeniably a reprobate, a son of chaos, inadmissible in any moral order. But at the same time there is a grace, a humanity, a lightness of touch in his portraiture which distinguishes him for the better from the ferocious, cast-iron libertines of Wycherley and Congreve. The type is not an invention of Farquhar’s. It is sketched in Etherege’s Sir Frederick Frolick, and other precedents could be quoted. But Farquhar breathed into it a new and enduring vitality. He gave it a touch of bravery, a touch of race, above all, a touch of humour, which still appeals to us. We feel that Sir Harry’s faults arise from thoughtlessness, not from wickedness in the grain. Here is a character which does indeed lend some colour to Lamb’s defence of Restoration Comedy. In a non-moral fairyland, Sir Harry would be an agreeable sprite; whereas no abrogation of moral law could render Wycherley’s or Congreve’s heroes other than detestable. It may be said that Farquhar, in this case, does more harm than his contemporaries by making vice attractive. That would be true if comedy produced its effect solely or chiefly by inciting to direct imitation of particular characters. But its main effect proceeds rather from the subtle influence of its general atmosphere; and the atmosphere in which Sir Harry Wildair moves is one of harum-scarum levity rather than of deliberate

turpitude. Wycherley and Congreve were no doubt as desirous as Farquhar was to render their heroes attractive, and thought that they had done so. The difference of effect shows that in Farquhar's case we have to deal with a better and saner nature, one that had taken on the taint of the time, but was not fundamentally corrupt.

And Sir Harry, I repeat, shows Farquhar at his worst: Even in the two plays in which he figures, we have another character of a much higher type—a type for which we may search Wycherley and Congreve in vain. Colonel Standard is a man with some approach to the instincts of a gentleman as we now conceive them. He is a bluff, honest soldier, not a saint, but still less a blackguard. The character is not very vividly drawn, and the incredible romance of his relation to Lady Lurewell impairs his claim to psychological consistency. But the question here at issue is not Farquhar's artistry, but the tone of his mind; and Standard, I think, gives clear evidence of an innate decency of feeling (to rank it no higher) denied to the other playwrights of the time. In *The Twin-Rivals*, again, Hermes Wouldbe and Trueman are both good fellows enough, wholly different from the Congreve-Vanbrugh type of hero. The callousness with which Wouldbe receives the news of his father's death has been censured, with apparent reason. But it is to be observed, first, that the dramatic situation made it very difficult for him to give way to feeling; second, that when he has time to reflect, he chides himself for his lack of "filial duty"; third, that the people of that day took mortality more, and family affection less, as a matter of course than we do. In Farquhar's next play, *The Recruiting Officer*, the conduct of Justice Balance and Silvia, on learning of the death of his son and her brother, seems incredibly unfeeling. To say that it belonged to the manners of the day is not, of course, to justify it; but another age may be as critical of our sensibility as we of the insensibility of the early eighteenth century. After all, there is nothing to show that the relation of Hermes Wouldbe to his father, or of Silvia to her brother, had been at all intimate or tender. Perhaps they had seen very little of each other; perhaps they had been wholly unsympathetic. Mr. Bernard Shaw's favourite thesis that near relatives always tend to hate each other, is flagrantly false; but the opposite belief, that they always and necessarily love each other dearly, is a superstition of modern sentimentality. The fact that Farquhar does not interrupt the course of his comedies with scenes of lamentation cannot fairly be taken as a proof that he was deficient in natural feeling.

The ethical standards of *The Recruiting Officer* and of *The*

*Beaux Stratagem* cannot certainly be called high; but there is in both a general tone of humanity which is far above the level of the age, and even above that of Farquhar's early plays, down to and including *Sir Harry Wildair*. Captain Plume, though a loose-living soldier, belongs rather to the company of Fielding's Tom Jones than to that of Wycherley's Horner or Manly, Congreve's Bellmour or Vainlove, Vanbrugh's Loveless or Worthy. As for Aimwell and Archer, adventurers though they be, they are neither brutal nor wholly unscrupulous. Aimwell, indeed, voluntarily forgoes the fruits of his intrigue, and confesses his personation, in the moment of its success—a trait of conscience inconceivable in the typical hero of the period. But it is not in definite and positive acts that the moral advance is chiefly to be noted. It is in the substitution of wholesome fresh air for the black, bitter, cruel atmosphere that weighs on us in the works of the three other playwrights. I shall try to show later that there are traces in *The Beaux Stratagem* of an actual interest in moral problems, wholly different from the downright contempt for the very idea of morality which pervades the Restoration Comedy as a whole. In the meantime, it is sufficient to say that in all his plays, from *The Constant Couple* onwards, and especially in the last three, Farquhar gives a general preponderance to kindness over cruelty<sup>1</sup> and good over evil, which reverses the order of things prevailing in his contemporaries. Where shall we look in them for a sentiment like the following (*The Twin-Rivals*, Act ii. sc. 1):—

CONSTANCE. Are you sure he's well-bred?

AURELIA. I tell you he's good-natured, and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever conversation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way, and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-master.

Such an utterance points forward to the nineteenth century rather than backward to the seventeenth.

That Farquhar's nature was humane seems to me beyond question; but he also moved with a general current setting towards humanity. To say that he was "reformed" by Jeremy Collier would be inexact, for the famous *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* appeared many months before Farquhar made his first essay as a dramatist. Collier's attack

(1) It may be said that *The Recruiting Officer* treats heartlessly of the cruelties perpetrated under the Enlistment Acts. But denunciation of these abuses was scarcely to be expected from an officer actually employed in the work of recruitment; and, on the other hand, though the comedy is gay and irresponsible in tone, it is no eulogy, but rather a satire, on the methods employed.



was nearly two years' old when Farquhar scored his greatest success with *The Constant Couple*, on which "the parson" had certainly no influence whatever. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that Farquhar felt and welcomed the reaction in favour of decency, if not of speech, at any rate of feeling. One would like to think that he headed the reaction, but here the dates are unaccommodating. That distinction belongs to Steele. *The Funeral*, produced towards the end of 1701 (it is misdated in Genest), marked a long step on a path which Farquhar did not clearly begin to follow until a year later in *The Twin-Rivals*. Had he been minded to relapse into the old rut, the failure of that play would have afforded him an excuse. But he was not weary in better-doing, and may fairly share with Steele the credit of having set earnestly about the ventilation of English comedy.

We come now to the question of dialogue, which we shall find shading off into another and larger question. It may be admitted at once that Farquhar's dialogue has not the dry, hard polish—the "sparkle," as Professor Ward justly calls it—of Congreve, or of Vanbrugh at his best. He is not, like Congreve, a virtuoso in style. There is perhaps no part in his plays so well written, in the literary sense, as that of Lord Foppington in Vanbrugh's *Relapse*. He was not, in fact, specifically a literary man. His verse is uniformly execrable, and his non-dramatic prose has far more ease than distinction. But we must note that if, in his dialogue, he did not achieve the glitter of Congreve, it is partly, at least, because he did not aim at it. Farquhar had plenty of wit; but he did not make wit the beginning and end of his endeavour. It would be a curious task for German industry (and by no means the idlest it has ever undertaken) to tell us how many times the word "wit" occurs in the comedies of Congreve and Farquhar respectively. I would lay a heavy wager that the proportion would prove to be at least twenty to one. Congreve's characters, both the wise men (such as they be) and the fools, are always thinking and talking about their wit. Wit and intrigue are the sole objects of their existence. "Leave business to idlers and wisdom to fools," cries Bellmour, on the first page of Congreve's first comedy; "wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation." No doubt it would be unjust to call this continual strain after similitude, paradox, and repartee a mere convention of the playhouse. There are social circles to-day in which the same self-conscious striving after brilliancy makes life an irritation and a toil. The great development of "polite" intercourse which followed the Restoration begot a new Euphuism which, being unrestrained by decency or good nature, was an easily acquired and highly infectious fashion. It is quite probable that

the Dapperwit, the Sparkish, the Novel of Wycherley, the Brisk and Tattle and Petulant and Witwoud of Congreve, had their originals in real life, and were not even very grossly caricatured. But the world to which they belonged—the fast, or “smart,” world as we should nowadays call it—was a very small and superficial one. As the modern dramatist speaks of “our little parish of St. James’s,” so Congreve might have called the whole province of his genius “our little parish of Covent Garden.” In his plays especially, but also in those of Wycherley and Vanbrugh, we have a constant sense of frequenting a small coterie of exceedingly disagreeable people. Their talk is essentially coterie-talk, keyed up to the pitch of a particular and narrow set. It is Farquhar’s great merit to have released comedy from this circle of malign enchantment. Even in *The Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair* his characters have not quite the coterie stamp. We feel, at any rate, that they are studied from an outside point of view, by one who does not mistake the conventions of the coterie for laws of nature. In *The Twin-Rivals* the coterie tone is scarcely heard at all. With the return to a recognition (rather too formal to be artistic) of the difference between right and wrong, we have something like a return to nature in the tone of conversation. In the excellent little scene (Act i. sc. 1) between Benjamin Wouldbe and the innkeeper Balderdash, there is nothing that can be called wit, but a great deal of humour; while Mrs. Mandrake is a realistic life-study of extraordinary power. Finally, in *The Recruiting Officer* and *The Beaux Stratagem*, Farquhar broke away altogether from the purlieus of Covent Garden, and took comedy out into the highways and the byways. When Congreve strayed into the country, it was only to present to us that amazing “house-party” of *The Double-Dealer*—Lord and Lady Touchwood, Lord and Lady Froth, Sir Paul and Lady Plyant, Mellefont, Maskwell, Careless, and Brisk—in a word, the coterie at its narrowest. When Vanbrugh went down to the shires, it was only to show Tom Fashion stealing away the daughter of Sir Tunbelly Clumsey. But Farquhar introduced us to the life of the inn, the marketplace, and the manor-house. He showed us the squire, the justice, the innkeeper, the highwayman, the recruiting sergeant, the charitable lady, the country belle, the chambermaid, and half a score of excellent rustic types. He introduced the picaresque element into English comedy, along with a note of sincere and original observation. To have made the good folk of Shrewsbury and Lichfield express themselves with the modish, stereotyped wit of the London chocolate-house and boudoir would have been the height of absurdity. Farquhar reduced wit within something like the limits of nature, subordinating it to humour, and giving it,

at the same time, an accent, all his own, of unforced, buoyant gaiety. And he had for his reward the line: "What pert, low dialogue has Farquhar writ!"

That Farquhar widened the range of comedy is obvious and generally admitted. But critics have, so far as I know, overlooked a subtler distinction between his work and that of his contemporaries, which seems to me real and important. If he was not specifically a literary man in the sense in which they were, he was specifically a dramatist in a sense in which they were not. That is to say, he was a dramatist and nothing else, whereas in Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh the dramatist was as yet imperfectly differentiated from the social essayist. How often in their plays does the action stand still while the characters expatiate in reflection, generalisation, description and criticism of other characters; in short, in essays or leading articles broken up into dialogue! Comedy, as they conceived it, meant *the introspection of the coterie*. The business of the comic poet was to show the little circle with which alone he was conversant in the act of observing, analysing, and discussing its own motives and customs, humours and foibles. His characters were always intensely self-conscious, always perfectly aware that they were playing parts, under the critical eyes of their friends and acquaintances, upon the coterie-stage of "the town." There is scarcely a comedy of Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh from which long scenes of sheer generalisation or episodic portraiture could not be wholly excised, without leaving any sensible gap either in the action of the play or in the characterisation necessary to justify the action. As instances, let me mention in Wycherley the scenes between Lady Fidget, Mrs. Dainty Fidget, and Mrs. Squeamish (*Country Wife*, Act ii. sc. 1), between Horner, Sparkish, and Dorilant (*Country Wife*, Act iii. sc. 2), between Olivia, Eliza, Novel, and Plausible (*Plain Dealer*, Act ii. sc. 1); in Congreve, the greater part of the Petulant and Witwoud dialogue in *The Way of the World*; and in Vanbrugh the scene between Lady Brute and Belinda (*Provoked Wife*, Act iii. sc. 3), which leads off in this characteristic strain of reflection:—

LADY BRUTE. What hogs men turn, Belinda, when they grow weary of women!

BELINDA. And what owls they are whilst they are fond of 'em!

But whole scenes of this nature are, of course, comparatively rare. The essential point is that there is scarcely a scene in any of these writers wherein the characters do not pause, more or less frequently, to contemplate themselves or each other from

what may be called the essayist's point of view, and to pass general remarks and theoretic judgments. There is scarcely a scene in which one could not find the text (and often a great part of the substance) of a *Tatler* or *Spectator* essay. The dramatist, in fact, was not merely a dramatist but a journalist as well. He suffered his characters not only to reveal themselves in action, but to explain and satirise themselves and each other, in undramatised or imperfectly dramatised disquisition. Even his valets and lady's-maids would not infrequently deliver themselves of neat little essays, wholly unnecessary to the progress of the plot.

When we come to Farquhar, we find the differentiation between the dramatist and the essayist rapidly completing itself. In *Love and a Bottle* it is still very imperfect, but from *The Constant Couple* onwards it is much more clearly marked than in any of the other three. His characters are not for ever feeling their own pulses, taking the social temperature, or noting the readings of the wit-barometer. It is impossible to prove a negative by quotation; I can but state what I think is the fact and leave the reader to verify it. Farquhar's plots are as conventional as those of his contemporaries, his technical devices as crude, but he confines his characters within the action, and keeps the action moving, better than they do. He is much less given to the elaborate portrayal of a Jonsonian "humour" for its own sake. We do not find in his comedies that characters are minutely described before they appear, and then do nothing through the rest of the play but, as it were, copy their own portrait. I remember but one exception to this rule: Captain Brazen, in *The Recruiting Officer*, who is heralded by his full-length portrait, drawn by Worthy and Balance. The few lines of introduction which precede Sir Harry Wildair's entrance are scarcely a case in point; for Wildair is certainly a rounded character, not, like Dapperwit or Sparkish, or Tattle or Brisk, a mere incarnate "humour." This departure from the Jonsonian method is an additional evidence of the fact that the dramatist, properly so-called, was more highly developed in Farquhar than in his contemporaries.

Now history shows us that one of the chief literary phenomena of these years was precisely the differentiation of the journalist from the dramatist. Steele, who comes to the front as a dramatist two years later than Farquhar, and precedes him by a year in the movement towards a saner morality, presently abandons the stage (or nearly so) in order to devote himself to journalism. In other words, he distributes his essays and character-sketches in type through the coffee-houses and the boudoirs,

instead of inviting the beaux, wits and ladies to come and listen to them in the theatre. Addison follows suit; and as the essay gains ground comedy declines. This means that specifically dramatic endowment was rare, and that, as soon as the non-dramatic element in Restoration Comedy was found readily separable from the dramatic framework, much of the talent which would otherwise have sought utterance in the theatre chose rather to express itself in a simple and natural than in a hybrid and highly artificial form. But Farquhar was the one man of the time who had dramatic talent highly developed and discursive talent scarcely at all. He had great fertility and facility; his last and best play he wrote in six weeks, while in the grip of mortal illness. Had he lived to sixty instead of dying before thirty, we can scarcely doubt that he would have kept the drama more nearly abreast of the essay and its successor, the novel, than it has ever been from his day to our own. We might have had in him a Fielding of the theatre.

Even as it was, in his brief literary life of eight or nine years, cut short before he can be supposed to have reached full maturity, he contrived to do work which makes him, far more than any other of his group, an influential precursor of Fielding. In humour and humanity the two are distinctly congenial; and, if we allow for difference of scale, Farquhar's power of character-drawing may quite well be measured with that of the "Great Harry." He had extraordinary ease in giving his personages individuality without caricature or mechanical insistence on "humours." But what chiefly justifies us in regarding his too early death as one of the most notable of the many mischances that have befallen the English drama, is the steady growth we can perceive in him, not only of moral feeling, but of sober criticism of life. His first three comedies, as I have admitted, are entirely irresponsible; but in the last act of the last of them we come upon a passage which, in ironic form, strikes a note of sincere indignation. So, at least, I read the short scene in *Sir Harry Wildair* (Act v. sc. 4) between Sir Harry and Lord Bellamy. The almost savage scorn with which Sir Harry here spits in the face of "smart" society—of what I have called the coterie—is not in his normal character. It reminds one of a tirade by one of the debauchee moralists of the younger Dumas. Farquhar is here uttering the bitterness of his own spirit; and from this time onward he is no longer irresponsible, not even in the semi-Elizabethan *Inconstant* which he borrowed from Fletcher. Especially noteworthy is the growth of his sympathy with the finer aspects of womanhood. Leante in *The Twin-Rivals* is a romantic impossibility, Lucinda a very vulgar per-

sonage. Angelica in *The Constant Couple* is a lay-figure, and in *Sir Harry Wildair* a convention; while Lady Lurewell is, in *The Constant Couple*, a melodramatic man-hater, not unlike Dumas's *Etrangère*, and has become, in *Sir Harry Wildair*, a vapourish, corrupt fine-lady. But in the later plays the heroines are always natural, agreeable women, with as much refinement as the atmosphere of the age would permit. I have already quoted an admirable saying of Aurelia's in *The Twin-Rivals*. Silvia, in *The Recruiting Officer*, in spite of the absurdity of her disguise and the coarseness of some of the episodes that spring from it, seems to me to have more than a touch of the free, generous, self-reliant womanhood of Shakespeare's heroines in the past and Mr. Meredith's in the future. Dorinda, in *The Beaux Stratagem*, is a pleasant figure, and even Mrs. Sullen is not the ordinary female rake of Restoration Comedy. Professor Ward writes of this play: "Some of the incidents are dubious, including one at the close—a separation by mutual consent, which throws a glaring light on the view taken by the author and his age on the sanctity of the marriage tie." I venture to suggest that what is here set down to Farquhar's discredit is, in fact, a remarkable proof of the increasing earnestness of his outlook upon life. We have in this comedy (especially in the scenes between Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda at the end of Act iii., and between Squire Sullen and Sir Charles Freeman at the beginning of Act v.) a serious and very damaging criticism of the conventional view that there can be no immorality in marriage save breach of the marriage vow. These scenes are, in fact, a plea for what Farquhar regarded, rightly or wrongly, as a more rational law of divorce. We may or may not think the plea a sound one; but it is certain that a serious discussion of the ethics of divorce was a homage to the idea of marriage which Wycherley, Congreve, or Vanbrugh would never have dreamt of paying. To them marriage meant nothing but a legal convention governing the transmission of property from (reputed) father to son. For the rest, it merely added a relish to libertinism. Where marriage constitutes no bond, divorce can have no function. When Farquhar seriously (and wittily) set himself to show that a certain type of marriage was loathsome and immoral, he broke once for all with the irresponsible licentiousness of his school. He admitted a moral standard, and subjected social convention, not to mere cynical persiflage, but to the criticism of reason. Having reached this point at twenty-nine, how far might he not have advanced if another twenty years had been vouchsafed him.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND GERMANY.

It is, I believe, a very serious disappointment to the quieter kind of Englishmen to find that, having settled their difficulties with France, and being relieved by events from pressing anxiety about Russia, they are involved in a war of words or a conflict of interests—whichever it be—with Germany. Nations seem doomed, like individuals, to worry, and irritation allayed in one direction almost invariably breaks out in another. With the conclusion of peace in the Far East, we had hoped for quieter times, and yet, since the Portsmouth Treaty was signed, we have lived in a continuous state of flutter, from which the relations of Great Britain and Germany emerge in ever sharper antagonism. We have even apparently got to the point at which it is seriously believed that Great Britain is prepared to abandon her traditional policy, and plunge blindly into a Continental war by invading a German Province with an army of 100,000 men! When things come to this pass, the ideal remedy would perhaps be for all parties to follow Carlyle's advice, and "get them to bed for three days and reconsider themselves," but, failing this, it can at least do no harm if some of those who respect Germany and desire friendly relations with her begin to ask themselves what is happening and why it is happening. The penalty which anyone pays who attempts to play the part of moderator in this affair is, I know, to be called foolishly credulous and simple-minded. These epithets, however, are harmless and even charitable. A more serious risk is that he should be supposed to be counselling some betrayal of engagements made to France in Europe, or even of engagements made to Japan in the Far East. It may, therefore, not be amiss to say at the outset that what follows starts from the assumption that these engagements will be loyally adhered to, and that the better relations between England and France, which are greatly valued in this country, offer no legitimate ground of complaint to Germany. This assumption was accepted—and, I hope, *ex animo*—by Prince Bülow in the communication which he made the other day to the Paris newspapers, and in which he declared that the present grouping of Europe was perfectly compatible with friendly relations between countries which, for particular purposes, were in different groups. So much being premised, any question of a change of policy in the larger sense may be put aside, while we

examine the state of feeling which, much more than any definite political issue, is estranging Great Britain from Germany. If this feeling continues we are in at least for a prolonged diplomatic dead-lock, in which Germany will prevent Great Britain from settling her Asiatic questions with Russia, and make the Anglo-French understanding the cause of chronic friction in Europe. That ought to be avoided, if by any honourable means it can be.

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It is to be noted first, that as between England and Germany, each side brings exactly the same charges against the other. The Germans who indict England say that she is untrustworthy and domineering; that she plays the part of bull in the European china-shop, neither regarding nor understanding the interests of her neighbours; that she claims to be supreme at sea in a sense that no other nation is supreme on land, and desires all other countries to be subservient to her in their *weltpolitik*. The English who indict Germany say, on the other hand, that she is the great disturber of the peace in Europe; that she has inordinate ambitions to extend her territory at the expense of her neighbours in Europe, and would extend it oversea at the cost of England, if ever she had a Navy which enabled her to do so. It is even believed or alleged by some Englishmen that the real object of the South African war was not so much to conquer the Boers as to anticipate a German conspiracy. To support these respective themes there has grown up a voluminous literature of the subject in both countries—the Pan-German literature in Germany, wherein we see ourselves reflected as in a distorting mirror, and correspondingly in this country an increasing stream of books, magazine articles, and newspaper articles presenting a picture which the Germans on their side denounce as a ludicrous travesty of their country.

The whole of this is comparatively new, and for the most part a quarrel about the future, a quarrel of conjectures, imputed motives and suspicions in which neither side can verify anything. There are no roots of bitterness in the past to estrange the two countries, nor even any serious points of contact in the present to bring them into collision. Down to a comparatively recent date their relations were cordial, and even intimate. It is only six years since Mr. Chamberlain declared, in language which seemed to some of us over-effusive, that "the natural alliance is between ourselves and the great German Empire," and that no point could be "conceived in the immediate future which would bring ourselves and the Germans into antagonism of interests."<sup>1</sup>

(1) Mr. Chamberlain at Leicester, November 30th, 1899.



Arrangements with Germany about Africa and other Colonial matters were carried through without a hitch; the German Emperor frequently visited England, took a zealous interest in English sports, and was enthusiastically received in the City of London. With the one exception of the Kruger telegram his attitude and that of his Government was studiously correct throughout our South African difficulties, and he certainly gave no countenance to the mooted European coalition against this country during the war, but is even to this day credited by other countries with having actively opposed them. The Press campaign in Germany against this country was certainly violent in those days, but not more violent than in other countries against whom we have harboured no resentment, and whatever offence we might have taken on that score has been condoned by our Government, which since the war has been in intimate relations with the German Government—witness the Venezuela joint-enterprise and the Bagdad railway scheme. Moreover, in proportion as feeling in Germany ran strong against the war we ought to be grateful to the German Government for having resisted it. How is it, then, that we have suddenly passed to a state of things in which the German Emperor fills in our thoughts the place which was formerly filled by the Emperor Napoleon III., the place of the disturber of Europe, whose restless ambitions and unaccountable designs require us to be ever alert and suspicious?

Some people are, of course, ready with the very simple answer that it is a sudden awakening to the "Truth about Germany." But those who look back over the last sixty years and note the periodic antagonisms which suddenly grow up and often as suddenly die down between one nation and another, will scarcely think this final. It seems to be a necessity of national human nature to have some objective with which the national self can be compared, contrasted, and even brought into conflict. France, Russia, and Germany have successively served this purpose for us, and, when one is disposed of, another appears. On these occasions the dossier which every nation keeps against every other nation is brought out of its pigeon-hole and becomes a tale of previous convictions against a defendant whom we had supposed to be a reformed character. Thus the Englishman who accuses the German Government of duplicity and brutality has in mind the secret methods of Bismarck, his cynical disavowals of the higher morality in affairs of State, his phrase about the *tertius gaudens*, his dealings with the Press, and all that exposure of the machinery of German Government which was given to the world by his henchman, Busch. I do not think Germans understand how much the wells

were poisoned by this Bismarck literature, and the vogue which it had in this country. And when Count Bülow declares, as he did a few years ago in the Reichstag, that "the politician is no judge of morals; he has solely to maintain the interests and rights of his own country,"<sup>1</sup> the Englishman's suspicions are re-aroused, and he concludes that the German method is as remorseless and cynical as ever. It would be doing no service to Germany to conceal the fact that this suspicion exists, and accounts for a good deal of underlying hostility. Judged by their actions over any considerable period of years, German Governments are by no means so black as they paint themselves, but they seem to take a considerable pleasure in alarming their neighbours by painting themselves as black as they can. In addition to this, there are, of course, a good many obvious reasons for friction, if not antagonism. Trade rivalry counts for something. From the belief that German goods were negligibly bad we have swung to the conclusion that they are dangerously good. This is an implied compliment to Germany which she cannot resent, and it ought, surely, to warm German hearts to listen to the praise of German methods and German science which is rather extravagantly the fashion in England just now. Yet undoubtedly the fact that Germany has served the tariff-reformers as the capital instance of a dangerous trade-rival has tended to embitter feeling during the last two years; and, if both countries were really to adopt the Protectionist theory that the trade of the world is a limited quantity for which the two countries must engage in an internecine struggle, the future would be blacker still. We may, however, I think, rely on the practical proof which time will bring that each country must gain by the other's prosperity to allay the commercial hostility.

Then there is, of course, the building of the German Navy, which has come to be considered a direct menace, and which is undoubtedly inconvenient and expensive, to us. The talk of two-Power and three-Power standards, though perhaps unavoidable, meanwhile gives edge and point to our own naval preparations, and the Germans, on their side, have more than once during the last year been in a state of half-panic at the incredible rumour that we intended to make an attack on Kiel without a previous declaration of war. Everyone remembers how the speech of a junior Minister set all Germany on edge. These naval recriminations are of all things the most fruitless and irrational. The Germans are perfectly entitled to build what fleet they choose, and we are absolutely bound to be superior to them, but to be per-

(1) December 14th, 1901. As a matter of fact, Count Bülow's argument was in our favour. He used the phrase in defending himself against German criticism for having vetoed Mr. Kruger's visit to Berlin.

petually complaining of what we cannot prevent is manifestly impolitic, and argues timidity where we ought to be strong and self-confident.

To complete the list of predisposing causes we must add certain acts of German policy and—a more delicate subject—the personality of the Kaiser. German patronage of the Sultan has been greatly disliked by English Liberals, and the Kaiser's attitude towards Liberal movements in Germany, his perpetual assertion of his prerogatives and his harsh tone on these subjects have created a certain prejudice against him. There is here some slight misunderstanding, for we are apt to judge the German Emperor according to the rules which apply to our own constitutional monarchy, whereas the German system permits, and German opinion tolerates, the open intervention of the Emperor in controversial matters. Whether this is good or bad is no concern of ours, but a purely domestic matter which Germans must decide for themselves. I think it may be added that, notwithstanding occasional irritation, a very large number of Englishmen have at bottom a sincere respect for the Emperor as a man. His energy, his zeal, his seriousness, are qualities that they instinctively like, and it is impossible not to acknowledge his conspicuous abilities. No one questions his disinterestedness; the worst that is said about him is that he is restless, incalculable, ambitious, and, therefore, a possible danger to peace.

But when all these causes have been added together, they are nothing out of the common, and exist elsewhere. If we were at feud with the United States, we should at once discover in that region also the things that alarm us in Germany—the trade-rivalry, the increasing navy, the veiled ambitions, even the restless and powerful personality of a Chief of the State who, in some respects, so astonishingly resembles the German Emperor. America, however, is several thousands of miles across the ocean, and her people seem even now to have practically illimitable elbow-room, whereas Germany is at our gate, and her rapidly increasing population must, we divine, be shortly pressing for outlets. Here is, perhaps, the most salient fact about the German trouble, and it projects the quarrel into a future where all is misty, but where the chief sea-Power descries peril for herself. Germany is obviously perplexed by her own problem, and in her restless speculations on the subject has developed what Mr. Wells might call a "science of the future," a thing at present incoherent, tentative, and self-contradictory, but alarming to her neighbours, who treat it as all equally authoritative and seriously representing the policy of the German Government or the German Emperor. Hence a great many questions which other nations are content to leave to future

generations, and which must in fact be so left, whether we like it or not, are in the case of Germany treated as if they were living and burning problems of the present.

The stuff of this "science of the future" is provided in large quantities by the Pan-German League, whose dreams and schemes have undoubtedly a great vogue in Germany, especially among professors and academic persons. The literature of the subject is enormous, but for English readers it is conveniently summarised in a volume published anonymously last year, entitled, *The Pan-Germanic Doctrine* (Harper Brothers). The objects openly avowed by these propagandists, either the League officially or others in sympathy with it, include, we are told (1) the reconstruction of Austria so as to bring her completely under German control and enable the German Government to obtain the ports of Trieste, Pola, Cattaro, and Fiume as bases for German naval power in the Adriatic and Mediterranean; (2) the gradual absorption of Belgium and Holland, or, failing that, the formation of a kingdom of "all the Netherlands" (including Scandinavian and Danish, as well as Dutch and Belgian elements) under a German hegemony, which would put Germany in practical possession of all desirable ports in the North Sea; (3) the extension of a similar influence over Switzerland; (4) the establishment of German economic ascendancy through Bosnia, Herzegovina, Turkey, and Asia Minor to the Persian Gulf, and the linking up of all these territories by an all-German railway to extend continuously from Hamburg to the Persian Gulf; (5) the challenging of the Monroe Doctrine by the establishment of German spheres of interest in South America, and, for that and other purposes, the propagation of Pan-German views among citizens of the United States.<sup>1</sup> For each and all of these ideas the writer is able to give respectable authority—the authority either of the League itself or of well-known academic persons whose views appear to be of a singularly romantic and embittered character. We are to suppose that all these dreams and schemes are fermenting together in the brain of the German people, and converting the German Government into a huge conspiracy against the existing order.

I can hear some readers saying, "It is even worse than we thought." And yet does not the mere recital of these projects in itself provide a sufficient measure of their importance? Chauvinism on this scale reduces itself to absurdity. A Government which entertained all these ideas, even as remote

(1) Ignotus, in the October number of the *National Review*, even adds a new enterprise, which he calls "the most dangerous of all the Kaiser's campaigns." This is to organise "naval co-operation between America and Germany against Great Britain."

objects of policy, would have taken leave of its senses, and a country afflicted with such a Government would be on the high road to ruin. Those Englishmen, however, who identify Pan-Germanism with official German policy should be comforted to reflect that they are only one among the victims marked down for slaughter. The supposed policy strikes with a serene impartiality at the vital interests of Russia, Austria, Italy, the United States, and all the smaller nationalities, as well as of Great Britain. No doubt we have in recent years come in for rather more than our due share of invective from Pan-German professors—oddly enough they are nearly all professors—but we flatter ourselves a great deal too much if we suppose that their eye is upon us exclusively. The strongest words may be used against Great Britain, but the strongest measures are apparently reserved for even nearer neighbours.

The absurdity of attributing all these designs at one and the same time to a Government which, according to another count in the indictment, is the coolest, shrewdest, and most deeply calculating of any in Europe, would, of course, be self-evident; and though they may all be collected into one book, I am not suggesting that they are commonly found together in one article. But the same writers or the same periodicals present each in turn at very short intervals, furnishing one with the authority of Dr. Hasse, who is declared to be a most influential party leader, another with the authority of Professor Schiemann, who is "understood most nearly to reflect the Emperor's own mind," and so on through the whole catalogue of hare-brained schemes which can be found in the literature of Pan-Germanism. Exactly the same process goes on in Germany, where every violent anti-German article or irresponsible letter by a retired Admiral or General is set out as if it represented the serious opinion of the British Government. Thus by scare and counter-scare the alarmists of both countries are perpetually playing into each other's hands and providing each other with plausible justification for fresh demands on the public purse.

Charity, as the Apostle tells us, believeth all things, but so also does malice, and I suggest that the first thing to be desired is that sensible men in both countries should bring a little cool criticism to bear upon the allegations which the two countries make respecting each other; otherwise it will be hopeless to look for any steadiness and sanity in their relations. These relations may—indeed, must—in certain respects be difficult and delicate, but they need not be childish and absurd. It is eminently desirable that we should have clear thoughts about the development of Germany and the points at which that development may touch our interests.

But the study of Pan-German literature through anti-German spectacles merely darkens counsel on this subject, and leads to a nightmare in which we are least of all likely to discover the truth. If we could get rid of this literature, or at least relegate it to its proper place as an expression of vague and inchoate ambitions and sentiments, and if at the same time we could resolutely disbelieve a large part of the current gossip about the German Emperor, while asking sensible Germans to be equally incredulous of what is said about us in their country, we might begin to understand our respective positions. We want to know not what is said by irresponsible persons in the heat of controversy, but what forces are at work, and in what direction they are driving.

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Suppose Germany to be governed by the most peaceable and moderate statesmen in Europe, her foreign policy would still be the most difficult and obscure of any European country. She has a population which, though scarcely as yet dense for her territory, is yet in need of outlets for its energy, and she is afflicted by the sense that those of her people who emigrate are mostly lost to the Empire, and rapidly absorbed into other systems. The Colonies she has obtained in recent partitions of undeveloped countries are certainly not the most desirable, and in the very rapid march of events during the last twenty years most other unoccupied territories have been either permanently or temporarily shut against her. In the meantime, she is becoming, like ourselves, more and more dependent on supplies of food from over-sea—a dependence which imposes on her the absolute necessity of a corresponding export trade. It is inevitable and perfectly natural, in these circumstances, that she should desire a navy which will enable her to defend her commerce and give her some position as a Colonial Power; but at the same time she has to support the burden of an immense army, and it is a serious question whether she can obtain a really formidable navy as compared with our own without sacrificing her army, or imposing such taxation on her people as may cause a dangerous kind of social discontent. In Europe her position is by all tests supreme, yet she is perpetually in difficulties as to the manner in which her strength can be used for any practical purpose. All the lines of development suggested to her by the forward parties are blocked by the most formidable obstacles. The vast scheme imputed to her of German ascendancy in Asia Minor would almost certainly bring her into collision with Russia, whose goodwill in Europe it is a chief part of her policy to cultivate. The absorption of the Austrian Germans is rendered enormously difficult by their geographical distribution, and the sudden addi-

tion of nine million Catholics to the German Empire is scarcely an object which appeals to the Protestants of Prussia. Moreover, it is impossible to set bounds to the possible results of a plunge into the race politics of Austria-Hungary, and the predicted descent through Austrian territory to the Adriatic would serve no purpose unless Germany were prepared at the end of it to challenge a naval combination of Great Britain, France, and Italy. On the eastern frontier it is an acknowledged principle to keep the peace with Russia, which at the same time guarantees the peace with France. To the north there is no considerable adventure possible which would not unite the northern Powers against her, whether the objective was Holland, Belgium, or Scandinavia. Moreover, the sentimental grievance that German rivers flow to the sea through Dutch and Belgian territory carries with it at least one very practical advantage in compensation—that the ports at the mouths of these rivers are highly convenient back-doors to the German Empire, which could not be blockaded or attacked by a naval enemy in time of war without a violation of neutrality. Finally, in regard to the American part of the alleged programme, it is surely almost sufficient to say that Germany is at one moment represented as building her fleet in order to demolish the Monroe doctrine, and at another as engaged in some intrigue with the United States for the discomfiture of Great Britain. The first of these enterprises may, I think, be left without anxiety to the people of the United States; and the second—well, is there anything in our relations with America to suggest for a moment that she would play this part, even if Germany desired it?

I am not suggesting that there might not be upheavals, cataclysms, prodigious births of military geniuses or tyrants, in which one or other or all of these designs might be brought to pass. With a very slight effort of imagination one might even heighten the picture of possibilities in such circumstances. But these are apocalyptic happenings with which reasonable men, arguing from probability, cannot concern themselves, and I submit that, according to the probabilities, there is no ground for convicting the German Government of insincerity when it protests its desire to maintain the *status quo*, and to avoid the calamities of European war. The motives which it has for keeping the peace are obvious, among them the incalculable cost of war on the European scale, the fatal blow which might be dealt to its commerce—an infinitely more important factor now than in Bismarckian times—the certainty that it would be met by coalitions in any or all of the aggressive designs which float through the brains of Fan-Germans. Many of our writers habitually speak as if Germany

were constantly thinking of England alone, and as if England alone would be her opponent in these designs. As I have already suggested, we flatter ourselves too much in the first respect and frighten ourselves unnecessarily in the second. As a European Power, Germany is weighted with problems and responsibilities into which Great Britain enters not at all, and if the fantastic schemes of the Pan-German visionaries ever took substance as her official policy, we should indeed have great allies.

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In all this I am keeping sentiment and even morality out of the question, and merely asking what self-interest would dictate to a Government which is, *ex hypothesi*, the shrewdest and most calculating in Europe. Let us look back for a moment and see what light is thrown on her official character by her recent proceedings. She ought, according to the Pan-German and anti-German view—both are for this purpose identical—to have seized the occasion of the Boer war to make trouble for us in Europe or Asia—to incite Russia to move on the Indian frontier, to incite France to revive the question of Egypt, and in other ways to organise at least a diplomatic coalition against us. On the contrary, she was studiously correct, in spite of a violent agitation among her people against us, and she even obliged us by turning Mr. Kruger away from the gates of Berlin. She was content, in fact, to seek quite minor diplomatic advantages by our favour, in one of which—the Bagdad railway—she failed to secure delivery. Again, according to the same hypothesis, she ought to have used the difficulties of Russia to obtain advantages for herself in the Near East and to have done everything in her power to prolong the war until the country which stood between her and supremacy in Europe was exhausted beyond hope of recovery. On the contrary, she has done everything possible to prevent the raising of questions inconvenient to Russia, and, in spite of irresponsible gossip to the contrary, there is the best reason for supposing that the Kaiser threw his whole influence on the side of peace before and during the Portsmouth Conference. The one advantage which Germany sought was a demonstration against France on the Morocco question, which does indeed give the clue to German policy, but which was not in line with any of the specific ambitions attributed to her. More must be said about that a little later. Finally, there are the complications of Austria-Hungary, and here, again, according to the hypothesis, she ought to be intriguing with the Hungarians against Austria so as to destroy the credit of the Austrian Government with its German subjects. But, once more, she seems, according to all the indications, to be counselling moderation, and, so far as



she favours either party, to be inclined to support the Austrian Emperor against the Hungarians.

This summary, as I am well aware, will make less than no impression upon the writers, whom, for short, one must call anti-German. They are determined that Germany means mischief, whether her action looks aggressive or looks pacific. In the first case she convicts herself; in the second she displays her cunning and imposes upon the credulous. There is, of course, no possible answer to this line of argument. All motives are conjectural—even for the most part our own—and, of course, it is true that nations are again and again driven by something not themselves to do the things that they most passionately disclaimed, and at the time in perfect sincerity. That has been our own history to no slight extent during the last twenty years, and I suppose nothing to the end of time will ever persuade the anti-British foreigner that we did not, from the year 1880 onwards, deliberately scheme for the occupation of Egypt and the Boer Republics. The mere fact that intentions are disclaimed is, let it be admitted, no proof that things will not happen if the stream of tendency favours their happening, but neither, on the other hand, is it the least more likely that things which are improbable in themselves will happen because they are violently advocated by a section of the public. The value of disclaimer or assertion depends wholly on the forces that are at work, and those who believe that these make on the whole for peace and stability, must count it a gain that, whatever German diplomacy may be, German action has so far been moderate.

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The Morocco affair, however, demands closer attention. Here we have a thoroughly characteristic move, and it occurs in almost the only part of the world which was not covered by the Pan-German scheme. Prince Bülow has communicated his own explanation of this matter to two Paris journals, and it is so frank as to leave no play for suspicion. What does it amount to?

Briefly to this—that Germany prolonged negotiations which might have been settled “in two hours,” and even, as must be added, led France to suppose that she was meditating hostilities, in order to show her resentment at not having been made party to the Anglo-French Agreement, and to prove that a desire to isolate her could not be avowed with impunity. Other Powers are no doubt capable of acting in this manner, but scarcely any except Germany would have made open admission that they were so acting. Prince Bülow adds that his Government desired nothing less than to break the peace. We may believe him, not only

because he says it, but because there are a great many excellent reasons which make peace one of the greatest of German interests. We are, nevertheless, at liberty to doubt whether this method, as here described to us, can be practised on a high-spirited opponent without risking the undesired result.

Now the French may be justified in describing this proceeding as "brutal" or "cynical," but craft and subtlety are certainly not its characteristics. It looks, on the contrary, a very clumsy stroke, for if the intention was, as we are told, to divide France and England, and to bring France back into subserviency to Germany, the effects have been exactly the opposite. The Anglo-French understanding is firmer than ever, and the dream of an anti-English combination into which France should be compelled is shattered, if it ever existed. Whatever success Germany has obtained has been given to her, because France was unable to conceal her alarm, and because a leading French newspaper has since been at pains to prove what emotions and dissensions ensued. We have, surely, in the conduct of this affair, beginning with the initial mistake of not making the formal communication which was due to Germany under the Madrid Convention, and ending with the disclosures of the *Matin*, some rather striking examples of how *not* to deal with the German Government. To omit nothing that is due, to keep a cool head in negotiations, and never to display a wound, would seem here to have been the line of safety.

Germans, I suppose, would say that they cannot afford to accept a slight, such as they suppose was offered them last year, without forfeiting their place in Europe. Nevertheless, there are ways and ways of resenting an injury, and this way is not a good one. The belief that Germany will make trouble at unexpected moments, not because any present question is acute on its merits, but because she sees an opportunity of wiping out old scores—such an opportunity, for instance, as was offered by the defeat of Russia—accounts for much of the suspicion with which she is regarded by her neighbours. She has an extraordinary power of creating panic, whether well or ill-founded no one can ascertain, since she is uniquely successful in keeping her real intentions to herself. The rumour that she is on the move causes a shiver to go through Europe, and no one feels safe till she herself announces that the crisis is over. Three times since 1871—in 1875, in 1887, and now again in 1905—she has persuaded vast numbers of people that she was meditating an attack upon France, and I suppose it will pass into history that on each occasion she was only deterred by the decisive action of Russia or Great Britain. One may hope that on reflection the German Government will see that this method is exhausted, for it certainly has not promoted German interests.

It brought the Franco-Russian alliance into being, and has now given point and meaning to the Anglo-French understanding. It accounts for the perpetual complaint of diplomatists that Germany is hard to deal with, because no one knows whether she is arguing a question on its merits or seeking some ulterior and unavowed object. It creates an atmosphere of suspicion, in which the slightest indiscretion on the part of anybody may create a crisis or a conflict. Here, so far as Germany is concerned, is the seat of the mischief, and without being pharisaical, one may say that in this respect she does herself a serious injustice, which damages her relations with her neighbours without profiting herself.

Extreme sensitiveness about being consulted is a very old tradition of the German Foreign Office. In his *Life of Lord Granville*, published last month, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has a peculiarly interesting passage about Bismarck's susceptibilities in this respect:—

There was an element in Prince Bismarck's character, the Ambassador again and again warned Lord Granville, which resented even the appearance of "being passed over," which never forgave those who acted or appeared to act, without consulting him, and made him almost as certain to be their enemy as he had been of any diplomatist like Count Arnim, who ventured to have a shadow of opinion of his own. "A pleasant truth, a well-deserved compliment publicly uttered by an English statesman," the Ambassador wrote on the occasion of a speech made by Lord Granville at Hanley, "has a magic effect" on the great but easily wounded Minister of "the most sensitive Power in the world;" and it was certain that Prince Bismarck, having rendered France and Austria subservient to his policy, would desire to be on intimate terms with the British Government, and to be consulted so as to share the laurels which a successful carrying-out of the Treaty (of Berlin) must bring to the Powers. From this point of view, he told Lord Granville that an error had been made, when Mr. Goschen, on his way to Constantinople, had not passed through Berlin and worshipped at the shrine of the genius of the place. [*Life of the second Earl Granville*, ii., 214-5.]

The letters here quoted were written twenty-five years ago, and it is interesting to see in them exactly what is said about Germany in these days, but accompanied with the shrewd advice that the Chancellor should be humoured by civil speech and timely attention. The "subservience" of Europe to German diplomacy is not, as many writers seem to think in these days, a disagreeable possibility of the future, but a perfectly familiar incident in the history of the last thirty years. It comes and it goes, according as Germany succeeds in persuading her neighbours that her designs are pacific and unaggressive. Doubts on that subject lead at once to a rally towards the Power that is supposed to be threatened, and the Germany group is balanced by another group. But whether good or bad for Europe, the predominance of Germany

has for long periods together been extremely convenient to British policy. The modern criticism which represents all Foreign Ministers before Lord Lansdowne to have been humble servants of Germany, who served Bismarck for naught, is utterly meaningless. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in the work from which I have just quoted, speaks quite justly of the necessity of the *entente* which Lord Salisbury effected with Germany in 1886 or thereabout, and adds truly that "for many years to come the position of Great Britain in Egypt had to depend on the goodwill of the Triple Alliance, and of Germany in particular, which in that alliance held the prerogative note."<sup>1</sup> It was not till our quarrel with France about Egypt was healed that we became alive to the terrible consequences of a German hegemony in Europe. The healing of the French quarrel is, indeed, one of the happiest events in our recent history, but we need not forget that in other times we have profited by a different arrangement.

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A vigorous writer, who signs himself "Ignotus," speaks, in the October number of the *National Review*, of "minimising minds working like those of the Prime Minister and the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*." Modesty would forbid the repetition of a phrase which puts the mere journalist in this high company, if it did not suggest a serious reflection. I cannot presume to say what may be the case with the Prime Minister, but certainly the journalist who has for ten or eleven years in succession endeavoured to follow the course of foreign affairs must tend to be critical of rumour and prophecy. He will, during that period, have been favoured with countless warnings of imminent catastrophes and deep-laid conspiracies, some of them on the highest expert authority, which have proved utterly baseless in the sequel. He will have learnt that a large part of what is reported about the sayings and doings of emperors and statesmen, and accepted as unquestioned truth by the mass of the people, is totally without foundation; and he will have seen the mischief which follows from accepting these things and making them the basis of international recriminations. The writer in the *National Review* need have no fear that the alarmists will, in these days, have less than their share of public attention, but he is very bold in claiming that they have been right in past times, unless he means that, having predicted every conceivable catastrophe, they must be justified when anything goes wrong. The alarmists seem to me to have a rather peculiar faculty of choosing the wrong bogey. They were, indeed, as "Ignotus"

(1) *Life of Earl Granville*, II., 453.

suggests, very emphatic in the years before the Franco-German war, but they declared with astonishing unanimity not that Prussia would overthrow Austria and France, but that the restless ambitions and aggressive intentions of the Emperor of the French were a menace to all Europe, and especially to this country. It is not many weeks since another alarmist wrote to the Public Press to say that he had for forty years past been predicting the imminent invasion of India by Russia, and he appeared to think that the venerable pedigree of this prediction enhanced its value. And then, again, one reflects that some of these same alarmists who are now telling us that a conflict with Germany is unavoidable were a short time ago speaking in the same terms about a conflict with France, and advising us to conclude an alliance with Germany. The "minimiser" who resisted them when the bogey was France, need not feel altogether discouraged when the bogey is Germany. Nor need he be ashamed when reference is made to Mr. Kruger or the Far East. It certainly was not he who failed in warning and remonstrance before the South African war, nor did he believe that the Far Eastern struggle had been averted either by the diplomacy of 1898 or the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1901.

Let it be admitted, however, without the slightest reserve, that these "men of larger vision," as the *National Review* calls them, who see dangers everywhere, are only too likely to bring their own predictions to fulfilment, if we hand our policy over to them, or if Germany lets her policy be guided by men of the same disposition. What one would submit in the circumstances is that even if all that the alarmists say in this country about the designs of Germany were true, the perpetual recrimination which is set up between the two countries offers no remedy, but on the contrary, increases the mischief. So far as they affect this country, the whole of these designs depend ultimately upon the improbable assumption that Germany will some day wrest from us the command of the sea. Whether we are friendly or whether we are hostile to Germany, it is a fundamental part of our policy that this shall not happen, and, until a Government arises that forgets its obligations, it is wholly superfluous to embitter opinion with perpetual alarms. These do but create the impression that we distrust ourselves, an impression which is particularly gratuitous at a moment when our understanding with France and the results of the war in the Far East leave us in a position of peculiar strength against any other possible enemy. I shall be told, of course, that we need to be on guard against the diplomatic combinations which Germany is supposed to be contriving for our discomfiture. On guard, of course,

always, whether we are dealing with Germany or any other Power. But let us remember, again, that though there may be moments when an enemy of Germany is a convenient friend, yet for all ordinary purposes we are a less, and not a more, desirable partner to our neighbours if the impression grows abroad that we have an irreconcilable feud with Germany. That is the case with France, where a section of the public is liable to chronic alarms lest the Anglo-French understanding should involve their country in the supposed feud between Great Britain and Germany. The *Temps* put it frankly and sensibly on October 8th, when it said that—

An Anglo-French alliance, destined, whether desired or not, to arouse keen anxiety in Germany, would be a source of great strength for England. It would not, however, be a source of strength for France. British friendship is precious to us, and we wish to preserve it. The *rapprochement* is useful to us and we intend to safeguard it. An alliance, on the other hand, would be a cause of disturbance in Europe which, while compromising us, would, in case of a conflict, furnish us with no sufficient guarantee.

In other words, France cannot afford to be compromised with Germany by a partner who is not, like herself, liable to be invaded in case of war. Thus, though she is grateful for British support when Germany takes the initiative against her, she is not at all likely to be conciliated by a perpetual agitation in this country against Germany. The same considerations apply with even greater force to Russia, which is persuaded that Germany has stood her friend during her recent disasters, and which has a dozen practical reasons—some of them connected with her internal politics—for remaining at peace with her. The times are really opportune for coming to an arrangement with Russia about our Asiatic rivalry, but we shall go far to blight that prospect if we suggest to Russia, or even say loudly to ourselves, that we count on this arrangement to thwart certain designs in the Near East or Asia Minor that we impute to Germany.

Is this the subserviency to Germany or the "virginal innocence" about German designs which, I see, is imputed to some of us by the *Outlook* and the *National Review*? On the contrary, it is an elementary reminder that temper is the enemy of policy—a maxim which is peculiarly applicable to our dealings with a Power which is supposed to be the embodiment of coolness and cunning. If it were, indeed, true that Germany were plotting our ruin it would be all the more necessary that we should remain cool and civil. Or supposing, without blame to either of us, an ultimate conflict were really inevitable, we should lose nothing, and gain not a little, if we refused to let our controversy be degraded by squalid

recriminations. So, even on this hypothesis, one may plead for the strict observance of all possible amenities between the Courts and Governments of the two peoples ; and also for a method of controversy on the part of our own advocates which will not suggest that we are perpetually alarmed. However, I have not the least desire to escape the charge of innocence and credulity by accepting this hypothesis and arguing merely from expediency. I do not believe in the German conspiracy against Great Britain, or in a British conspiracy against Germany ; I believe that the mass of the people in both countries would make short work of the conspirators if they existed, and that the relations of both countries would be immeasurably improved to the benefit of both and of Europe in general, if a little common sense and Christian charity could be imported into their dealings with each other. That two nations which particularly pride themselves on their good sense and unemotional habits of mind, and which in character and ideals have more in common than almost any other nations in Europe, should readily believe the legends which in each country are current about the other—this is the real credulity, and one can only hope it is as innocent as the simplicity which is imputed to the “ minimisers.”

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What is the practical outcome of these considerations? That sensible people in both countries should do their best to stop these recriminations ; that we for our part should be careful never to put ourselves in the wrong by omissions of courtesies or lapses from official correctness ; that we should not give our arrangement with France or any projected arrangement with Russia an anti-German bias, or leave Germans ground for saying that our object in making these arrangements is to thwart their legitimate policy. Mere prudence should restrain us in the latter case, for it is an illusion to suppose that Russia, which has a hundred good reasons for not offending Germany, is the more likely to welcome our advances if we proclaim that a chief part of our object is to thwart Germany. Finally, let us have done with the undignified complaints and panics about the German Navy, which, if they have any effect at all, do but increase the German zeal for sea-power. It would, of course, be extremely convenient to us if the world were so organised that no other Power were permitted to possess a strong navy, but since Germany's right to build ships is as incontestible as our right to maintain our supremacy, we can do nothing worse than proclaim an injury without a remedy. Surely the sea-power of this country is formidable enough, and our capacity for increasing it in case of need sufficiently obvious to

enable us to preserve some measure of self-possession against alarmists.

These negative precepts, or, if anyone chooses to call them so, these pious truisms, are the chief part of the matter. The future has its problems, and we cannot anticipate them, but if by some miracle we could dispel the atmosphere of suspicion in which the two countries have enveloped themselves, what really lies behind would, I believe, be reduced to quite commonplace dimensions for all immediate practical purposes. There is no need to speak of *rapprochements* or agreements. There are not in our relation with Germany any of the definite points of contact which render specific agreements desirable in the case of France. The things that are in dispute are vague, large, and unsubstantial—such stuff as nightmares are made of—and they can neither be settled on paper nor reduced to paper. The talk of an Anglo-German *rapprochement*, moreover, would probably defeat its own purpose in the present sensitive condition of Europe by creating a fresh set of suspicions in another quarter. What we need in the case of Germany is not to make understandings in the diplomatic sense, but to remove misunderstandings in the ordinary sense. And for this end there is no plan that politicians can propose; it is a matter ultimately that lies in the hands of the two peoples, who can insist that they shall not be embroiled by politicians or newspapers in a quarrel which is not of their seeking, and which, they feel instinctively, undermines the self-respect if it does not actually threaten the peace of the two countries.

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## THE ANGLO-JAPANESE FLEETS IN ALLIANCE.

THE new agreement between Great Britain and Japan may be regarded from many points of view, but its influence for weal or woe rests primarily upon the combined action—not necessarily the combination—of the two fleets and their ability to preserve the basis of the new treaty against infringement by other Powers. The treaty may be discussed in its diplomatic, commercial, and racial aspects, but its efficiency as an instrument making for peace depends upon the sea-power of the two countries. Great Britain and Japan are maritime Powers, whose very existence depends upon the sufficiency and efficiency of their sea defences. In the future, as in the past, the peaceful expansion and development of the two Empires rests upon the security which their fleets in the last resource can enforce.

Never was there a treaty so completely the natural sequel to past events as that which has been signed by Lord Lansdowne and Viscount Hayashi. The Japanese Navy is the child of the British Fleet. The sequence of events has never been interrupted since the present Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth—Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas—took to Japan in the early 'seventies, under the authority of the Admiralty, the commission of naval officers and men whose duty it was to lay the foundations of the Japanese Fleet as it exists to-day. Other British officers were lent to the Japanese authorities from time to time, and at the termination of their periods of service returned, but Japan still retains on its active list one member of the original party in Commander F. W. Hammond, who, starting life as an ordinary bluejacket in England, has for many years been in the service of the Mikado, esteemed as one of the first gunnery instructors of the Japanese Navy. Year by year the Japanese Fleet has grown in size and war fitness, and this year it put the seal of world-wide recognition upon the work initiated by Sir Archibald Douglas and his colleagues, by annihilating the great fleet of the Russian Empire. In the light of the history of the past thirty years it is most natural that the inheritors of the glories of Trafalgar should join hands with the victors of the battle of the Japan Sea in a treaty which is designed to preserve inviolate the peace of the seas in the eastern and western hemispheres. Japan is the supreme naval Power of the east as

Great Britain is the supreme naval Power of the west, and the two fleets are linked together by a chain of sea fortresses of unique strategical importance and unrivalled capacity of defence. "East is east and west is west, and ne'er the twain shall meet"; but the new treaty, founded upon community of interests and similarity of naval policy, is the nearest approach to a complete girdling of the earth with an instrument of peace which has ever been attempted.

The predominant naval character of the treaty is confessed in the series of articles in which it is embodied. The position is a simple one. Japan, by the victories of her fleet, has driven her only avowed enemy off the eastern seas, and, by the pressure of her armies, has pushed back that same enemy from her new frontier in Northern Korea. She has now signed a treaty of peace which secures to her all the objects for which she fought, and, by further cementing her friendship with Great Britain, she has insured in the best and most staple market her enjoyment of the fruits of her sacrifices. Japan, by the new alliance, has done more than this, since she and Great Britain have definitely put a period to "the policy of grab," which other Powers than Russia, and notably Germany, were pursuing in the Far East. These are very solid benefits, and they rest upon the supremacy of the seas, which is ensured by the strength and prestige of the two fleets, and upon the high standard of warlike efficiency which the Japanese Army has achieved.

This is Japan's side of the ledger. There is also the British side. Great Britain has no land frontiers to defend, except in India. The defence of the British Isles, as of the whole British Empire, apart from India, rests upon the British Fleet, which in size is without a rival. The British Army is essentially complementary to the Fleet, and at the present moment it is in the melting-pot. It may be years before some heaven-sent administrator evolves from the present military chaos a weapon in which the nation can feel complete confidence—which will banish from the public mind the greatly exaggerated dangers of invasion which periodically affect the British people, and act as a reserve in case of trouble on the north-western frontier of India where Russia prowls. In full knowledge of the sufficiency of the British Navy and the insufficiency of the British Army for the needs of the eastern and western Empire, the British Government, in the words of the commercial world, have re-insured their risks in India with Japan. Japan possesses a small navy, but, thanks to the patriotism of the people and a system of conscription, she has an army of great size, and, as events have suggested, of probably unequalled fighting power. In face of the

perilous position in India, the British Government have followed the practice of the best insurance companies. When they have a life-policy for an unusually large amount, their practice is to re-insure some of the risk with other corporations, and this is exactly what the British Government has been able to do, owing to the supreme position which the British Fleet holds in the world's seas. It is important to emphasise the fact that the new alliance could never have commended itself to the Japanese people, and Great Britain could never have prevailed upon them to promise their assistance in the defence of the land frontiers of India, had it not been for the sacrifices which the British people have made in the up-building of the Fleet and the statesman-like policy which the Admiralty have lately adopted. The British burden in India has been lightened, but the responsibility which rests upon the British Fleet has been increased. The British Army has been provided with a crutch which will do it service only so long as the British Fleet maintains its supremacy.

This aspect of the treaty is of the greatest importance, otherwise we may be told that, in virtue of the new treaty of alliance, the British people can afford to slacken their efforts in the maintenance of their naval defences. Absolutely the reverse of this is the case. What is the position? Great as is the reputation which the Japanese Fleet has established, the Navy of the Mikado has emerged from the war as the least considerable of the navies of the world, excepting only that of Russia—the defeated. It is true that the Japanese Fleet has shown what it can do with the slenderest resources, but account must be taken of the many circumstances which contributed to the success of the Japanese arms afloat, apart from the magnificent character of the *personnel* which served under Admiral Togo. Putting aside this point, Japan won because, owing to the wide distribution of the Russian Navy, she was able to defeat it in detail, and, secondly, because her task was assisted by the inefficiency of the officers who commanded the Russian squadrons, and the lack of training of the crews. In a future contest Japan might not be similarly favoured, and none realises better than the statesmen who are responsible for the destinies of the Japanese Empire that for some years to come the Japanese Navy must continue to be one of the smallest on the seas. Had Japan been able to force a large indemnity from Russia, she would have been in a position rapidly to augment her Fleet until it was commensurate to the defensive duties devolving upon it. Japan could by no means in her power, had she continued the struggle, have forced Russia to pay the expenses of the war. She has been unable to shift this burden upon Russian shoulders, and, consequently, the financial

resources which she will be able to devote to the strengthening of her Fleet are seriously restricted. In these circumstances she was desirous of re-insuring her naval risks, and she naturally turned to Great Britain, in the hope of securing the promise of assistance, which she regards as essential to her peaceful commercial development in China and to the great work of administration in Korea. Alone and unassisted Japan could not have been confident of preserving the fruits of her victories. Her danger at home would have been so great for some years to come that she would have been unable to devote herself to the reorganisation of Korea and the up-building of China; so much money would have had to be devoted to the Fleet that there would have been little to spare for the great work of commercial expansion which she has undertaken. Japan will now be able to proceed with the strengthening of the Navy at leisure, relying upon the security at sea which the new alliance affords her.

From a naval point of view Great Britain has increased her responsibilities. These are greater than they appear at first sight. One effect of the late events, it is true, has been the withdrawal of the five battleships which the British Admiralty had despatched to China Seas in order to neutralise the Pacific Squadron of Russia. But even if no new agreement had been come to with Japan, it is certain that most, if not all, of these vessels would have been recalled as soon as the cause of their presence in the Far East had been effectually removed by the victories of the Japanese Fleet. Since, in the absence of an alliance, we might with comparative safety have withdrawn most of these ships, relying upon the goodwill of the Japanese, it cannot be said that even in eastern waters the British Fleet has gained much material advantage, except so far as it has the support of the Japanese Navy in case of trouble. On the other hand, in the west the burden upon the British Navy has undoubtedly been increased. Fortunately, it is to-day well able to bear the strain, and it rests with the British people to insist that it shall be maintained at an adequate standard of strength. The new treaty, which proclaims to all and sundry "hands off China," cannot be pleasing to some, at least, of our neighbours on the Continent. It may be doing Germany an injustice, but the suspicion seems well-founded that she had hopes of snatching from China a considerable slice of the Empire. Any such project can be persevered in now only at the cost of war. German irritation is natural, and can be readily understood. Years ago, she hoped to found a Colonial Empire in Africa; Great Britain seized all the territory worth having, and Germany had to be content with what was left. A decade or two since her hopes shifted to the west.

She has planted large Colonies in South America, under foreign flags. The United States was brought to a realisation of the danger that Germany might find a convenient excuse to seize territory in South America and enforce a protectorate. The realisation of this risk was immediately followed by determined action—Great Britain subscribing to the Munroe doctrine—which checkmated German ambition in this direction. The United States Fleet has been strengthened, and the German Government have recognised that the scheme can be pursued only at the cost of war. Repulsed in Africa and in America, Germany, of late years, has been turning to the Far East, and her actions have spoken louder than the assurances of her desire to maintain the integrity of the China Empire. By the signing of the new agreement between Great Britain and Japan, all schemes of territorial expansion in China by European Powers have for the time been rendered futile, except, again, at the expense of war—absolutely hopeless war in the present circumstances. It is not unnatural that the new alliance should have given no pleasure in the German Empire, and it has, consequently, increased the irritation against the United Kingdom, and thereby augmented the burden upon the British western Fleet, and rendered even more imperative upon the British people the duty of maintaining the Navy in adequate strength. In the pursuance of her Colonial and European policy, by her friendship with America and France, by the helping hand which she held out to Japan in her hour of greatest danger, and by her persistent claim to naval supremacy, Great Britain has done much which the German people choose to regard as directed against those dreams for *weltpolitik* which have been so industriously fostered by those in authority, and so enthusiastically supported by a large section of the German people.

It is impossible at present adequately to assess the exact burden which may fall upon the British Fleet during the existence of the new alliance. By joining hands with Japan, Great Britain has upset the balance of power, to the disadvantage of Europe. Efforts will undoubtedly be made to readjust matters. Already there are unconcealed efforts on the part of Germany to come to an understanding with Russia. At the present moment the prospect of such an alliance is not hopeful. Nevertheless, the danger of an agreement between Russia and Germany, with France in the background, exists, and will continue to exist, and there is no saying what specious arguments and ingenious manœuvres may not be employed with the Czar in the hope of drawing him into an entanglement. So long as there is this danger, the burden on the British Fleet in the west will be heavy.

Not only will there be no excuse for relaxing efforts to maintain the Navy at a two-Power standard, but this standard must be interpreted by the Admiralty with a liberal margin on the side of safety. We owe this to ourselves, since the Fleet is our essential defence, and we owe it to Japan, since, in the event of trouble in the Far East, the British Fleet's sphere of duty would lie mainly in European waters, and any want of success in the west at the opening of a campaign might result in irretrievable disaster to the Japanese Empire, since it would open the way to the Far East. Under the new treaty the British Fleet guards the door to the Pacific.

Fortunately, the basis upon which the Anglo-Japanese alliance rests is strategically perfect. The British Fleet commands the western seas and the Japanese Fleet commands the eastern seas. It may be argued, however, that at the opening of the war Russia occupied a somewhat similar position. She had a Fleet in China waters at least equal on paper to that of Japan, and she possessed another Fleet in the west. Superficially, there is some resemblance, but it disappears on the most cursory examination. Russia was never supreme in the east or in the west, and she had no facility for concentrating her naval forces when the war began. But for the hospitality which France, in a spirit of devotion, accorded to Russian men-of-war at Tangier, Jiboutil, Madagascar, and Cochin China, not a single vessel could have proceeded from Europe to the scene of hostilities. Attacked suddenly at one end of her line of Empire, Russia had no facilities for bringing up her reserves. The position of Great Britain and Japan is entirely dissimilar. Japan, as a sea Power, is as unrivalled in the east as Great Britain is in the west. At this moment not a single European Power has a battleship in eastern waters. Germany maintains only one armoured cruiser, two large protected cruisers, and a number of small ships. France keeps in the Far East only three large cruisers and a similar number of small cruisers, while Italy has one big cruiser and two little ones. In spite of the withdrawal of the British battleships, England's naval forces in the Far East are still far and away superior to those of any two European Powers, if we take account, as we should, of the whole of the ships which form the Eastern Fleet. It may be remembered that when the scheme of redistribution of the Fleet was announced, the Admiralty stated that the vessels of the China, East Indies, and Australian stations would in time of war be placed under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief of the China station, who would be responsible for their distribution, "so that they may at the earliest possible moment deal with all the ships of the enemy to be found in these waters." It is in

accordance with this scheme that the three squadrons will in future concentrate every autumn at Singapore, there to carry out combined manœuvres under their war leader. The ships to which the defence of British interests in eastern seas under this arrangement is committed include :—

#### EAST INDIES SQUADRON.

Cruisers :—*Hyacinth*, *Fox*, *Perseus*, *Proserpine*, with the "attached" ships *Lapwing*, *Redbreast*, and *Sphinx*.

#### CHINA SQUADRON.

Cruisers :—*Sutlej* (armoured), *Hogue* (armoured), *Andromeda*, *Bona-venture*, *Astraea*, *Diadem*, *Flora*, with the special service vessels *Cadmus*, *Clio*, and *Hecla*, nine river gunboats and fourteen destroyers.

#### AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON.

Cruisers :—*Powerful*, *Challenger*, *Pioneer*, *Katoomba*, *Pegasus*, *Pyramus*, *Prometheus*, *Psyche*, *Torch*, and *Wallaroo*.

Such a force as is here enumerated would form a very powerful combination against any two European squadrons now in eastern waters. In fighting power, unsupported by Japan, it might prove unequal, however, to the vessels which the United States keeps on the Asiatic station. This force includes :—The battleships *Ohio*, *Oregon*, and *Wisconsin*, the Monitor *Monadnock*, the cruisers *Baltimore*, *Cincinnati*, and *Raleigh*, and five torpedo-boat destroyers. In addition, there is the Philippine Squadron with the cruiser *Rainbow* as flagship, which comprises five gunboats. Fortunately, in British schemes of defence it is never necessary in these days to regard America as a probable antagonist, and in Far Eastern affairs, although she has not joined the Anglo-Japanese alliance, she remains in the background as a cordial sympathiser with the objects in view. The supremacy of the British Eastern Fleet *plus* the Fleet of Japan in Far Eastern waters may be regarded as overwhelming in its superiority over any probable combination.

No accession to the squadrons of European navies in the Far East can be made without the cognisance of Great Britain. She holds in command the whole route from Continental ports to the Pacific, and she has the advantage of an unrivalled chain of well-defended naval bases from west to east. In the west the position is this :—The North Sea and the English Channel are committed to the care of Admiral Sir A. K. Wilson, who commands the Channel Fleet, comprising twelve battleships and three small cruisers, and associated with this heavy battle fleet is the First Cruiser Squadron of six powerful, swift, armoured cruisers. When the moderate expenditure contemplated at Rosyth has been made, this Fleet will have a home commanding the northern exit

from the North Sea, and as a place of concentration in the south the Admiralty have Dover, from which it will be possible to shut the Channel against any vessels coming from northern Europe. More or less midway between the two is Felixstowe, the new station of a flotilla of torpedo-boat destroyers. This scheme of bases is not the result of a sudden revolution in naval opinion, nor is Dover about to become a naval station in the same sense as Portsmouth or Chatham, or even Rosyth.

In view of the twenty-mile width of water to which the Channel at this point narrows down, it was realised ten years ago that Dover was an ideal site for an adequately defended place of anchorage for big ships, and a base from which torpedo craft could with advantage carry out offensive operations in case of certain eventualities. In 1895 Lord Spencer initiated the Dover scheme, and under Lord Goschen it was considerably elaborated and the proposed expenditure increased to £3,500,000, in return for which the Navy is to be provided with an Admiralty harbour covering an area of 610 acres, exclusive of the commercial harbour. Dover has always been a great strategical base for the British Fleet. Until the advent of the torpedo, men-of-war were able to lie at anchorage in the Downs, but any admiral who placed his fleet in such a position nowadays would be courting disaster; consequently, the Admiralty decided that Dover must be converted into a harbour defended against torpedo attack, and a similar provision was made for the protection of Portland. Since these plans were sanctioned there has been no change in Admiralty opinion, and the present Board at Whitehall has been in no way responsible for the scheme at Dover or at Portland, nor is there any intention of further development. The Portland scheme is practically complete, and already gives hospitality to the Channel Fleet when convenient, and is at present its principal base. In accordance with Lord Spencer's scheme moorings are being laid at Dover, as they have been laid at Portland, so that if circumstances render it desirable men-of-war can lie at this point in complete safety pending warlike developments. The scheme at Dover will be completed in 1908. It will then be a protected harbour, but will not become an Admiralty dock-yard nor a permanent base for any section of the British Fleet.

So long as the British nation maintains the Fleet in adequate strength the North Sea must be practically a *mare clausum*. In case of trouble with any Power of northern Europe, Rosyth --when its development, now in hand, is complete--will probably become the base of the Channel Fleet for any necessary naval operations, and the Atlantic Fleet, nominally based on Gibraltar, will simultaneously move up to Dover, and



the three divisions of ships "in reserve in commission" will be distributed among the sea-keeping squadrons as circumstances may dictate. The Reserve divisions will continue to be stationed at the three home ports—Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth. The Sheerness division is regarded as the reserve of the Channel Fleet, the Portsmouth division as the reserve of the Atlantic, and the Plymouth division is ear-marked for the Mediterranean if it is necessary to add to the strength of the force at present commanded by Lord Charles Beresford. This is the position so far as British defence in the North Sea and English Channel is concerned.

Owing to the improved relations with France and the other countries on the Mediterranean littoral, the Mediterranean has become a place of concord, and the shadow of war which hung over it for so many years has departed. Nevertheless, the British scheme of naval defence in these waters is singularly complete. At the western end, owing to the wise provision of Lord Spencer and Lord Goschen, Gibraltar has been converted into a naval port and dockyard town. It was a defended garrison before, but now it is the base of the most powerful strategical unit in the British Navy—namely, the Atlantic Fleet. As previously explained, this Fleet is a pivot force, and would sweep up the Channel or down the Mediterranean as circumstances might dictate. At the eastern end of the Mediterranean is Malta, which is also being converted into a first-class naval port, adequately defended against attack by gun, and protected from torpedo surprise. Malta is the base of the Mediterranean Fleet, which stands guard over the Middle Sea and the northern end of the Suez Canal. In the Red Sea we have Aden, which is more a commercial than a naval port, and, finally, in the chain of British defence stretching from England to Hongkong, the last link is Singapore. Under the late Mr. Stanhope a complete scheme for the defence of Singapore against attack was elaborated and carried out, and a number of heavy guns were mounted. Under an arrangement made early this year the docks at Singapore have now passed under the control of the Straits Settlement Government—subject to the arbitrators' award—and most of the local directors of the former dock company have been appointed to the new public authority. Under the Navy Estimates of 1904-5 an expenditure of over £60,000 was made in order to render the port suitable as a place of replenishment for a fleet if necessary. Singapore will remain, as it has been in the past, a port at which British fleets can call, and in the future it will be used more frequently than in the past. It is the gate to the Pacific, but any scheme for converting it into the "Gibraltar of the East" would

be entirely in opposition to the policy of the present Board of Admiralty, which is opposed to further expenditure of large sums on "bricks and mortar."

Under successive Naval Works Acts passed since 1895, the nation is committed to an expenditure of twenty-seven and a half million sterling upon the principal harbours which might be used in time of war and in the development of the home naval ports. The whole of this important scheme is now almost complete, and the assurance may be accepted that the British Government have no intention of embarking upon any further large outlay. Three years hence all the work now in progress will be finished, and the Admiralty will then be able to congratulate itself on the conclusion of a series of colossal projects, which will provide the Fleet with all it needs, or can need in the future, in the way of dockyard facilities and defended ports.

The conclusion of the new treaty with Japan puts the coping-stone upon the great task which was inaugurated in 1889, when the British people awoke to the supreme importance of the Navy in the scheme of imperial defence. No further considerable expenditure is needed or contemplated to complete the chain of *points d'appui* which binds the British Empire together, and assures to the Navy adequately fortified bases at every point where fleets are likely to be needed in case of war. Anyone who will glance at the map will see that a complete revolution has been effected in the scheme of imperial defence, and, by the alliance with Japan, the Government have re-insured the only risk which appears inadequately covered—the danger of an invasion of India.

The burden of the Army has been lightened, but the duty cast upon the Navy has been increased. In the western seas, it must protect Japanese as well as British interests—since the "Near Seas" are the route to the Pacific for European Powers—while in the event of a war unconnected with the Far East, the British Fleet has no right of call on Japan. It only remains for the nation, if it would enjoy the blessings of peace, to insist that the standard of British naval strength shall not be lowered either in the interest of the exigencies of any political party, or to placate those visionaries who are continually urging the reduction of naval expenditure below the figure which expert advisers consider necessary. Great Britain must stand or fall by her Fleet, and the country to-day owes it to itself, no less than to Japan, to insist that the Navy shall be maintained in sufficiency and efficiency for any task which may devolve upon it.

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## SIR OLIVER LODGE ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

IN a volume just published by me, called *The Reconstruction of Belief*,<sup>1</sup> I have had occasion to criticise certain methods of reasoning and a certain attitude of mind which of late years have been adopted by many scientific men as regards the relation of science to religious belief generally. The men of science to whom I allude represent a moral and emotional reaction against the negative agnosticism which was popular some twenty years ago, and whose chief exponent in this country was Huxley. Their general conclusion is one which I have myself sought to establish; but the scientific thinkers whom I here have in view are seeking to reach it, in my opinion, by a short cut which leads them not to their goal but into an intervening quicksand. My grounds for this opinion I have mentioned in the volume alluded to. I have there, however, dealt with the matter merely in a brief parenthesis. I propose in the present article to examine it more in detail.

The most popular and distinguished exponent of the scientific "short cut" to theology is Sir Oliver Lodge, who, starting from scientific data and using scientific methods which he shares with Huxley, boldly projects himself into that world of mystical theism which was for Huxley no more than a world of dreams. Sir Oliver's theism is, as we shall see, of a kind which would make the hair of a Christian stand on end; but it shares with Christian and all other theisms the doctrine that a personal Deity exists, whose heart is with the human race, who is the proper and responsive object of all human aspiration, and whose character, temper, and preferences can (if Sir Oliver is right) be known by us more certainly and intimately than those of our nearest neighbour. He maintains farther that man possesses a will which is, in some genuine sense, unfettered by external causes, and that this will resides in some hyper-organic personality which does not decompose with the body, however closely associated with it.

Now, if Sir Oliver Lodge held and published these beliefs as matters of transcendental faith—that is to say, as attested by some mysterious faculty differing in kind from those used by him in his scientific researches—we might think his conclusions unsound, but we could not call them illogical. The case, however, is the precise reverse of this. The attention which, when he speaks on religious subjects, Sir Oliver Lodge claims and receives from

(1) *The Reconstruction of Belief*, by W. H. Mallock. (Chapman and Hall, 1905.)

the public is essentially due, both in his opinion and theirs, to the fact that he professes to bring to the old problems of theology the special and expert knowledge of a master of modern science. Nor does Sir Oliver, in these respects, stand alone. He is, perhaps, the best known, but he is not the only, example of scientists in this country who are moving in the direction of theology and declaring that they are doing so on grounds the same as his.

The question, then, which I propose to discuss here is the question of how far he and his companions are really doing what they profess to do. How far are they providing us—I will not say with a solution of the difficulties connected with their subject—but with even so much as a single new suggestion by means of which a solution may one day be discoverable? And I propose to make this inquiry for the following reason—the reason, namely, that in proportion as any beliefs are important, it is incumbent on those who hold, and desire that others should hold, them, not to rest them on inadequate or false foundations; for, in proportion as they rest them on these, they will, instead of re-establishing them, merely be assisting their opponents to involve them in fresh discredit.

Now that there are, at all events, *prima facie* grounds for supposing that Sir Oliver has unwittingly fallen into this dangerous course was made evident by a discussion which took place last autumn, in the columns of the *Times*, between Professor Ray Lankester and himself. Professor Lankester complained that on more than one occasion Sir Oliver “made statements to large and popular audiences with reference to matters touching the ground-work of some forms of religious belief, which statements are absolutely at variance with fact. He made these statements as a professed exponent of physical science, and they have been quoted throughout the country as the testimony of a man of science against the conclusions which science had been popularly supposed to have reached.” The principal statement of Sir Oliver’s here referred to was one which dealt with what he called “the first of Haeckel’s two main propositions—namely, the inorganic origin of life, will, and consciousness.” This proposition Sir Oliver was reported to have dismissed as “contrary to the facts of science as at present known—the facts of biogenesis so emphasised by Huxley.” Such words, Professor Lankester pointed out, not only misrepresent, but positively invert the views which Huxley really held and expressed with the utmost emphasis. Huxley admitted, it is true, that all attempts hitherto to produce living from non-living matter have failed. But, said Professor Lankester, “Huxley expressly stated that the facts of biogenesis were *not* opposed to the hypothesis of a primeval origin

of life from non-living matter ; and he emphasised his adhesion to that hypothesis."

To this attack of Professor Lankester's Sir Oliver's reply was singular. He declared himself to be well aware of Professor Huxley's real opinion, which he had never meant to quote as though it were opposed to Haeckel's ; and not only did Huxley not disagree with Haeckel, "but I myself," he added, "am in entire agreement with Huxley, except that I hold his opinions in a somewhat exaggerated form." Not only does he believe—so he wrote to the *Times*—that life had its origin in the lifeless, but he also sees grounds for supposing that its artificial production, which Huxley despaired of, may one day be accomplished.

It would be impossible to suppose that a man of Sir Oliver's character had been guilty here of any intentional dishonesty. All that his conduct could have given ground for suspecting was not his moral integrity, but the stability of his philosophical principles ; and of the justice of such a suspicion—at least, in the opinion of many—he was not slow in providing fresh evidence himself. Conscious of the dilemma in which he found himself placed, he wrote again to the *Times*, in order to explain himself more fully. Science, he said in effect, has advanced since the days of Huxley, giving us new insight into the ultimate constitution of matter ; and if he differed from Huxley at all, he differed from him only in this—that, whereas Huxley was disposed to relegate the genesis of life to some infinitely distant past, he himself, and others, were beginning to see reason to believe that this genesis is a fact of constant occurrence, if not on our own planet, at any rate elsewhere in the universe. "For the atoms," he said, "instead of having been manufactured in an infinitely distant past appear to be disintegrating, and, therefore, necessarily re-forming here and now . . . (and) the conditions of life-production must have existed on this planet once, because here before us is life manifestly animating terrestrial matter. . . . But what," Sir Oliver proceeded, "about the mental and spiritual universe which, in my present judgment, may be said to utilise, transcend, or dominate the other or material aspect of the whole? My own speculation or working-hypothesis, based upon facts not yet admitted by many scientific men, is, that we find a linear or progressive change, not returning into itself, not cyclical, but a real evolution or advance, up in some cases, down in others, but on the whole, let us hope, up." And he summed up his position by saying that, on these lines, science is presenting to him "the nascent idea of an evolutionary distinction between matter and mind."

Sir Oliver, it is true, added that his position was merely a tentative one ; but, as on many occasions he has deliberately stated it

to the public, associating it with all the prestige of his own scientific authority, it both courts and demands criticism. And it demands this all the more because, as I observed just now, it is not a position peculiar to Sir Oliver Lodge. It marks, on the contrary, a new speculative departure in which many thinkers of to-day are tending to accompany or follow him. I will, therefore, before examining the doctrines of Sir Oliver Lodge himself, illustrate what I have just said by reference to another writer, Mr. W. C. D. Whetham.

Mr. Whetham, who is an accomplished scientific student and a Fellow of the Royal Society, published a book last year on *The Recent Development of Physical Science*; and, in so far as the writer confines himself to the details of scientific discovery, his work is admirable on account of its clearness and its interest. But Mr. Whetham does not confine himself to scientific details. He treats science also as a whole, and he prefaces his work with a series of philosophic discussions regarding its competence to deal with the realities of existence generally. The conclusion at which he arrives is, when stated broadly, as follows:—that whatever advances physical science may make there will always remain a world of deeper realities and truths than any of those that are approachable by the methods and appliances of the scientist; and he points his meaning by some verses with which he winds up his introduction, and in which this trans-scientific world is referred to in the following way:—

There fail all sure means of trial,  
There end all the pathways we've trod,  
Where man by belief or denial  
Is weaving the purpose of God.

Now nobody could quarrel with Mr. Whetham for maintaining that there are many questions which no conceivable advance of physical science could answer. But, so far as it is made with reference to the "purpose of God," or to religion, this is a contention which can be made in two distinct senses. If, for example, the belief which it concerns us to reject or substantiate be that the ultimate Reality is a Something which has made us, as Mr. Whetham says, with a "purpose," and farther, that this purpose is the beatitude of the individual soul, we may, by saying that this Reality is inaccessible to physical science, mean either that physical science is wholly incompetent to exhaust it, or else that it is incompetent to approach it and throw any light on its characteristics. Now, that physical science cannot exhaust the Reality, is a truism which Mr. Whetham was certainly not insisting on. What he does insist on, or, rather, suggest in his book, is that, if any proposition be made ascribing to the ultimate

Reality a moral character and purpose of a certain specific kind, physical science is in contact with no facts by which the truth or falsehood of such a proposition may be tested; and that, consequently, even if it does not support theism, it leaves would-be believers free to adopt any form of it that may please them. He suggests, in short, that, as Sir Oliver Lodge puts it, there is some "mental," "spiritual," or "psychological" universe, which "transcends or dominates" the physical, turning its laws upside down, or, at all events, interfering with them in ways to which physical science can assign or suggest no limit.

Let us then consider the precise arguments by which he supports this doctrine.

With the aid of his own phrases, these may be summed up thus. "The conviction," he says, "at one time prevalent, and even now by no means uncommon," that science would explain everything, arose in connection with the belief that the entire universe was a "mechanism," and that the "master-science was mechanics"; but we now know that this estimate of mechanics was exaggerated, and that the views to which it gave rise were, in the words of Mach, "a mechanical mythology," hardly truer than the "animism" of the savage. However true in themselves the principles of mechanics may be, they give us, says Mr. Whetham, not reality itself, but "a single arbitrary section, cut through an imaginary model of reality." He illustrates his meaning by reference to the science of electricity, which is now, he says, threatening to supersede mechanics altogether by subsuming it in a wider science, for which all matter and its phenomena are merely "electrical manifestations." And even, he says, if we do not go so far as this, but stop short at matter considered as a manifestation of æther, "any such theory changes our point of view from which we regard the mechanical models of the æther itself. Æther, being now regarded as a sub-natural medium, is not necessarily described by the ordinary laws to which the facts of experimental mechanics conform. In dealing with æther we are entering on an entirely different plane. . . . Physical science, therefore," Mr. Whetham proceeds, "is merely one aspect under which we agree to regard the model of Nature which our minds construct." It bears no closer relation to concrete reality than a chart of a country bears to the country itself.

Now without questioning the correctness of Mr. Whetham's conclusion, let us merely consider the nature of these arguments which he himself employs in order to limit the territory which physical science occupies. We shall find that they depend on a playing fast and loose with three important words, and also with

the ideas attached to them, and that, apart from this procedure, they would have no meaning at all. The three words I refer to are Physics, Mechanics, and Matter—or, as he sometimes calls it, “the natural.” The first word he uses alternately in two totally different senses, without telling his readers, or himself perceiving, that he does so. The second he uses in a sense so narrowed by technical limitations that it excludes the only meaning now philosophically attached to it. The third he uses in a sense which is inconsistent with everything except a vague inclination to create a mystery where there is none.

Let us see first how he deals with the word Physics. He starts with using it to denote one special branch of science—one among many others, such as physiology, mechanics, chemistry, astronomy, and so on, from which it must be clearly distinguished; though it “is beginning to invade some of them”—notably the two last. He then proceeds, as often as his argument requires it, to use the word as synonymous with “natural science” generally, in which all sciences are included. On one page it is a name for exclusion; on another it is a name for comprehension. He is thus (and, it would seem, without being in the least aware of it) constantly passing from the incontrovertible statement that Physics, as distinguished from chemistry, astronomy, and so on, is quite incompetent to solve the riddle of existence, to the conclusion that Physics, as including all other sciences, has the same disability that attaches to an artificially isolated branch of it.

His use of the word Mechanics exhibits an even worse error. Mechanics has a technical meaning of a strictly limited kind; but it also has a philosophical meaning of a kind immeasurably wider; and since Mr. Whetham, in the parts of his book which concern us, is speaking of what he calls “the philosophical bases of science,” the philosophical sense is the one which he should mainly have had in view. This is a sense which, amongst scientific thinkers as distinct from scientific specialists, has been growing more and more general for something like half a century. It is the only sense, moreover, which is of interest to the world at large. It has been thus described by a biographer of the German philosopher, Lotze. “One of the results of Lotze’s investigations was to extend the meaning of the term Mechanism, and comprise all the laws under it which obtain in the mechanical world, not excepting the phenomena of life and mind. Mechanism was the unalterable connection of every phenomenon A, with other phenomena B, C, D, either as following or preceding it. Mechanism was the unalterable form into which the events of the world are cast, and by which they are connected. In short, if A produces C, it cannot produce D also, unless it is associated



with some other element B." Does Mr. Whetham merely mean, then, when he insists on the limitations of Mechanics, that the kind of knowledge which enables a man to construct a strong steel girder will not enable him to explain the action of a dose of rhubarb? Or does he mean to suggest that in many places the uniformity of the world breaks down, and that A may be followed by C or D indifferently? He can hardly mean the first, for it is nothing but a barren platitude. Can it be, then, that he deliberately means the second? Unless he does so, his whole argument comes to nothing; and yet nowhere in plain words will he acknowledge such a meaning as his own. What is it, then, that he really intends to convey to us? Or has he any definite intention at all?

Some light will be thrown on this question when we consider how he deals with the word Matter, or the Material—otherwise Nature or the Natural. We have seen how, in a passage already quoted, he tells us that, when we turn from matter in its more familiar forms to æther, electrical ions, and the internal structure of the atom, we pass from a world "dominated by the laws of experimental mechanics," and find ourselves standing on "a totally different plane." That may be. But different in what way? What Mr. Whetham's phraseology suggests to his readers, and, doubtless, to himself also, is that this passage from the natural to the "sub-natural," by which we escape from the laws of "experimental mechanics," gives us ground for inferring the existence of a Supernatural, corresponding to it, in which the laws of experimental mechanics are superseded by "the purpose of God." But let us see what he says when he descends from generalities to details.

One of the main problems belonging to the sub-natural sphere is, he says, the problem of how the electric corpuscles group themselves so as to form atoms; and he explains to us how this has been attacked by means of a very beautiful experiment. "A number of little magnetised needles were thrust through corks, and were allowed to float on the surface of water with their axes vertical. High above the water was placed a powerful bar magnet, with that pole downwards of which the magnetisation was opposite in kind to that of the upward poles of the little floating magnets. This large magnet attracted inwards all the little poles pointing upwards, and thus the magnets were drawn towards the centre by the attraction of the big magnet above them, and at the same time were repelled from the centre by their mutual repulsions." Under these influences, Mr. Whetham proceeds to tell us, the little magnets formed themselves into definite groups, whose configuration varied in accordance

with the number of magnets contained in them; and we are, he says, "irresistibly forced to believe that in these hypothetical systems of revolving corpuscles we have models which reflect in some really intimate way the structure of the mysterious originals."

Now it is perfectly true, as Mr. Whetham goes on to say, that if we regard—and we are now coming to do so—these original corpuscles as so many "electric charges," we arrive at a conception of atoms very different from that of Lucretius; and, comparing these new discoveries with regard to atomic structure with what still are the popular conceptions of natural and material things, he may, if he likes, call these charges "sub-natural," and say, as he does, that they are "disembodied ghosts," not matter. But what does he gain by his use of this fantastic language? Does he show—does he even make any attempt at showing—that the natural, and what he calls the sub-natural, the material, and what he calls the ghostly, are really contrasted in any but a superficial sense; and that they do not both conform, with the same unavoidable accuracy, to the same continuous laws of a single causal system? Is not the theory of the groupings of the "sub-natural" corpuscles, as expounded in so interesting a way by Mr. Whetham himself, an elaboration of the fact that his disembodied corpuscular ghosts are part and parcel of the same system of mechanism which prevails throughout the world of ordinary matter and experience, and without which no science of any kind would be possible?

What the ultimate conclusions are which Mr. Whetham desires to reach, I have no means of knowing; but I have called attention to the methods of this accomplished Cambridge student because of their singular resemblance to those of Sir Oliver Lodge, who makes of his own desires no secret whatsoever. His desire is to vindicate on scientific grounds man's right to believe in some sort of revived theism, and in a spiritual universe which dominates matter, instead of being dominated by it.

Now I am not myself seeking to cast a doubt on the fact that such a universe exists. So far as the present argument goes, it may be taken that I myself assume it. But what is generally felt is that, between this universe of God, human freedom, and immortality, and the universe of physical science, there exist apparent inconsistencies, which it has hitherto been impossible to reconcile. Accordingly, when an eminent man of science asserts that these difficulties have at last been solved, and that science is a proof, not a disproof, of the transcendental order of things, what the world desires to know is not his conclusion itself, but the precise manner in which he reaches it. Does he reach it

really by any accurate scientific method? Or does he reach it by a sort of emotional leap, and, instead of solving the difficulties, merely lose sight of their details?

We must remember when we ask this question that Sir Oliver Lodge's position is, in one way, peculiar. He is a believer in certain of the alleged phenomena of "spiritualism"—notably in telepathy; and he is, therefore, fairly entitled, from his own point of view, to argue from evidence most people do not admit. But whatever may be his conclusions with regard to these special phenomena, he is, with regard to others, and also with regard to his starting-point, absolutely at one with men such as Huxley and Herbert Spencer, and even with Haeckel, who was lately the subject of his attack. No one has, during recent years, re-stated with more emphasis than Sir Oliver Lodge himself, the doctrine of Haeckel and Spencer that "all existence is one." Atoms, formerly looked upon as dead articles manufactured once for all in an infinitely distant past, are, he says, now seen to be constantly "disintegrating, and, therefore, necessarily re-forming themselves here and now"; and out of the agglomeration of atoms, or out of their ætheric substratum, the phenomenon which we call life, and which ultimately develops into the human mind and consciousness, arises by a process so strictly natural that we may one day, in his opinion, be able to produce it artificially. The so-called lifeless universe, then, no less than the living, is one with ourselves, and we are one with it—"conscious portions of the great scheme; parts of a developing whole" and our knowledge, recently gained, that we are thus parts of it Sir Oliver has described as "the coming of man into his inheritance," adding, in what, as we shall see, is a highly characteristic manner, that "surely there must be joy Somewhere" over so highly satisfactory an event.

Our question, therefore, is, By what means does Sir Oliver reconcile this system of emphasised and "exaggerated" monism with a practical dualism, which takes the form of attributing an immortal persistence and a self-determining will to the individual human being, and not only a personality but very definite human idiosyncrasies to the "All-One," or God, or (as Sir Oliver Lodge elsewhere calls Him) "High quarters"?

Let us begin with his ascription to the individual human being of a mental personality which survives the physical organism. In the *Hibbert Journal* for October, 1904, he clearly stated, in accordance with his general monistic principles, that the human personality and the human organism are inseparable. He was correcting an expression used by him in a previous article, which seemed to suggest that he looked on Christ's nature as a double

one, divisible into spirit and body. Any such "distinction between the vehicle and the manifestation" is—he now said—"untenable." How, then, does he reconcile this strictly scientific doctrine that "manifestation" and the "vehicle" are inseparable with his religious doctrine that the former can survive the latter?

He does this on different occasions by means of two distinct hypotheses, which it will be very interesting to compare together.

One of these is the hypothesis of what he calls "a spiritual existence before all worlds," which "existence," by some process vaguely concurrent with organic evolution in the worlds, becomes "incarnate" in a multiplicity of human bodies, and very likely migrates from one to another of them. This hypothesis, says Sir Oliver, if science is not "loud and positive" in support of it, contains nothing that is contrary to the strictest scientific principles. Now, in order to see if such an assertion is correct, we must ask what this antecedent spiritual existence means. Does it mean the existence from all eternity of an indefinite number of first causes, in the shape of isolated personalities, which occupy human organisms as these spring up like jerry-built houses, and which, when one house tumbles down, pass on to another? It seems impossible that Sir Oliver can seriously mean this; for were this really the case the "vehicles" and the "manifestations," instead of being fundamentally "one," would be as distinct as a villa at Ramsgate from the Londoner who spends his summer in it. Does he, then, mean, when he speaks here of "spiritual existence," not an indefinite number of discrete personalities, but a continuous spiritual prothyl, which developed into matter and individualised itself in living organisms? If he does mean this, his case is still less promising; for, if he regards the pre-existent spirituality as general, he loses all ground for his argument that its individualised differentiations must be permanent.

Let us then pass on to hypothesis number two—his latest—which, as we saw just now, he communicated last autumn to the *Times*, and let us see if this will serve his purpose better. What his reconciliation of the doctrine of human immortality with science really rests upon, he there tells us, is this: "the nascent idea of an evolutionary distinction between matter and mind." We have here an hypothesis which is the precise reverse of the first. Instead of postulating mind as the spiritual antecedent of matter, he clearly declares that his whole philosophy is based on the idea that mind is gradually developed out of it. Now, that the process of Nature which, in its earlier stages, seems to us purely material, does result in an evolutionary distinction between

what we commonly think of as matter and what we know and experience as mind, is not only a nascent idea of Sir Oliver's, but is the matured idea of Haeckel and Herbert Spencer also. How, then, does Sir Oliver make this same idea give apparent support to a conclusion diametrically opposed to theirs? He does so solely by introducing the unexamined suggestion that anything which is differentiated from another thing must thereby become discontinuous with it. But will a suggestion such as this bear a moment's scrutiny? There is an "evolutionary distinction" between the rose and the tree it flowers from. But does the rose cease to be governed by the laws of the vegetable kingdom? Does it transcend its tree, or dominate it? Above all, does it go on living when its tree dies? Obviously it does not. Why, then, should an "evolutionary distinction" between the individual mind and the general substance of Nature, or of "the All-One," be any guarantee that its present individuality will be permanent?

Sir Oliver Lodge will, no doubt, reply that he knows the individual mind to exist apart from the organism by the fact of the telepathic intercourse of minds whose organisms are at a distance. Let us grant the alleged facts; but what do the facts prove? As a recent writer in the *Hibbert Journal* observes, all such alleged phenomena involve, from the very nature of the case, one material brain at least; and, if all existence, as Sir Oliver says, "is one," telepathy merely shows that on its mental and material side alike, "the All-One" is a more complex thing than we had thought it to be, but it does not show that the one side can ever be separated from the other. Sir Oliver Lodge, then, in his character of a man of science, and apart from his character of a man of private faith, has done nothing at all by his loose and contradictory hypotheses to escape from the old conclusion that, if all existence is one, individual minds, like the rest of things, have no privilege of permanence, but, "being atomic are dissoluble, and follow the great law."

Let us next consider—and we can do this very briefly—the freedom which he imputes to the individual, as distinct from the mere permanence. The same arguments apply to this case as to the former, only here they are reinforced by another of a yet more obvious kind. For freedom implies what mere permanence does not, namely, the formation and persistence in each individual mind of a new centre of self-generating energy, or, at all events, of undetermined self-direction. The scientific difficulties in the way of this belief are proverbial. How does Sir Oliver get rid of them by means of his "scientific judgment"—"the only kind of judgment," as he himself says, "to which I am entitled"? Has he found, does he profess to have found, does he point out to

anybody any example of indeterminism in the physics of the human brain, or in that unbroken series of relations between the brain and the outer world without which no volition is possible? Among facts ordinarily recognised, he does not attempt to do so. Does he find it, then, in telepathy, or the alleged phenomena kindred to it? On the contrary, the most striking feature of all these phenomena, as presented to us by those who accept them, is the complete passivity of the persons by whom they are alleged to be experienced.

And now let us pass on to that part of Sir Oliver's teaching which is, for the general public, the most important and interesting, that is to say, his teaching as to the personal character of God, who is, according to him, the divine Totality of existence.

The great difficulty which all modern religious thinkers have experienced in approaching God through a scientific study of nature lies in the fact that the entire evolution and maintenance of life displays a ruthless indifference to the claims and happiness of the individual. And yet Sir Oliver Lodge, in one of his recent essays, declares that science is now "raising" us to the "conviction" that "we are enfolded (by the All-One) in an embracing and interpenetrating love." Nor need our conception of this love be vague. It is a love, he says, which desires that we should develop certain moral excellences, and avoid certain moral defects, some of which last God merely regrets for our own sakes, whilst others excite his anger. "Anyone," says Sir Oliver, "may know the kind of sin which excites the anger of God, by bethinking him of the kind which arouses his own best and most righteous anger." And he devotes page after page of the *Hibbert Journal* (Vol. III., No. 1) to discussing what the precise moral tastes and temper of God are—the general conclusion being that He is of so charming a disposition as to like best the virtues which we like best ourselves, to look leniently on the failings which appear to ourselves so amiable, and only to damn seriously the sins for which we have no mind. Without dwelling captiously on the details of this pleasing picture, we will merely remark that it is meant for the picture of a Deity who in his morals is fundamentally upright, and in his temper fundamentally kind.

How, then, does Sir Oliver get over the great classical difficulty—namely, that raised by the cruelties and imperfections of Nature? He gets out of it by assuming that God, the All-One, or High Quarters, though extremely good, has not yet become entirely good, and, though extremely powerful, has not yet become all-powerful. He constantly makes mistakes; His purposes constantly miscarry; and He lapses inadvertently, and much

to his own regret, into cruelties of the most atrocious kind. Indeed, says Sir Oliver, "I can imagine God feeling what may be imperfectly spoken of as disgust or wrath at defects which still exist in his universe—in Himself, dare we say?—defects for which He is in a measure in some sort responsible—defects which He has either caused, or for ultimate reasons permitted, or has not yet, in the present stage of evolution, been able to cure consistently with the full education and adequate scope for the free development of personality." We may, indeed, it appears, find comfort in the certainty that He is rarely so angry with us as He frequently is with Himself. "Blatant" sinners who torture women and children, or who, in defiance of Sir Oliver, propagate orthodox theology, High Quarters does hate in a very intense manner; but "it would be a libel on Him to say" that He is angry at even the worst misdemeanours of those unfortunately placed people who are "the poor outcasts of civilisation."

In this last doctrine we must notice that a new element is introduced. God is not angry with these outcasts, no matter what they do, for, owing to their circumstances and inherited temperament, they are unable to do better. Grave sinners, therefore, are divided into two classes—the "blatant" sinners, who sin through the mysterious faculty of free will, and the "poor" sinners, who are the puppets of organic and social determinism. For this curious and very important admission it is difficult to find a logical place in Sir Oliver's scientific theology. This difficulty may, however, be looked on as slight compared with that which is raised by his further scientific theorems. The "blatant" sinners, with whom God is really angry, are felt by Him as a "boil" in His divine body, but a boil which, in His cosmic capacity, He is unable to get at and doctor. He gets rid of it by means of men who, armed with all the terrors of the law, chastise or exterminate any sinner who is specially objectionable, as if they were "phagocytes" cleansing some "poisoned plague-spot." In short, says Sir Oliver, God and the Cosmos being one, "we are the white corpuscles" in the divine or cosmic blood.

We need not pursue our researches into Sir Oliver's theology farther. We have seen enough of what its details are to be able to ask once more the only question that concerns us—namely, how are these doctrines as to God supported by or related to science?

Strange to say, those that have been mentioned last, and which seem to be the most grotesque, are those which bear most relation to what science, superficially studied, really suggests to us—those, namely, which represent the All-One as a sort of God in

the making, struggling and blundering on towards a goodness not yet reached by Him, and ourselves as microbes who breed and perish in His body. But this hardly suggests the corollary which Sir Oliver Lodge tacks on to it, to the effect that each microbe either existed before all worlds, or else becomes immortal the moment its individual existence begins.

But let us waive this point, and confine ourselves to the more direct issue—namely, the grounds on which Sir Oliver, in his capacity of man of science, ascribes certain moral qualities, especially that of an embracing love, to the All-One Himself. Of all the sins or blunders which Sir Oliver imputes to God, by far the most remarkable and frequent is his cruelty to men, women, and children indiscriminately, which is not only essential to the evolutionary process, but is emphasised by the volcanic destruction of entire populations at intervals, and which no Nero in his maddest moments could equal. By reference, then, to what scientific facts does Sir Oliver single out cruelty as the sin which God most detests, and declare that our relations with Him are relations of a love that is “embracing and interpenetrating”? And the answer is that he refers us to no such facts at all. He gives us nothing but a number of vague assertions, which have not even the merit of agreeing with one another. We find him at one moment enunciating a system of ultra-Spencerian monism, declaring that we are microbes evolved from the universal substance, and that the universe is full of imperfections for which “God is in a measure in some sort responsible”; and the next moment he is sitting with the doctors of the Anglican and Non-conformist Churches, quoting the Gospels to show with what sins God alone is angry, and debating whether He is not much too just and sensible to be appeased by the sacrifice of His Son. When once he has placed himself on this quasi-ecclesiastical plane, his contentions, whether true or false, may have some intelligible basis. But how did he reach this position? Where is the scientific step-ladder by which he has climbed up? It is nowhere. However he climbed up, he did not climb up by that.

The real nature of his procedure, if he will forgive my criticism, is evident. It resembles that of a medium, at a *séance* conducted by whom I was once myself present. After an hour or so of spiritual music and whisperings with Katie King, the medium was heard telling all of us to keep our hands joined closely. A moment later he ejaculated, “Now turn on the light.” The light was turned on; and he, who had been sitting between two ladies, was visible, together with his chair, in the middle of the dining-room table. How had he got there? He could not or would not tell us. All that we knew was that the



feat had been accomplished in the darkness. Sir Oliver Lodge's rise from science to theology is accomplished under like conditions. He talks about science during the process, but merely to create a fog worse even than Mr. Whetham's; and in that fog he rises. He first says that we are immortal because we existed before all worlds. He then says that we are immortal because the worlds existed before us. He then interjects a statement that all existence is one. He then falls foul of Professor Haeckel for asserting the same thing, and declares that a spiritual universe is evolved from the material, which transcends, dominates, and utilises "the material aspect of the whole." We shall see, when we consider these utterances, that Sir Oliver Lodge's fog, though thicker than Mr. Whetham's, has very much the same origin. It originates in the spurious distinction, which we saw Mr. Whetham making, between the natural and the sub-natural, and, presumably, between the natural and the supernatural, by means of which we are presented with a picture of three worlds, leading into each other, but governed by different and independent laws—the actual truth being, as Mr. Whetham himself has shown us, that his sub-natural differs from the natural only as the ultra-violet rays differ from the violet, or as a bat's inaudible squeak differs from the treble of a violin: and the same observation applying to the supernatural also.

I am not here contending (the reader must understand) that Sir Oliver's religious conclusions may not be in themselves true. I have only aimed at showing that he has done nothing to reconcile them with the facts and principles of science as he himself expounds them. If all these arguments had been urged by some purely religious thinker they would not be worth criticising; but when they are gravely offered to us by one of our leading men of science as the true interpretation of science in the light of its most recent discoveries, it is time that a protest were made against abuses of thought and language which make religion ridiculous, and accurate science nugatory.

W. H. MALLOCK.

## THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE nature and methods of the Afrikander mind have always been somewhat of a mystery. Mere emotionalists like Mr. Stead, whose passion for minor nationalities blind them to every other consideration, maintain that the Boer is really an open book which he who runs may read. But dwellers in the land, those who have daily experience of him, smile dubiously at the credulous credulity of those voyageurs who are at once political missionaries and lightning readers of national character. Closer acquaintance breeds not knowledge but uncertainty, fearsome respect rather than patronising sympathy. A man who had been living amongst Boer families for the past twenty-seven years told me quite recently that he was only just beginning to understand them. Their capacity for disingenuousness, for concealing their real and ultimate intentions—for retaining certain areas of thought unexpressed, and, unexplored even to themselves, has for generations past baffled the more single minded Britisher.

Their instinct for this far reaching subtlety and evasiveness is moreover communal—a secret sanctuary of defence known intimately to each other but invisible to strangers. This, together with other forms of tribal statecraft they have probably assimilated for protective purposes from the Native. A mere handful amidst hordes of militarily organised savages, the Boer in the past had to depend as much upon his co-operative wiliness as upon his steady nerve and straight shooting. If as a stranger you come suddenly upon a group of natives seated round their fire, and begin to ask questions, one boy will slowly answer you. The others silent and apparently unobservant, are, however, all the while rapidly dictating replies by imperceptible movements of hands, feet or other forms of gesture language. In the same way a Britisher living amongst Boers, welcome to their houses, and in constant intercourse with them, will be kept in profound ignorance of ideas and intentions well known to them.

The special circumstances of their history, the biblical idea of a chosen people, the retention of certain customs and habits, the use of a common dialect have all combined to make the Boers cling together on the basis of the tribe rather than that of a nation. The main principles of their organisation as a community have been, first, the commander influence of the Predikante working in conjunction with the Political Chief; and secondly, the supreme duty of subordinating all individual opinion

for the sake of unity and fighting efficiency. For this purpose the "Taal" which in ordinary circumstances is a graphic and picturesque dialect, becomes almost an argot with nuances of expression and inflexion, or slur and emphasis, that have meaning for their ears only. During the war a batch of prisoners were being brought into the British camp, and an African colonist who had spoken the Taal from his babyhood, rode out to meet them, and asked the leading prisoner in dialect where he had come from; without answering, the man immediately turned in his saddle and shouted excitedly to his companions, "Here is one of us."

Whatever part the "Taal" has played in creating this communal or tribal separacy, it remains the particular symbol, the sacred archive of the Boer's strenuous and peculiar history. In very truth the tender mercies of his past environment have been cruel; and in the light of his past history there is small wonder that his dread of absorption was as intense as his desire for independence. The unwilling subject of an alien race, he has ever failed to escape from the reach of an administration too often ignorant of his conditions, or unsympathetic to the finer phases of his character. To regain independence he trekked forth from Table Mountain to the unknown, braving the naked malignity of South Africa nature, the fierce heats and waterless deserts, the treacherous rivers, the primal beasts and snakes, the silent insidious malaria and dysentery. For the survivors, veldt and kopje were alike the sinister abodes of natives—ubiquitous by day and night—tricky—bearing gifts of death—merciless to woman and child. But this tale of his surpassing endurance is but half-told, for behind him ever pressed the British, a countless commercialised multitude ever overrunning the territories he had at such cost pioneered, ever threatening to despoil him of the great spaces he had conquered, to divert into urbanised routine his spasmodic but splendid nomadic energy, to absorb and obliterate his language and customs, which were the very landmarks of his nationality.

As the danger from the natives lessened, so did the pressure from the British, especially after the discovery of the gold fields of the Witwatersrand, increase. The persistent offensive policy of Kruger was the natural expression of these years of racial resentment, and in taking up arms at his bidding the Transvaal Boers were animated as much by a desire to drive the British out of South Africa, as by an instinctive fear that their land, and with it their quasi-national independence would be chicaned from them. In one sense they were aggressors, in another they were as a tribe fighting against the undermining of their peculiar

organisation by too close contact with the methods and ideas of an alien nation.

The result, however, of the war, the terms of the Vereeniging Treaty, the subsequent administration of the country and the generous character of representative government granted under the new constitution have demonstrated to the Boers that although the right to govern for themselves is no longer theirs, their farms, their customs, their language, even their communal separateness are all left to their undisturbed possession. In education they enjoy practically the same privileges as their self-governing fellow countrymen at the Cape, and the right to their own language in the Law Courts and in the new House of Assembly has been specifically provided for. There has not been the slightest attempt to Britishise them as Russia has Russianised Finland and Poland. As British subjects they are on the same footing in respect of their distinctive nationality, as their fellow countrymen at the Cape, or as the Scotch, Welsh, and Irish. Nay more, for with other sons of Empire, with Australians, Canadians, and Indians they are now eligible to sit in the House of Commons to represent the views of a Home constituency, and the claims of their fellow colonists in South Africa. Their whole outlook, in fact, is now changed. Confirmed in possession of their property and of their racial exclusiveness, they have now the might of Empire behind them against their ancient enemy the native. Their past fear and anxiety in this matter are now shared by the British nation, and for the first time in their history they are free to devote themselves to the cultivation of their crops, to the care of their sheep and cattle, and to selling their produce wisely in the markets that are springing up around them. There seems no reason under the sun why they should not in a neighbourly spirit co-operate in the industrial development of the country and its peaceful administration.

Unfortunately, however, owing to the hard conditions of their past life, and to the ubiquitous antagonism of their human environment, their character has acquired an unnatural twist. They have cultivated the fighting instincts of the tribe rather than the more human qualities of the nation. They have cherished an ultra-neighbourliness amongst themselves in order to be less neighbourly and always suspicious of others. They have neglected the splendid human and civic qualities of their European Dutch and Huguenot ancestry, have negatived the right of individual opinion, and have developed duplicity and intrigue, communal secrecy and separacy as primarily necessary to their protection and existence.

But in the new area that has opened for the Boer, his status

in a friendly human environment is assured, and there is no longer any reason for that slowness and ignorant suspicion, for that tribal attitude that have made him a byword amongst the more humanistic peoples of the world. These are the unnatural traits that he has created for himself, but from the Norman blood that has intermingled with his race, he naturally inherits a sense for individual liberty, a frankness, a certain open-hearted cosmopolitanism, a single-minded neighbourliness, and a great natural kindliness. These qualities in the past winter of his discontent had no opportunity of demonstrating themselves, but in the summer of his new and peaceful conditions, ought to attain to the full measure of their growth. The best of brain and character in the Afrikaner nation are those with Huguenot blood in their veins, and it is to their influence that the spirit of individualism in opinion has begun to make itself felt. In their readiness to sacrifice individuality, in their willingness to be commanded and accept authority in every department of life, the Boers have hitherto possessed their souls, but now that the necessity for this intense militarism has passed, many of them are instinctively stretching out their hands towards a higher ideal than this tribal one; towards that liberty of conscience and of thought, which is the common heritage of their western kinsmen throughout the world. The signs of this revolt against the tribal idea, and of this growth of a broader national consciousness, although not very manifest, are to be found throughout the length and breadth of the land.

In Cape Colony a better and more companionable feeling has prevailed between the two political parties, the Progressives and the Bond, during this session than for many years past. Although this reflects a decrease of racial bitterness and unneighbourliness throughout the country—it has undoubtedly been stimulated in the House of Assembly by Dr. Jameson's wonderful personality and untiring tact—which has won him respect, and in some cases more than respect from all sorts and conditions of men.

In deprecating Mr. Gladstone's personal influence upon parties, Lord Curzon once finished a brilliant peroration with the words:—"He (Mr. Gladstone) has introduced the paradoxes of lovers into the lobby of the House of Commons." A short time ago a Boer lady confessed to me that she spent her time stiffening the Boer members to resist the subtle persuasiveness, the magnetic charm of Dr. Jameson, which was revolutionising them socially and politically. The largest pears I have ever seen were sent as a present to the Doctor a short time ago by one of his most rabid Dutch opponents.

The compromise arrived at between the two parties on the

new Education Act is very significant of a real desire for progress and progressive legislation on the part of the Bond party, whose control of elementary education through local committees is now tempered by the supervision and final authority of the Education Department. The operation of the Act cannot fail to provide an improved system of education for the younger generation of both races, who will be less inclined in the future to acquiesce unintelligently in the mere *ipse dixit* of the Predikante or anyone else. Moreover, the cessation of business boycott for the Loyalists is a hopeful sign, even though social ostracism in one form or another may remain in some districts.

The most significant act, however, of political independence has been that of Mr. Weeber—a Bondsman—who sat on the recent Agricultural Commission in defiance of the Bond's authority, and who sought and received the support of his constituents in the matter. There have, of course, been members who have been returned as so-called Independents, but they have been caustically defined as being out-and-out Bondsmen in every constituency but their own. So far as I am aware, Mr. Weeber is the first Bond member who has dared to defy that organisation in obedience to his own convictions, and the importance of his revolt cannot be overestimated.

But the Bond itself, under the influence of the Secretary, Mr. De Waal, appears to be altering its principles in the direction of a national Afrikaner policy, in order to represent the views of all those, whether British or Dutch, whose children will inherit the country. Hitherto it has been the bane—the evil genius—the upas tree of South African politics. It has made political life impossible for Afrikaners like Mr. W. P. Schreiner, who had either to retire or suffer themselves to be commandeered on purely racial lines. It has stifled all healthy national aspirations and diverted them into the gutter of barren antagonism. It has opposed all enlightenment and progress, and has offered a premium to chicanery and intrigue working in the dark places and secret corners. It has exalted ignorance—false reports—and superstition, and although its utterances have not been formally disloyal it has ever venomously and by every means in its power persecuted those who in act and word have demonstrated loyalty. The actual membership of this organisation has been comparatively small, but none the less it has exercised a wide-spread terrorist and Mafia-like influence over Boer opinion which it will take a long time to remove. Mr. De Waal is a practical politician whose followers form the nucleus of a moderate section with the Bond. Their object is to form a party somewhat on the lines of young Australian nationalists; and to make local politics in South Africa

as free from the influence of party intrigues at home as in Canada and Australia. On these lines they are in accord with such progressive Afrikanders as Sir Henry Juta and Sir Peter Faure; and are apparently leaving out in the cold those two professional Bond partisans, Messrs. Merriman and Sauer, who have persistently intrigued with party politicians at home and whose utterances are equally unconvincing to their friends and to their opponents. On the other hand they refuse to identify themselves with that coterie of extremists in Stellenbosch and elsewhere, who hardly deny separation as their creed, and who boast of the British disciples they have gained to the standard of their disloyalty. These are they who endorsed Mr. Stead's statement that the landing of the British troops for the war ought to have been resisted by force; who a few weeks ago openly congratulated each other in the streets of Stellenbosch because of a rumour that the Japanese fleet had been annihilated. "Now," they said, "England will have to go to war—and our opportunity will come." For what? For the realisation of their ideal to drive the British out of the land and rule it for themselves.

Fortunately their propaganda is not allowed to go wholly uncontradicted. The organisation of the Loyal Women's Guild has branches all over the Colony, and is doing noble unseen service in giving moral and organised support to those colonists, British or Dutch, who have the courage to affirm independent opinion on political matters, and to brave the insidious authority of the Predikante of the Bond.

In Cape Colony, therefore, we have an improvement of feeling between the two races, both in the country and in the House of Assembly. A definite Act of political independence has also been successfully maintained against the Bond. While that organisation, under the leadership of an enlightened Modern, has apparently become more national in character, and although in daily communication with Fisher, Botha, and others, has refused to openly identify itself with any openly extremist or separatist party.

So far as they go, these indications are hopeful, but it is obvious that they fall far short of that positive neighbourly spirit, of that co-operation as one nation which Botha and the Het-volk leaders have proclaimed to the world as their policy as soon as they get responsible government. The Afrikanders in Cape Colony have enjoyed self-government for fifty years, and yet to-day their racial ambition is the pivotal fact of the whole political situation. Over and over again the voting at the polls and in the House has demonstrated the purely racial cleavage of parties. Neither in this Colony nor anywhere else have the Boers really turned aside from

their old ideal of securing political supremacy for themselves. Whatever they may say or do, whatever they may receive, they are solidly determined to be top dog in South Africa. The Progressive majority, the accident of Dr. Jameson's leadership and magnetic personality, together with a desire on the part of the Bond to maintain an appearance of good relations in order to avert a new Redistribution Bill, have for the moment given an impetus to the forces of progress and enlightenment that are at work in Cape Colony. But any further growth of freedom in independent opinion entirely depends upon this Progressive Party being able to retain their political ascendancy. So long as they can do this there is every hope that the civic status of the Boer will improve, and that even if his racial ambitions remain unchanged they will become less tribal and more national in character and intention.

The good rains and good crop prospects in the Orange River Colony have done much to create a desire for political rest in that State. Undoubtedly Bloemfontein has been the centre of much intrigue and opposition to Lord Milner's policy, which has found expression in the *Friend*, a well-edited paper in Dutch and English, with a big circulation throughout the Colony. But at a banquet the other day, after the Constitution had been granted to the Transvaal, Mr. Drew, the editor, spoke as follows:—“Mr. Cartwright having found in Bloemfontein that race animosity and all that stood for party distinctions was vanishing, could tell the politicians in England that they were beginning to be a happy family in this Colony.” Mr. Oisser, the Dutch editor, also referred to “the Freedom enjoyed under the British flag.”

The obvious sceptic at once exclaims—these are the treacherous gifts of the Greeks, the plausibility of speech which conceals dark designs and throws dust into the eyes of those it wishes to deceive. This may be so, but it hardly seems possible that a responsible man like Mr. Drew—the voice of Afrikanerism in Orania—should deliberately make a statement that had no relation to facts. It is, indeed, very questionable if the desire of the Radicals to plunge this pastoral Colony into the vortex of an electioneering campaign is reciprocated by the Boers themselves. Under the sympathetic administration of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Hamilton Gould Adams, for whom they have a personal regard, and whose sojourn in the veldt has given him an insight into their character, these Boers have arrived at a happy compromise on the educational question, and are sufficiently progressive to desire that their children should be taught English. Undoubtedly the difficulties of administering the compensation moneys have created special grievances in this Colony,



even amongst Loyalists. The Orangia Boers are the aristocracy of their race, and feudal in their ideas of courtesy as hosts; their pre-war Government, moreover, was signally free from corruption, but they are not less curiously greedy than their fellow-countrymen elsewhere. It is one of the ironies of South African history that whereas the British Loyalist has over and over again lost money because of his loyalty, the Boer has generally managed to make his opposition profitable, and has never willingly sacrificed his material interests to his patriotism. He has, in fact, no chivalrous instinct with regard to money or gifts. Like the native, he is unashamedly avaricious, and his attitude in this respect is very puzzling to the European mind. At a political meeting the other day an old Dutch farmer gravely proposed that the Government should stop the banks from charging interest. Not even an ungracious London cabby is so ungracious as the Boer in respect of gifts. If you give him a horse he proclaims it as a grievance that you have not added a saddle and bridle also. By a process of reasoning known only to themselves they seem to consider that in fighting Britishers they are rightly entitled to payment from both sides. Their claims to compensation were incredibly preposterous, and a Cape rebel sent in a claim for time and labour in ferrying invading Boers across the Orange River into Cape Colony.

I do not for a moment maintain that there have been no mistakes or leakage in the administration of the compensation moneys, but Mr. Drew's words seem to point to the fact that the noisy agitation at Brandfort did not really represent the views of the Orangia Boer community, who do not object to bubble agitations for more money and sympathy, but who are practically contented with things as they are, and are opposed to any political change that would disturb or threaten their increasing prosperity.

Among the Afrikanders in the Transvaal the war has left many superficial differences and divisions, and has done much to educate independent opinion, and temporarily to quicken a spirit of revolt against commandeer institutions and organisations.

There are doubtless a considerable number of Het-volkers—especially those who made money during the war—who in the back of their minds intend to fight again if opportunity offers. On the other hand, many of those who lost everything are genuinely reconciled to their defeat, and are determined never again, if they can help it, to take up arms. The wholesale corruption of Kruger's *régime* has, however, left its mark on the Transvaal Boer, and many of those who genuinely desire peace support Het-volk for the sake of the pickings and billets they expect to receive

should that party gain political ascendancy. On the other hand, the National Scouts—the early surrenders and hands-uppers—secretly dread this possible ascendancy, which would in one form or another never cease to remember their unpardonable sin, even if they had openly repented in the eyes of the whole congregation.

However united, therefore, these Boers may be on election day, and it is quite probable that no Britisher will get a single Boer vote, it is obvious that for the time being Het-volk does not represent the Afrikaner community in the Transvaal, but only a particular section.

The anti-Het-volkers are, however, as yet a silent party, without a leader or any very definite organisation, and not without fear of the Het-volk leaders, who are leaving no stone unturned either of persuasion or terrorism to bring all these outside elements, even the National Scouts, into their fold. Although the articles of association of Het-volk are almost clause for clause the same as the Bond, its organisation is the old military organisation of the Transvaaler, which has never been broken up and has been preserved intact after the peace of Vereeniging. The self-appointed head-committees are practically a council of war, and the leaders are political generals, whose advertised notices of meetings are equivalent to military orders to the commandos to attend in order to listen to political orders. The audiences that listened to Botha and other speakers in various parts of the Transvaal represented, with a few exceptions, the actual commando of the particular district.

Het-volk, therefore, has even less spontaneity—has even less of a volk-moot character than the Bond; it is simply a military organisation for commandeering votes which its leaders, with unconscious humour, have labelled Het-volk, or "The people." Moreover, whatever may be the methods and principles of the Bond, its leaders, Mr. Hofmeyer and Mr. Malan, are men of ability and of a high order of patriotism. This, however, cannot be said of some of the self-appointed leaders of Het-volk, whose political histories in the past do not entitle them to command unlimited confidence from Afrikaners.

Mr. Louis Botha, for various reasons, is reputed to be unpopular and without authority in certain districts. Within a few weeks of signing the Report in favour of the Industrial Commission, Schalk Burgers voted against it in the Raad. Mr. Esselen's career has been chameleon-like in character. He began as private secretary to Mr. Kruger; next he led the Kruger opposition party; then he appeared as the President's Attorney-General. Before the Raid he was one of the principal spokesmen of the National

Association, but finding he was on the losing side he led the van against the Uitlanders. During the war he openly vowed he would never wash till the British were driven into the sea, but did not fire a single shot during the campaign. To a Burgher who had told Kruger of Esselen's untrustworthiness as Attorney-General, the rustic-souled President replied: "Before you kill a fat pig you always shut him up in a pen." Mr. Smut's word was challenged by Mr. Cunningham Greene, and in the letter to Miss Hobhouse he revealed his opposition to any form of industrial progress that helped to increase the British population in the country.

It is small wonder that a considerable number of the Boer community are unwilling to recognise self-appointed leaders such as these, who have broken their written and spoken pledges before the eyes of the whole world. General Beyers, whose fiery incitations to armed rebellion and references to orang-outangs stir into passion the sullen, ignorant discontent of the Taakhaaras (shaggy-heads) or back-veldt Boers, is indeed a leader, but the majority are too clever to openly acknowledge one whose utterances are so premature. The only effect of his speeches is to prolong the period of disarmament for the Boers, and to place Botha and his poor-spirited colleagues in the very foolish position of not daring either officially to endorse or officially to repudiate them, lest they thrust upon him the double rôle of martyr and leader.

These, however, are the men with whom the leaders of the responsible party in the Transvaal have entered into a so-called alliance, and to whom they have handed the control of the elementary education of the country, getting nothing in return beyond a promise not to interfere with Chinese labour for five years. Fortunately, Mr. E. P. Solomon and his coterie had no mandate from his own party, far less from the British electorate, for this singular act of political lunacy. The field is still open for a statesmanlike arrangement with the Boer people in the Transvaal (not with Het-volk) on this and other vital questions on the lines of the compromises already effected in other colonies.

It is, however, because such men as Esselen, Smuts, Merriman, and Sauer do not represent the Afrikaner people but only an embittered coterie that they persistently intrigue with politicians at home, thereby encouraging ignorant or partisan Britishers to make use of South African affairs for their own party purposes. To such depths of humiliation have these sham leaders degraded South African politics that they await events at home before deciding upon the attitude they will take up in South Africa. Botha delayed issuing his letter or Het-volk

manifesto repudiating the constitution until he had ascertained that the Opposition at home had resolved to oppose a charter which men of all shades of opinion in South Africa had admitted to be fair, workable, unexpectedly democratic, and unexpectedly generous to the Boer voters.

Fortunately those who seek for interference for their own purposes are in the minority. All true South Africans—men like Sir Percy Fitz-Patrick, Mr. Abe Bailey, Mr. Cullinan, Sir Richard Solomon, Sir Henry Juta, Sir Peter Faure, and others, resent any interference in any party sense, although they desire all recognition and sympathy for those who in the past have proved true Imperialists.

Religion and politics are perhaps more inextricably intermingled in the Afrikaner people than in any other community in the world. The Predikante has ever been primarily a political agent—utilising his spiritual machinery, especially that of *nacht maal*, or communion, to enforce obedience to political movements dictated by racial feeling. I do not for one moment suggest that the patriotism of the Boer is commandeered. His love for the great sunlit spaces of his land, for the fierce human struggle amidst mysterious kopjes and fascinating shadows and sunsets, is so elemental that it has no need for any unnatural restraint of his intellectual independence. His patriotism is, and ought to be, independent of any limitations whatever, and I have endeavoured to show that already individual sections of his race are beginning to revolt against that commandeering of their conscience and their opinions which the circumstances of their past history have perhaps rendered necessary and inevitable. The gospel of ignorance, as preached by the Predikante has been a deadly foe to the peace and prosperity of South Africa, and it should be the supreme care of those who are interested in that country to give every aid and encouragement to this Boer movement in the direction of enlightenment and liberty.

But everything depends upon the British electorate throughout South Africa being able to carry out a progressive and non-racial policy. This must come first, and is the essential condition to any real progress in the spread of knowledge, or the growth of any true national consciousness. For imperial-minded South Africans no *laissez faire* policy is at present possible. The new Redistribution Bill must be passed in the Cape, and every nerve strained to obtain a Progressive majority in the Transvaal. The discipline of the Boers for this political struggle is unequalled, but the British electorate suffers from an excess of individuality, and lacks—especially in the new colonies—any definite compelling organisation or motive.

Until quite recently the whole trend of our policy in South Africa has been to discourage those who have loyally worked for British ideals, and to encourage those who openly or in secret were endeavouring to undermine British supremacy in the country. We have scouted our friends and made ourselves a laughing-stock to our enemies; and the indifferentism to Imperial interests that prevails in the British electorate to-day is largely due to our fatuous unwisdom in this respect.

The experiment of Representative Government under these conditions is a difficult one, and any ill-timed interference during the next few months, especially in the matter of a war contribution from the people of the Transvaal, is likely to diminish indefinitely the ranks of those fighting for the permanent progress of the country, and to give direct support to the reacting forces of disloyal intrigue and a racial antagonism based upon tribal ideas.

G. SEYMOUR FORT.

## A CLASSIC OF THE CHASE.

It is not a little remarkable, seeing that the English nation has for so long held a prominent (if not pre-eminent) position among sporting nations, that the literature of the chase should, until recent years, have attracted so little attention. Books enough there are—perhaps too many—on other branches of sport. Of late we have had ephemeral literature in abundance devoted to games—to golf, cricket, lawn-tennis, and other amiable pastimes—but the history of hunting has been neglected, or, if attempted at all, has been too often handled carelessly and without due study. The fact is that the fortunate conjunction of sportsman and student is uncommon. The air of the British Museum reading-room does not appeal naturally to the man who for choice spends his spare time in the woods or on the mountains, stalking the red deer, or following the hounds over a grass country. Patient research, the collation of forgotten manuscripts, long hours of a sedentary occupation—these are all repugnant to the feelings of the expert in sport; and yet it is the expert alone who has the knowledge to select aright and to avoid the many errors that mark the path of the man who has only the “bookish theorick” of the subject at his command. Now and again the sportsman-antiquary does come to light, though rarely, and expounds for us certain riddles of the past. As a rule his work is not received with that general enthusiasm that we might expect. The sportsman of to-day is no great reader. Like his forefathers, he finds that a long day in the open air is not conducive to much subsequent mental exercise; the morning paper and an occasional novel suffice for his simple needs, and if he buys the classic literature of the chase it is to be feared that the volumes are reserved rather for ornament than use. The ancient books on venery, reprinted from time to time by our rare enthusiast, perhaps interest chiefly the naturalist, the student of philology, the antiquarian. They should be of the greatest value to the historian. For, in the middle ages, the chase was almost the sole occupation of a gentleman. It coloured his whole life. A knowledge of the customs of venery and of the ancient language of sport was a far more important branch of his education than an acquaintance with letters.

Hunting in the fifteenth century, it is perhaps needless to say, was a very different business from what it is in the twentieth. Venery was an art by itself, hedged around with all manner of

ceremonial and etiquette, and it was not a subject that could be learned in a few years; it required the apprenticeship of a lifetime. Hunting was not then merely a matter of a good seat on a horse—of being able to ride well to hounds and to take the fences as they came. Horses there were, but they were not an integral part of the sport; they were there rather as a convenience—as a means of getting to the right place at the right time. It is noteworthy that in old books on venery you shall rarely find the horse so much as mentioned. The hounds were the essence of the chase, and the true veneur was known by his skill in woodcraft and in the management of his pack. The chief joy of the ancient sportsman lay in the pleasure of tracking his quarry to its haunts, and in seeing his hounds pick out the scent and keep staunchly to the line of the same animal in spite of crossing tracks. He studied the nature of the beasts he hunted; he knew all that could be learned of their habits; he passed his days in the forest. Traces of the old spirit linger in his descendant. There are still some who do not rate a day's hunting entirely by the pace of the gallop, but it must be confessed that their number is waning year by year, and to most it is not accounted much consolation for a slow day to see the hounds successfully work out a difficult line. It is the misfortune rather than the fault of the modern sportsman that the conditions of to-day have made a knowledge of woodcraft no necessary part of his training, at any rate in this country.

Some time ago the ordinarily well-informed man, had he been asked the name of the oldest English book on hunting, would probably have thought, after some hesitation, of *The Boke of St. Albans*, attributed to that very doubtful author Dame Juliana Berners. Since, however, Mr. Baillie-Grohman produced his massive and scholarly edition<sup>1</sup> of *The Master of Game*, there is no longer any excuse for ignorance on this important point. *The Master of Game* is indubitably the oldest as well as the most important book on the chase in the English language. This is not precisely the same as to say the oldest English book on hunting. Our sporting language, if not our sporting instincts, were derived from a Norman stock, and there exists a work, *Le Art de Venerie*, written in Norman French, by King Edward II.'s huntsman about the year 1328. This is the book of Guillaume Twici, whose name is found in a pleasing variety of forms, ranging from Twety to Twich, according to the individual fancy of the speller,

(1) *The Master of Game*. By Edward, second Duke of York. The oldest English book on hunting. Edited by Wm. A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, with a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. With 52 facsimile photogravure plates and monotint reproductions. Published for the editors by Ballantyne, Hanson and Co., Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C. London, 1904.

and is the oldest book on hunting in this country of which we have any knowledge. It was reprinted by the late Sir Henry Dryden, with a preface, translation, and notes, in 1843. Twici's treatise, however, is hardly longer than a pamphlet (occupying only four small quarto leaves in Sir Henry Dryden's privately printed edition), and is concerned almost entirely with hare-hunting. *The Master of Game* deals with the whole art of venery, and incidentally with the advantages of a hunter's life. The following quotation, from the prologue, will give some idea of the author's scope and manner. Premising that he intends to deal in order with the nature of the hare, hart, buck, roe, wild-boar, wolf, fox, badger, cat, marten, and otter, and subsequently with the various hounds, their sicknesses and diseases and how to treat them, he proceeds:—

Furthermore I will prove by sundry reasons in this little prologue, that there is no man's life that useth gentle game and disport less displeasable unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh. The first reason is that hunting causeth man to eschew the seven deadly sins. Secondly men are better when riding, more just and more understanding, and more alert and more at ease and more undertaking, and better knowing of all countries and all passages; in short and long all good customs and manners cometh thereof, and the health of man and of his soul. For whoso fleeth the seven deadly sins as we believe, he shall be saved, therefore a good hunter shall be saved, and in this world have joy enough and of gladness and of solace, so that he keep himself from two things. One is that he leave not the knowledge nor the service of God, from whom all good cometh, for his hunting. The second that he lose not the service of his master for his hunting, nor his own duties which might profit him most.

The man who voiced these admirable sentiments has not been generally credited in history with all the virtues. Edward Plantagenet, grandson of Edward III., son of Edmund of Langley by his marriage with Isabella of Castile, a daughter of Pedro the Cruel, had a reputation for plotting and intrigue that has caused poet and historian alike to treat him with scant respect. He is the Aumerle of Shakespeare's *Richard II.*, while Hume speaks of him as "this infamous man, who . . . had been instrumental in the murder of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester; had then deserted Richard, by whom he was trusted; had conspired against the life of Henry, to whom he had sworn allegiance; had betrayed his associates whom he had seduced into this enterprise; and now displayed, in the face of the world, these badges of his multiplied dishonour." Yet, if he were really as black as the majority of historians depict him, it is surprising that his punishment should have been so light, his reconciliation with offended majesty so speedy. It is probable that some at



least of his book was written during his stay in Pevensey Castle, where he was imprisoned for his share in the plot of 1405 against the King's life. Yet the year afterwards we find him once more in favour, appointed Master of Game to his royal cousin, and dedicating the work to which he gave that name to the young Prince, then twenty years of age. Nine years later he was killed at Agincourt, fighting in the van, after pawning his plate and jewels for the pay of his troops, and contributing not a little to the victory by his gallantry and invention. He it was who provided the English archers with the "cavalry-resisting stake"—a six-foot beam of wood, pointed at both ends, which each bowman planted in the ground before him slanting towards the enemy, and thus withstood the onset of the heavily-armoured French knights. The second Duke of York may be held to have expiated some at least of his crimes by his share in that famous victory.

But the book itself, after all, is more a transcription, or translation, than an original work, so that the sentiments above cited need not necessarily be those of Edward Plantagenet himself. They have received his *imprimatur*, but they do not form part of his own contribution to the work he took in hand. There are thirty-six chapters in *The Master of Game*, but of these only five are original, and the translator's interpolations in the text of the remainder (all carefully printed in italics in Mr. Baillie-Grohman's edition) do not amount to very much. Yet they are interesting to the student of venery, as showing the changes that had crept into the English usage—very slight and trifling changes—in the three hundred odd years that had elapsed since the Norman invasion had brought in its train the hunting customs of France. The customs and language of the hunting-field die very hard.

The *Livre de Chasse* of Count Gaston de Foix—the most celebrated of all classics of the chase—was the source from which our English *Master of Game* was chiefly drawn. *Gaston Phoebus* (as both the book and its author were generally called) was the Admirable Crichton of the Middle Ages. Froissart's account of him shows that, in the eyes of the Flemish historian at any rate, the Prince of Foix and Béarn was the greatest, bravest, richest, most courteous, and most learned ruler in the world. His court was one of the most splendid in Europe; his castle at Orthéz was celebrated as one of the finest royal residences in Christendom; and in one of its towers was kept a treasure-chest holding three million florins (one hundred thousand florins thirty times over, says the chronicler, the world not having learned at that date to talk of millions). Readers of Froissart remember Gaston de Foix chiefly by the tragic story of his son's death, or from that

other son who rashly disguised himself too inflammably at a masquerade, and was burned to death. He also has been handled not too gently by some modern historians, but there can be no doubt that, in spite of a fierce temper, he was one of the wisest and most popular rulers of his time. His great book was composed during the last four years of his life—commenced, as he himself tells us, on May 1st, 1387. In August, 1391, the prince of sportsmen came to his end, struck down by a fit of apoplexy after a particularly long and arduous bear-hunt. His book is his best vindication against those who accuse him (as does the writer of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*) of being "a cruel voluptuary." The man who compiled the *Livre de Chasse* must have been singularly free from voluptuous tastes. The whole book breathes a spirit of manly courage, endurance, and an abhorrence of anything mean and underhand. In those days hunting was the image of war with a good deal more than ten per cent. of its danger. The steel-clad knight on the battlefield encountered considerably less risk than the follower of the chase. Those were days when princes were so "quick and deliver of limb," as Chaucer writes of the victor of Agincourt, that they could run down the fleetest deer without horse or hound; and when emperors, like Maximilian of Germany, followed huge bears into their dens and slew them single-handed with spear or hunting-knife. The huntsman who followed a stag, first on horseback and then on foot, for two consecutive days, sleeping out wherever night overtook him, could not, in Gaston's own phrase, indulge much in that idleness which "is the foundation of all vices and sins."

The various beasts of the chase with which Gaston and his translator dealt are not all held in equal estimation by the sportsmen of to-day. *Per contra*, the fox, to which we devote so much of our attention, was but lightly regarded in the Middle Ages. Yet Gaston has two chapters on fox-hunting, one of which is reproduced in *The Master of Game*; the other gives directions as to stopping earths, taking the fox in purse-nets, and smoking him out with "orpiment and sulphur and nitre or salt-petre." Certainly the fox was not treated then in the fair and sportsman-like manner of to-day. Gaston recommends that one-third of the hounds should be put in to draw the coverts, while the others should guard the paths and boundaries in relays, to be slipped when required. This was in France, it is true, but it is unlikely that he fared any better in England. Until comparatively recent times the fox was accounted vermin, and hunted for extermination rather than for sport. Mr. Baillie-Grohman, in one of his interesting and instructive notes, points out that even so late as

the seventeenth century any treatment was considered justifiable towards a fox, for Macaulay tells us how Oliver St. John told the Long Parliament that Strafford was to be regarded not as a stag or a hare, to which some law ought to be given, but as a fox, to be snared by any means and knocked on the head without pity. It was not until the second half of the eighteenth century that the hare and the deer began to be superseded as beasts of the chase by the fox. Yet there is at least one passage in *The Master of Game* that touches the modern sportsman with sympathy :—

The hunting for a fox is fair for the good cry of the hounds that follow him so nigh and with so good a will. Always they scent of him, for he flies through the thick wood and also he stinketh evermore. And he will scarcely leave a covert when he is therein, he taketh not to the plain country, for he trusteth not in his running neither in his defence, for he is too feeble, and if he does, it is because he is (forced to) by the strength of men and hounds. And he will always hold to covert, and if he can only find a briar to cover himself with, he will cover himself with that. When he sees that he cannot last, then he goes to earth the nearest he can find which he knoweth well, and then men may dig him out and take him, if it is easy digging, but not among the rocks.

It was the wild boar, as the most perilous animal of the chase, that was most highly thought of by the winter huntsman in quest of dangerous adventure. "It is the beast of this world that is strongest armed," writes one author, "and can sooner slay a man than any other." Yet, in spite of the boar's formidable weapons, a wound from his tusk was not considered so fatal as one from the antlers of a stag. Mr. Baillie-Grohman quotes the old fourteenth-century proverb, "*Pour le sanglier faut le mire, mais pour le cerf convient la bière.*" "With great pain," says the writer, dealing with the hart and his nature, "shall a man recover that is hurt by a hart, and therefore men say in old saws : 'after the boar the leech, and after the hart the bier.'" But of the boar he speaks with a wholesome respect also, as one should who has seen him "slit a man from knee up to the breast and slay him stark dead so that he never spake thereafter." As a specimen of the minuteness and closeness of observation characteristic of the book throughout, it may be as well to quote a passage from the chapter on the wild boar and his nature :—

A boar hears wonderfully well and clearly, and when he is hunted and cometh out of the forest or bush or where he is so hunted that he is compelled to leave the country, he sorely dreads to take to the open country and to leave the forest, and therefore he puts his head out of the wood before he puts out his body, then he stops there and harkeneth and looketh about and taketh the wind on every side. And if he seeth anything that he thinks might hinder him in the way he would go, then he turneth again into the wood. Then he will never more come out, though all the

horns and all the holloaing of the world were there. When he has taken the way to go out he will stop for nothing but will hold his way through-out. When he fleeth he maketh but few turns, but when he turneth at bay, and then he runneth upon the hounds and upon the men. And for no stroke or wound that men give him will be complain or cry, but when he runneth upon the men he menaceth, strongly groaning. But while he can defend himself he defendeth himself without complaint, and when he can no longer defend himself there be few boars that will not complain or cry out when they are overcome to the death.

But the hart, of course, was the quarry *par excellence*, and it is to the hunting of the hart that by far the greater part of *The Master of Game* is devoted. The hart was royal game, belonging as by right to the ruler of the country, and the chase was the king's prerogative. In the old days few, unless they were in attendance on the person of the sovereign or in some way connected with the court, could enjoy a stag-hunt. There was much to learn before the huntsman of the Middle Ages could be held a master of his profession. According to German venery, there were seventy-two signs—the Germans were ever thorough—by which the stag could be judged, and by these it was the business of the huntsman to distinguish between the young stag, the hind, and the warrantable stag, to find out where the latter was harbouring, and to tell (by the slot and gait) when the chase was nearing its end. There were other things that the apprentice had to learn regarding his quarry—for example, to speak of the hart in terms of venery, as set forth in the chapter, "How a Man should know a Great Hart." The terminology was of the highest importance in the eyes of the old masters. Indeed, sportsmen of all ages have attached an importance to correct terminology which has often seemed ridiculous to the mere layman. To use an unauthorised expression in describing any of the points of the quarry, or any of the different periods of the chase, was a sure sign of a defective education.

The stag-hunting season was from the third of May to the fourteenth of September. The best of the season was after mid-summer, and it is noteworthy that the biggest hart possible was always harboured. Speed in the quarry was not regarded as a desirable factor—rather the reverse. The *Master of Game* recurs often to the fact that a young boar, or a light and swift deer, was not considered a desirable chase. A "good run with the hounds" was not the sportsman's ambition then. Indeed, even in the early part of the nineteenth century we find one well-known hunter writing to another that, if it could possibly be avoided, "a young male deer should never be run; such a chase kills the hounds and horses, and renders them unserviceable for a fortnight." The warrantable hart once found and harboured,

the old sportsman was most particular about chasing him and him alone to the end. When the harbourer and his liner (a scenting hound held on a leash) had once started the stag, no ruses of the quarry were suffered to make the hounds accept a substitute. Staunchness was the great quality of the old hounds, and the greatest praise has always been given to those who would never leave the line of the first stag hunted, and who were good at "unravelling a change," and keeping to their quarry even if he had mingled with a whole herd of deer.

The chase of the hart is the subject to which the Duke of York added most of his original contributions, and his supplementary chapters of instruction to huntsman and harbourer are very minute and of great interest. But the whole book is full of interest to anyone who cares, not only for sport, but for natural history and the science of woodcraft, to say nothing of those little quaint snatches of antiquarian lore that are always cropping up from time to time in its pages. A more sumptuously prepared edition than this stately folio, produced under the tender care of Mr. Baillie-Grohman, with its wealth of introduction and appendix, and its admirably-written introduction by that other prince of sportsmen, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, it would be difficult to find. The labour devoted to its publication must have been immense, but it has been spent to good purpose. A great classic has been rescued from oblivion. The form in which it is once more presented to the world after a seclusion extending over almost five centuries is one that would assuredly have pleased the magnificent mind of Gaston Phoebus, and might have afforded some consolation to Edward, the second Duke of York, as he lay imprisoned in Pevensey Castle, meditating his adaptation of *Le Livre de Chasse*.

E. H. LACON WATSON.

## LIFE AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE great mutual kindness which the French and English people have lately discovered, has given thoughtful observers cause for concern as well as congratulation. Even the best friends of France in this country—the constant few who find in the prospect of an Anglo-French alliance the best hope and surest safeguard of Western civilisation—are a little disposed to discount the enthusiasm evoked by the exchanges of naval and civic courtesies; and the polite Parisian *chroniqueurs*, on their side, have been obviously taken aback by London's very ardent tenders of esteem. Such ebullitions of feeling may easily be overvalued. The visit to these shores of that remarkable and too much maligned Emperor, the late Napoleon III., received as it was with a welcome of unusual warmth, cannot be said to have brought France and England much closer to the happy era—so often, seemingly, on the margin of actuality, and so often found to be tantalisingly distant—when either nation is to reap the full fruit of the other's glory. If that sub-millennial period is ever to arrive, and we French and English are to share the future between us, many mutual misunderstandings and misconceptions must first be cleared away. But on this point the omens are not ill. As one result of the reapproachment we may expect—indeed, we observe already—a determined renewal of the ancient English effort to ascertain what sort of people the French really are, what they esteem, and towards what developments they are moving. It must be owned that, so far, the English mind has not achieved such success in this particular study as the earnestness of its intention would entitle us to anticipate. With few alterations, the gay, irresponsible, amorous, and sentimental character depicted by Sterne—an ideal portrait destined to be cruelly falsified in so few years by the French Revolution—has remained, in our eyes, the true type of Frenchman to the present day. Occasional retouches, like the “smutty and contemptible” attribution of Coleridge, have been found necessary, in times of political stress, to account for the atrocious lineaments unveiled by Time's ironic hand in the gay and sentimental face. But no material changes have been introduced. Revolutions and civil conflicts have arisen, dynasties have been created and overthrown, wars have been waged on a scale new to European history, and, in brief, the nation has passed through such convulsions of glory and calamity as were never before known; but still our correspondents—the Fronde and the Commune forgotten—date their letters from the Gay City, and redraw the old and fascinating picture of an amorous and irresponsible people.

Any effort to set aside a national fallacy already a century and a

half old would invite failure, if the circumstances were not unusually favourable. Something more is requisite than the goodwill already noted—a distinct change in conditions. We should win little success in our attempt were it not for the fact that the study of character has made very striking advances. Even under Sainte-Beuve, one of its most brilliant masters, psychology was no more than a sort of "intellectual botanising," to use the great critic's own term; but many able *amateurs d'âmes* since have added to its equipment, and to-day it stands out as a definite branch of knowledge—the youngest but, perhaps, noblest of the sciences—the progressive science, too, of a school of most respectable observers. One of the foremost of these, M. Bourget, has lately announced his advance from psychological pathology to therapeutics. The phrase, which may be found in the preface to M. Gilbert's excellent volume of literary criticism, *France et Belgique*, is singular and significant; for it must be noted that the psychology of M. Bourget is a very different science from that studied by the world's amateurs of ghost-lore and somnambulism. Another favourable circumstance appears in the growing resemblance traceable in the characters of the French and English—a movement most marked in London and Paris. The convergence may not as yet be very notable, for, as we shall have occasion to show presently, the characters of the two nations still preserve many curious points of opposition: but that it has begun, and still proceeds, can hardly be questioned. Hence it may fairly be hoped that the English mind is at last on the point of gaining real insight into the nature and temperament of one of the most interesting national types ever evolved.

If it were possible to sum up the psychology of a race in an epigram, we should award the palm of success to M. Henry Houssaye's description of the French as "a nation of artists and soldiers." To us at this day the phrase seems to afford an excellent basis for a general conception; it is probable, however, that Arthur Young would have found it singularly lacking in the essentials of definition. Neither Dickens nor Thackeray, in their time, saw the French with the eyes of M. Houssaye, which, again, by no means resemble those of Mr. Richard Whiteing. The difficulty of correct analysis resides less in the nation's infinite variety than in the fact that its moral constitution is always in process of evolution. In the development of French character there is no finality—one might almost say, no pause. Observations which were precise in 1780 would be quite untrue if applied to other periods; and, however perfect our understanding of contemporary France may become, the near future will not fail to provide us with surprises. The complexity of the study is heightened by its many paradoxes. We find the French our superiors in refinement, but not in civilisation. Endowed with greater delicacy than ourselves, they have far less tenderness or compassion. Their conceptions of humanity are something broader

than ours, and their manners are more charming; yet in the actual contact with the various races of the world we are easily successful where they fail. Their intellect shines with a more brilliant light, but lacks the English richness, maturity, and depth of colouring. If we compare our working-classes, we find the same kind of subtle contradictions; the French displaying higher intelligence, but less common sense, more adaptability but inferior manual skill. Most notable fact of all, the French have an extraordinary singleness of character: within the boundaries of their own conception they are wonderfully consistent and perfect; but the English, always striving for a larger life, have far more unity of purpose. In brief, each nation seems providentially designed to be the complement, the corrective, and the fascination of the other.

To understand France's present frame of mind we are forced to look far back—as far as the glorious and fatal year of Waterloo. That defeat, standing to France in much the same grievous relation as the fall of Rome to the world at large, has left an indelible impression on the French soul; for an event which terminates a nation's most brilliant era, robs it of perhaps the greatest man ever born, and leaves it a prey to the contentions of four *régimes*, with the constant danger of an intervening fifth, cannot fail of long-lasting and tragic effect. We, with our somewhat limited respect for a great man, can hardly gauge to the full the effect of so vast a loss on the minds of Frenchmen. As the Vicomte de Meaux, in his lately published *Souvenirs Politiques*, repeatedly notes, “il y a une disposition des Français qui les porte à se livrer à un homme plutôt qu'à suivre une élite”; and this pre-eminent Man being gone, it is almost as if there were death in every Frenchman's house. Englishmen should always pay France the tribute of a certain tenderness when, in moments of political crisis, the national temper runs high, for the extreme irritation at which we are wont to smile is rather a contingent than an essential characteristic of the race: it is, in fact, an outcome of the grief felt by every sincere patriot—the sentiment of shame and revolt at the heaped-up humiliations which have fallen to the lot of this proud and sensitive people whose greatness has illuminated all of us. In a hundred sad ways, this feeling has found expression: in the sensualities of the vaudevilliste and the songster of the cabarets; in the sordid obscenity of Zola; the bitterness of Daudet; the pessimism of Maupassant: the disgust and satiation of Huysmans. And though there are now clear signs pointing to a renaissance of more wholesome feeling, the same sense of unjustly overwhelming defeat is present in M. Bourget's latest psychological work, *Les Deux Sœurs*. Brissonnet, the commandant of peasant family but heroic soul, is a finely drawn portrait of one of the best types of French soldier; and it is impossible for the English reader to refuse deep respect for the burning melancholy of an officer whose regimental standard, once crowded with a scroll of names like Ceva,



Mondego, Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, has long ceased to bear fresh symbols of victory.

But if all the rancour of the old wound has not subsided, Europe may be profoundly thankful—though not wholly unconcerned—to see the work of healing well advanced. A great and almost amazing change has come over the spirit of French literature during the past decade and a half. The madness, the poison, and the vice which bore their terrible blossom but fifteen years ago, no longer flourish. The recent republication of Huysmans' *Croquis Parisiens* was a startling reminder of the change: already the era of *Bel Ami*, *À Rebours*, and the whole brilliant, deathly school of pessimism and paradox appears to be as effectively sundered from our own as that of Petronius. A happy event: for some of the last fruits of that period were, indeed, appalling beyond words, as a short summary of one admired work—whose name and author's name need not be given—will sufficiently prove to those who have never seen the original, now, probably, one of the treasures of the pornography of Paris. The protagonist of the novel is a young physician, who has trained a large ape to be his companion at table and in other of the minor offices of civilisation. Unfortunately, the schooling which the doctor is able to bestow is lacking in some of the most precious elements of the higher education; it seems useless, or impossible, to cultivate the dormant intellect of the ape without first awakening its soul; and here the learned young man states his dilemma to the heroine of the amazing work. She, a type of all that is holiest in the paradoxist's *monde à l'envers*, is a Madonna-like person who has heretofore devoted her life and physical charms to the great work of initiating in the mysteries of love young students of the polytechnic. The man of science, relating his concern to this saint of the lupanar, is much perplexed: he has sometimes thought that a great, ennobling passion would be the very instrument to uplift the poor, blind soul of this spell-bound giant, this great ape who already eats with knife and fork; and he feels convinced that if only some glorious, self-sacrificing woman could prevail upon herself—. He is interrupted by a low cry from the heroine: a cry, not of horror and disgust, but of admiration for the truly sublime task which the physician's doubtful words adumbrate. "Ainsi," comments the author, with the solemnity of one announcing an evangel, "en acceptant ce devoir, elle devenait la glorieuse sœur du Christ." Literary madness, and the *odium humani generis*, could go no further. From this vile slough, in which so many not ignoble spirits were engulfed, the literature of France has since all but completely emerged; and the fact is clear evidence that the immorality and corruption of the period were not inracinated in the French character. A health-giving breeze has blown over the literary field, and the young authors of the day, far from degrading their talents by attempting to outvie Baudelaire, Maupassant, and Zola in their own province, seem rather to prefer manufacturing

wholesome, ingenious, and exciting, if somewhat foolish, books for the greatly increasing army of youthful readers. On the lists of new works of fiction which the excellent house of Plon-Nourrit issues in such vast numbers, there now appears this footnote: "Les volumes dont le titre est précédé d'un \* peuvent être mis entre toutes les mains." English readers who are disposed to include in a sweeping condemnation the whole tribe of yellow-covered French novels printed "on grey paper, in blunt type," will note with surprised pleasure that in one list of ninety-eight recent publications ninety-five titles bear the star of virtue. There is no danger of wallowing in Belial's gripe to the reader of *Un Mari en Loterie*, by M. Georges Mareschal de Bièvre—a typical example of the new and innocent school of fiction, whose lights are Henry Gréville, Jean de la Brète, Henri Ardel, André Lichtenberger, and Champol; as such, it may also be summarised. Gautier, Vicomte de Serligny, having lost *la forte somme*—five hundred thousand francs at play, straight-way quarrels with his uncle and guardian, the Marquis de Valville-Thanolouet, over a proposal of the elder man to marry him prosperously out of harm's way. The youth indignantly rejects the idea of a mercenary match, and, deeply hurt at his uncle's unexpected refusal to pay his gambling debts, gives a dinner, in the manner of a hero of Balzac, to a select party of friends, to whom he announces his intention of committing suicide. At this critical moment a way of retrieving his position opens to him. The enterprising publisher of an illustrated periodical, *Paris-Mondain*, has offered his fair subscribers an unusual prize—a husband, to be awarded by lottery; with the husband are to be given a genuine title of Prince, and a thousand mining shares. On a promise that his sacred debts shall be paid, Serligny signs a bond agreeing to marry the fortunate subscriber, with a full intention, however, of destroying himself if the lady is not to his liking; from which it will be seen that to M. de Bièvre, and probably to many of his fair readers, the expedient of suicide seems a just, reasonable, and honourable method of settling all debts and discharging all engagements. But the hand of the uncle is in the lottery enterprise; it is he who directs the working of the scheme, and immorally arranges that the winning number shall fall to a delightful girl, Blanche-Rose, daughter of Mademoiselle Aurélie des Ramières. It is quite superfluous to mention that the winning number goes wrong in the post; and the Prince de Serligny is claimed by the elderly Aurélie: the piquancy of the situation being enhanced by the fact that Mlle. des Ramières is a former *fiancée* of the uncle. When the horror of the situation dawns on him the suicidal method of disentanglement is again favoured; and the gallant Prince de Serligny endeavours to hurl himself into the sea in the presence of his adored one. The end is cunningly reached by the brilliant artifice of a double marriage: Blanche-Rose pairing with the Prince de Serligny, and Mlle. Aurélie with the Marquis de Valville-Thanolouet. It must be admitted that,

unless one were a charming young girl, one would recoil from the prospect of reading a score of such works in succession; but, at the worst, these vivaciously told stories of loves and lotteries and marquises and viscounts, are altogether preferable to the simian obscenities of the literature of fifteen years ago.

Without attempting any comparison of the merits and defects of two very dissimilar schools, it may be conceded without discussion that French fiction interprets the moods of society more perfectly than the English. Here, our ideal romance is still the novel of human nature; we have, indeed, our problem novels and indictments of this or that phase of civilisation in *Jude the Obscure*, *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, *The Woman Who Did*, and the like; but the French work of fiction reflects the social, national, and psychological life of the people with a perfection and a promptitude having no precise analogies in this country, and it is thus an index to the living France of surpassing value. The circumstance is fortunate for the *entente cordiale*, since Englishmen have only the rarest opportunities of observing the more essential and intimate aspects of French life under real conditions. How great is their loss a single striking example will prove. Of those marvellous types of women and children we are occasionally privileged to meet in the quieter French towns—so delicate and fragile from generations of refined breeding that they seem to be of a nature almost above the human—not one has found its way into our literature. In his masterpiece already cited—*Les Deux Sœurs*—M. Bourget has caught and fixed something of the exquisite grace of this type, so dignified, so adorable, and so enthralling. It has long been our reproach that we have taken far more pains to acquaint ourselves with the corruption of France than with its excellence; and in nothing is the reproach more justified than in our appreciation of French womanhood. The Sapphos and *cocufiantes* of French literature are almost as well known here as in their native land, but the diviner sort of women—the grave and loving beings of infinite sweetness whom the best Frenchmen revere as types of their own mothers, wives, and daughters—these, for the most part, our French-reading English public leaves unadmired in the less-known books of Feuillet and other authors. The unchaste wife, the vain, pleasure-seeking *étourdie*, whom too many English people have set up as the prevalent type of Frenchwoman, is as stupidly false a conception as the comic Englishwoman with large feet and projecting teeth; yet, how these illusions linger! They endure, tenacious as the falsehood that French home life is inferior to our own; absurd and unjust as the highly popular opinion that Frenchmen—they who fought with such terrific heroism in the battles of 1814—are bad losers in war. The *entente cordiale* must last long and firm if it is to witness the replacement of these pet fallacies by true ideas.

Not the least noteworthy features of contemporary French literature are its undercurrents of polemic and opinion. Nearly every

novel of importance has a mission to serve, other than that of amusing its readers or depicting the manners of the time. Novels refute novels, disprove theories, satirise governments, uphold cults, and propagate gospels. In Marcelle Tinayre's *Maison du Péché* we have not merely a study in psychology, but a theme set to show what the writer takes to be the eternal antagonism between love and religion. In *La Nouvelle Espérance* the name of Noailles is signed to an appeal for naturalism which is not the less anarchistic for being decidedly obscure. The brothers Margueritte, after throwing themselves, in *Les Tronçons du Glaive*, into a hot attempt to prove that all power of military resistance had not been exhausted when France surrendered to Germany in 1871, open fresh batteries in *Le Prisme*, and assault the defenders of the *mariage de convenance*. *L'Etape* having been written in order to attack individualism and uphold the family as the social unit, *Le Vieillard et les Deux Suzannes* promptly appears, to join issue on behalf of individualism and to satirise *L'Etape*. So far as the higher fiction is concerned, these are no longer the days of the novel of mere passion and humanity, or the tale of simple adventure and filial love—of *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*, or of *Sans Famille*. France, unconsciously preparing herself for another momentous step in her career, which may not be gained without a struggle, seems to be setting herself to reason out her course and dispel her doubts beforehand. Hence the significance of the tendencies to be observed in her current fiction, throughout which there runs a clear line of demarcation between Republicans and traditionalists—the supporters of the present régime and the anticipators of another form of government not yet announced. On the balance, it does not at all appear that the Republicans have the best of it. The conversion of M. Ferdinand Brunetière to Catholicism has been undoubtedly a great blow struck in the fight; and the gradual evolution of M. Bourget in the same direction has given the anti-republican band one of its most powerful adherents. Traditionalism is an exceedingly broad term—broad enough, in fact, to cover every class of French writer who is not an avowed friend of the existing rule. Nationalists, Bonapartists, Royalists—all the immense and, on the whole, highly respectable forces of conservatism appear to be drawn up on the one side. M. J. K. Huysmans is a recruit for the same army that effectively includes MM. Coppée and Déroulède; while their literary tendencies should draw such diverse authors as M. Jules Lemaitre, M. René Bazin, and M. Rostand under the same banner. In opposition, we see many able publicists, but comparatively few authors of charm and note. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, as pacificators preaching the neutralisation of Alsace-Lorraine, may be put down with the rationalistic school; M. Anatole France—“*le perfide Anatole France*,” as he is known among his numerous enemies—is, of course, the champion of the Republic; and clever young writers of the stamp of M. André Maurel defend the cause of individualism

with much ability and equal impertinence. But the weight of talent is on the other side, and the conflict cannot but have results of the highest importance.

Factors such as these provide material for a study of extraordinary interest and consequence. We see in the French—to recapitulate—a people of superb achievement, and of pride not below its history, slowly recovering from a rankling sense of undeserved, or at least not wholly deserved, suffering; a race defeated in arms and out-distanced in commerce by another, its inferior in the finest qualities of the mind. At the moment when its wounds are healing, and its eyes are turning towards its glorious past, another nation, long its enemy, unexpectedly awakes to a new friendliness, and endeavours to learn, to analyse, and to admire the almost infinite resources of its character; to be infected by its beauty, and to remodel many old and unfair judgments passed upon it. The picture is pleasing, and the hopes it inspires may all be realised; but that there are elements of danger in sight is indisputable. To us, in any event, no part of the spectacle need cause either alarm or jealousy, even though France, mistress of herself, and confiding in her own strength, means France, queen of the Continent. The kindnesses lately exchanged may produce unexpectedly great effects if they strike a deeper root than is usual with such courtesies; they may possibly lead to that long-desired hour of union and understanding which is a singularly dear ideal to so many English minds; for, in the words of the late Antonin Proust, “il est tout à fait étrange que les deux nations qui les premières ont introduit chez elles le libre gouvernement ne comprennent pas que leur supériorité intellectuelle sur toutes les autres nations est telle qu’elles pourraient, en dissipant les malentendus, en rejetant les préjugés, disposer du monde entier comme bon leur semblerait.”

W. LAWLER-WILSON.

## THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURE.

IN the course of the inaugural address which I delivered, as President of the International Congress of Agriculture, in Rome, April, 1903, in the presence of T.M. the King and Queen of Italy, of M. Méline, and of some thousand Italian and foreign delegates, I set forth my observations and views concerning one of the most important phenomena of our age. While the great nations of antiquity, the Babylonians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Chinese, had highly developed systems of agriculture, the agricultural wisdom of each of these nations was, however, of little use to the others. The reason for this must be sought both in the fact that their knowledge was exclusively empirical, and so could not be advantageously applied under other conditions of soil and climate; and also that international dealings were strictly limited, and national jealousies and antagonisms very strong.

But in our day we behold a great, a significant change. For the past sixty years agriculture has tended more and more to become international, both from the technical and from the commercial point of view. For the past sixty years, ever since Liebig published his remarkable letters, science has applied itself to the study of agriculture, and now discoveries made, say, in America, can easily be applied to the conditions in Germany or Australia. And this is true of all scientific knowledge, for it explains the causes of phenomena, whereas mere experience, without broad generalisation, can only state bare, unrelated facts—facts which, in the case of agriculture, differ widely from place to place.

Nor has agriculture become international merely as regards the economics of production; it is international also in its commercial aspect. The ever-growing facilities for rapid transportation have made the market for the staple products of agriculture a world-market.

These are phenomena of the utmost importance to humanity. Thanks to scientific progress, the produce of the soil can now be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and a world-wide commerce transport them easily everywhere. And thus the standard of life for all nations will be constantly raised.

I concluded my address with a warm welcome to this new era, and expressed the hope that my young Sovereigns might con-

tribute towards this great progress. This wish of mine was realised when, on February 9th, 1905, the papers published the initiative of the King of Italy, in which he stated that he had placed under his auspices and espoused the project of an International Institute of Agriculture as advocated by Mr. David Lubin.

Without a moment's hesitation, I wrote a letter in which I declared that not only I myself, but the Society of Italian Agriculturists—the most important of Italian agrarian societies—was ready to do everything in its power to promote the success of the King's noble initiative.

At that time there were many difficulties to overcome. Men of science raised numberless theoretical objections; even some farmers, in whose interest mainly the step was taken, raised protests, complaining that their special interests would be sacrificed to those of their rivals in foreign countries; whilst diplomats, some of whom were opposed, but who were unable to speak freely of a royal initiative, merely said that they could not understand it. Those versed in the matter, however, had foreseen from the first that in the end the initiative would be materialised.

The Italian Government drew up a very clear and practical programme for the Conference; all difficulties were overcome, and, for the first time in history, all the Governments of the world agreed to be represented, and—with the exception of some minor ones—were all represented at the Conference at Rome.

At the close of the Conference a protocol was signed by the representatives of all the Governments, favouring the establishment of the International Institute of Agriculture, and asking the respective Governments to adhere to the same, which it is sincerely hoped will be favourably acted upon. Meanwhile, it is encouraging to note that the King of England, in his speech at the close of the parliamentary session, made sympathetic reference to the initiative. I say it is encouraging, because at the start English opinion seemed opposed to the initiative, under the impression that it might not prove beneficial to such countries as England, the United States, and Germany, where agriculture is highly developed. Clearer comprehension of the matter, however, changed these opinions. And now it is seen that initiatives such as this, like all forms of progress, are advantageous to all.

The aim of the International Institute of Agriculture, created by the Rome Conference, is a clear one. As stated at the beginning of this article, a special characteristic of modern agriculture is its internationalism. The institute must aim at regularising, promoting, and generalising this tendency. This international trend of agriculture is due neither to tradition nor to political passions, but is the outcome of the life of our age, which modern

Governments may only endeavour to brush aside or ignore at their own peril. If properly directed it can but be highly beneficial to mankind, as it will further the two objects; it will raise the standard of life of the nations; and, Malthus notwithstanding, it will multiply the production of the means of subsistence in an ever higher ratio than the increase of the human race.

One of the principal duties of the institute will be to provide for the rapid and general diffusion of knowledge of technical improvements in the economics of production. If this branch of its work be well organised, new observations on any branch of farming made, say, in Holland or Denmark, will be immediately published in all parts of the world, and straightway thousands of experts will be at work deducing therefrom further conclusions and inventions valuable to mankind. If we reflect on the numberless branches of agriculture, on the systems for increasing the yield, now of one crop, now of another, on the treatment of the diseases of cattle and plants, on new machinery, and so forth, both the intricacy and the value of the services which the institute could render in this direction will be at once apparent.

Moreover, one of the discoveries of our age is the value of the principle of co-operation, which is being constantly perfected in its various forms, and which modern agriculture cannot afford to neglect.

The task of co-ordinating the efforts of the many co-operatives scattered throughout the world, so that they may act in harmonious agreement, will form another and important branch of the work of the institute.

But most important of all will be the services which the institute will be able to render in the field of the economics of distribution. We have already seen that commerce in the staples of agriculture has become world-wide, conferring, among other benefits, that of preventing the dreadful famines which used to afflict the world.

For instance, at the moment of writing, just as at every other moment of the day and night, in some part of the world wheat is being reaped; in another part sown; in yet another part it is on the point of ripening. According to the more or less favourable conditions of this sowing, ripening, or reaping, the price of wheat rises or falls. But who, at the present moment, is in a position to know these facts with precision? Some have a fair grasp of the information now to be had, and make use of their exclusive knowledge to their own advantage, not to that of the public.

Thus undue profits are realised at the expense of the nations. Nor does this occur only in the case of wheat or other cereals,



but also with cotton, wool, tobacco, hemp, beasts of burden and for slaughter, wine, fruits—in a word, in that of all the innumerable products of agriculture. Knowledge of the conditions prevalent in the case of each of those products, knowledge obtained, not from speculators, who are always interested in misrepresenting the truth, but from the authority of international representatives of forty to fifty nations, and from the great agricultural associations of the world: this would be an estimable boon to all. Nor would farmers alone be benefited thereby; it would also be greatly to the advantage of manufacturers, more especially of those who, like wool and cotton spinners, need the raw material provided by agriculture.

Moreover, when once the institute is in full working order, it will be able to give an approximate idea of the stock in hand of each kind of produce, and so provide farmers with a reliable guide as to which crops they will be able to cultivate to the best advantage in a given year. If, for instance, I know that the stock of wheat on hand is very considerable, whereas oats are in demand, I can sow less of the one and more of the other, and so on in the case of other staple products.

I have heard it often remarked that the institute will only be able to publish statistics of which thousands of volumes are already printed every year to little purpose. Statistics may be said to be of two kinds—dead and living. The former are of value to men of science; the latter, which record facts day by day as they occur, are useful in business. It is the living statistics which the institute will provide.

Progress consists in spreading light, in making facts which were formerly obscure, or imperfectly known, or known only to the privileged few, clear and apparent to all. Prejudices which injured and yet injure mankind, are merely due to lack of knowledge. The International Institute of Agriculture will throw much new light on the phenomena of production, organisation, and the sale of the means of subsistence, consequently it will be a great progress.

It is the duty of all to work with a will to enable the institute to realise its exalted aims; and it is foolish to stop to say, "Oh, but it will be more advantageous to you than to me." Light is valuable to all alike; to the blind alone it is useless.

Shall not the light shine? Shall we not have the International Institute of Agriculture?

RAFFAELE CAPPELLI,  
*(President, Society of Italian Agriculturists;  
 Late Minister of Foreign Affairs.)*

## TENTING IN PALESTINE.<sup>1</sup>

WHEN, as a boy, I read of the wanderings of the Jews in the wilderness, I did not foresee I should myself pitch my tent in Palestine, and live in the Old Testament among shepherds pasturing their flocks, and beautiful dark-eyed maidens drawing water from the wells and bearing their pitchers on their shoulders. Yet there was no other way of travelling through the interior of Palestine than the way Abraham and Lot travelled four thousand years ago.

We were barely twenty pilgrims, all told, yet we seemed to stretch across the sacred soil, from horizon to horizon, in an endless caravan. It was the board and lodging that took up the room. A whole army was involved in the effort to carry our hotel among the baggage.

We began to understand the language of the Bible: "his manservants, and his maid-servants, his horse and his ass, and all that is his." There were not only horses and asses, but sumpter-mules and palanquins, while the men-servants were of all shades of colour—Ethiopian, Egyptian, and Arabian. And prancing at the head of the procession, or galloping back to attend to some difficulty, was the Dragoman, a handsome Greek Christian, picturesque with turban and baggy trousers and gay sashes and bristling weapons.

When his subordinates misbehaved the Dragoman would beat them. He had almost equal authority over us, for in all arguments about the route or the pace we were sure to be beaten. He settled when we were to rise up and when we were to lie down, what we were to eat, and how long we might take eating it. He even settled disputed archæological points in explaining sites and ruins to us. It was not long before we understood why the children of Israel murmured against Moses. Moses was actually his name, only in Arabic. Yet his was a kindly and beneficent rule based upon reason.

The camping-place, for instance, must always be near water, and the start must be early so as to make headway before the full heat of the sun. At a still smaller hour, therefore, we would be roused from our narrow camp-beds by a hideous banging of kettle-drums. There was a note of sardonic malice in the music, and I am sure the blacks and the browns, who went in procession

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round the tents making it, enjoyed this moment of triumph over their white masters.

When they themselves slept I could not make out, for they would often keep me awake half the night by their gossipings and quarrellings and story-tellings and Arabic songs just outside my tent. Or, if they were quiet for the nonce, a donkey would bray to the moon, or a jackal would bark, or a hyæna laugh, or the wind would shake and tear at the canvas till it flapped like a sail in a roaring gale. We were fortunate in escaping rain, but we heard of prior pilgrims who waded about their tents, or had them blown down altogether. But that was their fault, for weather is punctual "down in Judee," and rain has its due season, "the former rain and the latter rain."

We were scarcely awakened in the dewy dawn when the malicious black and brown monsters came to whisk away our beds from under us; they hovered impatiently about our tin toilet materials; they hankered desperately after our portman-teaus. In a trice the tent was empty; in a twinkling the tent was gone. Ere we had snatched our breakfast in the great dining-tent, the baggage horses and mules were already laden with all the other paraphernalia of our tour, the luggage being marvellously arranged and packed together so that it hung down in balanced weights on either side of the beast of burden.

Ere we had settled ourselves in the saddle or climbed into our palanquins, the dining-room, too, disappeared, and to the Dragoon's cry of "Palanquins first," the caravan set slowly forward. Slowly! For most of the journey was done at a walking-pace over roads that did not exist. We climbed up hills and slid down into valleys, we crawled cautiously along the brinks of precipices and waded through streams; once, crossing Mount Tabor, we were literally "in the clouds."

Photographs of our steeds in motion revealed incredible positions that would have seriously alarmed our folks at home. But let no one imagine the credit of these feats of equitation was to the riders. The horses were the sole heroes of the journey. They have been specially bred, or under-bred, for these exploits, but surely Providence must be praised, too, for putting the right breed in the right place. They were not the Arab steeds of poetry, though such exist and may occasionally be coaxed from their Bedouin owners by extravagant millionaires. Indeed, the lover of poetry would be disappointed by the plodding Syrian creature. But after a while, when he saw it pick its way amid endless perils and stones, with never a slip or stumble it could not recover from, he would grow to think that steadiness is a finer quality than dash.

The only members of our party who could not ride these honest creatures were the good horsemen. Accustomed to animals that in such a road would break an average of one leg a minute—equine or human—their nerves were entirely shattered by the steep descents and yawning chasms, while those who had never been across a horse before jogged along in justified serenity.

The methods of riding in the wilderness are manifold. You will pass one man on an ass, another dangling sideways from a steed, a third perched high on a camel, a fourth curled up on the top of a mule's baggage : you may even see a couple balanced in panniers, one on each side.

Sometimes in the most precipitous places I shut my eyes and abandoned myself altogether to my horse's brotherly care. When once the Dragoman had miscalculated and darkness fell on us ere we reached our camping-place ; when we could not see half-a-dozen yards of the possibly precipitous path before us ; when things really looked so black that our ladies went into hysterics, even then my confidence in my quadruped was unshaken. But I remember vividly the weird closing-in of night upon the great free landscape, and how we finally climbed the steep street of an Arab village that seemed full of twinkling mysterious romance.

There are legends of wicked Dragomans in league with wandering tribes, nay, with mock robbers, who feign an attack and allow their accessory a commission on the takings, and there are certainly parts which are unsafe, under the control of a chaos of sheikhs who pay little regard to the Forte or its tax-collectors, nay, who collect taxes themselves from the traveller. *Bakshish* franks you to the boundary of each, but should two tribes happen to be at war, it is inadvisable to be in the neighbourhood.

I had been warned never to kill an Arab if I could help it, for the *vendetta* system prevails, and it is the sacred duty of all his tribe to murder the killer of one. My own experience of Bedouins was, however, disappointingly bloodless—limited to snapshots with kodaks. Often enough we came upon their encampments, where they and their families squatted in black tents woven of goats' hair and entirely open in front to the public gaze. And we often met on our way savage-looking creatures, in units or companies, tricked out in all kinds and colours of robes, rags, and blankets, armed with guns and pistols, and sabres and Damascus daggers, but we made the Oriental salutation—fingers to forehead, then to heart—and they responded politely.

It was necessary, however, to keep together in walking through the streets of Nâbulus and other towns where Mohammedan fanaticism might have broken out. It is so easy to outrage a Mohammedan, especially in the vicinity of his shrines.

Nābulus, by the way—the ancient Samaria—has also a large Greek Christian population, and is particularly interesting for its Samaritans. They are “Good Samaritans” enough to keep their law exactly as in Bible days, and they are the only Jews who still sacrifice sheep as in Temple times. It is true some Rabbis have denied that they are Jews.

On the whole the traveller has little to apprehend from the human inhabitants of the Holy Land, nor are even the lower creatures formidable. The public street-dogs, outside their scavenging, are mere braggart barkers, and our little camp-dog easily held its own with a hundred of them by occasionally turning at bay and making a snap at one. The wolf exists in Lebanon, but the sheep-dog on guard against him is the wilder animal of the two; herds of buffaloes we met near the salt marshes, but we photographed them without resistance.

You may, perhaps, find a snake in the grass which forms the floor of your bedroom, or the snake may find your naked foot and poison it; but as we only had to kill one between Jerusalem and Damascus a snake may reasonably be regarded as about as probable as a railway collision on a civilised journey. One does read about them in the papers, but, as the Irishman said, I have never met anybody who was killed by one.

The gazelle is harmless, save that the sight of one makes everybody quote, “I never reared, &c.” The mosquito is not so biting as the Venetian variety; the wild bee is too busy making the land flow with honey. Goats provide most of the “milk.” No, it is sunstroke and fever that are the enemies, and you must wear a long white streamer down the nape of your neck and fortify yourself with quinine. Blue spectacles will save your eyes from the glare and make you look hideous. But nothing matters. The daintiest of our ladies gradually gave up caring for appearances, and ended by sitting down to dinner in her riding habit.

Of course the palanquin riders had more chance of retaining their self-respect, but it was not all comfort and naps. The palanquin was carried in air by two mules, walking betwixt shafts that projected from the chair itself, fore and rear. As the two mules did not always walk alike; as, moreover, the leader might be treading on different ground—uphill or downhill—from that occupied by the hind legs, or as they did not stumble simultaneously, the palanquin, in addition to its own natural joggling, was subject to all sorts of irregular movements.

Every now and then the occupant had to shift position to preserve the balance, and when he was most confident of having at last evolved a permanently comfortable attitude, the dusky

attendant—again with malicious malice—would insist that the exigencies of equilibrium necessitated a change.

“Buz way,” he would cry, with an imperious gesture in his thick-lipped English. And when you had settled yourself “buz way” (this way), he would cry, with an opposite gesture, “Buz way.” It was not till you exclaimed, angrily, “No *bakshish*,” that the palanquin proceeded steadily. Once when in mounting I slipped and nearly dislocated not my but the attendant’s neck, the poor man suffered agonies till I gave him half a dollar.

Despite the archæological or scenic interest of the journey, the most precious moment in the day was when we caught sight of the tents and knew that the toilsome ride—and we often rode eight to ten hours a day—was ending. For while we had paused for lunch—which we had to eat picnicking on the grass, protected from the sun by a little tent—the rest of the ambulating hotel had pushed on, so that the moment we arrived we should find our apartments ready, our portmanteaus placed in each, our toilet-tables set up, and then, after a brief interval, dinner on the table of the long dining-tent! Dinner that commenced with soup deliciously hot, and was graced with serviettes!

And then there was a drawing-room tent for the ladies to retire to. Imagine it! Under the Syrian stars, where Jacob pastured the flocks of Laban. We sat like Abraham, at the door of the tent, but only in the cool of the day. How many Bible passages acquire a new vividness for one who lives in tents! The nights of the East are delicious compensations for weary, glaring days. What wonder if the white tents heralding all these joys shone like harbour lights to the tempest-tossed mariner.

Though we felt aching in every limb, and unable to sit our horses a moment longer, yet the instant we saw the tents we pushed on with new life, even though, as sometimes happened, it took a full hour to reach them. For when they stood on high ground they became deceptively visible from afar, and as the road to them must needs wind round and round, they seemed ever in retreat, like a mirage. But the mere vision of them was enough to keep up our strength and spirits.

But perhaps it was a keener joy to drop down suddenly upon the tents, as they nestled unperceived in a hollow. This was like coming unexpectedly into money.

Equal to the sudden sight of the tents was the first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee as it broke in glorious blue far below, for absence of water is the great defect of Palestine. The Jordan is practically the only river, and we had only once encountered the Jordan, and the opportunity of filling bottles and pottles for pious friends at home. But this great lake into which the Jordan

widens—for the Sea of Galilee is also the Lake of Tiberias—was a welcome break in the aridity, and, for climax, was approached by a real road down which we cantered joyously to our camping-place on its shore, half a mile from the town—a stony street or two, with a few palm trees and a telegraph office, whence I sent a cable to an American magazine!

Two days we spent here in a terrible heat, mitigated by swimming. We also rather paradoxically indulged in the hot sulphur baths, because they were celebrated, though we could not muster a rheumatism between us. We were expected to huddle all together in an oblong bath, with room for two strokes, but we took our turns and had the water changed.

The sub-tropical temperature and vegetation are due to the great depression of the lake, seven hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, but the Sea of Galilee suffers from “great depression” in a more metaphoric sense. In Gospel times it was alive with ships and boats; now, for a change from horseback, we hired the entire fleet, a couple of boats, and were rowed by brawny fishers to the head of the lake, where we took our ease in a *khan* till the horses came up.

But I must not leave you with the impression that Palestine is wholly desolate and degenerate. For miles around Jerusalem there is indeed a stony desolation that makes the heart sink. But even at its worst the land retains traces of its ancient fatness, the bleak hills are terraced with the indications of ancient olive trees.

The choked-up springs could be liberated, and re-afforesting would cool and moisten the climate. Occasionally an Arab settlement or a German or Jewish colony makes the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The planting of eucalyptus trees will diminish fever. Even as I write, a world-famous tobacco-planter comes in to tell me how he has started a Palestine plantation from which he hopes a profit, and how a million poor Jews throughout Europe and Asia are dying to be allowed a chance of working upon the holy soil. If only the Government would guarantee titles to the land bought!

Moreover, there are everywhere great stretches of glorious woodland where the loveliest wild flowers grow, strongly reminiscent and redolent of English country lanes. Pressed in pretty combinations on cards with sacred inscriptions, or woven into crosses, these flowers are exported in large quantities.

From Ramleh Tower, on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, the impression of Old England becomes stronger. One would say the ruins of some mediæval castle or abbey, giving upon an exquisite landscape, rich with summer hues. It happened to be

“the day of the dead” when I was there, and the picturesque group squatting about the graves in the cemetery added Eastern colour to the English.

For days our journey had the majestic companionship of Mount Hermon, with its graceful arabesque of snow. And nothing in the world beats the colouring of Anti-Lebanon; Nature has simply flung her paint-brush riotously over the rocks. The cedars of Lebanon are still a reality. They are the traveller's last impression, just as the odorous orange groves of Jaffa are his first.

Still, I must not forget the giant cactus. Anything more demoniac I have never beheld. It seems a sort of vegetable devil-fish. These prickly plants not only bristled at us from the hedges, but coiled monstrous and grotesque roots under our horses' feet, with the result that even the Palestine horses tripped and rolled one or two of us among the giants themselves, so that there was much rueful rubbing of limbs and careful picking out of thorns, with fears of blood-poisoning.

Far more dangerous, as it proved, was our final tenting in Damascus. Damascus marked our return to civilisation, for does it not claim to be the oldest city of the world? We had our choice of sleeping in an hotel, and it might have been thought we would have been glad of real beds, but the Dragoman, who would have had to pay for those beds, drew an alluring prospect of pitching our tents in a garden. Now “the Gardens of Damascus”—of Damascus, “the pearl of the East”—touched such romantic Arabian-nights chords in our minds that we scorned to sleep in a mere hotel.

Even ere we had reached our garden, we had decided that Damascus was a fraud, that its beauty might be dazzling enough in stony Syria, where it looms as a combination of Paris and Paradise, but that to Westerns, sated with sylvan beauty, it was a third-rate affair. Our garden itself turned out to be little more than a piece of grassy ground, intersected with streamlets. At any rate, we could not complain of lack of water now. But being unaccustomed to it we kept walking into it. Moving abstractedly in and out of my tent, before which ran a stream about a foot wide, which always slipped my memory, I was constantly in cold water, and when I jumped out of one stream I landed frequently in another.

Moreover, when we first arrived at our tents, we found many Damascenes examining them, and even walking in to inspect our luggage. One man offered lemonade for sale, and another set up a bazaar of daggers, scarves, tiles, and other curios. We were rather surprised to find our privacy thus invaded. Finally, I observed some women doing strange business with long coloured



threads along poles at the back of our garden, and learned that they were weaving.

"But you must send them away," I said to the Dragoman.

He shrugged his shoulders. "This is a *public* garden!"

However, he got us some Turkish patrols, who kept off thieves and dogs. But the marshy exhalations from the streamlets gave one of us typhoid fever, and probably sowed the seeds of which another died a week after reaching home.

The houses of Damascus are indeed magnificent; even the middle-classes seem to live in marble halls with courtyards and fountains. But the grandeur is too cold, and the house that my fancy goes back to is one I saw at Bâniâs. Escorted by one of the most beautiful women in the world—bearing her baby, this divine Syrian woman reminded one of Madonna and Child—I climbed a steep ladder staircase to the flat roof of her house.

The house itself was, like so many in Palestine, a mere dingy, cellar-like room, but upon the terraced roof there stood on four wooden poles a thatched summer-house reached by another ladder. Here she lived in the dog-days, she told me; and here, looking out on the verdant valley, the precipices of Hermon, and the sources of the Jordan, I felt I could write in peace.

I still feel so. For when your Oriental journey is all over, it is long before you will grow reconciled to the prosaic world of Europe and America. The squalor and discomfort, the beggars and the lepers, will be forgotten. Your eyes will be full of the pageantry of the East, of white tents and starry skies, and glorious sunshine and radiant colour, and of a more beautiful humanity clad in flowing garments of indescribable patterns and innumerable hues, dusky, glorious-limbed men, and graceful women draped in sheets and head-veils; you will dream of domes and minarets, and long covered bazaars where the merchant squats cross-legged amid his wares, and business is a lazy, hour-long bargaining; you will hear the plaintive cadence of Arab love-songs and the barbarous clang of Oriental music, and you will not be so sure that the strenuous, grinding, smoky life of the West is an improvement upon the patriarchal repose of the Book of Genesis.

I. ZANGWILL.

## THE AUSTRIAN OCCUPATION OF MACEDONIA.

THE silence of the newspaper press on the subject of Macedonia seems to show that the public is no longer interested in Balkan politics. Wholesale massacres and ghastly outrages are needed to make a good readable column; and lately massacres have had a provoking way of appearing at irregular intervals, and without all the picturesque details of a complete drawing-room horror. Eighteen months ago the English public was glutted with news of slaughter, and now it seems a small thing that an occasional band of Bulgars is cut off among the mountains, that some outlandish village is committed to the flames, or that a new sect, the Vlach, is officially added to the turmoil of racial dissension. It is a dull fact that the slavish condition of our international *protégés*, the Christians of Turkey, is just as slavish as ever, and likely to remain so.

But it happens that we raised such an outcry eighteen months ago that the Government was compelled to take the matter in hand, and is now acting through the slow process of diplomacy. The Murzsteg Reform Scheme was the outcome of agitation. The Powers have been trying it for considerably more than a year, and have now reached the second stage of formulating further proposals for financial reform. Austria seems to have taken the whole matter into her own hands with business-like self-assurance. She knows exactly what she wants, and seems to be persuading the other Powers that she is a sort of expert, and ought to be allowed both to act and to think for them all. It appears that England falls in with this suggestion, and generously believing that Austria has the same disinterested motives as herself, was prepared to accept the new financial scheme without probing its ultimate purpose.

But in reality there are four conflicting purposes which divide the European Powers on the question of Macedonia. Great Britain, followed by France and Italy, represents the altruistic policy; her leading statesmen, both Liberal and Conservative, recognise that the treaty of Berlin has never been carried out, and that Macedonia will never obtain justice till her government is entirely freed from Turkish control.

A second and opposite policy is that of Germany, who takes a frankly cynical view of the sufferings of peasants, and, though she has few direct interests in Macedonia, has in Asiatic Turkey vast interests which can be forwarded by friendship and alliance

with the Sultan. Germany, then, is hostile to the altruistic policy, and admires the picturesque despotism of the Sultan.

A third policy was that of Russia who, until the commencement of her own domestic troubles, was anxious that the peasants of Macedonia should rise, that Bulgaria should be involved in war with Turkey, and that at the eleventh hour she herself should rescue Bulgaria and promote a rectification of frontiers to her own advantage. The object of Russia was to prevent the fulfilment of European obligations just to a point at which the small countries would in desperation take the matter into their own hands. But for the present, confronted by internal if no longer by external enemies, it is unlikely that Russia will have time to pay serious attention to the affairs of the Balkans.

The fourth policy, an insidious policy, is that of Austria. Her geographical position has given her an advantage over all the other great nations of Europe. Her people are most closely in contact with the Macedonians; her traders have been first on the spot; her wares have been sold in the towns and villages and pushed by an army of commercial agents. Austrian capitalists hold numerous shares in the national debt, and in private business undertakings; the tithes from the land adjoining the railways are appropriated as her security; and the railways themselves are owned, conducted, and manned by subjects of the Austrian Empire. Austria has nothing to gain by any sudden change in the government of Macedonia, for if the present state of things continues her securities in the country, and consequently her control of the country, will be such that she will have practically absorbed Macedonia as Russia was in process of absorbing Manchuria. Peace and order being necessary to her plans, she desires just such a measure of reform as will stave off revolution without destroying the supremacy of the Porte; just enough reform to keep Europe from interfering, but not enough to prevent the Macedonians from welcoming the substitution of an Austrian rule for a Turkish.

There is no doubt as to which of these four policies has predominated. Austria has won all along the line. The other five Powers have all waived their own policies and played into her hands, while the unfortunate people of Macedonia have continued to be the pawns of diplomatists.

No stone has been left unturned to aggravate the differences of races and to foment the animosities between Greeks and Bulgars, and between Bulgars and Serbs. The bulk of the population is in origin and speech Bulgarian. The south of Monastir and the strip of country along the Ægean sea-board is inhabited by Greeks, for the most part the denationalised people who are

better described as Levantines; and among them, especially at Salonica, is a considerable sprinkling of Jews. In the west of Monastir and Kossovo are many Albanian Moslems, the sturdy, untamed people who have from time immemorial supplied Bashi-bazouks in time of war, and brigands in time of peace. The Serbs of old Servia, the Vlachs around the towns of Monastir and Kritchevo, and wandering gipsies constitute the rest of the population. The religious and political differences between these races have been fostered not only by the Turks, but by the ubiquitous agents of Austria. Their mutual antagonism, particularly that between Greeks and Bulgars, has afforded specious arguments to the advocates of non-intervention.

During the quarter of a century in which national aspirations have been growing in Macedonia, and organisations and counter-organisations have been formed for keeping alive national feeling, misgovernment in Turkey has been going from bad to worse. Officials have sought further opportunities for wringing out of the people their arrears of salary; the farmers of taxes have had a free hand for extortion; soldiers and gendarmes have levied tribute on the persons and belongings of the peasantry; and conflicts with the revolutionaries have led to wholesale massacres. In 1903 Russia and Austria intervened with their first reform scheme, the futility of which was shown by the horrible autumn massacre, with its attendant scenes of the outraging of women, the burning of villages, and the wasting of fields.

Throughout Europe there was an outburst of indignation. Even Russia and Austria saw that something must be done, and took advantage of a meeting between the two Emperors at Mürzsteg in the autumn of 1903 to frame a new scheme of reforms. Lord Lansdowne, through our Austrian Ambassador, presented two alternative proposals to the Russian and Austrian ministers. In one he briefly proposed the appointment of a European Governor for the Macedonian provinces, who should be responsible to the six Powers. The second alternative was far less drastic, and more nearly coincided with the scheme already concerted by Russia and Austria. It is needless to say that the first was at once dismissed.

It is this triumph of Austrian diplomacy, the Mürzsteg programme, which is supposed now to be in operation. It is important in this connection to point out two facts which will regulate the diplomatic situation:—

1. Russia and Austria acknowledged the insufficiency and non-fulfilment of the measures demanded from the Porte in 1902, and admitted the necessity of fundamental reform in the administration of the Macedonian provinces.

2. Russia and Austria were recognised as the most "interested" Powers, and functions were arrogated to them hitherto, in theory, fulfilled by the whole concert of Europe. Nevertheless, Lord Lansdowne insisted that the Mürzsteg programme set forth a minimum of reform, and reserved the right of advancing further proposals if that minimum proved insufficient.

How and why this Mürzsteg Reform Scheme, which is still supposed to be in operation, has proved and is proving so dismal a failure, has never yet, I believe, been fully set forth. It should first be noticed that all the circumstances have been as favourable as possible for giving it a fair trial.

1. It had been predicted that there would be a fresh insurrection in the spring of 1904. But there was no insurrection. The Bulgarian revolutionary organisations, internal and external, realised that it would be bad policy to give their enemies an excuse for saying that the failure of the scheme was due to the activity of the bands. So the Bulgars in the mountains kept out of sight, encouraging the villagers, organising them, but never seeking encounters with the authorities.

2. Another circumstance was favourable to the scheme. The year proved a good one for crops and for fruit, so that the dispossessed villagers survived; where corn had been sown the returns were exceptionally good, and the devastations of the previous autumn did not leave so much distress as had been anticipated.

Vast sums of money collected in England and America had been distributed in the form of food and clothing in the Kastoria and Ochrida districts, in the Razlog district, and in Adrianople (Kirk-Klisseh and Tirnovo). The appalling poverty which would otherwise have confronted the Austrian and Russian civil agents had been, to some extent, mitigated, and these officials, arriving in the spring, were too ready to attribute this alleviation of distress to the humanity of the Turkish Government.

If the Mürzsteg programme has proved a failure, that failure cannot be attributed to exceptional or unfavourable circumstances. It will have been due to the inherent defects of the scheme as such.

The reforms may be classified under three main heads:—The reform of the soldiery, the reform of the gendarmerie, and the reform of the civil administration. But the first item must at once be struck out. It had been provided that the Ilaveh battalions were to be disbanded; this amounted only to the disappearance of the Ilaveh uniform and the retention of the men. The soldiery are still the curse of the country. They are still unpaid and underfed, they are still frequently quartered on the

villages; they lounge about dangerously in the towns, and they pillage and occasionally massacre in the villages.

The reform of the gendarmerie service is the one bright spot in the scheme. It is, indeed, the only measure which has been attended by satisfactory results; and those, unfortunately, go but a little way. The three provinces of Kossovo, Monastir, and Salonica were divided into five sections roughly corresponding to existing administrative areas. The gendarmerie services of these five areas were taken in hand respectively by Austrian, Italian, Russian, French, and English officers. After protracted negotiations in the earlier part of last year the Powers were content to send twenty-five officers instead of sixty as originally demanded, and the twenty-five who began work last May were hampered by having no executive power and being compelled to report every proposal to headquarters. However, the majority of them set to work seriously. They divided up their respective areas, scoured the country, were in touch with all the gendarmerie stations, and exceeded their official instructions with commendable zeal. Lists were drawn up containing an account of all the men in the service, and the rank and file were divided into three classes—those who were morally and physically fit, those who were fit morally, but below the standard physically (these were retained for lighter work in the towns), and those—a small class—who were both physically and morally unfit, and who were, in consequence, discharged. For the first time in history the Zaptiehs were regularly paid, and on a slightly increased scale. They wore smart uniforms, and were made to hold up their heads and shoulders. It was the general opinion of the European officers that the rank and file of the men made fairly good material so long as they were properly officered and properly paid.

But they were never properly officered. General Schostak, who represented the Russian element in the gendarmerie service, complained to me that the Turkish officers were so ignorant that it was impossible for them to fulfil their duties. The training school at Salonica, started last year under the supervision of the Europeans, could only turn out a limited number of officers and men. The majority of the Turkish officers were so ignorant that they could neither read nor write, and could not give or receive a written instruction. They did not even know their routine duties, and were wholly incompetent to control the rank and file.

It is not without significance that the English and the French officers, who were known to be the most zealous for reform, were given far the smallest areas, and those in which the race question was the least complicated. They received between them

eight *cazas* in the province of Salonica; the remaining eighteen, constituting the *sanjak* of Salonica, fell to the Russian officers. Thus one province fell to the Russians, French, and English, whilst Italy had the whole of Monastir, and Austria the whole of Kossovo. The Italians had the hardest task of all in Monastir, for there the race question is most complicated, and there the worst massacres of the previous winter had left their grim results. Attempts have been made to discredit the work carried out by the Italians, and it may be noticed that nearly all the telegrams containing those slanders have come from Vienna. One of those casts reflections upon the conduct of a young Italian officer stationed at Ochrida. As I was staying in Ochrida at the time, I was in a particularly good position to know that it wholly misrepresented the circumstances.

It was in the province of Kossovo that I found the foreign officers had achieved the least satisfactory results. They, too, had to cope with a difficult task, and were much under-staffed. But they did not seem to take the work with that seriousness which distinguished the English, French, and even the Russian officers. I heard constant accounts, from reliable witnesses, of complete indifference to the insubordination and brutalities of the Zaptiehs. Count de Salis, the Austrian General, was wont to talk vaguely and unsatisfactorily upon the subject, and he succeeded in making himself personally unpopular among all classes of the community. It is hard to believe that the half-heartedness with which he essayed the work of reform was not due to instructions from the Government under whom he holds a position of great importance.

It follows that the reform of the gendarmerie has been partially, but only partially, carried out. No police service can, in the long run, be better than the civil administration which it exists to support. It is no use attempting to have good policemen where there is not a good civil Government. This part of the programme proved successful only in so far as Europeans were in control; it proved ineffective in so far as that control was lacking. The reports of the last few months seem to show that on the whole their influence is already becoming less.

The attempt to apply reforms to the civil administration was from the first doomed to failure, for the whole executive control was from beginning to end in the hands of Turkish agents, while the Austrian and Russian assessors held the graceful position of advisers. They met, each with a staff of keen, attractive young Austrians and Russians, who were delighted at the chance of riding about on exciting expeditions through a beautiful and picturesque country. They were duly introduced to Hilmi Pacha,

the all-powerful Inspector-General, who suppressed the rising of 1903 in so notable a manner, and talks with a charming, ingenuous fluency which disarms the suspicion even of hardened diplomats. Hilmi Pacha conversed with them so freely, he was so grateful for their suggestions, and had all their shrewd advice so zealously registered in note-books, that they were fired with an immense enthusiasm, and declared that everything was progressing just as it should do, slowly, of course, but surely. They divided their tasks into elaborate heads, classing one set of them under "pacification," and the other set under "reform" or "reconstruction." They began with the province of Salonica, and took it *caza* by *caza*, and in each listened to all the petitions, heard all the grievances, rode out to the villages, inspected, reported, and learnt all about it quite easily in the course of a day or so. Having disposed of Salonica, they proceeded to Monastir and did the same there, and from Monastir went on to Kossovo, where they again repeated the performance, and brought their trip to a close.

Their first task, that of "pacification," had reference mainly to the villages destroyed by the Turks and their destitute inhabitants. The Turkish Government already claimed to have given to each man, woman, and child in these villages fifteen *piastres* a month during the spring—in point of fact it had generally been given for only one month. In a few cases a loan of money had been given for the purchase of plough-oxen and agricultural implements, to be repaid after a long period without interest. Hilmi Pacha assured me that three Turkish pounds had been given for the reconstruction of each house that had been destroyed by the Turks, and that more than £T50,000 had been spent in this way in Ochrida and Kastoria alone. I found that the civil agents, after their perfunctory tour of inspection in Ochrida, firmly believed that from one and a half to three Turkish pounds had actually been expended on each house. But my own subsequent tour among the ruined villages of Ochrida convinced me that very little money had left the pockets of the Turkish officials. My Austrian informants had been strangely misled.

The repatriation of the refugees was carried out with considerable success. The Bulgarians were not anxious to maintain in Bulgaria those who fled from Raslog, and those who fled from their homes in the Monastir province necessarily returned when times were quieter. In the Adrianople country the proportion repatriated was smaller, but this province does not come within the scope of the reform scheme.

So much for the work of "pacification." The work of "re-



form" is still in its inception. The assessors have secured the dismissal of one or two notorious officers, who have probably received appointments in Asia. They have been able to point out to the Inspector-General such minor cases of injustice and petty tyranny as they have had time to select from many thousands of petitions, and perhaps in one per cent. of these cases they have been able to see that their representations received attention. They have been willing to accept the plausible assurances of Hilmi Pacha, but how much they have achieved everyone in Macedonia knows. "Nothing, nothing," they cry. And that is the criticism of everyone who is not a legally constituted master of deception.

Last autumn when I saw the civil agents at Monastir, they told me that Englishmen ought to suspend judgment until the end of the year.

So far we do not pretend to have carried out more than the "pacification" part of our programme. We recognise that the real reform must be a financial reform. The unpaid officials, the unpaid soldiers, the unpaid gendarmes, and the extortions of the tax-collector—these are the sources of abuse, all of which would be removed under a proper system of finance. The one experiment we have made upon a small area covering thirty villages has proved a success. Instead of leaving the collection of the tithe to the caprice of the tax-collector, each village in its area pays jointly a lump sum of money based upon the average of the last five years, and the village decides for itself how much is due from each man. But that is only an experiment. Our real work at present is to collect a body of facts about all the three provinces, and at the end of the year to report to our Governments, and through them to the Powers. At the beginning of 1905 you will be in a position to judge of our success or failure; your criterion will be the action then taken by the Powers as based upon our report.

The Austrian and Russian civil agents reported to their Governments; their Governments reported to the Powers; and, lo and behold! in the House of Lords, Lord Lansdowne announced that further arrangements were contemplated for a reform of the financial administration of Turkey. In other words, the British Government was content that the reform scheme, as plotted and arranged by the Austro-Russian representatives, shall be carried out on Austro-Russian lines. But the part of Russia in the big game of Near-Eastern diplomacy is gradually becoming negligible. She was long ago beaten by Austria in the delicate art of propagandism, and now her hands are tied by the annihilation of her most efficient troops, and by the continuance of domestic troubles. The fruits of any project which is carried out nominally by the two Powers will fall to the one which has all her energies concentrated on the spot. Austria is playing

for her own hand. Everyone knows that Turkey is incapable of carrying out for herself a scheme of financial reform, or any other kind of reform. She must be supervised, and who is to supervise her? Not the Powers, but Austria, the "most interested" Power. So far it is true the Sultan has refused to listen to the new financial schemes which have just been presented to him. But that was to be counted upon. The Sultan is in the habit of refusing European proposals, not once or twice, but indefinitely, until there comes to him suddenly some finely imperative letter which he knows it would be folly to ignore. It is then that he becomes so wisely compliant, and that the determined Power gets its way. But at the present time the only really determined Power is Austria, and, when less skilful Governments have grown tired, Austria knows how to choose the psychological moment for proposing those half-measures which for her are so full of important results. The existing scheme of reforms, the work of Austria, was so skilfully devised that it does not touch Turkish supremacy. Vital reform under a European administration would destroy the prospects of Austria, so the reforms are not vital. They afford scope for the continuation of that gradual Austrian absorption which, in the western districts, has been going on for years. The railways are in the hands of Austrians; much of the industry is in the hands of Austrians; Austrian traders are thronging to barter their wares in the country districts; and, under the present arrangements, planned for the benefit of the Porte, it is anticipated that Austrians will be primarily responsible for supervising the rearrangements of tithes and the expenditure of money upon the military and official services. We have heard how increased duties are to be placed upon foreign imports to cover the expense of the "reforms." This, doubtless, was suggested by Viennese diplomats, and we may shortly expect to hear that Austrians are in charge of the custom-house at Salonica. Yet now there is an opportunity which may never occur again for the Western Powers to apply the methods which succeeded in Crete and the Lebanon. But Austria is having everything her own way.

Thus the people of Macedonia, who, in their strange, factious way, against terrible odds, have for years contended for the principle of nationality, are relegated once again to the position of a dependent population. The Greeks in the south, the Albanians in the west, the Serbs in the north-west, all these are to be cut off from long-cherished ideals. And the Bulgars, the great mass of the population, a people full of vital force which Europe can ill afford to lose, are either to be merged in the discreet Empire of Austria, or to continue their hopeful servitude.

From the time when the Bulgarian Tsars ruled with a heavy hand over their subjects, all through the centuries of Turkish oppression, the Bulgarian people, like the "Syrians accustomed to slavery," nevertheless preserved the characteristics of their race, clung doggedly to their ancient traditions, and chanted their sad songs to the Balkans. They never lost the consciousness of their race or their hope of deliverance. How plainly this is shown in the book of folksongs collected by M. Slaveikoff and translated by Mr. Bernard, many of which are in origin of great antiquity! With what pathetic consciousness of race their poets cry to their "Father Balkan," with what savage enthusiasm they celebrate their outlaw warriors:—

Oh heiduck, heiduck,  
They have hacked off your head!

When they saw in the Congress of Berlin the hope of deliverance, but found that Adrianople and the three provinces of Macedonia were not only handed back to the Turk, but that they were to enjoy none of the rights safeguarded in the Treaty, then for a moment scattered villages were induced to break out in revolt. The revolt was crushed, but the people of the country began to organise; they carried on propaganda; they endured outrages, and committed excesses in their wild zeal for independence. And in the end they are to find that if the rule of Turkey is some day to be reduced to a shadow, the domination of Austria will be substituted for that freedom for which they foolishly hoped—for which they were willing to fight, quarrel, sacrifice, and discredit themselves.

Europe is, doubtless, too busy to consider the question; whether, for instance, it can afford to see the rich development of Macedonian trade and agriculture pass to a single country; or how much it will lose if the ports of European Turkey are closed; or whether our almost sterile western civilisation should be content to lose the new stock of vital force which the Balkans can offer. Yet these are questions which are worth considering—on selfish if not on altruistic grounds.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

## THE HOUSING OF THE POOR.

THAT the poor are always with us, and always will be, all men know. Were it not so there would be no housing problem. But while it is not necessary in this connection to inquire into the causes of poverty, it is necessary to inquire why in this housing question we encounter conditions not justified by poverty, and not in the interest of any community to permit. A Municipal Commission was appointed some two years ago to inquire, in Glasgow, into all the phases of the housing problem, and to indicate what remedies they could recommend for such evils as were found to exist. This inquiry has been watched with the keenest interest by other municipalities, and the report of the Commissioners ought to be more extensively known than it is. They do elicit certain causes of existing conditions, which are more or less prevalent in all municipalities. These are, in brief: the lack of sanitary dwellings of a suitable size at a rent within the reach of the lower paid labouring classes; the action of landlords in letting houses no longer suitable for domestic occupancy, and in failing to provide caretakers to protect well-doing tenants from the ill-behaved; laxity on the part of the local authority in administering the law which empowers them to close up unhealthy dwellings, and unwillingness on the part of magistrates to impose prohibitory penalties for overcrowding; want of powers on the part of local authorities to make regulations with regard to the interior of dwellings; the habits, especially the drunkenness, the absence of cleanliness and the destructiveness, and the low standard of comfort, of many of the tenants. The Commissioners also add "the multiplicity of the facilities for, and of temptations to, drinking amongst the poor," but this is more like the *ex parte* statement of ardent temperance reformers than a reasonable conspectus of the situation. There is no sufficient reason to suppose that the reduction of the number of public houses in a slum area will reduce the desire for drinking. And the desire is only gratified when the means for gratification exist. That is to say, a man who wants drink, drinks whenever he has the money, and with very little regard for how far he has to go for it. The temptations to drinking amongst the poor are not the number of public houses, but the misery and squalor of their conditions.

The extent to which insufficient, or at all events unsatisfactory, housing is attributable to an actual scarcity of houses, must necessarily vary with localities. In large cities, such as Glasgow, the

tendency is, for the centre to be monopolised by warehouses and places of business. In this process of commercialisation, more or less humble dwelling-houses are pulled down to make room for high-rented shops and acres of offices. The rental increases enormously as the residential facilities decrease. Then, a further cause of the diminution of the supply of small dwellings in the heart of a city is usually the extension of railways and of railway stations. The City Assessor of Glasgow stated that nearly one thousand houses of one and two apartments at low rents, in the Saltmarket district of the city, were swept away by the railway companies; and that between 1871 and 1875 some 19,000 persons were dishoused by the operations of the City Improvement Act. Under later Acts of a similar character, 692 one-apartment, and 507 two-apartment, houses have been demolished. All this has been in the interests of public convenience, comfort and health, but it has involved the dishousing of some 30,000 persons. That is to say, that population has been ejected from one and two roomed houses in the heart of the city, and has been compelled to seek accommodation of some sort elsewhere. This is a large disturbance in urban arrangements, and in a term of thirty years, during which the natural increase of population was about 200,000. There are no statistics of the actual number of one and two-apartment houses demolished in 1871, but it has been found that while the percentage of houses at a rental of £4 and under is to-day only 1 per cent., in 1866 it was 27 per cent. Between 1891 and 1902 the average rental of one-apartment houses increased from £5 5s. to £6., and of two-apartment houses from £8 10s. to £9. The increase in average rental would indicate increase of demand, that is to say, comparative scarcity, but then it appears that recently-built one-apartment and two-apartment houses considerably exceed in finish and cost the dwellings from which the people were dishoused. The City Assessor is of opinion that the increase in the number of one-apartment houses has not been up to the requirements of the class of people who inhabit such houses. In 1902-3 there were only 1,277 "unoccupied" one-apartment houses, as compared with 2,113 in 1891-2. "Unoccupied" dwellings mean those which are unoccupied on a given day, and roughly speaking, represent the numbers that are available for the daily marketing in the letting and taking of houses." Thus, then, in thirty years there was a decrease of 39 per cent. in the number of this class of dwellings available for daily marketing, along with a greatly increased population. It must be noted, however, that the general evidence was of comparative rather than positive scarcity of cheap dwellings.

The striking fact in the returns of the Glasgow Assessor is this

diminution of what we may call the "floating stock" of smaller dwellings—of houses at and under £6 rental. Between 1891 and 1901 that reserve, comprised in the category of unoccupied houses, decreased 51 per cent., although the population largely increased in the time. How is this explained? By the failure of private enterprise to meet the ever-existing demand. A prominent builder, examined by the Municipal Commissioners, admitted that the number of small dwellings erected during recent years had not kept pace with the growth of population, and with the demolition of old properties. The Master of Works for the Municipality testified that "the well-doing or well-paid artisan is being splendidly supplied, but the people who want a house of two apartments at or under £8, or of one apartment at or under £6, are practically having no provision made for them at all." The Sanitary Inspector, the Chairman of the School Board, and others, agreed that private builders are not erecting houses of the kind and at the rents required.

In this connection, one of the witnesses examined by the Municipal Commissioners, a builder and property valuator, attributed the rise of rent largely to stricter building regulations, advance in the wages of builders, cost of material, and taxation. The cost of building alone has advanced 50 per cent. in forty years, and the return from property is one-third less than forty years ago. The Corporation has to pay the contractor's profit when it builds; the private builder keeps this margin in his pocket, and can, therefore, provide cheap houses more profitably. The cost of houses for the working classes was stated at just under 7d. per cubic foot of air space, and the cost of food for one child is not more than 1s. 10d. or 2s. weekly. The minimum labouring wage is 17s. or 18s. per week, as compared with 12s. in 1870, and the purchasing power of a shilling is much greater than it was thirty years ago. It is possible for labourers earning the minimum wage to pay £6 10s. a year for rent, or 2s. 6d. per week. They did so "when the conditions of working men were not at all so good as they are now." In the past few years blunders have been made by the Improvement Trust in the erection of a class of house much superior to those cleared away, and the filling up of new houses at the doubtful discretion of a caretaker. If a Corporation expand their experiments to such an extent as to lower the rents all round for that class of house, they must be prepared to become the sole builders and landlords of that type of property, for no others can compete.

Now it is important to get at the cause of this failure in the market supply of low-rented houses, because it affects the whole municipal position. Certain witnesses did express the belief that

builders were declining to erect them because of the difficulty of collecting the rents, and the trouble and expense of running this class of property. But these difficulties are not much greater in one-roomed than in three-roomed properties. It is only a question of efficient factorage. When we come to the evidence of builders themselves we find the real reason. Mr. Thomas Binnie, the builder and property valuator above-named, stated that the opinion had gone abroad that the Corporation is going to take up the building of one and two-room houses, and that has influenced the builders. Other representative builders gave similar testimony, which was confirmed by house-agents (in Scotland called "factors").

One witness, a builder, said that from 1857 to 1897 builders' wages have increased about 80 per cent., and since 1897 by  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., while the cost of living is much lower, except the charge for rent. There are plenty of empty houses. The witness had stopped building for the poorer classes until the Corporation declares its intentions. He had built 200 tenements of small houses, chiefly with the savings of shopkeepers and working-men.

House factors testified that there is no housing problem for the respectable poor. Wages have risen in higher ratio than rent. Only the Corporation has power, or can obtain power, to segregate and supervise efficiently the submerged tenth. If the Corporation, they said, intimates that it will limit its energies to providing for that class, the building of cheap houses will begin at once by private enterprise, satisfied with a return of 5 per cent., which is the present average.

Whether or not a municipality can build more cheaply than private builders appears an open question. A Municipal Corporation borrowing at 3 or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. can certainly provide the capital more cheaply than can a private builder borrowing on mortgage or two-thirds of the value of the property at, say,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and who necessarily requires some margin of profit above charges for interest and repairs, &c. But, on the other hand, the personal management and personal interest of the builder may more than compensate for any disadvantage in the way of borrowing. In fine, it appears to be proved that if builders were unhampered by the fear of municipal competition they could, and would, provide houses at as cheap a rent as a Municipal Corporation is able to do—unless the Corporation makes such houses a charge upon the rates, which would be unjust to the ratepayers as well as to the builders.

There are in Glasgow some sixty-seven common lodging-houses, known as "Models," which provide sleeping accommodation for some 9,600 persons. Seven of these "Models" belong to the

Corporation, and sixty to private individuals; fifty-one of them are for men, and sixteen for women. The primary object of the Corporation in erecting them was with a view to supplanting the disreputable lodging-houses with which the city then swarmed, and they fixed a charge of from 3½d. to 4½d. per night for "fair, clean, and comfortable accommodation." The example was followed by private enterprise to this extent, that the old bad type of lodging-house has disappeared, but it is not shown whether all the old class of occupants find accommodation in the "Models." The Corporation Model Lodging-houses yield a gross income equal to about 4½ per cent. on the capital outlay, and this seems a very worthy form of municipal enterprise, especially as it has not tended to check private enterprise.

Another municipal housing enterprise in Glasgow is what is called the Family Home. It was "designed for widowers who have young children and no female relative or friend to care for them during the day." It has accommodation for 160 families, and we learn that "when the father leaves for his work in the morning the children are taken in charge by competent servants, clothed, fed, sent to school, and are ready, clean and comfortable, to join their father in his little room on his return; a common dining-hall, a nursery, and a recreation room are also provided." This is interesting, but it is not housing the *poor*. And it is otherwise a bad municipal investment inasmuch as the Family Home leaves a debit balance of between £300 and £400 per annum. In this respect it has woefully fallen short of the financial forecast of *The Economic Review* of July, 1902.

In the *Housing Handbook* of the National Housing Reform Council it is stated that in Glasgow, the second city of the Empire, and the model municipality, no less than one-fifth of the people live in one-room dwellings; more than half the people have houses with not more than two rooms; 87 per cent. have three rooms and less; while 90 per cent. of the new houses built during the last three years have not more than three rooms. The figures are not quite accurate, but statistics of this kind really afford no guide to the conditions of the problem. It is as possible to have comfort, and cleanliness, and health, in a house of one room as in a house of six rooms.

Dr. Chalmers, the Medical Officer of Health for Glasgow, says that it is necessary to guard against the suggestion that one-apartment houses are necessarily injurious, irrespective of other conditions. Contributory causes are poverty, drink, and indifference, and "the perils of the average one-apartment occupancy are reflected in its increased share in the mortality." But from the evidence before the Commission it would appear the higher death-rate in the smaller class of houses is due not so much to their size



as to their situation, and to the depraved character of the majority of the people who inhabit them.

The Lodging Houses Act of 1851 gave considerable powers to municipalities, but practically no effect was given to it. Several Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Acts were passed in 1868, 1875, 1879, and 1888, which dealt with the destruction of insanitary buildings, but did not lead to much reconstruction. The Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1885 turned the attention of public authorities to the subject of dwellings for working-men, but not much building was done by municipalities before the Act of 1890, although between 1870 and 1879 Glasgow, as we have seen, erected several "Model" lodging-houses; and in 1888 began the erection of blocks of small dwellings as experimental "models."

The Housing of the Working Classes Act of 1890 deals, in Part I., with unhealthy urban areas, and in Part II., with separate unhealthy houses. Provisions are made that a local authority may buy up insanitary areas, demolish the buildings on them, let out the cleared lands for building on specified conditions, and sell to private owners the dwellings thus constructed. With the consent of the Local Government Board, local authorities may themselves undertake the rebuilding of the houses, and may retain in their own possession the buildings erected by them, or for them. The Act compels them to clear unhealthy areas, but only permits, not compels, them to trade as house-builders and landlords. In Part III., provision is made for Local Authorities building houses for the working-classes on land not previously built on. Under this portion of the Act no permission is required from the Local Government Board for the erection, furnishing, letting, and managing of dwelling-houses and lodging-houses. This Part refers not to a question of public health, but to a phase of municipal trading. There is obviously a wide difference between the housing question as applied to a population unhoused for sanitary purposes, and the housing question as applied to the creation of new areas of residence for the working-classes.

In the re-housing of persons displaced from slum areas, the theory is that all local authorities and railway companies should provide in some way for an equivalent number of new dwellings to those demolished by them "within the limits of the area or in the vicinity thereof." In practice, however, this is not done, and for the following reasons set forth by Mr. W. Thompson, of the National Housing Reform Council:—

(1) The slums have always been cleared before the new dwellings have been erected, and in the meantime the tenants have had to find accommodation elsewhere. In London, it is now the rule to do the clearance and building at the same time, but the practical difficulty still exists.

(2) Those who are turned out of the slums do not need to live in that particular locality, so they often take up their new abodes far from it. Out of 6,000 persons on the area adjoining the new street from Holborn to the Strand only 774 belonged to a class whose work rendered residence on the spot necessary. (3) The cost of land in central districts is so great that only a small area can be acquired, and this necessitates the erection of block dwellings, so as to get a large number of rooms on the site. The cost of building and maintaining block dwellings, apart altogether from the cost of sites, is very heavy, double that of cottage dwellings, so it is necessary to charge rents which are out of the reach of slum dwellers, or beyond their inclination to pay. (4) Slum dwelling is a disease, and most of the persons dispossessed resent the regulations with regard to overcrowding, cleanliness, and sanitation, which are naturally enforced by the local authority in new dwellings. Thus, even if the new dwellings were let at lower rents, the old residents on the area would be disinclined to go into them. (5) Owing to the house famine there is a strong pressure of demand for house accommodation on the part of respectable labourers and artisans, who have as much necessity for a decent home as those in a lower grade.

It is not the case, however, in all communities that the slum dwellers do not need to live in the particular locality from which they are dishoused. Nor is the remark about the comparative cost of block dwellings capable of universal application. But it is the case that in nearly all rehousing schemes the actual tenants of the new dwellings are of a class higher than those who were dishoused. From this it has been argued, that if a sufficient number of new dwellings be erected in every needful locality there will be a migration of the inhabitants to the next best class of house, until all the really bad dwellings are left empty. We are afraid this theory will not bear the test of experience. The reason why members of the working-classes, with decent and even good incomes, flock into the houses erected in place of the demolished slums, is because they afford decent accommodation at a low rent. The tenants can afford to pay more for better houses, but they prefer to save on rent in order to spend (too often) on drink.

The City Engineer of Glasgow declares there is an immediate need of one and two-roomed houses in all the industrial districts of the city, at rents not exceeding £5 and £8. The building regulations, he urges, should be relaxed to permit the erection of tenements of plain brickwork, with concrete floors, and walls of cement plaster, "so that the hose could be used if occasion required." On ground costing 15s. per square yard such houses could be let at £4 10s. and £8, for one and two rooms. At a higher price per yard any building scheme must be a charge on the rates.

According to the Sanitary Inspector of Glasgow there are still hundreds of houses which ought to be closed, bringing the number of adults displaced up to 16,000. The "poorer classes," he says,

earn "from 16s. to 29s. per week." In 4,000 "ticketed" houses, which ought to be vacated, only 12 per cent. are occupied by tenants notably vicious or criminal, 24 per cent. by persons addicted to drink, and 64 per cent. by the respectable poor. To re-house these people would cost nearly £600,000. Many of the vicious, criminal, and drunken "would welcome the helping hand of a caretaker." Even a Corporation cannot house people who will neither behave themselves nor pay rent. Housing legislation has gone beyond the economic power of the poorer classes, defined as those families who have not more than a subsistence allowance of 5s. for each adult, and 2s. 6d. for each child per week.

It is not, then, a case of providing small and cheap houses anywhere, but of providing houses just where the people want them, at a rent which they can or will pay. There seems no doubt that where the condition of the houses is the most wretched the character and habits of the occupants are the most depraved. But to what extent are cause and effect co-related? A good tenant may or may not be made bad by a bad house, but a bad tenant may certainly be made worse. And if it is possible, as some think, for good houses to improve the character and conduct of some tenants, it is certain that bad people make good houses bad. It is a demonstrable fact that vicious and immoral persons are found in filthy and disorderly houses, and much of the vice and crime among the people is traceable to excessive drinking. But vice and immorality are not confined to filthy dwellings, nor is drunkenness the exclusive vice of the lower classes. As far as one can judge, the habit of excessive drinking is just as often the cause as the effect of poverty, filth, squalor and misery. In the most miserable of dwellings are to be found families earning considerable incomes, but who prefer drink to domestic comfort. It is testified that 59 per cent. of the overcrowded and comfortless inhabitants of the "farmed-out" houses in Glasgow acknowledged that drink was the cause of their wretched condition. The superintendents and the owners of lodging-houses also testify that drink is the cause of the poverty of the inhabitants of these houses. But brought into such a condition it is certain that the surroundings are not calculated to cure the drinking habits.

The Glasgow Corporation has been building good houses for the decent poor, selecting them, and bringing them out of the slums, but rejecting disreputable tenants and leaving these to private landlords. This is a wrong process. It would be better to make room for decent tenants by pressing out the bad, and to provide reception houses, or shelters, for the undesirables. If the bad tenants will not enter such places they must be hustled elsewhere, until they either behave or reform. If this fails to solve the

problem, the Corporation might then, but only then, build for selected tenants.

The Secretary of the Glasgow Workmen's Dwellings Company (Limited) said that this Company owns 669 houses of one and two rooms—chiefly slum property, renovated on sanitary principles—which accommodate 2,000 persons. For seven years the Company has paid four per cent. to its shareholders upon a capital of £54,000, transferring over £2,000 to reserve. It gives larger apartments than in "ticketed" houses, and the rent is higher by a fraction of 1d. per week for one room, and 1½d. per week for two rooms. The Company relies upon efficient caretakers and amateur rent-collectors, and returns 1-13th of the rent as a bonus. There are club-rooms managed by tenants' committees. A four weeks' deposit excludes the "undesirable" tenant who, the Company contend, should be hustled and made liable to prompt ejection when he is a danger to health, upon a certificate from the sanitary authorities. "Emotional benevolence dealing with misery in bulk increases very seriously the evils it aims at removing." There is ample house accommodation for all decent, struggling workers. This witness also told the Commission he was satisfied from experience that caretakers played an important part in the suppression of filth, disorder, and overcrowding. In spite of the care exercised, people sometimes got into the Company's houses who were able to pay for better houses. Their intentions were that the average earnings of each household should not be much more than ten times the rent of the house. The lower the wage, the higher the proportion must necessarily be. The housing and the public-housing questions were very closely connected, and the type of tenant he had in mind would drink, in spite of all that was done; and it was better, he thought, to control them than to force them into shebeens and bogus clubs. People who were ill-doing should be driven under some form of control, or forced to leave the city—a contention which seems more locally patriotic than sociological. It might be difficult, this witness admitted, to get one and two-apartment houses, but that was because the ill-doing and well-doing competed for them. He would make it difficult for the ill-doing tenant to get these houses. This would make it easier for the well-doing tenant to get them.<sup>1</sup>

The proposal to divert the poor, dishoused by the enforcement of the sanitary laws, to suburban areas where land is relatively cheap, does not find much favour in Glasgow, mainly because it

(1) Since this article was written the Workmen's Dwelling Company has reported a considerable number of unlet houses for the year, and the loss of tenants is attributed by the directors mainly to the strictness of the Company's regulations.

is held that the labouring classes must be housed near their places of employment. This objection, however, is based on the fallacy that the labouring class are the "poor." It is idle to say of the actual poor, those who live from hand to mouth, and on the flotsam and jetsam of the labour market, that any saving in rent, to be effected by living in the outskirts, would not meet the cost of daily travelling to and from the city. As to the artisan class, as a matter of fact a great number of them do live at a considerable distance from the city, but probably more live in the city whose employment is in outside factories, than city workers live in the suburbs. With them it is not a question of cost but of choice. But as for the casuals, the thriftless and shiftless, what good purpose is to be served by deporting them to suburban slums—even if you can get them there? They are certainly better where they can be held under effective observation and control. Therefore, as a general rule, it may be laid down as both desirable and necessary that a dishoused population should be rehoused as near the cleared area as possible. The difficulty as to the high price of land in the central districts of a municipality can be got over by a legitimate exercise of municipal functions. That is to say, if, in the interests of public health a municipality is compelled to buy ground at a high price in order to demolish insanitary slums, there is no reason why it should not sell or lease the cleared area to private builders at such a price as will enable them to provide the class of house required. The loss upon the re-sale of the ground would be a proper charge upon the public funds, as part of an operation for the public health. But in such transactions there would have to be a very clear definition of the character and management of the houses to be built on the enfranchised sites. In particular, the wants of the "inefficients" must be kept in mind—what the Municipal Commissioners describe as the large class of poor people who are more or less ineffective, lacking physical, mental, or moral capacity, and for whom the inability to pay a high rent is not more obvious than is their need of the stimulating and strengthening influence of a good caretaker, to secure their regular attention to the laws of cleanliness and good order. In effect, this is the most difficult class to provide for.

The testimony of Mr. J. R. Motion, Inspector of Poor in Glasgow, is important. Pauperism he finds chiefly caused by drink and premature marriages. Very few able-bodied men, in the prime of life, earn a wage below 21s. to 26s. per week; those who make less are casual labourers, who are lazy, or vicious, or both, who should be detained in a house of correction. "Model" lodging-houses are "a perfect hell"; "farmed out" houses are "haunts of prostitution and overcrowding." The poor, he says,

do not suffer from any scarcity of houses; it is the tenant, more than the landlord, who is responsible for the slum; and the sanitary authorities contribute to the maintenance of the slum by laxity in enforcing the law, and by lack of such a consistent policy as that which is enforced in Berlin. Some of the cleanest and best-kept houses are of one apartment. The lowest wage of the steady worker is sufficient to pay for rent. The Corporation is not called upon to build for any class of workers, least of all for the vicious and the vagrants, who never intend to work, and who are at present "encouraged and protected by false and mistaken philanthropy." Hustling would put a check on overcrowding, and the law should be enforced to fine offenders, or send them to the poorhouse (which would cost just under £800 for 500 people for three months); the penalty to be repeated until the offenders are driven into homes of their own, of which there is a sufficient supply. The working-classes "spend liberally on food, drink, dress, and amusement, but grudge rent, and hate taxes." Half of the applicants for poor relief are paupers through their own folly or vice. Overcrowding is largely voluntary and deliberate. The Corporation owns many houses in Glasgow, but provides for only twenty-eight families who are on the poor-roll. There is too much overlapping of philanthropic agencies, which should pay closer attention to the poor and vicious; and there is too much done for the protection of the degraded class, which should be sent to labour colonies. The high mortality is due to insanitary living and child neglect. Such is the testimony of an official in daily contact with the poor.

There is a class, not inaptly characterised as the nethermost unit, for whom no private builder will provide a special kind of houses. He does not want them as tenants. They are not a criminal class, though more or less associated with crime, and they are not a labouring class, inasmuch as they have no regular occupation. They are the wasters and nomads of society, men down on their luck, men displaced by reason of drink or misconduct, thriftless and shiftless beings, who never know from one week to another how they are going to exist. These "undesirables" cannot pay the rent of an ordinary one-room house, and they cannot be allowed to overcrowd the cheap lodging-houses to the danger of all concerned. What, then, should be done with them, or for them? Mr. A. B. Macdonald, of Glasgow, has prepared a plan for a class of one-roomed houses, at a rent of one shilling per week if built on ground at about 10s. per square yard. These houses are to be of brick, with cement plaster in the inside, and with specially constructed wooden floors. They are to be watertight and sanitary, but necessarily cheapened in every possible way so

as to reach a nominal rent, which will leave a margin of interest on the cost of construction. Such dwellings would be shelters only, and while they would not be sought by anyone who could pay for anything better, they would be, at all events, habitable and wholesome dwelling-places for the nethermost unit.

The question of how to treat the most degraded and reckless class is a perplexing part of the problem. At present we tolerate them, but should we improve their dwelling-places at the cost of the community, or should we grasp them with a repressive hand? Common-sense declares rather in favour of "hustle" than of "coddle." Men who will not work but to beg are not ashamed, and to steal are not disinclined, are not subjects entitled to demand liberty. And we shall never have a solution of the housing problem without adequate provision for putting and keeping them under restraint.

To a meeting of the Scottish Sanitary Congress Mr. James R. Motion expounded his views on the unskilled labourer, and the vicious, in harmony with the evidence he gave to the Commission on the housing of the Poor. He contended that those people who came upon the rates by preventable diseases, due to their own misconduct, should in some manner be punished for so doing. Further, that men and women suffering from loathsome diseases should be locked up; they were a danger to the community. Powers should be obtained to detain in the poorhouses those men and women who periodically went in and out of the poorhouse; and for the other class, who could but would not work, labour colonies should be instituted at once. Along with this form of meeting such cases there should be a rigorous clearing of the streets of all loafers, vagrants, and beggars. Those who were willing and able to work should be sent to the labour colony, and any unfit for work sent to the poorhouse, while those incorrigible beggars and vagrants who would not agree to either ought to be sent to jail till they submitted. And we have a strong conviction that Mr. Motion is right. Foverty, hunger and dirt go together, but it is not correct to say there would be no poverty if there were plenty of work. Poverty is of two classes—unavoidable and avoidable—and the time is coming when something must be done with the idle and useless classes.

It is obvious that houses inhabited by depraved and dirty persons, whether their depravity and dirt be due to drink or not, must be filthy and insanitary. Now the crucial question in this connection is, upon whom should rest the remedy? One body of opinion is in favour of local authorities undertaking the responsibility for cleanliness, and this intervention can be supported on the ground of public health—the greatest good for the greatest number. But

why should the local authority do what it has, or should have, the power to compel responsible members of the community to do? There seems no reason why heads of families of all classes should not be compelled to keep their houses in a cleanly condition, if not for their own comfort, at least in the interests of public health. No doubt the obligation might be laid on landlords, compelling them to clean out every house before admitting new tenants, but this would ensure cleanliness only at change of tenancy. This is certainly a desirable provision, but local authorities should have the power of punishing every responsible tenant whose dwelling is allowed to lapse into an insanitary condition. The mere prevalence of dirt cannot, however, be made a crime. Dirt is matter in the wrong place, as the cleanly think, but it is in the right place as the non-cleanly think. Some strangely constituted beings revel in filth, and are unhappy if removed from it. It is not the function of a municipality to create irritation by a too rigorous prosecution of a policy of cleanliness.

As to the municipal aspects, Mr. Leonard Darwin summarised a number of objections in his admirable book on *Municipal Trade*. One or all of the trades concerned with the management of house property may be municipalised:—land surveyors, architects, builders, workmen, land agents, rent-collectors. If a municipality builds houses and sells them as soon as they are completed all these agencies, except that of rent-collector, will come into operation. If a municipal builder makes sub-contracts the services of the municipal workmen may be dispensed with, but if so there will be a tempest in the municipal council chamber. When a private contractor builds, he does not need the municipal builder. If a municipal architect does not plan the buildings he selects designs from the competitive architects. If operations are confined to building rendered obligatory by Acts of Parliament in specified areas, the municipal land agent has not much to do—but he can do a good deal for his friends before the areas are scheduled. In any case, the more municipalised trades a community has the less adapted is that municipality to municipal house-building. It may be argued, of course, that as house property in urban communities is a form of monopoly it is at least as suitable for municipalisation as water supply, but if we carry out this argument to its logical conclusion it leads us to the nationalisation of all real property—not to the mere housing of the labouring classes.

This brings us to another serious aspect of the matter. For a municipality to provide houses for any class of the people at less than market rates, is to subsidise that class at the expense of the other classes of the community. To provide dwellings for workmen at less than market rates is to supplement their wages out



of the public funds. To create non-economic rents is to attract unskilled labour and the scum of the country to the favoured region.

The use of the housing question as a Socialistic weapon is a dangerous weapon (says Mr. Leonard Darwin) where municipalities supply houses at lower rents than those which unassisted private firms have to charge, the inevitable loss being made up by taxation. A false impression is thus created amongst the uneducated as to the advantages of Socialistic systems.

We are, then, shut up to this position, that if a municipality undertakes to supply the smallest class of dwellings, such as we have been referring to as one and two-room houses, at rents based on 3 per cent. interest, it will have to undertake the entire supply. No private builder could or would attempt to compete on such a basis. This class of dwelling would thus become a municipal monopoly of immeasurable limits. In the case of Glasgow the estimate is that an expenditure would be needed of £500,000 per annum for five years, in order to fill up existing gaps. But the expenditure, which thereafter might be less annually, but probably would be more, must go on indefinitely, because as the population grew the municipality, having the monopoly, would be compelled to supply all the one and two-room houses required, and even to anticipate the demand. And the demand would certainly increase at a greater ratio than the population, if the municipal houses on a 3 per cent. basis were better value than three-room houses on a commercial rental.

The general conclusions at which we arrive are pretty much in accord with those reached by Mr. Darwin. A certain amount of experimental house-building may at times be required of municipalities (as, for instance, in the case of the "shelters" projected in Glasgow), but in such building municipal workmen are not desirable. Housing operations have a beneficial effect in stimulating the interest of public bodies in the condition and needs of the labouring classes. But building operations undertaken by local authorities must lessen the work done by private builders in an injurious manner. And the ownership of houses by elective public bodies must lead to political corruption, through the opportunity afforded of purchasing votes by favouritism to tenants. The Municipal Housing Commission, however, avoided expressing any opinion on the general policy of municipal housing, but says there is "a strong case" for a corporation to provide a sufficient number of houses to prevent hardships to the dishoused tenants of slums. As apart from the general policy of municipal housing is the provision of shelters—bare covers for the thriftless and shiftless. And the recommendation of experiments on the lines laid down by the Glasgow City Engineer is worthy of the attentive consideration of every municipality in the land.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

HENRY IRVING.

I.

WHEN Irving died, the Muses wept—  
Clio and wise Calliope :  
Terpsichore no longer swept  
In choric dance, alert and free :  
Euterpe's flute forgotten lay :  
Urania laid her globe away.

II.

And all kept silence : till there broke  
The cry of wild Melpomene,  
Which, far and clear, the echoes woke :  
While, in the wreck of all her glee,  
Bright-eyed Thalia sadly gave  
Her tears to grace the actor's grave.

W. L. C.

*October 20th, 1905.*

## HENRY IRVING :—A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

A FRAGMENT of dinner table small talk in the last batch of Sir M. E. Grant Duff's diary notes suggests the estimate, held by the masses and the classes, of the most widely known among the actors of his day. The remark reflects not only the surprise formerly felt by what is called Society at Irving's sustained grip of the popular affection and admiration; it also suggests the half-puzzled interest excited in the polite world by the man himself. His personal qualities—the blending in his manner of social reserve or intellectual aloofness with a spontaneous geniality, the very cast of his features, the idiosyncrasies of his bearing, the air of natural distinction, the unpremeditated picturesqueness of his presence, piqued fashionable curiosity in the man. Long before he achieved his full and later fame, he exercised in many drawing-rooms, metropolitan and suburban, something of the fascination of an enigma. Afterwards, when a national name had followed the conscientious elaboration of art, when fortune had waited on renown, the attitude towards him of St. James's and Mayfair developed into a simpler and easily intelligible phase. The temperament of the artist found its natural gratification in the profusion of the host. Convinced that the genius must be genuine because the success was solid, Society with one accord tendered him its homage and fished for his invitations. His private hospitalities, whether after the curtain had fallen on the stage of his theatre, at a still later hour in the classical "beef-steak room," at the Garrick Club, or at the metropolitan or suburban dining haunts of the period, with no advertising efforts on his part, became the fashion. If vulgarity consists in a missing of the due proportions, Irving's entertainments satisfied every condition of perfect taste. They were those of a host who had an artist's eye for the grand manner in daily life. The guests comprised much that was most representative or promising in the life, performance and thought of the day, from the statesmen who swayed cabinets or the poets who moved hearts, to workers in the arts or professions, still on their promotion.

Other players once contemporary with Irving have been favourites in circles, whose recognition is only despised by those who have failed in the competition for it. E. A. Sothorn had the *entrée* of as many great houses as the Etonian Charles Kean. Circumstances had secured for those two great

actors, as they have done for others of the same calibre, fashionable acceptance, in their capacity less as artists than men of the world. It would have been impossible for Irving, even had he desired to do so, wherever he might have gone, to dissociate himself from the craft to which he had given his whole being. Hence the singular attraction possessed by him for the greatest of his contemporaries. His earliest meeting with Disraeli formed an incident of which the present writer had personal cognisance. The statesman had witnessed from Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's box the performance of *The Corsican Brothers* at the Lyceum. At the fall of the curtain Beaconsfield expressed his delight to the actor. "The piece," he added quaintly, "gives me an allegorical reminder of some episodes in my own career." During the same conversation Irving, with deferentially demure humour, suggested a possible biographical analogy between the part of "Mr. Washington Wells" in *The Sorcerer* and the popular idea of the Disraelian policy. The great man was delighted. Subsequently he invited the actor to Hughenden. Of the conversation there I recall one detail from the visitor's account: "Whom do you consider the greatest orator you ever heard?" "I should say," after a pause came the answer, "Daniel Whittle Harvey." Regularly invited, like his friend Toole, to Gladstone's Downing-street breakfasts, Irving rarely attended them. Regretting on one occasion his absence, the host remarked: "Irving's success is as creditable to the public as it is to himself. It reminds one that the popularity which rests on a basis of intellectual strength is safe and that with the English people at least good work of any kind sooner or later brings its own reward. He may have exalted his art. He has certainly taught his age." The Irving-Tennyson meetings were fruitful in memorabilia had any record of them been kept. Here is one specimen, recounted in his most amusing manner by the actor and afterwards confirmed by the poet. Habitually preoccupied at table, the laureate on this occasion had shown exceptional absence of mind. After dinner a pint of the port, immortalised in the verses "To the Head Waiter at the Cock," made its appearance. The guest entirely avoided the wine. Presently the bottle was empty. Holding it up to the light, the bard, with a sort of comic ruefulness, remarked: "Do you *always* take a bottle of port after dinner?" Every drop, of course, had been consumed by the host. These and other Irvingian anecdotes depended so much on the histrionic accompaniments of their recital as, when written down, to seem baldly devoid of point. With no preparation Irving could so control his facial muscles as in a moment to reproduce the countenance of Gladstone or of his great rival. Between the

latter and the actor there existed a certain similarity of feature that sometimes produced a startlingly dramatic effect. In 1885 the second Duke of Wellington had secured the artist for his visitor at Strathfieldsaye. When in evening dress the guest entered the room an indescribable expression of awe and amusement went round. Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had been more in the departed statesman's company than any of those present, interpreted the general feeling with words—"It might indeed be Dizzy himself." When this was mentioned to Irving, he rejoined in his quiet, slightly sardonic tone, "Strange indeed. It is a house of resurrections. When I was first presented to her Grace I remarked to myself, Surely this must be Rosa Dartle come again." Those who can recall the mysterious and rather weird beauty that distinguished the second Duchess of Wellington in her maturer years will feel the force and happiness of Irving's comparison.

Proud of his art, living for it, Irving never lacked a kindly word or thought for any members, whatever their degree of prosperity or the reverse, of the profession. He invariably singled out for notice, in mixed companies, any former comrade whose lines had fallen on less pleasant places than his own. It would, however, give a very mistaken notion of him to identify too closely the most methodical and provident of the players of his day with what is called Bohemianism. No man could have united an appreciation of luxury or splendour with more simplicity of life or taste. Not a trace of conventional Bohemianism tinged his theory or practice of existence, whether in town or country. "Plain pleasant living, high thinking and great doing" might have formed his motto a little expanded from Wordsworth. Like his special intimate, my own good friend of many years' standing, J. L. Toole, Irving was capable of strong home affections. For years the present writer saw him weekly at a house where there were two children in whom he took an interest. To amuse these, he often stayed behind the other guests who had gone on to evening parties or clubs. Then came the time that the young people loved, and that made their parents love Irving for their sake. "David Copperfield" was brought down. The parts he generally read to his young friends were the chapters recounting David's first journey from home, his stoppages at the various inns for his meals—especially the scene in which the little boy's dinner, from the ale and the chops to the pudding and cheese, is consumed by the waiter to prevent the risk of "our people" being hurt by seeing things left. Irving, indeed, had no fine family relations to talk of; he was the last man to brag about them, even had they existed. But

from its very beginning the social environment of his stage successes linked him with anything but Bohemian associations.

Whatever earlier appearances in London there may have been, he first made his mark with the world of polite playgoers in the December of 1866. He then delighted those who had lounged in from their clubs, or from West-end dinner-tables, not to find amusement but to mitigate boredom, by his performance with the then Miss Herbert in the character-piece that suited him exactly, *Hunted Down*. In one box were George Eliot and G. H. Lewes. Close by Bulwer Lytton had persuaded the historian, Lord Stanhope, to accompany him on one of the latter's rare visits to the play. In the stalls the two most noticeable figures were the French critic, Edmond Scherer, and his London host, who afterwards became Sir Baldwyn Leighton. The Arundel Club in Salisbury Street, Strand, might once have ranked as a Bohemian institution. One of its most assiduous members was the then heir to the most ancient and patrician of Shropshire baronetcies. In the pleasant smoking-room were John Oxenford, Joseph Knight, and W. S. Gilbert, whose *Dr. Dulcamara* had, I think, for the first time been played that evening as the St. James's *lever de rideau*. Presented to him by Leighton, Irving inspired the French critic with deep and visible interest. Scherer had, I believe, at some time or other been in orders, Protestant or Roman. The conversation turned upon Glastonbury and its ecclesiastical antecedents, all more or less familiar to Irving from childhood. "You," said the Frenchman, turning to the new actor, "may call yourself a son of Somerset. Your temperament and genius, like other things about you, are those of the Celt. You will yet introduce to the stage a churchman such as your Glastonbury once reared." Could there have been a more direct yet undesigned prophecy of "Becket"? One illustration of Irving's quick eye to the dramatic possibilities of English history testified also to its careful study by him. A friend, without the ambitions or aptitudes of a playwright, mentioned to him Macaulay's account of Monmouth as suggesting an effective historical drama. "Yes," he quickly replied, "such a piece might open with Charles II.'s natural son by Lucy Walters, happy and peaceful in his foreign retirement with Lady Wentworth. Then would come the pressure placed on him to pose as the Protestant champion, the nation's deliverer from his Popish uncle, and so on, and so on." The notion, in fact, had evidently already occurred to the actor himself. Whether he ever mentioned it to a possible executant I do not know. His casual discussion of it in conversation deepened and enlarged one's idea of the actor's range of thought and reading. It used to be said of Abraham

Hayward that, when asked by Palmerston or some one else in the same position, his opinion upon any State affair of the moment, he gave it with as much sense of responsibility as if he, too, had been a Minister of the Crown. Shakespeare was enough to absorb Irving as a literary student. Whatever the issues raised by any book or topic connected with letters which might turn up in talk, the actor dealt with it, however casually, in the Haywardian spirit as practically and as responsibly as if he were called on to consider its adaptability to the stage.

In 1871 Irving was among those present upon the occasion of Lord Granville proposing, in the visitors' language, the health of the Comédie Française. Not till then had I seen him an object of international interest. Nor was he scanned less closely by Lord Granville himself. In after years Irving often repeated the verdict pronounced by Got, the doyen of the French company, on the courtly diplomatist: "Eloquent, versatile, and graceful, he is not the sort of person one would slap on the back." As for Lord Granville himself, it was to Irving that one of the ladies present described the speech she had listened to as "le plus joli Français possible." To Irving also it was that on a later occasion, perhaps at one of Jowett's Balliol dinners, Granville adapted the Duke of Wellington's well-known remark as to his Ministerial difficulty in dealing with the Queen:—"I have no small-talk and Peel has no manners." The newspapers, the Foreign Secretary told the actor, were his thorn in the flesh. "The Press wants news, I have no fertility, Gladstone has no time." Among Garrick's pall-bearers were the leading Stanley of the day, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl Spencer, and the Viscount Palmerston of the time. Of all Garrick's successors there has probably been no one brought into such close personal touch with public men on both sides as, within my personal knowledge, was the case with Henry Irving. One could easily recall other instances equally marked of his acceptability with acquaintances of a humbler kind. Nothing pleased him more in the summer than to charter a drag from Newman's and to drive, four-in-hand, a cargo of friends whom he thought would be the better for fresh air, to some Surrey inn for dinner—Oatland's perhaps, or Reigate. It was in its way a progress of personal triumph. The salutations to the *alfresco* host began with the Cock at Sutton, or at whatever other wayside house of refreshment headed the list. The publicans *en route* got wind of the coming approach. One after another they turned out to welcome the man whom their roof had sheltered from a Saturday to Monday in bygone days, and by pressing on him some country token, eggs or flowers, of their appreciative remembrance.

At a little private Garrick Club dinner in the summer of 1885, Irving met as his fellow guests the present Lord Aberdeen and the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The former, who was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral, was previously a stranger to him. With the latter he had maintained some acquaintance for several years. During the seventh Duke of Marlborough's Irish viceroyship, Irving played Shakespearian parts repeatedly at the Dublin theatre. The Viceroy's second son stayed often at the castle; he acted, indeed, sometimes not only as his father's secretary but as his mother's representative in her various charitable organisations. "A great actor indeed, if ever there was one," I heard Lord Randolph exclaim on leaving the play-house one night. "He has taught me all the English history I know." Many were the conversations on Shakespeare and like subjects held by the actor with the coming leader of the Fourth Party, not at that time taken very seriously by most of his friends. Irving's keen insight into character and capacities never showed itself better than when, after one of these meetings, he remarked to me, "They may laugh at him if they like, but it will not be long before you and I see him leading not only his party but the House of Commons."

T. H. S. ESCOTT.



# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

*Author of "Cenere," &c.*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

PART III. (*continued.*)

## CHAPTER III.

FOR more than half an hour Regina remained sitting on the bench. People passed, hurrying homewards. The children had come away from the gardens; even Caterina and her nurse must have left. The scent of grass became oppressive; a hot and enervating breath passed through the air. Like plaintive music, that odour of grass, that voluptuous warmth which undulated in the perfumed air, sharpened Regina's memories and emotions. Thoughts, stinging and ungovernable, rolled in waves through her perturbed mind. Only one recollection was insistent; it disappeared and returned, more definite than the others, burning, portentous. It, and it alone, was a revelation, for the other memories, however she might call them up, try to fix and interrogate them, did not suggest to her that which she desired and feared to know.

How, she asked herself, could Gabriele have penetrated to the secret? The intuition of an observant mind was not enough, nor the keen vision of two sane and cruel eyes. What manifest sign had appeared to Gabriele? Where had she found out the secret? On Madame's impassive face? Antonio's? Marianna's? Or was it a thing already public? Yet Regina had never even suspected it, nor did she remember the smallest revealing sign. True, a few words, a few phrases now returned to her memory, taking a significance, which, even in her agitation, she thought must be exaggerated. "Anything is possible," Marianna had once said to her with her bad smile. "The blind see more than those with eyes." Who had said that? She did not remember, but she had certainly heard it in the Princess's drawing-room. Even the blind—could they, did they see? Who could tell? *She* had not seen, perhaps because, in her foolish confidence, she had never looked. Now she remembered the almost physical disgust which Madame Makuline had caused her the very first time they had met. She remembered Arduina's untidy, depressing little drawing-room, the wet sky, the melancholy night; the little old woman dressed in black, sheltering under a doorway, with her meagre basket of unripe lemons. In the shadow, dense as the blackness of pitch, Antonio's face had become suddenly

sad, overcast, mysterious. The Princess's pallid, expressionless face, with its thick, colourless lips, appeared in that depth of shade like a dismal moon floating among the clouds of dream. Who could guess how long the evil woman, the outworn body of a dead star, had been attracting into her fatal orbit, her turbid atmosphere, the winged bird, instinct with life and love, which was unconsciously fluttering round her?

Unconsciously? No. Antonio had become sombre that evening when he saw the woman. As yet she disgusted him. But an abominable day had come later. His wife had left him, reproaching him for his poverty; and he, blind, humiliated, and defeated, had sold himself!

And the most insistent of Regina's recollections, the one which came as a revelation of the accomplished fact, was just that arrival of Antonio at Casalmaggiore, that drive along the river bank, that strange impression she had received at sight of her husband. Now all was clear. This was why he was changed; this was why his kisses had seemed despairing, almost cruel. He had returned to her contaminated, shuddering with anguish. He had kissed her like that for love and for revenge, that he might make her share in the infamy to which she had driven him, that he might forget that infamy, that he might purify himself in her purity, and gain his own forgiveness.

Afterwards—well, afterwards he had *got used* to it. One gets used to everything. She herself had got used—— Would she get used to this?

A whip would have stung her less than this idea. She leaped to her feet, hurried down the Viale, and entered the garden. It was deserted; already somnolent, scarcely shadowed by the delicate veil of the renescent trees. The nurse had gone.

Automatically, Regina went out by the other gate, and paused under the ilices, all sprinkled with the pale gold of their new leaves. It was nearly noon. Was she to go back home? Was not this the just moment, the just occasion for serious flight? She would not re-enter the contaminated house! She would call Antonio to another place and say to him:—"Since the fault belongs to us both, let us pardon each other; but in any case let us begin our life over again." Folly! Stuff of romance! In real life such things cannot happen, or do not happen at the just moment. Regina had once childishly run away, leaving her nest merely because it was narrow. Her flight had been a ridiculous caprice, and for that reason she had succeeded in carrying it out. Now, on the other hand, now that her dignity and her honour bade her remove her foot from the house which was soiled by the basest shame, now it was impossible for her to repeat that action!

She hastened her step; her silk flounces rustled. She felt a slight irritation in hearing that sighing of silk which surrounded

and followed her. Her thoughts, however, were clearing themselves. As she descended Via Viminale, she seemed returning to perfect calm. She must wait, observe, investigate. The world is malicious. People live on calumny, or at least on evil speaking. A man is not to be condemned because a silly schoolgirl has written down in her notebook a purient malignity.

It is abject nonsense!

And yet——

The biggest tree has grown from a tiny seed——

Though she seems to have recovered her calm, Regina now and then stops as if overcome by physical pain. She cannot go on; something is pulling her back. But presently the fascination, the attraction of home draws her on, forces her to hasten. She walks on and on almost instinctively, like the horse who *feels* the place where rest and fodder are waiting for him.

At the corner where Via Viminale is crossed by Via Principe Amedeo, she stops as usual to look at the hats in the milliner's window. She wants a mid-season hat. There is the very one! Of silvery-green straw, trimmed with delicate pale thistles—a perfect poem of spring! But a dark shadow falls over her eyes the moment she perceives she has stopped. For hats, for silk petticoats, for all such miserable things, splendid and putrescent like the slough of a serpent, for these things he——

But the thought interrupts itself. No! no! Not a word of it is true! One should have proof before uttering such calumnies! Walk on, Regina! Hurry! It is noon. *He* must have come back. Luncheon is ready!

And if none of it is true? Will he not notice her agitation? Can she possibly hide it? And if none of it is true? He will suffer. Again she will make him suffer for no reason. Here she is, pitying him! Guilty or not, he is worthy of pity. Instinctively she pities him, because the guilt has come home to herself.

Via Torino, Via Balbo, crooked, deserted, flecked with shadows from the trees in a little bird-haunted garden; a picture of distant houses against the blue, blue background; a rosy-grey cloud, fragment of mother-o'-pearl, sailing across the height of heaven—how sweet is all that! Regina descends the street swiftly, goes swiftly up the stair, her heart beats, her skirts rustle; but she no longer cares. Antonio has not come in. Baby is asleep. Regina goes to her bedroom, all blue, large and fresh in the penumbra of the closed shutters. She is hot, and as she undresses her heart beats strongly, but no longer with grief. At last she has awaked from a bad dream! or she has been suffering some acute bodily pain, which is now over.

There is Antonio's step upon the stair! She hears it as usual with joy. Now the familiar sound of his latch-key! Now the occult breath of life and joy which animates the whole house when he enters it!

“ You've come in? What a lovely day! And Caterina? ”

"She's asleep."

He takes off his hat and light overcoat, and flings them on the bed. Regina picks up her skirts from the floor, and is hanging them up, when she feels Antonio pass quite close and touch her with that breath of life, of youth, and beauty which he always sheds around him.

"Good God! I have had a hideous dream!" she thinks, bathing her burning face before joining him at the repast.

Antonio went out the moment he had finished lunch. He said he had an appointment at the Exchange. And the moment he had gone Regina went to the window, goaded by an obscure doubt, by a blind and unreasoning instinct. She saw her husband walking with his active step towards Via Depretis. Then she started back sharply, struck not by the absurdity of her doubt, but by the doubt itself.

No; at this hour he would not be going to *that other*. Besides, if he were he would have said so.

But now doubt was running riot in Regina's blood, and she felt her soul crushed by a dark oppression, a thousand times more painful, because more intelligent, than the oppression which she had felt up to an hour ago.

She repented that she had not detained Antonio and told him all.

"But what would have been the good?" she reflected at once. "He would lie. Of course, he wouldn't admit it to me! Oh, God! what must I do? What must I do?"

She sat down on the little armchair at the foot of her bed, and tried to think, to calculate coldly.

The cause of her doubt was certainly puerile—the guess of a heartless child. But truth sometimes finds amusement in revealing herself just in that way—by means of heartless jest. The occult law which guides human destiny has strange and incomprehensible ordinances. At that moment Regina felt no wish to philosophise, but in her own despite she turned over certain questions. Why was all this happening which was happening? Why had she one day rebelled against her good destiny and let herself be carried away by a caprice? And why had this caprice, this feminine lightness, into which she had drifted almost unconsciously, brought about a tragedy? "Because we must have suffering," she answered herself. "Because sorrow is the normal state of man. But I am not resigned to suffering. I wish to rebel. Above all, I wish to overcome this suspicion which is poisoning me. I wish to know the truth. And when I know it—what shall I do?"

She reasoned, and was conscious of reasoning. This comforted her somewhat, or at least made her hope she would not commit further follies. But at moments she asked herself, was not the very suspicion itself a folly?

"We were, we *are*, so happy! But I'm always obliged to torment

myself. I imagine I am reasoning, while to have the doubt at all is imbecility!"

But was she not saying this to convince herself there was no truth in it all, while she felt, she *felt*, that it was entirely true? She was afraid of losing her happiness, that's what it was! She wanted to keep her happiness at all costs, even at the cost of a vile selling of her conscience.

Ah! this thought robbed her of her reason! In that case she would be like the most abject of all the women who had ever been in her circumstances! She reasoned no further.

A nervous tremor shook her. Her arm contracted, forcing her to shut her fists.

"Anything! Anything! Misery, grief, scandal! Anything, even the abandonment of Antonio—but not infamy!"

She flung her arms over the bed, hid her face, bit, gnawed the coverlet, and wept.

She wept and she remembered. Once before she had flung herself on her bed and had wept with rage and grief. But Antonio had come, and she had kissed him with treason in her heart. It was she who had made infamous this weak and loving man, the conquest, the prey of her superior force.

He had degraded himself for her, and now she was lowering him still more, suspecting that he would hesitate a single moment if she were to say to him, "I don't want all this you are giving me! Let us rise up out of the mud; let us remake our life."

"If he lies, it will be for me, because he will not wish to destroy me. Oh! he is a rotten fruit! But I, I am the worm which is consuming him!"

But if, after all, she were deceiving herself? If it were not true? At moments this ray of joy flashed across her mind; then all the former darkness returned.

To know! to know! that was the first thing! Why cause him useless distress? The first thing was to make certain, and then—she would see!

The tears did her good. They were like a summer shower, clearing and refreshing her mind. She got up, washed her eyes, sat down to read the newspaper. She had to do something. But the first words which struck her and claimed her attention were these:—

*"Arrest of a foreign priest."*

She read no further, for the words reminded her of something distant and oppressive, a matter now forgotten, which yet in some way belonged to the drama evolving in her mind.

What was it? When? How?

Here it was. The dream she had had, that night in her old home, after her running away.

Shutting her eyes, she again saw Marianna's little figure running at her side along the foggy river-bank, while she told how

Antonio had borrowed money from Madame, "to set up a fine Apartment."

Profound anguish, rage, and shame goaded Regina, forced her to sob, to run, to try and escape somehow from Marianna; but Marianna still ran along by her side, telling of her encounter with the fireman.

"He had become a priest; but coquettish——"

She laughed, not thinking of the priest, thinking of some mysterious, fearful thing.

Regina opened her eyes, passed her hand over her face, still tear-stained, and felt her mind grow yet darker. At that moment the memory of her dream had for her a solemn signification. From the depths of the unconscious rose up clearly the anguished impression of that distant hour. What had happened then? Under the influence of what pathological phenomenon, presentiment, or suggestion, had she fallen? Perhaps the very hour of her dream had been the hour——

She remembered to have read instances of that sort of thing—telepathy—clairvoyance——

But if not a word of it was true? In dark hours the strongest soul becomes the prey of superstition. The dream had been only a dream. In any case, it had knitted itself strangely to reality by the 10,000 *lire*, the beautiful Apartment, Marianna's laugh.

Marianna! Ah! She at any rate would *know*! For a space Regina thought of summoning her.

"I will *make* her speak—by violence if necessary! I will send the nurse and the maid out of the house! I am stronger than Marianna!"

She closed her fist and looked at it to assure herself of her strength.

"If she won't speak, I'll crush her. I'll cry, 'Oh, you who always speak the truth, speak it now!'"

Already she heard her voice, echoing through the warm silence of her drawing-room.

What would Marianna reply? She would probably laugh.

And suppose none of it were true?

Pride pierced Regina's soul and destroyed the half-formed, indecorous, senseless project.

"Neither Marianna nor anyone. I will find out myself."

But after a few moments the turmoil in her thoughts recommenced, and she formed other romantic and irrational projects.

She would follow Antonio.

Some fine night he would go out, and, after strolling hither and thither for an hour, he would open the iron gate leading to Madame's gardens, the gate of which Massimo had said, "Here is the entrance for her lovers."

Antonio would go in. Regina would wait outside in the deserted street, in the shadow of the corner. Someone would pass and look at her with brutal eyes, imagining her a night wanderer; but she

would take no offence. Why should she take offence? Was she not lower than the lowest of night wanderers? Were not her very clothes woven of shame?

Hours of silent torture would pass.

Antonio was in there, in the oppressive heat of that house decked with furs—voluptuous, feline, like the lair of a tigress. The Princess was there, dressed in black velvet, her thick neck roped with pearls, her face like a moon, her hands small and sparkling. It was all so horrible that, even in her insensate dream, Regina could not think of it. But Antonio was silent. He—had got used—

This idea sufficed to produce in Regina an explosion of grief, which quickly brought on reaction. She awoke from her delirium; thought she saw all the folly of her doubt. None of it was true; none! Such things only happened in novels. It was impossible that Antonio should penetrate furtively into the old lady's house; impossible that his wife should wait outside in the shadow of the corner, to make him a comedy-scene when he came out. Ridiculous!

So the slow day wore on, in what seemed physical anguish, more or less acute according to moments, which often completely disappeared, but left the memory of pain and the dread of its return.

Outside, the feast of the sun continued, of the blue sky, of happy birds. Now and then a passing carriage broke the silence of the street with a torrent of noise. Then all was quiet again, save that in the distance the continuous rumble of the city ebbed and flowed like the swelling of the sea in an immense shell.

About two, Caterina woke up and began to cry. Regina heard this tearless, causeless weeping, and went to the nursery. It was papered with white, and, against this shining background, the bronzed and heavy figure of the nurse with the baby, naked and pink in her hands, woke a new feeling in Regina. She seemed looking at a picture which signified something. But now everything had acquired for her a signification of reproach. That figure of a peasant mother, dark, rough, sweet, like a primitive Madonna, reminded her of what she ought to have been herself. She didn't even know how to be a mother like the meanest of peasants! She was nothing. A parasite—nothing but a parasite!

The nurse was dressing the child and talking to her in a "little language." "What's all this crying about?" ("Pecchè quetto pianto?") "What's the matter? Is little madam cold? Well, we'll put on her lovely little shift, and then her lovely little socks, and then her lovely little *shoosies*. Go in, little foot! What? little foot won't go in? Oho, Mr. Foot, that's all very fine, but in you go!"

Caterina, in her chemise, rosy and fat, with her hair ruffled, cried still; but she looked with interest at her white shoes and stuck out her foot.

"There's one gone in! Now the other. Let's see if this Mr. Foot

is as naughty as the other Mr. Foot. Up with him! No, this is good Mr. Foot, and we'll give him a big kiss. Up!"

Caterina laughed. Her eyes, with their bluish whites, her whole face, her whole little figure, seemed illuminated. Regina took her in her arms, danced her up and down, pressed her to her heart, made her play, played and laughed with her. "My little, little one! My *scagarottina*!"<sup>1</sup>

"Bah!" said the nurse, very cross. "What's the sense of calling her that? Give her to me. She's cold."

"You had better take her to the Pincio," said Regina, returning the babe to her arms; but Caterina held tight on to her mother, and frowned at the nurse.

"It's too windy on the Pincio," said the peasant, still crosser. "And so, Miss Baby, you don't love me any more, don't you?"

But Regina did not mind the nurse's jealousy. She had so often herself been jealous of the nurse!

When the woman and the baby were gone, Regina wandered a little hither and thither through the silent Apartment. What could she do with herself? what could she do? She did not know what to do. She ought to have gone to visit a lady she had met at Madame Makuline's; but the bare idea of dressing herself to go to a drawing-room, where a pack of women would be sitting in a circle discussing gravely and at length the alarming shape of the sleeves in the latest fashion-book, filled her with melancholy.

What was she to do? What was she to do? Boredom, or at least a feeling which she told herself was boredom, began to oppress her. She could not remember what, up till yesterday, she had been in the habit of doing to exorcise boredom. But she did remember how in the first year of her marriage she used to get bored just like this.

Well, how had she got through that period? What grateful occupation had made her forget the passing of life?

None; she had just been happy.

"What? Am I unhappy now? All because of a piece of nonsense?" she asked herself, sitting down by the window of her bedroom and taking up a little petticoat she was making for Baby. "But at that time, too, I was making myself miserable about nothing."

She sewed for five or six minutes. The silence of the room, the quiet, rather melancholy afternoon light, that same distant rumbling of the great shell, which reached her through the warm air, gave her something of the vague and soothing sweetness of dream. The trouble seemed laid.

More minutes passed.

But suddenly the door-bell sounded, and she sprang to her feet, shaken by the electric vibration which infected her nerves.

(1) The smallest, the last hatched, the favourite of the nestlings.



"Not at home!" she said, running to the maid, who was on her way to open.

Regina returned to her room and shut the door. She didn't even want to know who was seeking her. At that moment, on that day, she hated and despised the whole human kind.

But when the maid told her through the door that the visitor was Signorina Gabriele, Regina rushed to the window and called to the girl, who was just issuing from the house. Gabriele came back. Regina at once repented that she had recalled her. She saw she had been moved to do so by an impulse of despairing curiosity. The student, finding her notebooks in disorder, had perhaps suspected Regina had read them; now she had probably come in alarm to make excuses for the horrors she had written. A few questions would be enough—

But Regina quickly recovered her proud dignity. No, never! Neither of Gabriele nor of anyone would she ask that which it concerned her to know.

Gabriele came in, colourless in her loose black jacket. She was not well; she coughed. Her eyes, however, had kept their cruel brilliance, sharp and shining like needles.

Regina felt afraid of this terrible girl. The future authoress seemed already mistress of a power of divination superior to every other human faculty. She would read her friend's thoughts through her forehead! But the fear only lasted a moment. Gabriele was nothing! Just a little tattler—despicable!

"I was dressing to go out; that's why I said 'Not at home.' Are you cured? I went to see you this morning."

"I know, thanks. Yes, I'm better. Go on dressing. I won't sit down. How's Caterina?"

"She's gone out," said Regina, smoothing her hair at the wardrobe mirror.

"Go on dressing," repeated Gabriele. "I'm sorry to be delaying you."

Regina began to dress. She did not know where she was going, but she would certainly go out just to get rid of Gabriele.

"Shall I help?" asked the girl.

"Yes, please. Hook the collar. Oh, these collars! What a torment they are! One wants a maid just for these precious collars!"

"Haven't you got one?" said Gabriele, drily, fastening the collar.

"That girl? She's a mere scrub."

"Patience. Hold still a moment! How on earth can you wear such a collar? Well, really, women *are* the victims of fashion!"

Regina felt Gabriele's slim, cold fingers on her neck. The gold-embroidered collar, which reached to her very ears, choked her. She turned round, flushed and angry. Was she angry with Gabriele or with the collar? She did not know, but she flew out at Gabriele.

"Women! Aren't you a woman yourself, pray? Be so kind as to drop that tone. I can't endure it!"

"I know you can't," said the other, meekly. "But is that my fault?"

Regina looked at her while she held her breath, fastening the over-tight bodice. What did Gabriele mean? Had her words some occult signification?

"How old are you?"

"Why do you ask? I'm twenty. Why?"

"Really?"

"Really. Why should I hide it? As I shan't find a husband——"

"Don't be pathetic. I can't stand that, either."

"I know you can't. Is it my fault?"

"When's your first novel coming out?"

"Sooner than you think," said Gabriele, brightening, but coughing violently.

"Will you put me into it?" said Regina, powdering herself spitefully. The white powder clouded even the looking-glass, and Regina thought,

"Gabriele must find me changed, and she'll be guessing the reason."

She knew she was cross, and felt vexed that she could not command herself. But Gabriele coughed on and made no reply. They went out together.

"Where are you going?" asked Regina.

"Home to my studies."

"Come with me. There'll be matter for an authoress's study. Imagine a room, with ten ladies, all mortal enemies, because each one is afraid she isn't so well dressed as the others!"

"In my books, if ever I write any, there'll be nothing so banal. It's useless for you to take me '*in giro*.'"<sup>1</sup>

They both laughed at the pun, but Regina felt that the laugh rang false. She could not make out whether Gabriele suspected her of reading the note-book.

"Good-bye," they said, without shaking hands. The girl went off towards Via Torino and Regina turned in the direction of Via Depretis, holding her smart dress very high. In the silence of the deserted pavement her silk petticoat rustled like the dead leaves of autumn. She was thinking of Gabriele, who had flown to her garret like a bee to its hive, and who had an object in this stupid life. She walked on, but did not know whither she was going.

She went a long way, aimlessly; down and up Via Nazionale; then, scarcely noticing it, she found herself in Via Sistina, going towards the Pincio. Her troubled thoughts followed her like the rustle of her skirts.

On the Pincio she found the nurse with Caterina, and they sat

(1) *Prendere in giro* { to take round with one.  
to make fun of.

together on one of the terrace benches. There was no music, but the fine day had attracted a crowd of foreigners and carriages. From the bench (while the baby bent from the arms of the stooping nurse, picked up stones, examined them gravely, then still more gravely offered them to another baby) Regina watched the circling carriages. Slowly she passed under something of a spell as she gazed at the too luminous, too tranquil, too beautiful picture—the pearly sky, the flowery trees among the green trees, the charmingly attired idle figures, the faces like paintings upon china.

As in the background of a stage picture, the beautiful shining horses, the carriages full of fair women, passed and repassed in a kind of rhythmical course, which fascinated with a sleepy fascination like that of running water.

Once Regina's envy of those fine ladies in their carriages had swollen even to sinful hatred. Now, from the depths of the stupor which overwhelmed her, she felt sorry for them, for the tedium of their existence, their uselessness, their rhythmical course—always the same, always equal, as on the park roads, so also in their lives.

"Let us go. It's turning cold," said the nurse.

Regina started. The sun had gone down, clear in a clear sky, scarce tinted by faint green and rose; an ashen light, gently sad-coloured, fell over the picture. Regina rose docilely, and followed the big woman, whose bronze countenance was framed by the aureole of a wet-nurse's head-dress.

They walked and walked. Caterina slept on the nurse's powerful shoulder, and the ashy-rose twilight threw its haze over Via Sistina. The portly nurse swayed as she moved like a laden bark. Regina, slender and rustling as a young poplar, followed automatically as if towed by the big woman. When the latter stopped—and she stopped before all the shop windows which showed necklaces and rings—Regina also stopped, her looks veiled and vague.

The long torment of excitement had been succeeded by indefinable torpor. She was walking in a dream. Years and years must have rolled by since she had passed along Via San Lorenzo following the bird-seller. Of all her emotions, now only a vague sadness remained. She seemed no longer in doubt, but finally convinced of the monstrous folly of her suspicion. Only she was unable to recover her accustomed serenity.

Three lame musicians, standing before a gloomy house, sobbed out of their old instruments a lament of supreme melancholy. The pavement was crowded with elderly foreign ladies in hats of impossible ugliness. From every cross-street sounded the warnings of motors. Regina, being short-sighted, was always afraid of the motors, especially in the twilight, when the last light of day was confused in perilous dazzle with the uncertain brightness of the lamps. To-night she was more nervous than usual. She felt as if monsters were rampant through the city, howling to announce their passage. Some fine day one of these monsters would overwhelm

her and her baby and the portly nurse, grinding them like grains of barley.

In Piazza Barberini, an old gentleman, stooping slightly and wearing an overcoat of forgotten fashion, buttoned up tightly though the evening was almost hot, passed close to Regina. She recognised the Senator, Arduina's relation, and turned to speak to him; but his ironical though kindly eyes were looking straight before him, and he saw no one.

She had met him several times—once he had even come to visit her—and each time he had talked about England and the English laws, and the English women, repeating the refrain of his old song,

“ Work, work, work! That is the secret of a good life.”

Regina had ended by finding him tiresome, like any other old monomaniac. One could get along very well, even without work; of course one could! But to-night she watched the small, bent figure tripping along, melting into the misty distance of the street, and she thought it even more ridiculous than usual. Nevertheless, it seemed to her that this little gnome-like figure had appeared, as in a fable, to point the moral of her unhappy history.

Ah, well!—to talk like the Master—all life, if one considered it, was an unhappy history. Was it not a most uncomfortable sign of the times that a girl of twenty, who had left the green river-banks of her birthplace, for the first time should deliberately set down in her note-book the most hideous things of life, which, moreover, were only calumny?

Antonio came home about seven. As on an evening long ago, the laid table awaited him, and the passage was fragrant with the smell of fried artichokes. Regina, not long returned from her walk, was making out the housekeeping list for the morrow.

Caterina was awake, and Antonio took her at once on his arm and sat down by the window. The lamplight always excited Caterina and made her even merrier than usual.

“ Like the kittens,” said the nurse.

The baby, who appeared to cherish a great admiration for her father, sat staring at him for a long time, then gravely showed him one little foot with its sock on and a new shoe.

Antonio understood her.

“ Aha! A coquette already! We've got some beautiful shoes, and we want them admired, eh?” he said, nodding his head and taking the little foot in his hand.

But Caterina's face darkened. She frowned horribly, and made a great effort to liberate her foot. She succeeded, but the shoe came off and fell on the floor. Then the young father stooped and, not without difficulty, put the little, hot, pulsing foot back in the shoe, addressing the baby in phrases which, according to Balzac, are ridiculous to read, but in the mouth of a father are sublime.

Caterina replied in her own fashion.

The mother drew nearer, but Antonio and the baby continued their interesting conversation. The young man's eyes were clear and joyous, and once again Regina convinced herself that she had dreamed a hideous dream.

And day after day followed, almost exactly similar to this one.

#### CHAPTER IV.

AN unusually hot April was burning up the city. Towards evening the heavens flamed like incandescent metal. The scent of summer, of dust, of withered grass, made the air almost suffocating.

One evening Regina was visiting the Princess, who two days later was going to Albano.

"Shall you be there long?" asked the pink-china-headed old gentleman, in French, making a great effort to speak.

But, as he did not speak at all loud, Madame's big, yellow face revolved slowly till her good ear was turned in the old gentleman's direction

"Beg pardon?"

"Will you stay long at Albano?"

"Three weeks."

"Where will you go afterwards?" continued the other, with a seriousness almost tragic.

"To Viareggio, Monsieur. And you?"

"I don't know yet. I am still undecided. Perhaps to Vichy. You will remain in Italy?"

"Probably, this year. I am not over well, and I don't wish to do anything fatiguing. How dreadfully hot it is already! One can't sleep. I ought to have got out the hair mattresses."

Madame sighed. Monsieur sighed louder. They both seemed extremely unhappy, she on account of the heat, he because he didn't know what to do with himself for the summer.

"I'm sure there's going to be an earthquake," said Marianna, by way of comfort, as she brought them their tea.

The old gentleman, who for some time had been casting tender looks at Marianna, fixed his little blue eyes on her and said:—

"How many cups, Mademoiselle, have you distributed in your life? When I see you without one in your hand your little figure seems to me incomplete."

But Mademoiselle was out of humour, and would neither talk nonsense nor listen to it. Even she was oppressed by the heat. Passing near Regina, she said, in a stage whisper:

"For every cup of tea I have handed he has lost a lock of his hair!"

But Regina also was cross, and did not listen.

The heat made everybody cross and stupid. Regina, moreover,

felt at the end of her forces; her pride and her dignity were bending like leaves scorched by the sun. She was anxiously expecting to be joined by Antonio. Perhaps to-day she would really be given a sign; what sort of sign she did not know, but she waited. She waited; ashamed of being in this house, of facing that old woman, who was impassive as a deaf sphinx; yet ashamed also of being ashamed.

While she waited her memory was busy. The very smallest sign would be sufficient now she had gone over the past, and called up with clearness and intensity each act, each word, which might have an equivocal signification. To-day the bitter-sweet perfume of lilac which pervaded the room reminded her of another occasion two years ago; of words, bitter as the perfume, spoken by herself, and of Marianna's terrible reply.

"To be poor in Rome is to be like a beggar, gnawing a bone at the shut door of a palace."

"Just so; and presently the rich man's dog comes by and snatches from the beggar's hand even the bone!"

Ah! Mademoiselle knew the world! While Regina was recalling the distressed and ironical look which the Princess had given her that day, just before her flight, Marianna brought her some tea and began to tell the misdeeds of a very elegant gentleman who frequented Madame's receptions.

"They say he has really lived on the creatures," she said, "and when they can't do any more for him, he flings them away like sucked lemons."

"So much the worse for them," said Regina. "After all, he's the strongest and——"

"Ah! I forgot you were a super-woman!" said Marianna, in a low voice. Then she laughed. "Will you have some more tea?"

Swift and terrible as the thunderbolt came the thought to Regina.

"Marianna knows the secret, and believes that I know it, too, and consent!"

A flame burned her face. Never did she forget the shame which this flush caused her. It lasted a moment. Then she looked contemptuously at Marianna, and remembered that the girl might have spoken without intention; merely one of her usual insolent follies. Still, all her pulses had been set throbbing.

"At all costs I must get rid of this incubus," she thought, not for the first, the second, the hundredth time. To-day she felt that her trouble, real or imaginary, had come to the crisis, and must be resolved, either by deliverance or by death.

The old ladies and gentlemen were all gathered round their hostess, who, whitewashed and wan, seemed in that sparkling circle like a decaying pearl in a broken setting. They were talking of the suicide of a Russian personage, a Maecenas known to all Europe.

One of the speakers, himself a Russian, told of a dinner he had attended a few days before in Paris, given by artists and noblemen

to the rich suicide, and of all the intrigues and evil diplomacy connected with that symposium, and the bonds, more or less shameful, by which its guests were united among themselves.

Regina listened and remembered that she had listened to similar conversations a hundred times. What struck her was the simplicity with which the Russian talked, and the eagerness with which the others listened. No one was abashed; some even gave signs of approbation, and seemed delighted at hearing a scandal, which, for the most part, they already knew. It was the way of the world! And was she to be surprised if one of these wrongs, which, it appeared, were habitual with all the men and women of this earth, had come home to herself? For a moment she asked, was she not a fool to be so disturbed. Then the question horrified her.

She felt herself stifled. The heat of the room, here and there still decked with furs, gave her really a feeling of oppression and suffocation. Surely the feline creatures were becoming alive! Their skins were filling out; they were moving, approaching her! puffing hot breath in her face, musky and voluptuous scent! They fascinated her with their glassy eyes, raised their padded paws, slowly, softly; hugged her, smothered her! Air! air! To free herself, or else to die! Another moment, and she, Regina—erring, perhaps, but not impure, who, on the banks of her native river, had dreamed of all in life which is worthy to support life—another moment, and she would die of asphyxia!

Instinctively, she got up and made her way to the marble terrace, whence a stair led to the garden. A man was working at a round plot like a tart, edged with velvet grass and patterned with bedding plants. Everything was soft and artificial in the little green and flowery garden, strewn with wistaria petals. The sunset light flushed the garland of white roses which hung from the laurel above the little gate. At this hour the little gate was shut.

The hot, over-scented air of the garden had not yet brought Regina any relief, when she saw the gate open and admit her husband. A sanguinous veil clouded her eyes. For a moment she could not see the figure advancing towards her. Antonio mounted the stair quite quietly, stopped at her side, and asked:

“What are you doing here?”

He was smart as usual, but not in visiting costume.

“Why are you dressed like this?” said Regina, touching his sleeve. “There is such a crowd of people, and it’s so hot. Don’t go in! They haven’t seen you, and I am just going!”

“Wait one moment,” he returned, tranquilly. “Why are you going?”

“At least don’t enter this way, Antonio!” she cried, excitedly.

“But why not?” he repeated, opening the glass door.

Regina remained on the terrace, looking at the gardener without seeing him. Her suspicion was monstrous folly! A guilty man would not act as at this moment Antonio had acted. Yet no! Immediately she reflected that if he were guilty he would naturally

behave just as he had behaved—pretending not to understand, even if he did understand, what was passing in her soul. But no! Again, no! If he were guilty he would have pretended better. He would not have come in familiarly by the garden gate. He would not have allowed himself the liberty, knowing his wife here, in the *other woman's* house. Yet she was aware that the most astute delinquents pretend sometimes to forget, and commit imprudences just in order to mislead suspicion.

But what startled her at the moment was the perception that now she held Antonio not only guilty, but aware of her suspicion, and resolved to continue the deception.

She went back into the drawing-room, where the discussion of the foreigner's suicide was still going on. It seemed to her tiresome, provincial gossip.

Marianna gave Antonio tea, and while he nibbled a yellow biscuit with teeth even as a child's, he also gave his opinion of the tragedy. Madame bent forward to listen, and fanned herself with a little Japanese fan, which seemed made of polished glass. The rings on her tiny hands sparkled in the light, which grew ever fainter and rosier.

Nothing occurred. There was still no sign, no revelation of the secret. Antonio did not take much notice of Madame, and she, more drooping and impassive than usual, turned her good ear to everyone who spoke, now and then replying politely. But in her metallic eyes shone the vague and languid splendour of thoughts far away in matters of her own.

After a while Regina rose. Antonio followed her. They took leave and went away. Marianna ran after them to the ante-room, and kissed Regina on both cheeks.

"Me also?" said Antonio, offering his cheek.

"You to-morrow," she replied, carrying on the jest. Then she said, seriously, "Come about seven, as we've got to go out first. Ah!" she continued, following them to the door, "that man has been back. He offers 300 *lire* or a new fur. But Madame is firm in demanding her own; she says he'll have to be summoned."

"Well, we'll have him summoned," said Antonio. "But was the old fur a good one?"

"Why, it cost 900 *lire*!"

"We'll see about it. *Au revoir!*"

"Good-bye. Are you coming to Albano, Regina?"

"If Madame invites us," said Antonio, and they went out.

Regina has said neither yes nor no. They walked as far as Piazza dell' *Indipendenza* in silence. Then Regina raised her head and asked:

"What was that about a fur?"

"Oh, good Lord! don't speak of it! For a whole month I've heard of nothing else. She sent a skin to the furrier to be repaired, and it seems to have got changed or something——"



"Are you going to Albano?"

"If she invites us—some Sunday."

"I'm not going," said Regina, stoutly.

"Why not?"

"Because—it's too hot," she said, dropping her voice.

"It won't be hot there. She has taken a villa on the edge of the lake. Such roses on the terrace! When they drop they fall straight into the water."

Regina knew all about it, for he had chosen the villa himself, and had described it to his wife a few days ago. They walked on without speaking further. The street lamps burned yellow and dismal in the rosy twilight, and their dull flame increased Regina's melancholy. Her foolish project of spying upon Antonio in the night recurred to her. She saw herself a fitting shadow under that yellow and dismal light, shadowed herself by some night prowler in search of adventure. But suddenly she raised her head proudly, saying to herself:

"No, never again! This is the last time I shall go to that house; and neither shall he go there again. It is time to bring it all to an end!"

When she had reached her room, she took off her silk jacket and flung it on the bed.

"Well! it is hot! What a summer we are going to have! Oh, how horrid Rome is in the summer! And *they* are already going away. Quite right, the poor, delicate things! But we—yes, gnawing our bones—if they're left to us——"

"What's that you're muttering?" asked Antonio, but went on, without waiting for an answer, "hasn't Caterina come in yet?"

Regina undressed, flinging down her things and inveighing against the rich, great people, who abandon Rome at its first heat.

Antonio stood looking out of the window. An angry thought flashed through her mind, the worst of the perverse thoughts which had destroyed her peace.

"He's no longer displeased when I am cross. He's afraid of provoking me to a burst of rage. He guesses that I *know*, and believes that I'll bear it—up to a certain point."

"Shut the window!" she said, irritated.

He shut the window, patiently.

"I'm going for the '*Avanti*,'"<sup>\*</sup> he said, going away; "make haste! it's half past seven."

Left alone, Regina experienced a sort of crisis, as on the evening two years ago when she had been to the Grand Hotel.

"Ah!" she thought, putting on her home evening dress. "The moment he comes in, I'll say to him, 'It's time to end this business! I am going away—in reality this time! I don't wish you to visit her at Albano. I don't wish you ever again to go to her house. I will never go to it myself. End it, Antonio! End it! end it!"

\* An evening paper.

Don't you see I am gnawing my heart out? Or is it that you do see and don't care? Why don't you care? At least tell me why! Why do you act like this? I don't know how to bear all these superfluities, these silk petticoats, chiffons, which you have bought me with that money. There! I fling them all from me—all! all! A garret is enough for me, a sack to dress myself in, black bread—but *honour*. Antonio, honour, honour! Ah, they rob us even of our honour, even of that one gnawed bone! But you'll have to reckon with me, Madame! old viscous moon, blind and asthmatic personification of nocturnal vampires! Wrapped in your furs, isn't it enough that you've had an easy life, a soft life, which has corrupted you, body and soul, but you want pleasure also in your old age? You and your old, rich friends, taking advantage of the poor, of the poor and the young, who have been made tender by tears, by weariness and grief, just as you have been made soft by idleness and satiety!"

"All this rhetoric is very fine," she thought, presently, putting her clothes in order, "but the world belongs to the strong, and I—I am one of the weak. I am weak because I reason too much, while *those* people don't reason at all; they only enjoy. That deaf old witch has never *thought*. She has stolen my Antonio, and I—I have been torturing myself for a whole month thinking whether it is delicate to say to my husband, 'End it! End it!' But I will speak to-night! And he will retort, saying it was all done for me—to give me those things I demanded; and then—then what will happen? No; he won't reproach me at all! He isn't capable of it. We shall forgive each other. And then—what will happen? Is it true we can begin a new life? Yes; even a ruined house can be rebuilt. But it isn't the same house, and one can't live in it without constantly thinking of the horror of the ruin."

Antonio delaying in returning. The nurse also delayed. She was out of temper at present and inclined to take liberties, because she was soon to be dismissed. It was almost night. Regina gazed from the window, vaguely anxious about her child. Twilight still lingered in the lonely street, grass-grown like the streets of a deserted city. The gardens were odoriferous with roses. A few stars twinkled on the still blood-stained veil of the heavens.

And, notwithstanding her proud resolve, Regina was overcome with grief at the thought of abandoning that poetic street, every blade of whose grass had known the illusion of her happiness.

But she kept silence on this evening also. How could she help it? Caterina would not go to bed; she wanted to stay with her papa, whose golden moustache, beautiful eyes, beautiful scented hair, she admired prodigiously. Did Caterina see that her papa was beautiful? That cannot be known. But certainly she looked at his attractive countenance with great pleasure, and seemed to find special delight in touching the shaven face of *Il Papaino* with her little peach-blossom cheek. Antonio sang his favourite rhyme:—

Mousey doesn't care for cream,  
 Mousey wants to marry the queen,  
 If the king won't let her go,  
 Mousey'll break his bones, you know.

Each time he repeated those lines Regina remembered, as in a troubled dream, the evening of her arrival in Rome. But to-night Caterina laughed and screamed with mad delight, and admired her papa more than ever; and then they talked together of so many things, of such secret things, comprehensible only to themselves! What could Regina do? Deprive Antonio, who had been working all day, of the pleasure of talking to his baby, wrest the little one from him, and send her away? She was not so cruel. When at last Caterina's big eyes became languid with sleep, and all her little body relaxed and sank, heavy and sweet like a ripe fruit, Antonio said:

"Now I am going out for a little."

What could Regina do? Say to him—

"No; stay. I wish to tell you the horrible things I am thinking of you——?"

It was impossible. He had every right to go out for a little, at least in the evening, after a whole day of fatigue.

He went out, and Regina sat down and read the terrible column of the "*Avanti*" called "What goes on in the world."

Madame Makuline left Rome two days later, but Antonio still went daily to the villa to see after the letters and despatch certain affairs.

On Sunday he showed Regina the key, and told her the old servant left in charge of the house had asked leave of absence.

"At last we are proprietors of a villa," he said, joking.

Then Regina was assailed by a temptation. In vain, for some minutes she tried to put it from her.

"Let us go to the villa," she proposed.

Antonio not only accepted, but seemed delighted. Could he be so cynical?

She put on a soft, white dress, with big, flopping sleeves, in which she looked very young, and beautiful with the modern beauty which lies less in line than in expression. The dress was new, and Antonio admired it to her satisfaction. Notwithstanding the internal current of suspicion and resentment which continually fretted her soul, she could not do without pretty frocks. Sometimes she even felt a morbid pleasure in spending *that* money on objects of ornament and superfluity. She had resumed minute care of her complexion, her hair, her nails. She wasted half hours in rubbing her face with oil of almonds, in dressing her hair to the fashion. What did she mean by it? To please Antonio, or to please others? She did not know, but, perceiving she was no longer angry with

herself for her vain refinements, she questioned whether her moral sense were not growing daily weaker and weaker.

Scarcely had they started for the villa when a puff of contemptuous wind ruffled her hair and blew the powder from her face. It was a burning afternoon; the trees trembled at the breath of the hot wind; the Piazza, dazzling in the sunshine, seemed vaster even than usual. A veil of dust obscured the distance of the streets. The east wind was raging, its hot breath pregnant with malign suggestions.

Their heads bent, holding on their hats, Antonio and Regina took their way, and they laughed a little and squabbled a little. Arrived in front of the villa, they looked round like thieves. The street was deserted, swept by the wind; leaves of roses and geraniums fluttered to the pavement; a hot perfume of lilies rose from the garden. They seemed in an enchanted city, new, unknown, not yet inhabited.

When Antonio unlocked the polished door, Regina felt as if entering her own house, long dreamed of, attained by magic. Stepping into the vestibule, cool as the bed of the river, seemed like stepping into a bath. The wolves were covered with cloths, as if they had disguised themselves for fun in their mistress's absence. A small marble head, pallid behind a motionless palm tree, faced the intruders with smiling lips. Regina walked softly by force of habit, and removed her hat before the veiled mirror. Then she remembered they were alone, and put the hat on the marble head with a laugh.

"Hush!" whispered her husband. "Don't make so much noise."

"Who is there to hear us?"

He opened a door. She followed him. They crossed the saloons and entered the dining-room. Antonio walked on tip-toe with a certain diffidence. He would not let Regina laugh.

"Aren't we here to play at being proprietors?" she asked. "Let's see if we can make some tea!"

"No, no," said Antonio. "I don't want the caretaker to find out we've been here. But stop—there should be some Madeira in the sideboard. Aha!"

They found the bottle and tasted it. Then they put everything back in its place. They were like children. Antonio became merry, and, without making a noise, began also to amuse himself. They returned to the drawing-room, and Regina partly opened the shutters. A green light illuminated one corner. Regina pretended to be holding a reception, mimicked the voice of the pretty blind lady, then lolled on Madame's favourite sofa. It was covered with grey fur, and suggested an immense sleeping cat.

In her soft dress, her hair falling loose on her forehead, her eyes burning, and it seemed artificially darkened, she looked, in the green penumbra, a real, great lady, *blasée*, lost in an unwholesome dream.

Antonio meantime tried to open the door which led to the terrace and the garden.

"Wait a bit," said Regina. "Let's look round upstairs first. Have you ever been upstairs?"

"I? Never."

"Well, come now. Leave that door locked. Come here. I want to tell you something!" she said, childishly.

"What is it? I'm looking for the key."

As if guessing her idea, he did not come to the lure.

Then she felt blaze up the wicked doubt which persecuted her. Yes, in this room, perhaps on this very divan, Antonio had stained his lips with hateful kisses!

She bit her lips to repress a shudder, then rose and hastened to the next room.

"Let's go in there. Never mind that door."

He crossed the room and joined her. Cat-like, Regina threw herself on his breast and kissed him. Illusion of the light? It seemed to her that Antonio's face became green, and she believed she had intuition of the drama evolving in his soul. Yes! he must at this moment be remembering something nauseous!

Her delirium was increasing.

"Kiss me!" she imposed upon her husband, fixing on him eyes of tragic flame, and drawing him towards the divan. He certainly resisted; but he kissed her. Then Regina, on fire with the madness of her doubt, believed the moment had come for tearing the vile secret from those lips, whose kisses gave her mortal anguish in this place where every object must remind Antonio of his miserable error.

But she was unable to formulate her horrible demand.

Afterwards they penetrated into the study and the library, where Antonio was accustomed to spend what he called his hours of service. It was a real library, with a thousand volumes artistically bound. Madame had shown Regina some ancient books, an illuminated codex, Ariosto's autograph, said to be genuine, some letters from celebrated authors, amongst them three signed Georges Sand. In spite of her preoccupation, Regina amused herself looking through the glass of the bookshelves, as the street boys peer into shop windows. Meantime, Antonio glanced at the letters laid on the writing-table at which he was accustomed to despatch the Princess's correspondence.

Regina presently made her way into the little adjoining room, a boudoir where Madame sometimes dined. Antonio followed. They opened the door and found themselves in a wide ante-chamber, which communicated with the garden. A back staircase led to the first floor. But all doors were locked except that of the bathroom. A little water, blue with soap, had been left in the bath.

Regina was watching Antonio, but he moved with hesitation, and she thought him unfamiliar with the house.

"I want to cross that bridge which connects the two parts of the villa," said Regina, shaking the lobby doors.

But everything was locked, so they descended again and went to the kitchen. Tufts of verdure almost blocked the barred window. Still, the golden afternoon light penetrated at the top. A background of flower-garden was discernible, and rose petals had fallen on the shining pavement. A marble table was splendid in the centre of the kitchen.

"It's like a church!" said Antonio, merry again. "Suppose we dance a little?"

"It's finer than our drawing-room," sighed Regina. "Oh! do be quiet!"

But he whirled her away with him round the table.

A magnificent black cat, asleep on the dresser, raised his great, round head, opened his orange eyes, and looked at the two liberty-taking people without moving. Regina shuddered, however.

"How silly we are!" she said. "Suppose the man were to come in and find us here! I declare I hear steps in the garden! Let us escape!"

But Antonio put on the cook's apron, pretended to cook, and, servant-fashion, spoke against the mistress. He suggested that she was a spy of the Russian Government. Regina listened and laughed, but reflected that in this kitchen was perhaps known and discussed that other secret of which she had not been able to rend the unclean veil. She resented Antonio's gaiety, and an accident increased her ill-humour. The cat was still watching, now and then giving an ostentatious yawn. She tried to stroke him, stretching her hand over the dresser.

But the cat sprang to a ledge higher up, and upset a flask. Big drops of oil, thick and yellow, rained on her white raiment, spotting it irreparably. She nearly cried with annoyance; foolish words came unconsciously from her mouth.

"Even my dress gets stained in this horrible house!"

Antonio listened, but seemed not to understand. He found a bottle of benzine, and helped Regina to clean her dress, then put everything back in its place, threw his arm round her waist, and made her run with him up the stair, careless of her stumbles, deaf to all protests and reproaches.

Thus they entered the garden, and Regina recovered her calm. The sinking sun gilded half the expanse, leaving the rest in deep shadow. The wind passed high up over the tops of the laurels, which were garlanded with white roses. From time to time a rain of rose-leaves, of lime blossom, of wistaria, circled down through the hot air and fell on the paths. Regina and her husband sat in a green corner close to a hermes, on which was an archaic head. Black, hard, epicene, it had a complacent and sarcastic smile.

"He thinks us a pair of lovers," said Regina, remarking the expression. "No, my dear fellow, I assure you we are enemies!"

"And why?" asked Antonio, coldly.

Then a recollection shot through Regina's mind.

"Do you remember that day in the woods, two years ago, when you—had come for me? There were so many blue butterflies, just like these wistaria blossoms——"

She laughed meaningly. Did he remember? And the remembrance of that hour of pleasure passed in the mystery of the damp, hot woods the day after his coming to Regina's home, after her flight and their reconciliation, seemed to reawaken him to passion.

The childish gaiety which had animated him a few minutes before passed into a nervous tenderness, and this time it was he who sought the lips of his wife in a kiss, which reminded her of his kisses *then*.

And her doubts tormented her more than ever.

A flood of disgust rose more and more bitter from the depths of her heart. Disgust at herself and disgust at Antonio! How cynical must he be if he could thus disport himself in this place which knew his sin! or, if he were innocent, how contemptible if, with the passivity of a weak man, he could thus violate the house of his benefactress merely to amuse the ill-regulated, hysterical woman, who that day was concealing herself under the white dress and fashionable coiffure of Regina, his wife.

At the bottom of her soul, however, well at the bottom, beyond all consciousness, in its darkest, most mysterious depths, Regina cherished a bitter satisfaction in recognising how utterly this man belonged to herself. Always and everywhere, even in error, it was she who dominated him. And, because of this, notwithstanding all resentment, all disgust, even when she felt she no longer loved her husband, even when she despised herself, thinking her soul stained like her dress, corrupted in the soft air, the half light, the poisoned fragrance of that house, where, it seemed, "anything might happen," she felt infinite pity for Antonio. And on this pity she lived.

## CHAPTER V.

At the end of the week a telegram came from Madame, asking Antonio to go to Albano.

"She can't live without him," thought Regina, assailed by a spasm of real jealousy. "I feel scruples at having merely gone into her house in her absence, but she has no scruples, none! I won't allow him to go!"

She was unreasonable, and she knew it; but the delirium, the quiet madness of doubt had become habitual with her.

As usual, however, she was unsuccessful in carrying out her proud

intention. When Antonio suggested she should accompany him to Albano, she said "Yes."

She said "Yes" up to the last moment, but on Sunday morning changed her mind.

"Don't you go either," she said. "If Madame wants you, why can't she come to Rome? Are you her slave?"

"Regina!" he said, reprovingly.

"I am not Regina, not a queen—not even a princess! I'm sick to death of this life we are leading! All through the week we see each other only for a minute at a time, and now you are going away even on Sunday!"

"Just for once. Why won't you come too?"

"I won't, because I don't want to. I am nobody's toady, and it's time you gave up the office yourself! Is there any more necessity for it? If it's true our affairs are so prosperous," she went on, with open sarcasm, "then why——"

"There's no good discussing it with you," he interrupted, firing up. "You're always unreasonable!"

He set out at noon. In the afternoon Regina went for one of her rare visits to her mother-in-law. She stayed for dinner, and once more made part of the picture she had so detested, but now with very different feelings from of old. Thinking it over, she asked herself why that picture had appeared to her so vulgar. Merely as types of character, the personages were interesting, or at least seemed so now.

Arduina and Massimo discussed celebrated authors—she with real animus, he with contempt for her. Gaspare told the conjugal misfortunes of one of his colleagues. Signor Mario picked his teeth, and Signora Anna lamented the terrible conduct of her servant. It was amusing—for once in a way. The dinner was good; they drank and laughed. Claretta admired herself in the glass, flirted with Massimo and even with Gaspare.

In fact, nothing in the environment had changed; yet Regina was no longer disgusted. Claretta was less elegant than herself, and Signora Anna took quite maternal satisfaction in pointing this out. She asked her niece why she didn't do her hair like Regina's.

"This suits me better," drawled the young lady, putting her hand to her head and settling the lace butterfly which decked her locks; "besides, it's the fashion."

"Excuse me," said Massimo, "the women of the aristocracy do their hair like Regina."

"Madame Makuline, perhaps?" said Claretta, ironically.

Regina glanced at her. Did she mean anything, the pretty cousin? Did she know anything?

When the others sat down to cards Regina went into the bedroom which once had seemed to her a haunt of incubi. It was open to the balcony, and the moon illuminated the curtains, projecting a silver dazzle across the interior. The great bed was a white square in



the centre of the room, corners of chairs and tables caught the light, a smell of pinks perfumed the silence and the peace of that great matrimonial chamber, nest of humdrum bourgeois felicity. Regina thought if Antonio had brought her to Rome on a night like this, and had introduced her into that room shining thus, wrapped in the dreams of mid-May, nothing would have happened that had happened.

She leaned from the balcony; pinks were at her feet; over a sweet heaven of velvety blue passed the moon distant and melancholy, distant and pure, like a sail lost in the immensity of the ocean of dream.

Naturally, Regina's thoughts flew to the terrace on the shore of the Albano lake, where rose-leaves fell like butterflies on the iridescent mother-o'-pearl of the moonlit water.

What was Antonio doing? Was it possible that the monstrous dream which crushed her could have any reality? Under the infinite purity of the heavens could such wickedness be wrought on earth?

But when she had returned home, the incubus settled down on her again, victor once more in that strife which too often proved her the weaker.

She expected Antonio by the last train. He did not come, neither did he send an explanatory telegram. Regina waited till midnight, then went to bed, but passed an agitated night, perhaps because for the first time she was alone.

Very early she had Caterina brought to her. The baby, in her little nightdress, sat on the pillow and seemed uneasy at her father's absence.

"Papa?" she asked.

"Papa isn't here. He'll come very soon, very soon, very soon! Go to sleep. Lie down. Give me little foot—my little foot. That other one is Papa's? Very well, you can give it to him when he comes," said Regina, drawing the baby down. Caterina was in the habit of giving one foot to Mamma and the other to Papa. Regina took both the little feet, but Caterina wished to keep Papa's free. Then she touched the lace on Regina's nightdress with her rosy finger.

"*Ti è to?*" she asked.

"*Questo è tuo?* (is this yours?)" translated Regina. "Yes, it's mine. And little Caterina, whose is she? Mine, isn't she? all mine? And a little bit Papa's; but very, very little, because Papa is naughty, and never came home, and left poor little Mamma all alone!"

She relieved her mind thus, talking in baby language to the rosy little creature; and while she made Caterina give her wee, wee, wee, dear, dear little kisses, and felt there could be no greater pleasure, she still thought of the monstrous visions which had agitated her all night.

"My little, little Caterina, my pet, put your arms round me! Let

us sleep together," said Regina, laying the baby's hand on her face, and shutting her eyes, as if to exclude the evil sights. "There! close the little peepers! that's the way!"

The child obeyed for a moment, but suddenly became cross, struggled, and with her little open hand gave her mother a slap on the face.

"Oh, how naughty!" said Regina. "I'll tell Papa, you know! You are not to hit your Mamma! Ask my forgiveness at once; love me at once, like this! Say, 'Dear, dear Mamma, forgive Baby! Baby will never do it again.'"

But Caterina struck her a second time, and Regina became really angry.

"You are very, very naughty," she exclaimed, taking the little hand and administering pandies. "Go away; I don't want Baby any more. Baby isn't my little, little one any more. I don't love her. She also has grown wicked!"

Caterina began to cry—real tears, and this consciousness of grief, so rare in a child, struck the young mother profoundly.

"No, no! My baby at least shall not suffer! It is too soon!" she thought, and again gathered the little one in her arms, smoothed her hair, and kissed her little trembling head.

"Come here, then! Hush! hush! hush! She won't be naughty any more. Hush! Mamma does love her! That's my own pet! There, there! Listen! Here comes Papa!"

At this suggestion Caterina calmed herself by magic. Then to Regina a thing she had already suspected was clearly revealed, and she marvelled that she had ever doubted it. Caterina loved her father more than she loved her mother! With that wondrous instinct of a babe, Caterina felt that he was the kinder, the weaker, the more affectionate of the two; that he loved her more blindly, more passionately than her mother loved her. Consequently, she preferred him.

Regina was not jealous, nor did she question if this proved her too much or too little a mother. But that morning, in the whirl of sad and ugly things which veiled her soul, she felt an unexpected light, she felt that supreme sentiment of pity, which in the dissolving of all her dreams sustained her like a powerful wing, spread, not over herself, not over Antonio, but over their child. They two were already dead to life, corrupted by their own errors; but Caterina was the future, the living seed which had had its birth among withered leaves. The soil around it must be cleared. And for the first time she thought that, not for herself in a last vanity of sacrifice, not for him whose soul was eternally stained, but for the child, she *must* draw Antonio out of the mire.

He came back by the 7.20 train, and had scarcely time to dress, swallow his coffee, and run to the office.

At the midday meal he told of the wonders of Albano, of the villa, of the night on the lake.

"Such flowers! such roses! Marvellous! I lost the last train because I had meant to take it at Castel Gandolfo, and Madame and Marianna insisted on leaving the carriage and walking part of the way. You can't imagine the splendour—the moonlight. I was thinking of you the whole time! I didn't wire, because it was too late."

"Is anyone blaming you?" asked Regina, absently.

"You were angry, Regina?"

"I! Why?"

Antonio must have seen that some distress was clouding her spirit, for he began to talk volubly, trying to distract her. He complained of the Princess.

"What a nuisance she is! She made me take this journey all for the sake of that old fur. 'Beg pardon?' " he went on, mimicking her. "'It's not for its money value, but because it's a precious remembrance——' Perhaps Georges Sand gave it to her! She talked of nothing else. Even Marianna couldn't stand it, and proposed to skin the furrier if he didn't send it back at once."

"Did you sleep at the villa?" asked Regina, who was not listening.

"Well, she couldn't well send me anywhere else!"

"Oh, of course not!" said Regina, with evident sarcasm. And, without raising her eyes from her plate, she went on, "Is Madame a Russian?"

"Why, yes—didn't you know it?" answered Antonio, quickly.

He said no more, but his voice had shaken with a scarce perceptible vibration, which Regina did not fail to observe.

Without a look, without a sign, at that moment they understood each other, and each knew it. Regina thought Antonio's face darkened, but she did not dare to look at him. She went on eating, and only after a minute raised her head and laughed. Why at that moment she laughed she never knew.

"I was awake all night," she said; "I felt just like a widow."

"Well, wouldn't you like to be a widow? I know quite well you don't love me any longer," he answered, half fun, whole earnest.

"Oh, *zielo!*" said Regina, light and cruel, imitating the cry of heartless jest which she had heard from a spectator at a popular theatre, "what a tragedy of a honeymoon gone wrong!" Then changing her voice, but still satirical, "On the contrary, my dear, it's you who want to be a widower."

"I don't see it."

"It's true."

"How do you make it out?"

"Why, what would happen if you were a widower? You'd marry again at once. You're one of the men who can't enjoy life alone—who are no good living alone. I'm sorry for those men."

"You are sorry for me?"

"I pity you heartily."

"Why? Because I'm your husband?"

"Yes, because you're my husband. Take away!" said Regina to the maid, pushing her plate aside contemptuously. When they were again alone, she added, "Next time don't be so stupid as to marry a poor woman."

He looked at her, and she thought his eyes were illuminated by a flash of anger, cold, metallic, such as she had never seen in him.

"I shouldn't know what to do with riches," he answered, quietly.

The servant reappeared at the door, and Regina was silent. She was silent, struck with a sense of chill. It appeared to her that Antonio's words had an intention of dogged defence, a sharp and crushing reproach like a blow. She felt herself mortally wounded.

The strife was beginning then? For to-day they said no more. On the contrary, after their meal they went together to their room and took their siesta in company, and before going out Antonio kissed his wife with his accustomed slightly languid but affectionate tenderness.

But from henceforth Regina fancied he would be on guard ready to defend himself at all points.

After this they bickered continually. She found annoyance in nothings, criticising all his little defects, and accusing him veiledly in a manner that he ought to understand if he were guilty. Antonio defended himself, but without too much heat, too much offence. She could not avoid the thought that he feared to drive her to extremities, and great sadness overwhelmed her. Why were they each so cowardly? Why did she not dare to confront him openly. though all within her, all her thoughts, recollections, instincts, rose up against him and accused him? Well, at last she confessed it to herself. She was afraid; afraid of the truth. Above all, she was afraid of herself. She believed that nothing kept her generous, enabled her to contemplate pardon, but the hope she was deceived. If it were certainly true, would she pardon? Sometimes she feared she would not.

Most of all her own weaknesses saddened her—the contradictions and phantasms of her sick spirit. Day by day her soul was revealed to her. She had thought herself superior, delicate, understanding; instead, she found she was cowardly and weak. She was like a tree never brought under cultivation, which might have borne good fruit, but, with its tangle of barren branches, only succeeded in throwing a pestiferous shadow. Was it her own fault?

However, in measure as she learned to know herself, she tried to improve. Instinct, too, would not suffer her to persevere in a small strife, in vulgar and inconclusive affronts. The bickering ceased and a truce followed, the result of anguished incertitude and vain hope.

She compared herself to a sick person, who ought to submit to a dangerous operation, and has decided to do so, in hope of regaining health, but who for the present prefers to suffer, and postpones the fateful moment.

Meanwhile, the outward existence of this pair followed its equable course, apparently tranquil, all compounded of sweet and monotonous habits. May died, having again become pure, blue, almost cold. The sky, after a few days' rain, had taken an almost autumnal tint, beautiful and suggestive.

Like a vein of milk in a poisoned flood, nostalgia for her distant home mixed with Regina's sorrow. Memory absorbed her, penetrated to her blood with the scent of the new leaves which perfumed the shining evenings in Via Balbo. During some walk to Ponte Nomentano or in Trastevere, it sufficed for the splendour of silvery green on the Aniene, or the yellow vision of the Tiber, in the depths of the green, velvety, monotonous Campagna—like the harmonies of a primitive music—to give her attacks of almost tragic homesickness. But nowadays she knew the nature of this malady—it was the vain longing for a land of dreams lost to her for ever.

She liked these little expeditions, which once she had despised, calling them the silly pleasures of little bourgeois resigned to their gilded mediocrity.

Sometimes Antonio proposed a walk beyond the Trastevere Station for the long, luminous afternoon; and she would meet him at the Exchange. More often they went to Ponte Nomentana, taking the baby with them, carried on the servant's arm. Antonio would amuse himself pretending to pursue Caterina; the maid would run and the baby contort herself with joy, screaming like the swifts, pink with the fearful delight of being hunted and not caught. Then Regina would linger behind, looking at the vermilion sky, the rosy lawns, the tranquil distance, all that grand country of aspect monotonous and solemn; like the life of a poet, who has sung immortal songs without ever having had an adventure or committed a crime.

And, watching Antonio running after his child, quivering himself with innocent joy, she once again believed herself deluded in her mistrust of him.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

### III.

No section of the "House" has the same fascination for the public as the mining market. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*," and while the war, with its threats of European complications, ended in the last days of August, the first week in September brought a distinct revival in the "Kaffir" market, and Transvaal and Rhodesian mines have once more become favourites. Their future prices will depend to a large extent on the length of the purses of those who are prepared to try their fortunes once more.

It was always a matter of surprise to people who had made a study of the Transvaal that serious financial writers should have so constantly committed themselves to the statement that the mines generally are deteriorating. Nothing has ever happened to justify such an assertion, and whenever normal conditions existed in South Africa, the gold production has been annually on the increase ever since the Transvaal mining became a recognised and acknowledged industry.

Thus there were produced in:—

OUNCES OF FINE GOLD.					
1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892
19,080 ...	171,789 ...	306,167 ...	408,569 ...	601,810 ...	1,011,743
1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898
1,221,171 ...	1,639,252 ...	1,845,875 ...	1,851,422 ...	2,491,593 ...	3,564,581

In 1899, during the first nine months of the year, the output rose to 3,317,857 ounces, showing a considerable increase every month over any previous corresponding month in any other year. After that the war began to tell its tale, and from October, 1899, to May (incl.), 1900, only 584,842 ounces were produced. From then to April (incl.), 1901, the mines were closed. Then the industry began to awaken again, though slowly, and, as is well known, under considerable labour difficulties which led to the introduction of Chinese labour. That, in such circumstances, a return to the old output was not a thing that could be done in a moment, must be evident to everyone, but for all that, 1904 topped all previous years, and the first nine months of 1905 will beat the record of the whole of the twelve months of 1904. The production for the period following

the war is as follows (giving 1901 for the last eight months of the year only):—In

## OUNCES OF FINE GOLD.

1901	1902	1903	1904
238,877 ...	1,690,096 ...	2,859,482 ...	3,653,794

Since then the present year has made enormous strides, and every month has beaten its previous record. September alone produced 416,487 ounces, and during the first nine months of the year the total output amounts to 3,932,620 ounces. This is 278,826 ounces more than the output during the whole of 1904, the previous record year.

Again, we have Rhodesia—the land in which so much English money and so much Imperial sentiment have been invested. How many writers have stated that no gold will be found there! and how likely is it that these predictions within a few years' time will seem even more ridiculous than the prophecies about the Transvaal! The annual output statistics have only been kept since 1899, and are as follows:—

## OUNCES OF FINE GOLD.

1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904
56,743 ...	85,368 ...	172,035 ...	194,268 ...	231,872 ...	267,714

The first nine months of 1905 show a considerable increase, and if the favourable reports of the Rhodesian bankets which have lately come to hand are supported by further developments, the possibilities in Rhodesia are immense, and if—according to Professor Gregory, the eminent geologist of the British Association—its formation is the same as that of the Witwatersrand, we may possibly be face to face with another "Rand." It seems reasonable, therefore, to look upon the South African gold industry as being in its infancy.

The reason of the long depression which has characterised the mining market was, of course, the war and its consequences, and other untoward events. We have already seen that the output was at first checked and then entirely stopped during the war. An interruption like that naturally means a big loss to the proprietors—a dislocation of the supply of labour—and it requires both time and money in order to get the industry back into proper working order.

In the case of the Transvaal, it was the labour question which proved the most difficult to arrange. Mine-owners, as well as their managers and engineers, realised that in order to put the mines on a paying basis, the cost of production would have to be materially decreased. They also realised that this could only be done by procuring cheaper labour. Such, however, was not available in the Colonies, and could only be obtained by the introduction of cheaper

labour from Asia, and it was therefore proposed to introduce Chinese coolies to do the work. Unfortunately, this matter became a political question in this country, and with its strifes and partisan opinions, delayed for a long time the chance of recovering lost ground, but increased the temporary unproductiveness. At last, however, the owners got their way, and yellow labour has been introduced, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. But the cost of production did not at once decrease, as an impatient public expected, and consequently some fear got abroad that mines were not likely to be more profitable in the future, in spite of greater output and increased profits. Thus shares continued to fall. There is, however, no justification for anxiety. The Chinamen naturally came as raw hands to the mines, and did not know their business. It took longer time to turn them into efficient labourers than was anticipated, and hence the delay in the reduction of cost, as inefficient workmen naturally are apt to be an expensive item. Every effort, however, has been made to expedite the teaching of the Chinese, and at last their labour has become sufficiently skilled to warrant a belief in an immediate substantial reduction of cost. Based on this conviction, well-informed people are of opinion that the next few months will show very different results from the mines as regards profits than have ever before been obtained.

But neither the labour question alone nor any other reason connected with the war would probably ever have depreciated the prices of the mining shares as much as they have actually fallen. The public, in its heyday of prosperity, knew no limitation in the amounts of its purchases, and no doubt a very large proportion of the buying was done on "carry over" terms. Among the purchasers, a great many were distinctly weak holders, who were forced to sell owing to their inability to pay differences as they became due. In such circumstances it is therefore only natural that the public will return to its old love as soon as it has accumulated savings, now that the world seems free from political complications. Let us hope, however, that speculators have realised the danger of commitments beyond their means, and that they will guard against a recurrence of the last crisis. However good the gold industry may be, and however prosperous the mines, it must always be remembered that a great deal of risk is attached to the mining industry.

The accusation against the magnates, which stated that they did all in their power to prevent the public from sharing in their profits, is also one that has not been borne out by facts. It can only have been made by people who did not take the trouble thoroughly to investigate the situation. The magnates, as everyone knows, did their best to further the introduction of Chinese labour. By that they showed their desire to reduce expenses, and thus to put the mines on a dividend-paying basis for the benefit of the shareholders. But what could they do to prevent the market from falling away?



It would be interesting to know how many weak speculators were saved from ruin by privately handing over their shares to some of those much-abused millionaires. It would also be a revelation if the world got to know how often the big houses have come to the rescue and bought up shares far beyond their desire. But they could not be expected to commit themselves to the full extent of their strength, and when forced sales followed one another in rapid succession, and the legions of weak holders never ended, they were bound to allow prices to find their own level, and to weed out those who had become a danger to the gold industry by the undue proportion between their holdings and their means. J. S-S.

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THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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No. CCCCLXVIII. NEW SERIES, DECEMBER 1, 1905.

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EUROPE AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

CONTRARY to the intensely Western characteristics of the French Revolution, which was dominated by the genius of personality from first to last, individuals in the Russian revolution are as unimportant as the separate drops of water in a tidal wave. Never has the communal instinct of the Slav appeared so obvious in action as in the cataclysmal events which have swept the Tsardom towards the edge of Niagara, and may draw into their vortex of disaster the fortunes of every European, and perhaps of every Asiatic, nation. No national or psychological movement of this magnitude has yet proved to be compatible with the world's peace. Exceptions are always possible, and while no extent of pessimism as to the immediate future of Russia can be confidently rebuked, there are reasons, as will be shown, for other than despairing conclusions as to the ultimate issue. But if we argue from the nearest historical analogies we shall be compelled to take a grave view, and to realise that prairie fires may be driven towards any quarter with a turn of the wind. The Reformation itself involved all Christendom in a century of war. The Fall of the Bastille banished the reign and almost the memory of European peace for the greater part of a generation; and led, in the long run, to the burning of the Capitol at Washington, as well as to the burning of Moscow. If anarchy is inevitable in Russia, the collapse of the whole State-organisation of that Empire and its temporary obliteration as a Great Power may very well involve all civilisation in immeasurable calamities. From this point of view, the interest of every thoughtful observer in the Russian convulsions must be an anxious and cannot be merely a foreign interest. None of the more Western or more Eastern Powers can prophesy with certainty that they will continue to remain detached spectators.

While no man can predict the issue, it is less impossible to analyse the conditions and to arrive at a simplified view of possibilities. Some contingencies upon which general discussion still dwells are already eliminated from reasonable speculation, and there are but two or three solutions which can present themselves as the practical alternatives to chaos. The key to clearer thought will be found, as the present writer has already suggested, in the firm grasp of the fact that the Russian revolution is swayed by masses in movement actuated by the collectivist, the congregational or the class spirit, and comparatively uninfluenced by personal ascendancies and genuinely individual will. Bewildering as the anarchy seems at first sight, we are able, nevertheless, to discriminate between the constituents of chaos. We have not to deal with a blind conflict of indistinguishable particles. It is the aggregates that matter, not the atoms. The forces at work are vast and complex beyond all parallel it is true, but they are limited in number and definite in their shape. They admit of various permutations and combinations. Confusion, however, works, as it were, within bounds, and the clash of organisations and purposes is something more systematic than the grinding of the ice. This strange aspect of organised anarchy, which belongs to both sides of the conflict, and marks the efforts of the revolution and the reaction alike, is probably the most dangerous and portentous characteristic of the Russian situation, but it at least makes the movement of events comparatively intelligible even when the outcome remains incalculable. We shall see the full significance of these considerations further on, when it becomes necessary to consider in more detail the various forces converging in the revolutionary movement, and the forces of resistance upon which the reaction may possibly count.

The mind of the reader may be enlightened on this point in the meantime by the singularly suggestive illustration afforded by a recent passage in the *Russ*—which in the course of the present crisis has become more and more conspicuously the foremost journal in Russia. The increasing opposition offered to Count Witte by this powerful organ of advanced but constitutional Liberalism culminated on November 7th in a leading article entitled "The New Government and United Tactics." Count Witte, declares the *Russ*, has endeavoured, with the commonplace Machiavellianism of the old bureaucratic tradition, to divide and conquer. That game, he is warned, is played out. The new authority, little more representative than the old, finds itself face to face at last with organisations presenting a front of iron-bound solidarity—proof against all the intrigues and blandishments of insidious officialism, and remorselessly resolved to enforce the

political equivalent of what we in England know as "collective bargaining." This transformation of the determining factors in public opinion, continues this article, has evidently taken traditional bureaucracy wholly by surprise. It had become accustomed to have all the effective machinery of politics to itself. It does not understand how to deal with masses except through persons. Count Witte requests unlimited confidence without giving any certain guarantees. But while isolated personalities may concede that demand, all the associated forces he has to deal with represent nothing else in the world but—organised want of confidence! Count Witte wished to enter upon conditions of pious trust into temporary relations with party leaders. But Russia, declares the *Russ*, has no such leaders, or hardly any; and it proceeds, in a passage which must be quoted textually, and—though far from suggesting any cause for increased hopefulness—seems to the writer to throw a flood of light upon the peculiarly collectivist psychology of the Russian revolution:—

We have no party leaders, or hardly any. But we have many organisations. When Count Witte was summoning leaders, there appeared before him only delegates of organisations! He endeavoured to convince them by affecting a democratic simplicity of speech. They answered that they would report his words to their organisations, and bring back the answer from their organisations. The League stood by their previous programmes and conditions. Count Witte thereupon tells them: "This is not practical politics: surely some basis for compromise must be agreed upon." The delegates replied again: "Even if our personal knowledge enabled us to repose unconditional confidence in you, our Organisations in the nature of things cannot rely on any evidence but that of facts." The resolutions adopted by these bodies, indeed, are rapidly taking the character of ultimatums; and the Government must reckon seriously with this new manifestation of social strength if it is to achieve any useful results or to acquire any grasp of the situation.

Nothing on the part of the Russian intellectuals—following the fatal example of their Girondist prototypes—could appear much more hopeless than this attitude of uncompromising negation assumed upon the vaguest of general principles. It would be presumptuous on the part of outside observers to condemn too confidently the course actually taken by the Russian Moderates. They have bitter reason for distrust. But the principles enunciated by the *Russ* are principles which would make all constitutional Government impossible, and they are in essence identical with the logic of perpetual anarchy embodied in the old Polish doctrine of the *liberum veto*. They emphasise the most destructive of Slav propensities, and amount to a moral Nihilism. They deny altogether the doctrines both of individual responsibility and political compromise. Movements without strong personal leadership are movements without control, and the obvious

presumption is that the Russian intellectuals feel themselves incapable of guiding or resisting the forces which eloquence and fervour may raise and stimulate, but which only individual initiative acting by character and will can direct to constructive purposes. Nothing can be more certain than that many of the leading Russian Moderates were at heart desirous of co-operating with Count Witte. They shrank from the prospect of becoming in their turn the objects of the universal distrust which that statesman inspires. They have been unable for all practical purposes to maintain any distinctive "Moderate" programme of their own.

They do not, of course, admit the justice of this interpretation. They insist that until the extreme principles of a constituent assembly and universal suffrage are adopted by the new Government, their co-operation with Count Witte would be useless, even if it were earnest. They could not save the Government, and would compromise themselves. Nothing in this argument changes the fact that universal suffrage and the constituent assembly represent the programme of the Jacobins, and that the extreme parties, by compelling the "Girondists" to advocate it, have yoked the Moderates to their car. The situation is precisely what it was in revolutionary France when the Girondists—through their inability to perceive in time that revolutions once launched must be restrained and steadied at any cost—followed to the scaffold the monarch they had overthrown, and destroyed the hope of that gradual constitutional evolution which alone could have saved France from plunging into the Terror and returning to despotism. By dooming Count Witte's Government they doom themselves. Working more slowly towards their ends by the widening of constitutional monarchy, they might have become the regenerating element of the State. But their own "organisations" are as nothing by comparison with the purely revolutionary "organisations," which avow that while the primarily political acquisitions of universal suffrage and a constituent assembly may satisfy the *bourgeoisie*, these can be nothing in the eyes of the Socialist proletariat but steps towards the attainment of a Collectivist Republic. "Politics," in Mr. John Morley's memorable maxim, "are a field where action is one long second-best, and the choice lies constantly between two blunders." Count Witte and his programme are an imperfect substitute for the genius of constructive revolution such as Mirabeau might have shown if he had lived. But nothing can be more certain than that if Count Witte is eliminated, the choice lies between General Trepoff on the one hand and anarchy upon the other. In refusing to realise that sane constructive action in politics usually resolves itself into acceptance of the second-best at the risk of diminished popu-

larity, the Russian intellectuals, in the judgment of the present writer, have missed their psychological moment, and exposed themselves to be crushed between the upper and the nether grindstones.

The haggard Hercules now attempting to play the part of acting-Tsar at the Winter Palace, but sinking, like Alexander the Third, under the burthen, is in office, but he is not in effective power. The refusal of the Moderates to lend him their support has destroyed his hopes of obtaining full control of the machinery of government. Let us follow from this point of view the developments which have hurried Russia within a few weeks from the dawn of constitutional liberty to the brink of a vast social catastrophe which could only result either in the break-up of the Empire or in the temporary triumph of a counter-revolution—enforced if need be by the arms of a foreign invader carrying out what might prove to be in some respects a permanent conquest.

There is an element of Nemesis in all revolutions, and it may be questioned whether Nemesis has appeared under aspects of stranger irony than at the present moment in Russia. The "Marseillaise," first tolerated when the Dual Alliance was founded at the *fêtes* of Cronstadt, and heard with uncovered head by the most reactionary of the Tsars, has become, sooner than some far-sighted prophecies of that moment anticipated, the universal hymn of internal revolt. In another sense the revolution is the creation of the French loans as utilised for the economic policy of Count Witte himself. The Russian Premier may have realised or not that autocracy had its only possible basis upon the passive and illiterate mass of *mujikdom*. To create cities was to set about the subversion of despotism. But this is what Count Witte did during his epoch-making tenure of office at the Russian Treasury. With the borrowed milliards he introduced modern industrialism and called crowded centres of manufacture into being. The proletariat thus made to swarm and multiply within the limits of a single decade exists for the most part in Poland, close to the Western frontier, and within the penumbra of German Socialism. French finance and Count Witte's economic policy, in forcing the growth of the towns, created hot-beds of revolutionary democracy and raised within the very system of the Tsardom an enemy more fatal to autocratic power than the Japanese. The Empire was knitted together by strategical railways mainly designed to serve the purposes of external war. They were fated to aid still more efficiently the strategy of internal revolution and to provide the proletariat with the means of paralysing repression. The rural masses of Russia, though a vast aggregate, are divided

into numberless scattered communal units, each weak in itself and incapable for geographical reasons alone of any formidable combination. In the new industrial cities popular combinations appeared by the automatic compulsion of sociological law, and when a period of neglect had given them time to develop, subsequent repression only made them more extreme, more secret, and more effective. Indirectly through the financial effects of the Dual Alliance the spirit and energy of revolution were transplanted to Russian soil; and within a single decade, as has been said—in the last few years of the nineteenth century and the first of the twentieth—a strenuous and unsubduable counter-force to autocracy was conjured into life. That force waited the destined moment certain to be offered when Russia plunged once more into war, where disaster, as in the Crimea and the Balkans, was certain to await her, so long as the continuance of repressive despotism deprived the State of the spirit and mechanism of modern efficiency. Again, the French milliards offered the means of completing the Trans-Siberian and of bringing the one essentially barbarous system remaining in Europe into contact with the technical efficiency of Western civilisation as raised to its highest power by twentieth-century Japan. In spite of the malign paradoxes of M. Pobiedonostseff—"Mephistopheles reversed," as the Russian Press with much insight has been recently describing him—progress is progress. During the single generation of the Mikado's reign Japan has made more advances in national civilisation than Russia had made in the two centuries since Peter the Great. The war occurred; the inevitable followed. The dull passive masses set in play by the Tsardom were attacked and destroyed by the intelligent energy of a modern nation. That catastrophe broke the spell of internal repression; ranged all Russia in opposition to its Government; spread the temper of contempt and revolt; provided the revolution with its motive force. Even to the Tsar and the most reactionary elements of his *entourage* it became slowly clear that without some measure of internal reform the disasters of the war could not be repaired and the dynasty would be menaced.

This was the situation brought to a head by the methods of the New Revolution. The general strike preached for years by German Socialists as the *ultima ratio* of the proletariat seemed an idea so abstract, a contingency so remote, that it excited the satire rather than the apprehensions of constituted authority and its defenders. In the last days of October it appeared in Russia in practical application as the most portentous and terrible instrument ever employed by political agitation. Up to that moment Gibbon's famous argument that a hundred thousand disciplined men ready



to strike towards any point can hold down a hundred millions of more or less disconnected subjects seemed to have lost little of its validity. Railways, telegraphs, and telephones in Russia as in India seemed only to have increased the ability of a central authority to concentrate towards any point and to crush opposition with the greater rapidity. In Russia a comparatively small minority has proved its ability to dislocate at a blow the machinery upon which modern government depends in all its operations. The towns in Russia are but dots upon the map. Yet they are the points of junction—the screws and rivets which keep the whole apparatus of the State together. Without them the fabric of bureaucracy itself falls asunder. Militarism cannot mobilise. It becomes a question whether its army corps can be fed. The pressure upon the strikers themselves is extreme and exhausting. When their funds are exhausted they must resume work or starve. But the intense power of their tactics extorts concession from a Government not supported by an active and dominant public opinion—the only force capable of grappling with a general strike started by extreme organisations. In Russia, if starvation compels surrender, or if the local use of military force temporarily prevails, the tactics we have seen in a tremendous play are certain to be repeated; and so long as the Russian Government remains, as now, unsupported in its turn by the large and determined popular forces, which alone could suppress the methods of the New Revolution, the Russian proletariat will continue to possess the power of reducing from time to time the whole organisation of the State to anarchy. In the last phase of the Romanoff autocracy, railways, as we have seen, ceased to work; the telegraph system became almost as much interrupted as if the wires had been cut in war by some universal and invisible enemy; to speak through a telephone was like calling to the dead. The Courts, the universities, the schools were deserted. Cities, under the pinch of rising prices and the shadow of approaching famine, were what our industrial island would become if it lost the control of the sea and realised, as our street-bred people have never yet had to do, the abject dependence of industrial communities upon primitive mother-earth—upon the agriculture which nourishes even London as an infant is fed at the breast.

The general strike in practical operation is obviously by far the most important phenomenon of politics since the French Revolution. The repercussion of Russian events has already been violently felt in Austria. It will be felt at the next remove in Italy. In Germany, where, as Herr Bebel and his colleagues are aware, a general strike would at present be a mad experiment, certain to be trampled under by the military force of the mon-

archical majority, the immediate influence of the Russian precedent is less obvious, but the dangerous leaven has entered into the German political system, and will work with an effect which may prove, in the long run, convulsive. As to Russia itself, where there is as yet no national force behind even Count Witte's Government, it may be said with complete certainty that the autocracy of the Romanoffs is as dead as the *régime* of the Bourbons. Nor, as we shall see, is this conclusion weakened by the obvious possibility that some form of military dictatorship may emerge in Russia, and may once more stamp the revolution into quiescence for a time.

When Nicholas II. signed the Magna Charta which irrevocably abolished Tsarism as it has hitherto existed and converted the Empire of all the Russias into a limited monarchy, the guarantee for the safety of the constitution lay in the forces which had extorted it. It had been made clear that revolution was *en route* and that nothing but reform could stay its march. The rest was simply a question of *tempo*. Advanced minds would demand more rapid progress, conservative temperaments and interests more gradual. But it was at least obvious that the autocratic status could never be restored, since the popular forces if dammed up would evidently burst all barriers in the end and sweep away the throne itself by one obliterating flood. Count Witte, by efforts of which the Liberals who boycott his administration have never attempted to dispute the value, had convinced his master that the observance of the constitution must henceforth be regarded as the only real guarantee for the existence of the dynasty. The man into whose hands the grant of a constitution had been given was marked out to work it. His whole career obviously depended from that moment on working it successfully, and to impartial onlookers it must appear that every circumstance of the situation gave the moderate Russian reformers all the guarantees for national progress under parliamentary institutions that could reasonably be required. A nation of whose inhabitants ninety per cent. still live, move and have their being in the Middle Ages, was granted a larger measure of freedom than the English people obtained by the Revolution of 1688. The Russian reformers have insisted that society should be carried at one bound from a state of Oriental despotism to one of advanced democracy—a proposal to jump the precipice instead of descending the incline. It is probable that if a powerful middle class had been the controlling force in Russia the constitution would have been accepted. The Duma was to possess a veto over all laws and the right of supervising the administration. The four freedoms were granted—freedom of conscience; freedom

of speech, of the platform, of the Press. freedom of meeting and association, freedom of person. The constitutional rights proclaimed embodied, in a word, the Habeas Corpus Act, and the control of the Budget, upon a suffrage better than any electoral system which existed in this country before Household Franchise. The principles thus conceded were vague in outline. In an emergency manifesto they could not have been otherwise. Alexander Hamilton himself could hardly have drafted a more precise and detailed document for publication in a crisis. It is impossible to doubt Count Witte's sincerity at that moment. The most purely selfish motives must have compelled him to a sincere effort to carry out the system for which he himself had become responsible.

The Russian Premier was in office. Nothing but Moderate support could have placed him in power and enabled him to secure complete control of Russian administration. The principle of autocracy had ceased to exist. But the former instruments of the Tsar's personal will remained in possession of the whole machinery of the State. The police and the bureaucracy continued to look to General Trepoff. The autocracy, in a word, remained behind Count Witte as a Government in disguise. Backed by popular support the Russian Prime Minister must have captured the Government and secured the power necessary to make his office effective. That was necessarily his desire, for that was obviously his interest. In any case this was a situation, if ever one existed, where the man of emergency required time and a fair chance. Time was refused him, and he has not been allowed a fair chance. The fatal consequence was that the reaction and the revolutionaries were left face to face, with every moderating influence except that of Count Witte himself eliminated for all concrete purposes. The Socialist forces from which the revolution had received its real driving-power could not accept Count Witte, for he represented the British ideal of constitutional monarchy upon a capitalist and individualistic basis. The Tsar and Count Witte could not disarm in face of elements aiming directly at a democratic Republic upon a Socialist basis; and we are bound to remember that President Roosevelt himself would have been bound in a similar situation not to surrender all guarantees against the extreme consequences of revolution. Thus the constitution as a means for restoring the moral union and providing for the ordered progress of Russian society became futile from the moment that the Moderates refused to assume responsibility for it. The revolutionary organisations enforced their programme of universal suffrage and a constituent assembly—a programme meaningless and useless to the overwhelming mass of the Russian people—

upon all sections of the reform movement. Even Liberal intellectuals, represented by a journal like the *Russ*, demanded the creation of a citizen militia on the model of the French National Guard—a measure which would obviously make revolutionary Socialism once for all supreme. Nothing is easier than to see the point of view on both sides and to see also that the extreme positions were and are utterly irreconcilable. Then came the massacres of the Jews and the attacks of the "Whites" upon the "Reds"—of the lowest classes of the loyalist mob upon the Girondist intellectuals and Jacobin workmen alike. All over Russia the "mob"—the hooligans, or, in the Russian version of that expressive word, the "khuligani"—is a semi-organised institution in the pay and in the power of the police. But though this is true, it is not the whole of the truth. The anti-Semitic passion actually exists throughout Russia, and many of the worst episodes in the massacres of the Jews were outbreaks of entirely spontaneous savagery. In spite of Count Witte's efforts and the boldness and candour of the manifesto, in which he admitted that the *Judenhetze* had been instigated to a large extent by the bureaucratic enemies of reform, the stars of evil in their courses had fought against him. The massacres had opened a wider gulf of hatred between the Government and the extremists. General Trepoff is nominally dismissed, but he is held in reserve. It is sufficiently certain that the reaction continues to prepare as the revolution continues to organise, and that Count Witte may be replaced at any moment by a military dictator ready to close in a death-grapple with the Red Revolt.

We have again to note that the Russian Prime Minister is breaking down physically and mentally under a strain too great for mortal strength to endure. His consent to the programme of stamping out autonomy in Poland—probably extorted from him against his better judgment rather than willingly yielded—has been the fatal error of his career; and since he ought rather to have resigned than to have accepted a disastrous policy, he must bear the responsibility. It is obvious that if Poland were once crushed, Poland would become a basis from which the reconquest of all Russia would be carried out in the interests of reaction. It is now impossible for any section of the reformers to lend Count Witte and his Cabinet their support. Upon the first attempt to execute the measures proposed against Poland, the Government would necessarily become an instrument of the counter-revolution. Poles and Jews, on the contrary, are precisely the most powerful elements in the extreme organisations. What was inevitable will probably have happened before these

lines see the light in the shape of another general strike.<sup>1</sup> Russia will plunge into that chaos worse confounded of which no man living can see the end, but of which it may be predicted that it will temporarily wipe out one Great Power from the map with the very gravest risk of involving foreign interference and universal war.

“Roll up that map; it will not be wanted for another ten years,” said Pitt after Austerlitz. The centenary of Austerlitz will be celebrated a few days after these lines appear in print. The coincidence of dates may yet seem ominous to history; for it is certain that the collapse of the State-organisation of the Tsardom and its effacement as a Great Power would lead to the permanent transformation of the map and the political disappearance of the Europe we know. The Continental ascendancy of Louis the Fourteenth only became possible when Germany had been broken to fragments by the Thirty Years’ War. The break-up of the Russian State would obviously remove the one great balancing factor which holds German supremacy in check, and upon which the equilibrium of Europe depends. Were that restraining influence abolished it is clear that the omnipotence of the German Emperor in Europe would be greater than was that of Napoleon at the zenith of his triumph. Without any Machiavellian efforts of his own, the Kaiser would witness the realisation of his wildest dreams through the automatic issue of events. He would exercise in the sequel an irresistible sovereignty over an Empire of double the area and population he now rules. That Empire would reduce all the remaining States upon the Continent to the position and the function of satellites.

The greatest difficulty in international politics is to keep imagination sufficiently alive. History is never commonplace for long, and she is always capable of repeating her most incredible performances. The most extravagant speculations of the human mind never rose in advance to any conception of possibilities so amazing as were the actual results of the French Revolution. Russian anarchy would probably involve consequences no less astounding and more permanent.

The eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries opened with cycles of war, and there is nothing erratic at the present moment in the suggestion that the fate of the twentieth century may prove not different from that of the other two. There are several definite reasons which make it unlikely that the Kaiser proposes to remain a passive spectator of unlimited anarchy in Russia—

(1) The strike has prematurely occurred and its failure seems certain; but no one can suppose the volcano to be extinct because one eruption has been of a feeble character.

which make it almost impossible indeed that the German people themselves could persist in an attitude of non-intervention, even if they wished. In spite of the contempt of the Teutonic for the Slav race, and the inextinguishable hatred returned, the ties between Russia and Germany are those of complex and peculiar intimacy. There is in the first case the tie of dynastic friendship which, though often strained, has remained unruptured for well-nigh a century and a half. It has been strengthened anew in every generation by the German marriages of the Romanoffs, and personal influences count for as much in Berlin and St. Petersburg—where national policy is always a Court policy—as popular movements signify in nations possessing responsible government as well as Parliamentary institutions. There is no doubt whatever that the sympathy shown by the Kaiser to an autocrat in distress has been generous and impulsive in its expression, though it has served at the same time all the purposes of the deepest political calculation. The policy of the Wilhelmstrasse did much, by incitements and reassurances as potent as hypnotic suggestion, to urge Russia towards the Manchurian catastrophe, and indirectly to plunge the Russian autocracy and the Russian people into their present domestic disasters. But once the war had opened the Kaiser appeared to Nicholas II. as a warm and unswerving friend, and he is now regarded as a possible saviour of the Russian dynasty. This calculation is fallacious, and in its results upon the vacillating mind of the Tsar may be fatal. But it is clear that German torpedo-boats would not be in ostentatious evidence before Peterhof against the will of the Russian Court. They are the only guarantee that Nicholas II. will not become, like Louis the Sixteenth, the captive and the hostage of the Revolution. The details of the midnight interview at Björkö are unknown, but either then or since the Tsar must have received from the Kaiser some assurance of personal support. Nothing else could satisfactorily explain the new tone adopted by Count Witte after the Peace Conference towards Germany and towards France. There is no evidence to justify in the slightest degree the suggestion sometimes made that the German Emperor advised the Tsar to refuse all constitutional concessions to his subjects. But the Kaiser would have departed from all the traditions of Hohenzollern policy towards the Romanoffs if he had failed to assure Nicholas II. that his throne would be upheld or restored in the last resort by German bayonets.

For it must be remembered that this attitude on the part of the Court of Berlin would be dictated by the strongest motives of self-preservation. The Kaiser, in his conception of the divine right of monarchy, is a genuine mystic; and his imagination on

this subject is mediæval and Wagneresque, and far less modern in its stamp and colour than the realistic and sceptical intelligence of Frederick the Great. The German Emperor's mind broods with moral wrath upon the growth of German Socialism, which he regards as an impious phenomenon. Successive generations of Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs have been united by a common antagonism to all revolutionary movements, and revolution is far more difficult to localise than war. The flame in 1848 leaped from capital to capital. The complete triumph of revolutionary socialism in Russia would exercise sooner or later a profound effect upon the domestic situation in Germany; where the power of the Crown is still, on the whole, predominant; where Ministers are responsible, not to majorities in the Reichstag, but to the sovereign; where the issues of war and peace depend in the strictest sense upon the monarch's initiative; and where foreign policy is the expression of the Imperial will. All the great acts of recent German policy, the occupation of Kiao-chau, the creation of the fleet, the tacit alliance with the Sultan, the intervention in Morocco, have been dynastic acts, which the will of the German people could only approve or condemn after the event. In this respect a great struggle for constitutional revision must be fought out sooner or later in Germany, and the triumph of revolt in Russia, or the excitement of extreme opinion which would be created among the Kaiser's subjects by universal and prolonged anarchy across the Eastern frontier, would threaten the dominant position now occupied by the Hohenzollern dynasty in the German political system. Europe, to recall the Napoleonic phrase, cannot become Cossack, but no serious political thinker upon the Continent is quite certain that Europe will not become Republican. The final fall of the throne in Russia would weaken the existing basis of the throne in Austria-Hungary, in the German Empire itself, in Italy, in Spain. Rather than that the Romanoff dynasty should be swept away, the Kaiser would be constrained in the interests of his own House to make common cause with the counter-revolution. This is a contingency to which the Russian Moderates, in their boycott of Count Witte, have given less consideration than it deserved.

Again, there are the racial and strategical factors which mortice the interests of the German State, as it is now, to those of the Russian State as it has hitherto existed. To the Baltic provinces every Prussian turns longing eyes. The policy of Russification pursued in that region during the last twenty years has been followed with smothered but passionate resentment by the German governing classes, who feel upon that subject as English Unionists feel upon Ulster. The Baltic provinces were the out-

posts of *Deutschthum* in the struggle which drove the Slav races out of the heart of Europe; and these territories, where German landlords are still the ethnological equivalent of a loyal garrison, are regarded as the outposts of German culture. Anarchy in this quarter would be suppressed by invasion if the Russian Government were powerless to protect Teutonic proprietors against a Slav Jacquerie. In view of the naval developments of modern Germany and the overwhelming advantages from a commercial and strategical point of view of extending the German seaboard from Danzig to Riga, and perhaps to the Gulf of Finland—shores which German sea-power in the days of the Hanseatic League controlled before—it is in the last degree improbable that any re-occupation of the Baltic provinces, once effected on natural and strong pretexts, would be ever again reversed.

Above all, there is the question of Poland, which has been the real Siamese bond between German and Russian policy since the first partition. In deciding to make war upon the movement for Polish autonomy, Count Witte has probably been driven by the dread of German intervention to the very course most likely to provoke it. For some time the Kaiser's troops have been steadily massing upon the Eastern frontier, where no less than five German army corps are now reported to be stationed, and the soil of the lost nation may become at no distant date the cyclonic centre of European politics. The immense dangers latent in this problem will appear from the briefest study of its conditions. Of all the three Powers who divided the territories of the dismembered people between them, Austria was the most reluctant, and remains the least opposed to the undoing of the work then consummated. The Poles are now, in every respect but that of political unity, a great people—the greatest next to the four dominant races upon the Continent. They possess the richest of the Slav literatures. They have not only a separate language, but, as between Muscovites and Prussians, a separate religion and a separate temperament. They have more political and military ability than any other race in the dominion of the Tsar, except the Finns. Partitioned between three Empires as they are, there are no natural barriers between them; they occupy a solid block of territory continuous in every sense except the diplomatic; and it is not generally realised that they have multiplied since the last partition, until they now number 20,000,000 souls. Spain is the largest nation outside the circle of the Great Powers, but the Polish people are more numerous than the Spanish people. Next to the Russians, the Germans, the British, the French, and the Italians,



they are, indeed, the sixth most numerous race in Europe. Psychologically, they are insuppressible, in spite of the most relentless efforts of their conquerors. So much the events of the last few years in Posen have proved.

What a century has not done it is certain that centuries will not do. Complete Polish independence may be unthinkable on the one hand, but on the other Polish nationality is as evidently inextinguishable. Poles are increasing even in material prosperity faster than any other racial element with which they are immediately in contact, for German settlement, in spite of the tenacious Prussian policy of subsidised colonisation, does not thrive upon Polish soil. The "lost nation" becomes increasingly and portentously conspicuous. It has an indomitable faith that the future must belong to it, for in the course of the next generation there will be nearer thirty millions of them; and they will still retain their language. Austria would not object to the restoration of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and might even consent to add Galicia to it in return for such compensation in the Balkans as might not prove wholly impossible to arrange. The German attitude towards the Polish idea is, upon the other hand, implacable. The German Empire could not surrender Posen without fatally weakening its strategical position by allowing a long arm of Pan-Slav power to be thrust forward between Silesia and the Baltic almost to within grasp of Berlin. But take the much more practicable contingency. The restoration of Polish autonomy, even within the restricted limits of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, would make the prospect of assimilating the Prussian Poles still more hopeless. It would consolidate the Imperial power of a reconstructed Russia, and upon the other hand would make the Polish frontier the Achilles' heel of the Kaiser's Empire. Hitherto the interests of the German State have been at one with the obvious interests of the Russian autocracy which could not recognise Polish autonomy without encouraging Russian reform. With the end of autocracy the interests of the German State will be far less clearly at one with the interests of the Russian people under constitutional government. From the point of view of most Russian reformers, Polish autonomy is not only no less thinkable than Finnish autonomy; it appears no less desirable.

The Polish movement is not and cannot become a separatist movement. Its adherents aim at a much smaller measure of autonomy than is enjoyed by Bavaria within the German Empire. They are perfectly well aware that incorporation for all Imperial purposes in the Russian State must continue to form their only possible security against German domination. When Count

Witte declares martial law against what he describes as a separatist movement he speaks once more as the conventional mouth-piece of autocracy, not as the representative of Russian intelligence; and he does not speak like a statesman of insight and originality. An autonomous Poland would be as loyal to the Imperial sovereign of a constitutional Russia as is Galicia to Francis Joseph, and would form upon the side of Germany, where the Tsardom is now weakest, the strongest bulwark of a reconstructed State.

Count Witte is embarking on a policy which could only succeed at the expense of the Poles by destroying Russian freedom or Russia itself. It is in the last degree improbable, in view of nearer revolutionary perils and the recrudescence of general strikes, that the Russian reaction can suppress Poland by its own forces. The conflict would be far more likely to involve at no very remote date a German occupation of St. Petersburg as well as of Warsaw. The Tsar might continue for some period to reign, indeed, but he would reign as the German Emperor's nominee. Nor even then could the avalanche be stayed. The whole existing structure of the three European Empires hangs together. Nothing can be much more certain than that the effect of German intervention in Poland would excite racial passions in Austria-Hungary to a violence which would shatter the cracking structure of the Dual monarchy, and create, in the absence of all possibility of resistance on the part of Russia, the Empire of Pan-German dreams, stretching to Trieste, and perhaps to Salonika, comprising with its Hungarian annexe more than a hundred million souls and making the Kaiser more completely than ever Napoleon was the Emperor of Europe.

Events as has been shown might drive William II. and his people, without any conscious purpose of illimitable aggrandisement, step by step along this path. To prevent the consummation of the political process which would begin with a German occupation of Poland, England, France, and Italy would be compelled to wage a life and death struggle, which might drive Germany out of the Balkans and from the head of the Adriatic, which might secure the independent existence of an enlarged and powerful Hungarian State, which might even restore the integrity of Russia—but which, upon the other hand, might fail in all these aims. And the Austrian half of the Dual monarchy could not again be detached from the Hohenzollern dominions. And there is another very clear contingency. In case of a Western coalition against German aggrandisement, Berlin could always make a total change of policy towards the Poles. A Pan-German Empire formed by the breaking up of Austria-Hungary could afford with safety and

advantage to establish the autonomy of a re-united Poland within the politico-economic limits of such a vast Central European Zollverein as even German Socialists see in dreams. These speculations are no stranger than were the facts of the Napoleonic era; and the Russian revolution, like the French, may involve all European mankind in stupendous misfortunes.

The Moderates in St. Petersburg and Moscow, if they could be induced to reconsider the lessons of all history, might save the situation even yet. Count Witte is not the ideal statesman of a supreme crisis any more than was General Kuropatkin the ideal Commander in the field. But, like General Kuropatkin, the Russian Prime Minister is the strongest personality available. If supported, he would unquestionably establish in Russia a constitution at least as liberal as that of the German Empire. Count Witte's disappearance, on the other hand, might prove to be an event more disastrous than the death of Mirabeau. The reaction may still prove able to fight a Manchurian campaign from battle to battle. It has the army consisting of troops who are never quartered in their native districts, and who are unlikely to mutiny when not ordered to shoot their own kith and kin. It has the Cossacks, who, however unsatisfactory against the Japanese, can be relied upon in Russia itself to slay and sack under all circumstances at the word of command. There is the industrial *bourgeoisie*, which lives upon Government orders, is ruined by strikes, and would prefer the bloodiest dictatorship to interminable anarchy. There are the khuligani, and the other barbarous elements of the savage mob which massacres Jews and burned the reformers alive at Tomsk. There are the mujiks who, after they have taken full advantage of Socialist advice to rob the proprietors, may then proceed in the name of God and the Tsar to tread down the revolution with giant feet, as Gulliver might have stamped upon Lilliputians. But even if "the movement" in its present shape were temporarily crushed, no conceivable military dictatorship can hope to succeed in the long run where Plehve failed. The real alternatives to Count Witte's policy of constitutional compromise and gradual reform are anarchy or the German Emperor—the dismemberment of the Russian Empire and the European Armageddon.

PERSEUS.

## NEW YORK AND THE HUDSON: A SPRING IMPRESSION.

### I.

It was a concomitant, always, of the down-town hour that it could be felt as *most* playing into the surrendered consciousness and making the sharpest impression; yet, since the up-town hour was apt, in its turn, to claim the same distinction, I could only let each of them take its way with me as it would. The oddity was that they seemed not at all to speak of different things—by so quick a process does any one aspect, in the United States, in general, I was to note, connect itself with the rest; so little does any link in the huge looseness of New York, in especial, appear to come as a whole, or as final, out of the fusion. The fusion, as of elements in solution in a vast hot pot, is always going on, and one stage of the process is as typical or as vivid as another. Whatever I might be looking at, or be struck with, the object or the phase was an item in the pressing conditions of the place, and as such had more in common with its sister items than it had in difference from them. It mattered little, moreover, whether this might be a proof that New York, among cities, most deeply languishes and palpitates, or vibrates and flourishes (whichever way one may put it) under the breath of her conditions, or whether, simply, this habit of finding a little of *all* my impressions reflected in any one of them testified to the enjoyment of a real relation with the subject. I like indeed to think of my relation to New York as, in that manner, almost inexpressibly intimate, and as hence making, for daily sensation, a keyboard as continuous, and as free from hard transitions, as if swept by the fingers of a master-pianist. You cannot, surely, say more for your sense of the underlying unity of an occasion than that the taste of each dish in the banquet recalls the taste of most of the others; which is what I mean by the "continuity," not to say the affinity, on the island of Manhattan, between the fish and the sweets, between the soup and the game. The whole feast affects one as eaten—that is the point—with the general queer sauce of New York; a preparation as freely diffused, somehow, on the East side as on the West, in the quarter of Grand Street as in the quarter of Murray Hill. No fact, I hasten to add, would appear to make the place more amenable to delineations of the order that may be spoken of as hanging together.

I must confess, notwithstanding, to not being quite ready to point directly to the common element in the dense Italian neighbourhoods of the lower East side, and in the upper reaches of Fifth and of Madison Avenues; though indeed I wonder at this inability in recollecting two or three of those charming afternoons of early summer, in Central Park, which showed the fruit of the foreign tree as shaken down there with a force that smothered everything else. The long residential vistas I have named were within a quarter of an hour's walk, but the alien was as truly in possession, under the high "aristocratic" nose, as if he had had but three steps to come. If it be asked why, the alien still striking you so as an alien, the singleness of impression, throughout the place, should still be so marked, the answer, close at hand, would seem to be that the alien himself fairly *makes* the singleness of impression. Is not the universal sauce essentially *his* sauce, and do we not feel ourselves feeding, half the time, from the ladle, as greasy as he chooses to leave it for us, that he holds out? Such questions were in my ears, at all events, with the cheerful hum of that babel of tongues established in the vernal Park, and they supplied, beyond doubt, the livelier interest of any hour of contemplation there. I hate to drift into dealing with them at the expense of a proper tribute, kept distinct and vivid, to the charming bosky precinct itself, the great field of recreation with which they swarmed; but it could not be the fault of the brooding visitor, and still less that of the restored absentee, if he was conscious of the need of mental adjustment to phenomena absolutely fresh. He could remember still how, months before, a day or two after his restoration, a noted element of one of his first impressions had been this particular revealed anomaly. He had been, on the Jersey shore, walking with a couple of friends through the grounds of a large new rural residence, where groups of diggers and ditchers were working, on those lines of breathless haste which seem always, in the United States, of the essence of any question, toward an expensive effect of landscape-gardening. To pause before them, for interest in their labour, was, and would have been everywhere, instinctive; but what came home to me on the spot was that whatever *more* would have been anywhere else involved had here inevitably lapse.

What lapsed, on the spot, was the element of communication with the workers, as I may call it for want of a better name; that element which, in a European country, would have operated, from side to side, as the play of mutual recognition, founded on old familiarities and heredities, and involving, for the moment, some impalpable exchange. The men, in the case I speak of, were Italians, of superlatively southern type, and any impalpable

exchange struck me as absent from the air to positive intensity, to mere unthinkability. It was as if contact were out of the question and the sterility of the passage between us recorded, with due dryness, in our staring silence. This impression was for one of the party a shock—a member of the party for whom, on the other side of the world, the imagination of the main furniture, as it might be called, of any rural excursion, of *the* rural in particular, had been, during years, the easy sense, for the excursionist, of a social relation with any encountered type, from whichever end of the scale proceeding. Had that not ever been, exactly, a part of the vague warmth, the intrinsic colour, of any honest man's rural walk in his England or his Italy, his Germany or his France, and was not the effect of its so suddenly dropping out, in the land of universal brotherhood—for I was to find it drop out again and again—rather a chill, straightway, for the heart, and rather a puzzle, not less, for the head? Shortly after the spring of this question was first touched for me I found it ring out again with a sharper stroke. Happening to have lost my way, during a long ramble among the New Hampshire hills, I appealed, for information, at a parting of the roads, to a young man whom, at the moment of my need, I happily saw emerge from a neighbouring wood. But his stare was blank, in answer to my inquiry, and, seeing that he failed to understand me and that he had a dark-eyed "Latin" look, I jumped to the inference of his being a French Canadian. My repetition of my query in French, however, forwarded the case as little, and my trying him with Italian had no better effect. "What *are* you then?" I wonderingly asked—on which my accent loosened in him the faculty of speech. "I'm an Armenian," he replied, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a wage-earning youth in the heart of New England to be—so that all I could do was to try and make my profit of the lesson. I could have made it better, for the occasion, if, even on the Armenian basis, he had appeared to expect brotherhood; but this had been as little his seeming as it had been that of the diggers by the Jersey shore.

To inquire of these things on the spot, to betray, that is, one's sense of the "chill" of which I have spoken, is of course to hear it admitted, promptly enough, that there is no claim to brotherhood with aliens in the first grossness of their alienism. The material of which they consist is being dressed and prepared, at this stage, for brotherhood, and the consummation, in respect to many of them, will not be, cannot from the nature of the case be, in any lifetime of their own. Their children are another matter—as, in fact, the children, throughout the United States, are an immense matter, are almost the greatest matter of all;

it is the younger generation who will fully profit, rise to the occasion and enter into the privilege. The machinery is colossal—nothing is more characteristic of the country than the development of this machinery, in the form of the political and social habit, the common school and the newspaper; so that there are always millions of little transformed strangers growing up in regard to whom the idea of intimacy of relation may be as freely cherished as you like. *They* are the stuff of whom brothers and sisters are made, and the making proceeds on a scale that really need leave nothing to desire. All this you take in, with a wondering mind, and in the light of it the great "ethnic" question rises before you on a corresponding scale and with a corresponding majesty. Once it has set your observation, to say nothing of your imagination, working, it becomes for you, as you go and come, the wonderment to which everything ministers and that is quickened well-nigh to madness, in some places and on some occasions, by every face and every accent that meet your eyes and ears. The sense of the elements in the cauldron—the cauldron of the "American" character—becomes thus about as vivid a thing as you can at all quietly manage, and the question settles into a form which makes the intelligible answer further and further recede. "What meaning, in the presence of such impressions, can continue to attach to such a term as the 'American' character?—what type, as the result of such a prodigious amalgam, such a hotch-potch of racial ingredients, is to be conceived as shaping itself?" The challenge to speculation, fed thus by a thousand sources, is so intense as to be, as I say, irritating; but practically, beyond doubt, I should also say, you take refuge from it—since your case would otherwise be hard; and you find your relief not in the least in any direct satisfaction or solution, but absolutely in that blest general drop of the immediate need of conclusions, or rather in that blest general feeling for the impossibility of them, to which the philosophy of any really fine observation of the American spectacle must reduce itself, and the large intellectual, quite even the large æsthetic, margin supplied by which accompanies the spectator as his one positively complete comfort.

It is more than a comfort to him, truly, in all the conditions, this accepted vision of the too-defiant scale of numerosity and quantity—the effect of which is so to multiply the possibilities, so to open, by the million, contingent doors and windows: he rests in it at last as an absolute luxury, converting it even into a substitute, into *the* constant substitute, for many luxuries that are absent. He doesn't *know*, he can't *say*, before the facts, and he doesn't even want to know or to say; the facts themselves loom,

before the understanding, in too large a mass for a mere mouthful: it is as if the syllables were too numerous to make a legible word. The illegible word, accordingly, the great inscrutable answer to questions, hangs in the vast American sky, to his imagination, as something fantastic and *abracadabrant*, belonging to no known language, and it is under this convenient ensign that he travels and considers and contemplates, and, to the best of his ability, enjoys. The interesting point, in the connection, is moreover that this particular effect of the scale of things is the only effect that, throughout the land, is not directly adverse to joy. Extent and reduplication, the multiplication of cognate items and the continuity of motion, are elements that count, there, in general, for fatigue and satiety, prompting the earnest observer, overburdened perhaps already a little by his earnestness, to the reflection that the country is too large for any human convenience, that it can scarce, in the scheme of Providence, have been meant to be dealt with as we are trying, perhaps all in vain, to deal with it, and that its very possibilities of population themselves cause one to wince in the light of the question of intercourse and contact. That relation to its superficialities and content—the relation of flat fatigue—is, with the traveller, a constant quantity; so that he feels himself justified of the inward, the philosophic, escape into the immensity. And as it is the restored absentee, with his acquired habit of nearer limits and shorter journeys and more muffled concussions, who is doubtless most subject to flat fatigue, so it is this same personage who most avails himself of the liberty of waiting to see. It is an advantage—acting often in the way of a compensation, or of an appeal from the immediate—that he becomes, early in his period of inquiry, conscious of intimately invoking, in whatever apparent inconsistency it may lodge him. There is too much of the whole thing, he sighs, for the personal relation with it; and yet he would desire no inch less for the relation that he describes to himself best perhaps either as the provisionally-imaginative or as the distantly-respectful. Diminution of quantity, even by that inch, might mark the difference of his having to begin to recognise from afar, as through a rift in the obscurity, the gleam of some propriety of opinion. What would a man make, many things still being as they are, he finds himself asking, of a *small* America?—and what may a big one, on the other hand, still not make of itself? Goodness be thanked, accordingly, for the bigness. The state of flat fatigue, obviously, is not an opinion, save in the sense attributed to the slumber of the gentleman of the anecdote who had lost consciousness during the reading of the play—it belongs to the order of mere sensation and impression; and as to these



the case is quite different : he may have as many of each as he can carry.

## II.

The process of the mitigation and, still more, of the conversion of the alien goes on, meanwhile, obviously, not by leaps and bounds or any form of easy magic, but under its own mystic laws and with an outward air of quite declining to be unduly precipitated. How little it may be thought of in New York as a quick business we readily perceive as the effect of merely remembering the vast numbers of their kind that the arriving reinforcements, from whatever ends of the earth, find already in possession of the field. There awaits the disembarked Armenian, for instance, so warm and furnished an Armenian corner that the need of hurrying to get rid of the sense of it must become less and less a pressing preliminary. The corner growing warmer and warmer, it is to be supposed, by rich accretions, he may take his time, more and more, for becoming absorbed in the surrounding element, and he may, in fact, feel more and more that he can do so on his own conditions. I seem to find indeed in this latter truth a hint for the best expression of a whole side of New York—the best expression of much of the medium in which one consciously moves. It is formed by this fact that the alien is taking his time, and that you go about with him meanwhile, sharing, all respectfully, in his deliberation, waiting on his convenience, watching him at his interesting work. The vast foreign quarters of the city present him as thus engaged in it, and they are curious and portentous and “picturesque” just by reason of their doing so. You recognise in them, freely, those elements that are not elements of swift convertibility, and you lose yourself in the wonder of what becomes, as it were, of the obstinate, the unconverted residuum. The country at large, as you cross it in different senses, keeps up its character for you as the hugest thinkable organism for successful “assimilation”; but the assimilative force itself has the residuum still to count with. The operation of the immense machine, identical after all with the total of American life, trembles away into mysteries that are beyond our present notation, and that reduce us, in many a mood, to renouncing analysis.

Who and what is an alien, when it comes to that, in a country peopled from the first under the jealous eye of history?—peopled, that is, by migrations at once extremely recent, perfectly traceable and urgently required. They are still, it would appear, urgently required—if we look about, far enough, for the urgency; though of that truth such a scene as New York may well make one

doubt. Which is the American, by these scant measures?—which is *not* the alien, over a large part of the country at least, and where does one put a finger on the dividing line, or, for that matter, “spot” and identify any particular phase of the conversion, any one of its successive moments? The sense of the interest of so doing is doubtless half the interest of the general question—the possibility of our seeing lucidly presented some such phenomenon, in a given group of persons, or even in a felicitous individual, as the dawn of the American spirit while the declining rays of the Croatian, say, or of the Calabrian, or of the Lusitanian, still linger more or less pensively in the sky. Fifty doubts and queries come up, in regard to any such possibility, as one circulates in New York, with the so ambiguous element in the *launched* foreign personality always in one’s eyes; the wonder, above all, of whether there be, comparatively, in the vastly greater number of the representatives of the fresh contingent, any spirit that the American does not find an easy prey. Repeatedly, in the electric cars, one seemed invited to take that for granted—there being occasions, days and weeks together, when the electric cars offer you nothing else to think of. The careful, again and again, is a foreign careful; a row of faces, up and down, testifying, without exception, to alienism unmistakable, alienism undisguised and unashamed. You do here, in a manner perhaps, discriminate; the *launched* condition, as I have called it, is more developed in some types than in others; but I remember observing how, in the Broadway and the Bowery conveyances in especial, they tended, almost alike, to make the observer gasp with the sense of isolation. It was not for this that the observer on whose behalf I more particularly write had sought to take up again the sweet sense of the natal air.

The great fact about his companions was that, foreign as they might be, newly inducted as they might be, they were *at home*, really more at home, at the end of their few weeks, or months, or their year or two, than they had ever in their lives been before; and that *he* was at home, too, quite with the same intensity: and yet that it was this very equality of condition that, from side to side, made the whole medium so strange. Here, again, however, relief may be sought and found—and I say this at the risk of perhaps picturing the restored absentee as too constantly requiring it; for there is fascination in the study of the innumerable ways in which this sense of being at home, on the part of all the types, may show forth. New York offers to such a study a well-nigh unlimited field, but I seem to recall winter days, harsh, dusky, sloshy winter afternoons, in the densely-packed East-side street-cars, as an especially intimate surrender to it. It took its

place thus, I think, under the general American law of *all* relief from the great equalising pressure: it took on that last disinterestedness which consists of one's getting away from one's subject by plunging into it, for sweet truth's sake, still deeper. If I speak, moreover, of this general first grossness of alienism as presented in "types," I use that word for easy convenience and not in respect to its indicating marked variety. There are many different ways, certainly, in which obscure fighters of the battle of life may look, under new high lights, queer and crude and unwrought; but the striking thing, precisely, in the crepuscular, tunnel-like avenues that the "Elevated" overarches—yet without quenching, either, that constant power of any American exhibition rather luridly to light itself—the striking thing, and the beguiling, was always the manner in which figure after figure and face after face already betrayed the common consequence and action of their whereabouts. Face after face, unmistakably, was "low"—particularly in the men, squared all solidly in their new security and portability, their vague but growing sense of many unprecedented things; and as signs of the reinforcing of a large local conception of manners and relations it was difficult to say if they most affected one as promising or as portentous.

The great thing, at any rate, was that they were all together so visibly on the new, the lifted level—that of consciously not being what they *had* been, and that this immediately glazed them over as with some mixture, of indescribable hue and consistency, the wholesale varnish of consecration, that might have been applied, out of a bottomless receptacle, by a huge white-washing brush. Here, perhaps, was the nearest approach to a seizable step in the evolution of the oncoming citizen, the stage of his no longer being for you—for any complacency of the romantic, or even verily of the fraternising, sense in you—the foreigner of the quality, of the kind, that he might have been *chez lui*. Whatever he might see himself becoming, he was never to see himself that again, any more than you were ever to see him. He became then, to my vision (which I have called fascinated for want of a better description of it), a creature promptly despoiled of those "manners" which were the grace (as I am again reduced to calling it) by which one had best known and, on opportunity, best liked him. He presents himself thus, most of all, to be plain—and not only in New York, but throughout the country—as wonderingly conscious that his manners of the other world, that everything you have there known and praised him for, have been a huge mistake: to that degree that the sense of this luminous discovery is what we mainly imagine his weighted communications to those he has left behind

charged with ; those rich letters home as to the number and content of which the Post Office gives us so remarkable a statistic. If there are several lights in which the great assimilative organism itself may be looked at, does it not thus perhaps loom largest as an agent for revealing to the citizen-to-be the error in question? He hears it, under this ægis, proclaimed in a thousand voices, and it is as listening to these and as, according to the individual, more or less swiftly, but always infallibly, penetrated and convinced by them, that I felt myself see him go about his business, see him above all, for some odd reason, sit there in the street-car, and with a slow, brooding gravity, a dim calculation of bearings, which yet never takes a backward step, expand to the full measure of it.

So, in New York, largely, the " American " value of the immigrant who arrives at all mature is restricted to the enjoyment (all prepared to increase) of that important preliminary truth ; which makes him for us, we must own, till more comes of it, a tolerably neutral and colourless image. He resembles for the time the dog who sniffs round the freshly-acquired bone, giving it a push and a lick, betraying a sense of its possibilities, but not—and quite as from a positive deep tremor of consciousness—directly attacking it. There are categories of foreigners, truly, meanwhile, of whom we are moved to say that only a mechanism working with scientific force could have performed this feat of making them colourless. The Italians, who, over the whole land, strike us. I am afraid, as, after the Negro and the Chinaman, the human value most easily produced, the Italians meet us, at every turn. only to make us ask what has become of that element of the agreeable address in *them* which has, from far back, so enhanced for the stranger the interest and pleasure of a visit to their beautiful country. They shed it utterly, I couldn't but observe, on their advent, after a deep inhalation or two of the clear native air ; shed it with a conscientious completeness which leaves one looking for any faint trace of it. " Colour," of that pleasant sort, was what they had appeared, among the races of the European family, most to have ; so that the effect I speak of, the rapid action of the ambient air, is like that of the tub of hot water that reduces a piece of bright-hued stuff, on immersion, to the proved state of not " washing " : the only fault of my image indeed being that if the stuff loses its brightness the water of the tub, at least, is more or less agreeably dyed with it. That is doubtless not the case for the ambient air operating after the fashion I here note—since we surely fail to observe that the property washed out of the new subject begins to tint with its pink or its azure his fellow-soakers in the terrible tank. If this property that has quitted

him—the general amenity of attitude in the absence of provocation to its opposite—could be accounted for by its having rubbed off on any number of surrounding persons, the whole process would be easier and perhaps more comforting to follow. It will not have been his first occasion of taking leave of short-sighted comfort in the United States, however, if the patient inquirer postpones that ideal to the real solicitation of the question I here touch on.

What *does* become of the various positive properties, on the part of certain of the installed tribes, the good manners, say, among them, as to which the process of shedding and the fact of eclipse come so promptly into play? It has taken long ages of history, in the other world, to produce them, and you ask yourself, with independent curiosity, if they may really be thus extinguished in an hour. And if they are not extinguished, into what pathless tracts of the native atmosphere do they virtually, do they provisionally, and so all undiscoverably, melt? Do they burrow underground, to await their day again?—or in what strange secret places are they held in deposit and in trust? The “American” identity that has profited by their sacrifice has meanwhile acquired (in the happiest cases) all apparent confidence and consistency; but may not the doubt remain of whether the extinction of qualities ingrained in generations is to be taken for quite complete? Isn’t it conceivable that, for something like a final efflorescence, the business of slow comminglings and makings-over at last ended, they may rise again to the surface, affirming their vitality and value and playing their part? It would be for them, of course, in this event, to attest that they had been worth waiting so long for; but the speculation, at any rate, irresistibly forced upon us, is a sign of the interest, in the American world, of what I have called the “ethnic” outlook. The cauldron, for the great stew, has such circumference and such depth that we can only deal here with ultimate syntheses, ultimate combinations and possibilities. Yet I am well aware that if these vague evocations of them, in their nebulous remoteness, may charm the ingenuity of the student of the scene, there are matters of the foreground that they have no call to supplant. Any temptation to let them do so is meanwhile, no doubt, but a proof of that impulse irresponsibly to escape from the formidable foreground which so often, in the American world, lies in wait for the spirit of intellectual dalliance.

### III.

New York really, I think, is all formidable foreground; or, if it be not, there is more than enough of this pressure of the present

and the immediate to cut out the close sketcher's work for him. These things are a thick growth all round him, and when I recall the intensity of the material picture in the dense Yiddish quarter, for instance, I wonder at its not having forestalled, on my page, mere musings and, as they will doubtless be called, moonings. There abides with me, ineffaceably, the memory of a summer evening spent there by invitation of a high public functionary, domiciled on the spot—to the extreme enhancement of the romantic interest his visitor found him foredoomed to inspire—who was to prove one of the most liberal of hosts and most luminous of guides. I can scarce help it if this brilliant personality, on that occasion, the very medium itself through which the whole spectacle showed, so colours my impressions that if I speak, by intention, of the facts that played into them I may really but reflect the rich talk and the general privilege of the hour. That accident, moreover, must take its place simply as the highest value and the strongest note in the total show—so much did it testify to the quality of appealing, surrounding life. The sense of this quality was already strong in my drive, with a companion, through the long, warm June twilight, from a comparatively conventional neighbourhood; it was the sense, after all, of a great swarming, a swarming that had begun to thicken, infinitely, as soon as we had crossed to the East side and long before we had got to Rutgers Street. There is no swarming like that of Israel when once Israel has got a start, and the scene here bristled, at every step, with the signs and sounds, immitigable, unmistakable, of a Jewry that had burst all bounds. That it has burst all bounds, in New York, almost any combination of figures or of objects taken at hazard sufficiently proclaims; but I remember how the rising waters, on this summer night, rose, to the imagination, even above the housetops and seemed to sound their murmur to the pale distant stars. It was as if we had been thus, in the crowded, hustled roadway, where multiplication, multiplication of everything, was the dominant note, at the bottom of some vast sallow aquarium in which innumerable fish, of over-developed proboscis, were to bump together, for ever, amid heaped spoils of the sea.

The children swarmed above all—here was multiplication with a vengeance; and the number of very old persons, of either sex, was almost equally remarkable; the very old persons being in equal vague occupation of the doorstep, pavement, curbstone, gutter, roadway, and everyone alike using the street for overflow. As overflow, in the whole quarter, is the main fact of life—I was to learn later on that, with the exception of some shy corner of Asia, no district in the world known to the statistician has so

many inhabitants to the yard—the scene hummed with the human presence beyond any I had ever faced in quest even of refreshment; producing part of the impression, moreover, no doubt, as a direct consequence of the intensity of the Jewish aspect. This, I think, makes the individual Jew more of a concentrated person, sparingly possessed of everything that is in him, than any other human, noted at random—or is it simply, rather, that the unsurpassed strength of the race permits of the chopping into myriads of fine fragments without loss of race-quality? There are small strange animals, known to natural history, snakes or worms, I believe, who, when cut into pieces, wriggle away contentedly and live in the snippet as completely as in the whole. So the denizens of the New York Ghetto, heaped as thick as the splinters on the table of a glass-blower, had each, like the fine glass particle, his or her individual share of the whole hard glitter of Israel. This diffused intensity, as I have called it, causes any array of Jews to resemble (if I may be allowed another image) some long nocturnal street where every window in every house shows a maintained light. The advanced age of so many of the figures, the ubiquity of the children, carried out in fact this analogy; they were all there for race, and not, as it were, for reason: that excess of lurid meaning, in some of the old men's and old women's faces in particular, would have been absurd, in the conditions, as a really directed attention—it could only be the gathered past of Israel mechanically pushing through. The way, at the same time, this chapter of history did, all that evening, seem to push, was a matter that made the "ethnic" apparition again sit like a skeleton at the feast. It was fairly as if I could see the spectre grin while the talk of the hour gave me, across the board, facts and figures, chapter and verse, for the extent of the Hebrew conquest of New York. With a reverence for intellect, one should doubtless have drunk in tribute to an intellectual people; but I remember being at no time more conscious of that merely portentous element, in the aspects of American growth, which reduces to inanity any marked dismay quite as much as any high elation. The portent is one of too many—you always come back, as I have hinted, with your easier gasp, to *that*: it will be time enough to sigh or to shout when the relation of the particular appearance to all the other relations shall have cleared itself up. Phantasmagoric for me, accordingly, in a high degree, are the interesting hours I here glance at content to remain—setting in this respect, I recognise, an excellent example to all the rest of the New York phantasmagoria. Let me speak of the remainder only as phantasmagoric too, so that I may both the more kindly recall it and the sooner have done with it.

I have not done, however, with the impression of that large evening in the Ghetto; there was too much in the vision, and it has left too much the sense of a rare experience. For what did it all really come to but that one had seen with one's eyes the New Jerusalem on earth? What less than that could it all have been, in its far-spreading light and its celestial serenity of multiplication? There it was, there it is, and when I think of the dark, foul, stifling Ghettos of other remembered cities, I shall think by the same stroke of the city of redemption, and evoke in particular the rich Rutgers Street perspective—rich, so peculiarly, for the eye, in that complexity of fire-escapes with which each house-front bristles and which gives the whole vista so modernised and appointed a look. Omnipresent in the "poor" regions, this neat applied machinery has, for the stranger, a common side with the electric light and the telephone, suggests the distance achieved from the old Jerusalem. (These frontal iron ladders and platforms, by the way, so numerous throughout New York, strike more New York notes than can be parenthetically named—and among them, perhaps most sharply, the note of the ease with which, in the terrible town, on opportunity, "architecture" goes by the board; but the appearance to which they perhaps most conduce is that of the spaciouly organised cage for the nimbler class of animals in some great zoological garden. This general analogy is irresistible—it seems to offer, in each district, a little world of bars and perches and swings for human squirrels and monkeys. The very name of architecture perishes, for the fire-escapes look like abashed afterthoughts, staircases and communications forgotten in the construction; but the inhabitants lead, like the squirrels and monkeys, all the merrier life.) It was while I hung over the prospect from the windows of my friend, however, the presiding genius of the district, and it was while, at a later hour, I proceeded in his company, and in that of a trio of contributive fellow-pilgrims, from one "characteristic" place of public entertainment to another: it was during this rich climax, I say, that the city of redemption was least to be taken for anything less than it was. The windows, while we sat at meat, looked out on a swarming little square, in which an ant-like population darted to and fro; the square consisted in part of a "district" public garden, or public lounge rather, one of those small backwaters or refuges, artfully economised for rest, here and there, in the very heart of the New York whirlpool, and which spoke louder than anything else of a Jerusalem disinfected. What spoke loudest, no doubt, was the great overtowering school which formed a main boundary and in the shadow of which we all comparatively crouched.



But the school must not lead me on just yet—so colossally has its presence still to loom for us ; that presence which profits so, for predominance, in America, by the failure of concurrent and competitive presences, the failure of any others looming at all on the same scale save that of Business, those in particular of a visible Church, a visible State, a visible Society, a visible Past ; those of the many visibilities, in short, that warmly cumber the ground in older countries. Yet it also spoke loud that my friend was quartered, for the interest of the thing (from his so interesting point of view), in a "tenement-house" ; the New Jerusalem would so have triumphed, had it triumphed nowhere else, in the fact that this charming little structure *could* be ranged, on the wonderful little square, under that invidious head. On my asking to what latent vice it owed its stigma, I was asked in return if it didn't sufficiently pay for its name by harbouring some five-and-twenty families. But this, exactly, was the way it testified—this circumstance of the simultaneous enjoyment by five-and-twenty families, on "tenement" lines, of conditions so little sordid, so highly "evolved." I remember the evolved fire-proof staircase, a thing of scientific surfaces, impenetrable to the microbe, and above all plated, against side friction, with white marble of a goodly grain. The white marble was surely the New Jerusalem note, and we followed that note, up and down the district, the rest of the evening, through more happy changes than I may take time to count. What struck me in the flaring streets (over and beyond the everywhere insistent, defiant, un-humorous, exotic face) was the blaze of the shops addressed to the New Jerusalem wants and the splendour with which these were taken for granted : the only thing indeed a little ambiguous was just this look of the trap too brilliantly, too candidly baited for the wary side of Israel itself. It is not *for* Israel, in general, that Israel so artfully shines—yet its being moved to do so, at last, in that luxurious style, might be precisely the grand side of the city of redemption. Who can ever tell, moreover, in any conditions and in presence of any apparent anomaly, what the genius of Israel may, or may not, really be "up to" ?

The grateful way to take it all, at any rate, was with the sense of its coming back again to the inveterate rise, in the American air, of every value, and especially of the lower ones, those most subject to multiplication ; such a wealth of meaning did this keep appearing to pour into the value and function of the country at large. Importances are all strikingly shifted and reconstituted, in the United States, for the visitor attuned, from far back, to "European" importances ; but I think of no other moment of my total impression as so sharply working over my own benighted

vision of them. The scale, in this light of the New Jerusalem, seemed completely rearranged; or, to put it more simply, the wants, the gratifications, the aspirations of the "poor," as expressed in the shops (which were the shops of the "poor"), denoted a new style of poverty; and this new style of poverty, from street to street, stuck out of the possible purchasers, one's jostling fellow-pedestrians, and made them, to every man and woman, individual throbs in the larger harmony. One can speak only of what one has seen, and there were grosser elements of the sordid and the squalid that I doubtless never saw. That, with a good deal of observation and of curiosity, I should have failed of this, the country over, affected me as by itself something of an indication. To miss that part of the spectacle, or to know it only by its having so unfamiliar a pitch, was an indication that made up for a great many others. It is when this one in particular is forced home to you—this immense, vivid *general* lift of poverty and general appreciation of the living unit's paying property in himself—that the picture seems most to clear and the way to jubilation most to open. For it meets you there, at every turn, as the result most definitely attested. You are as constantly reminded, no doubt, that these rises in enjoyed value shrink and dwindle under the icy breath of Trusts and the weight of the new remorseless monopolies that operate as no madresses of ancient personal power thrilling us on the historic page ever operated; the living unit's property in himself becoming more and more merely such a property as may consist with a relation to properties overwhelmingly greater and that allow the asking of no questions and the making, for co-existence with them, of no conditions. But that, in the fortunate phrase, is another story, and will be, altogether, evidently, a new and different drama. There is such a thing, in the United States, it is hence to be inferred, as freedom to grow up to be blighted, and it may be the only freedom in store for the smaller fry of future generations. If it is accordingly of the smaller fry I speak, and of how large they massed on that evening of endless admonitions, this will be because I caught them thus in their comparative humility and at an early stage of their American growth. The life-thread has, I suppose, to be of a certain thickness for the great shears of Fate to feel for it. Put it, at the worst, that the Ogres were to devour them, they were but the more certainly to fatten into food for the Ogres.

Their dream, at all events, as I noted it, was meanwhile sweet and undisguised—nowhere sweeter than in the half-dozen picked beer-houses and *cafés* in which our ingenuous *enquête*, that of my fellow-pilgrims and I, wound up. These establishments had each

been selected for its playing off some facet of the jewel, and they wondrously testified, by their range and their individual colour, to the spread of that lustre. It was a pious rosary of which I should like to tell each bead, but I must let the general sense of the adventure serve. Our successive stations were in no case of the "seamy" order, an inquiry into seaminess having been unanimously pronounced futile, but each had its separate social connotation, and it was for the number and variety of these connotations, and their individual plenitude and prosperity, to set one thinking. Truly the Yiddish world was a vast world, with its own deeps and complexities, and what struck one above all was that it sat there at its cups (and in no instance vulgarly the worse for them) with a sublimity of good conscience that took away the breath, a protrusion of elbow never aggressive, but absolutely proof against jostling. It was the incurable man of letters under the skin of one of the party who gasped, I confess; for it was in the light of letters, that is in the light of our language as literature has hitherto known it, that one stared at this all-unconscious impudence of the agency of future ravage. The man of letters, in the United States, has his own difficulties to face and his own current to stem—for dealing with which his liveliest inspiration may be, I think, that they are still very much his own, even in an Americanised world, and that more than elsewhere they press him to intimate communion with his honour. For that honour, the honour that sits astride of the consecrated English tradition, to his mind, quite as old knighthood astride of its caparisoned charger, the dragon most rousing, over the land, the proper spirit of St. George, is just this immensity of the alien presence climbing higher and higher, climbing itself into the very light of publicity.

I scarce know why, but I saw it that evening as in some dim dawn of that promise to its own consciousness, and perhaps this was precisely what made it a little exasperating. Under the impression of the mere mob the question doesn't come up, but in these haunts of comparative civility we saw the mob sifted and strained, and the exasperation was the sharper, no doubt, because what the process had left most visible was just the various possibilities of the waiting spring of intelligence. Such elements constituted the germ of a "public," and it was impossible (possessed of a sensibility worth speaking of) to be exposed to them without feeling how new a thing under the sun the resulting public would be. That was where one's "lettered" anguish came in—in the turn of one's eye from face to face for some betrayal of a prehensile hook for the linguistic tradition as one had known it. Each warm lighted and supplied circle, each group

of served tables and smoked pipes and fostered decencies and unprecedented accents, beneath the extravagant lamps, took on thus, for the brooding critic, a likeness to that terrible modernised and civilised room in the Tower of London, haunted by the shade of Guy Fawkes, which had more than once formed part of the scene of the critic's taking tea there. In this chamber of the present urbanities the wretched man had been stretched on the rack, and the critic's ear (how else should it have been a critic's?) could still always catch, in pauses of talk, the faint groan of his ghost. Just so the East-side *cafés*—and increasingly as their place in the scale was higher—showed, to my inner sense, beneath their bedizenment, as torture-rooms of the living idiom; the piteous gasp of which at the portent of lacerations to come could reach me in any drop of the surrounding Accent of the Future. The accent of the very ultimate future, in the States, may be destined to become the most beautiful on the globe and the very music of humanity (here the "ethnic" synthesis shrouds itself thicker than ever); but whatever we shall know it for, certainly, we shall not know it for English—in any sense for which there is an existing literary measure.

#### IV.

The huge jagged city, it must be nevertheless said, has always at the worst, for propitiation, the resource of its easy reference to its almost incomparable river. New York may indeed be jagged, in her long leanness, where she lies looking at the sky in the manner of some colossal hair-comb turned upward and so deprived of half its teeth that the others, at their uneven intervals, count doubly as sharp spikes; but, unmistakably, you can bear with some of her aspects and her airs better when you have really taken in that reference—which I speak of as easy because she has in this latter time begun to make it with an appearance of some intention. She has come at last, far up on the West side, into possession of her birthright, into the roused consciousness that some possibility of a river-front may still remain to her; though, obviously, a justified pride in this property has yet to await the birth of a more responsible sense of style in her dealings with it, the dawn of some adequate plan or controlling idea. Splendid the elements of position, on the part of the new Riverside Drive (over the small suburbanising name of which, as at the effect of a second-rate shop-worn article, we sigh as we pass); yet not less irresistible the pang of our seeing it settle itself on meagre, bourgeois, happy-go-lucky lines. The pity of this is sharp in proportion as the "chance" has been magnificent, and the soreness of perception of what merely might have been is as constant

as the flippancy of the little vulgar "private houses" or the big vulgar "apartment hotels" that are having their own way, so unchallenged, with the whole question of composition and picture. The fatal "tall" pecuniary enterprise rises where it will, in the candid glee of new worlds to conquer; the intervals between take whatever foolish little form they like; the sky-line, eternal victim of the artless jumble, submits again to the type of the broken hair-comb turned up; the streets that abut from the East descend at their corners to any crudity or poverty that may suit their convenience. And all this in presence of an occasion for noble congruity such as one scarce knows where to seek in the case of another great city.

A sense of the waste of criticism, however, a sense that is almost in itself consoling, descends upon the fond critic after his vision has fixed the scene awhile in this light of its lost accessibility to some informed and benevolent despot, some power working in one great way and so that the interest of beauty should have been better saved. Is not criticism wasted, in other words, just by the reason of the constant remembrance, on New York soil, that one is almost impudently cheated by any part of the show that pretends to prolong its actuality or to rest on its present basis? Since every part, however blazingly new, fails to affect us as doing more than hold the ground for something else, some conceit of the bigger dividend, that is still to come, so we may bind up the æsthetic wound, I think, quite as promptly as we feel it open. The particular ugliness, or combination of uglinesses, is no more final than the particular felicity (since there are several even of these up and down the town to be noted), and whatever crudely-extemporised look the Riverside heights may wear to-day, the spectator of fifty years hence will find his sorrow, if not his joy, in a different extemporisation. The whole thing is the vividest of lectures on the subject of individualism, and on the strange truth, no doubt, that this principle may in the field of art—at least if the art be architecture—often conjure away just that mystery of distinction which it sometimes so markedly promotes in the field of life. It is also quite as suggestive perhaps as to the ever-interesting question, for the artist, of the entirely relative nature and value of "treatment." A manner so right in one relation may be so wrong in another, and a house-front so "amusing" for its personal note, or its perversity, in a short perspective, may amid larger elements merely dishonour the harmony. And yet why *should* the charm ever fall out of the "personal," which is so often the very condition of the exquisite? Why should conformity and subordination, that acceptance of control and assent to collectivism in the name of

which our age has seen such dreary things done, become on a given occasion the one *not* vulgar way of meeting a problem?

Inquiries these, evidently, that are answerable only in presence of the particular cases provoking them; when indeed they may hold us as under a spell. Endless for instance the æsthetic nobleness of such a question as that of the authority with which the spreading Hudson, at the opening of its gates, would have imposed on the constructive powers, if listened to, some proportionate order—would, in other words, have admirably given us collectivism at its highest. One has only to stand there and *see*—of such value are lessons in “authority.” But the great vista of the stream alone speaks of it—save in so far at least as the voice is shared, and to so different, to so dreadful a tune, by the grossly-defacing railway that clings to the bank. The authority of railways, in the United States, sits enthroned as none other, and has always, of course, in any vision of aspects, to be taken into account. Here, at any rate, it is the rule that has prevailed; the other, the high interest of the possible picture, is one that lapses; so that the cliffs overhang the water, and at various points descend to it in green slopes and hollows (where the landscape-gardener does what he can), only to find a wealth of visible baseness installed there before them. That so familiar circumstance, in America, of the completion of the good thing ironically and, as would often seem for the time, insuperably baffled, meets here one of its liveliest illustrations. It at all events helps to give meanwhile the mingled pitch of the whole concert that Columbia College (to sound the old and easier name) should have “moved up”—moved up twice, if I am not mistaken—to adorn with an ampler presence this very neighbourhood. It has taken New York to invent, for the thickening of classic shades, the “moving” University; and does not that quite mark the tune of the dance, of the local unwritten law that forbids almost *any* planted object to gather in a history where it stands, forbids in fact any accumulation that may not be recorded in the mere bank-book? This last became long ago *the* historic page.

It is, however, just because the beauty of the Hudson seems to speak of other matters, and because the sordid city has the honour, after all, of sitting there at the Beautiful Gate, that I alluded above to her profiting in a manner, even from the point of view of “taste,” by this close and fortunate connection. The place puts on thus, not a little, the likeness of a large loose family which has had queer adventures and fallen into vulgar ways, but for which a glorious cousinship never quite repudiated by the indifferent princely cousin—*bon prince* in this as in other matters—may still be pleaded. At the rate New York is growing, in fine,

she will more and more "command," in familiar intercourse, the great perspective of the River; so that here, a certain point reached, her whole case must change and her general opportunity, swallowing up the mainland, become a new question altogether. Let me hasten to add that in the light of this opportunity even the most restless analyst can but take the hopeful view of her. I fear I am finding too many personal comparisons for her—than which indeed there can be no greater sign of a confessed pre-occupation; but she figures, once again, as an heir whose expectations are so vast and so certain that no temporary sowing of wild oats need be felt to endanger them. As soon as the place begins to spread at ease, real responsibility, of all sorts, will begin, and the good-natured feeling must surely be that the civic conscience in her, at such a stage, will fall into step. Of the spreading woods and waters amid which the future in question appears still half to lurk, that mainland region of the Bronx, vast above all in possibilities of Park, out of which it already appears half to emerge, I unluckily failed of occasion to take the adequate measure. But my confused impression was of a kind of waiting abundance, an extraordinary quantity of "nature," for the reformed rake, that is the sobered heir, to play with. It is the fashion, in the East, to speak of New York as poor of environment, unpossessed of the agreeable, accessible countryside that crowns the convenience not only of London and of Paris, but even, with more humiliating promptitude, that of Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore. In spite, however, of the memory, from far back, of a hundred marginal Mahattanese miseries, an immediate belt of the most sordid character, I cannot but think of this invidious legend as attempting to prove too much.

The countryside is there, on the most liberal of scales—it is the townside, only, that, having the great waters, and the greater distances generally, to deal with, has worn so rude and demoralised a face as to frighten the country away. And if the townside is now making after the countryside fast, as I say, and with a little less of the mere roughness of the satyr pursuing the nymph, what finer warrant could be desired than such felicities of position as those enjoyed, on the Riverside heights, by the monument erected to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War and, even in a greater degree, by the tomb of General Grant? These are verily monumental sites of the first order, and I confess that, though introduced to them on a bleak winter morning, with no ingratiating in any element, I felt the critical question, as to the structures themselves, as to taste or intention, as to the amount of involved or achieved consecration or profanation, carried off in the general greatness of the effect. I shall in fact always remember that

icy hour, with the temple-crowned headlands, the wide Hudson vista white with the cold, all nature armour-plated and grim, as an extraordinarily strong and simple composition; made stern and kept simple as for some visit of the God of Battles to His chosen. He might have been riding there, on the north wind, to look down at them, and one caught, for the moment, the true hard light in which military greatness should be seen. It shone over the miles of ice with its lustre of steel, and if what, thus attested, it makes one think of was its incomparable, indestructible "prestige," so that association affected me both then and on a later occasion as with a strange indefinable consequence—an influence in which the æsthetic consideration, the artistic value of either memorial, melted away and became irrelevant. For here, if ever, was a great democratic demonstration caught in the fact, the nakedest possible effort to strike the note of the august. The tomb of the single hero, in particular, presents itself in a manner so opposed to our common ideas of the impressive, to any past vision of sepulchral state, that we can only wonder if a new kind and degree of solemnity may not have been arrived at in this complete rupture with old consecrating forms.

The tabernacle of Grant's ashes stands there by the pleasure-drive, unguarded and unenclosed, the feature of the prospect and the property of the people, as open as an hotel or a railway-station to any coming and going, and as dedicated to the public use as builded things in America (when not mere closed churches) only can be. Unmistakable its air of having had, all consciously, from the first, to raise its head and play its part without pomp and circumstance to "back" it, without mystery or ceremony to protect it, without Church or State to intervene on its behalf. with only its immediacy, its familiarity of interest to circle it about, and only its proud outlook to preserve, so far as possible, its character. The tomb of Napoleon at the Invalides is a great national property, and the play of democratic manners sufficiently surrounds it; but as compared to the small pavilion on the Riverside bluff it is a holy of holies, a great temple jealously guarded and formally approached. And yet one doesn't conclude, strange to say, that the Riverside pavilion fails of its expression a whit more than the Paris dome; one perhaps even feels it triumph by its use of its want of reserve as a very last word. The admonition of all of which possibly is—I confess I but grope for it—that when there has been in such cases a certain other happy combination, an original sincerity of intention, an original propriety of site, and above all an original high value of name and fame, something in this line really supreme, publicity, familiarity, immediacy, as I have called them, *carried far enough*, may stalk in



and out of the shrine with their hands in their pockets and their hats on their heads, and yet not dispel the Presence. The question at any rate puts itself—as new questions, in America, are always putting themselves: Do certain impressions there represent the absolute extinction of old sensibilities, or do they represent only new forms of them? The inquiry would be doubtless easier to answer if so many of these feelings were not mainly known to us just *by* their attendant forms. At this rate, or on such a showing, in the United States, attendant forms being, in every quarter, remarkably scarce, it would indeed seem that the sentiments implied *are* extinct; for it would be an abuse of ingenuity, I fear, to try to read mere freshness of form into some of the more rank failures of observance. There are failures of observance that stand, at the best, for failures of sense—whereby, however, the question grows too great. One must leave the tomb of Grant to its conditions and its future with the simple note for it that if it be not in fact one of the most effective of commemorations it is one of the most missed. On the whole I distinctly “liked” it.

#### V.

It is still vivid to me that, returning in the springtime from a few weeks in the far West, I re-entered New York State with the absurdest sense of meeting again a ripe old civilisation and travelling through a country that showed the mark of established manners. It will seem, I fear, one's perpetual refrain, but the moral was yet once more that values of a certain order are, in such conditions, all relative; and that, as some wants of the spirit *must* somehow be met, one knocks together any substitute that will fairly stay the appetite. We had passed great smoky Buffalo in the raw vernal dawn—with a vision, for me, of curiosity, character, charm, whatever it might be, too needfully sacrificed, opportunity perhaps for ever missed, yet at the same time a vision in which the lost object failed to mock at me with the last concentration of shape; and history, as we moved Eastward, appeared to meet us, in the look of the land, in its more overwrought surface and thicker detail, quite as if she had ever consciously declined to cross the border and were aware, precisely, of the queer feast we should find in her. The recognition, I profess, was a preposterous ecstasy: one couldn't have felt more if one had passed into the presence of some seated, placid, rich-voiced gentlewoman, after leaving that of an honest but boisterous hoyden. It was doubtless a matter only of degrees and shades, but never was such a pointing of the lesson that a sign of any sort may count double if it be but artfully placed. I spent that

day, literally, in the company of the rich-voiced gentlewoman, making my profit of it even in spite of a second privation, the doom I was under of having only, all wistfully, all ruefully, to avert my lips from the quaint silver bowl, as I here quite definitely figured it, in which she offered me the entertainment of antique Albany. At antique Albany, to a certainty, the mature matron involved in my metaphor would have put on a particular grace, and as our train crossed the river for further progress I almost seemed to see her stand at some gable-window of Dutch association, one of the two or three impressed there on my infantile imagination, to ask me why then I had come so far at all.

I could have replied but in troubled tones, and I looked at the rest of the scene for some time, no doubt, as through the glaze of all-but filial tears. Thus it was, possibly, that I saw the River shine, from that moment on, as a great romantic stream, such as could throw not a little of its glamour, for the mood of that particular hour, over the city at its mouth. I had not even known, in my untravelled state, that we were to "strike" it on our way from Chicago, so that it represented, all that afternoon, so much beauty thrown in, so much benefit beyond the bargain—the so hard bargain, for the traveller, of the American railway journey at its best. That ordeal was in any case at its best here, and the perpetually interesting river kept its course, by my right elbow, with such splendid consistency that, as I recall the impression, I repent a little of having just now reflected with acrimony on the cost of the obtruded fact of the railroad to the Riverside view. One must of course choose between dispensing with the ugly presence and enjoying the scenery by the aid of the same—which but means, really, that to use the train at all had been to put one's self, for any proper justice to the scenery, in a false position. That, however, takes us too far back, and one can only save one's dignity by laying all such blames on our detestable age. A decent respect for the Hudson would confine us to the use of the boat—all the more that American river-steamers have had, from the earliest time, for the true *raffiné*, their peculiar note of romance. A possible commerce, on the other hand, with one's time—which is always also the time of so many other busy people—has long since made mincemeat of the rights of contemplation; rights as reduced, in the United States, to-day, and by quite the same argument, as those of the noble savage whom we have banished to his narrowing reservation. Letting that pass, at all events, I still remember that I was able to put, from the car-window, as many questions to the scene as it could have answered in the time even had its face been clearer to read.

Its face was veiled, for the most part, in a mist of premature

spring heat, an atmosphere draping it indeed in luminous mystery, hanging it about with sun-shot silver and minimising any happy detail, any element of the definite, from which the romantic effect might here and there have gained an accent. There was not an accent in the picture from the beginning of the run to Albany to the end—for which thank goodness! one is tempted to say on remembering how often, over the land in general, the accents are wrong. Yet if the romantic effect as we know it elsewhere mostly depends on them, why *should* that glamour have so shimmered before me in their absence?—how should the picture have managed to be a constant combination of felicities? Was it just *because* the felicities were all vaguenesses, and the “beauties,” even the most celebrated, all blurs?—was it perchance on that very account that I could meet my wonder, so promptly, with the inference that what I had in my eyes on so magnificent a scale was simply, was famously, “style”? I was landed by that conclusion in the odd further proposition that style could then exist without accents—a quandary soon after to be quenched, however, in the mere blinding radiance of a visit to West Point. I was to make that memorable pilgrimage a fortnight later—and I was to find my question, when it in fact took place, shivered by it to mere silver atoms. The very powers of the air seemed to have taken the case in hand and positively to have been interested in making it transcend all argument. Our Sunday of mid-May, wet and windy, let loose, over the vast stage, the whole procession of storm-effects; the raw green of wooded heights and hollows was only everywhere rain-brightened, the weather playing over it all day as with some great grey water-colour brush. The essential character of West Point and its native nobleness of position can have been but intensified, I think, by this artful process; yet what was mainly unmistakable was the fact again of the suppression of detail as in the positive interest of the grand style. One had therefore only to take detail as another name for accent, the accent that might prove compromising, in order to see it made good that style *could* do without them, and that the grand style in fact almost always must. How on this occasion the trick was played is more than I shall attempt to say; it is enough to have been conscious of our being, from hour to hour, literally bathed in that high element, with the very face of nature washed, so to speak, the more clearly to express and utter it.

Such accordingly is the strong silver light, all simplifying and ennobling, in which I see West Point; see it as a cluster of high promontories, of the last classic elegance, overhanging vast receding reaches of river, mountain-guarded and dim, which took

their place in the geography of the ideal, in the long perspective of the poetry of association, rather than in those of the State of New York. It was as if the genius of the scene had said : " No, you *shan't* have accent, because accent is, at the best, local and special, and might here by some perversity—how do I know, after all?—interfere. I want you to have something unforgettable, and therefore you shall have *type*—yes, absolutely have *type*, and even tone, without accent; an impossibility, you may hitherto have supposed, but which you have only to look about you now really to see expressed. And *type* and tone of the very finest and rarest; *type* and tone good enough for Claude or Turner, if they could have walked by these rivers instead of by their thin rivers of France and Italy; *type* and tone, in short, that gather in shy detail under wings as wide as those with which a motherly hen covers her endangered brood. So there you are—deprived of all 'accent' as a peg for criticism, and reduced thereby, you see, to asking me no more questions." I was able so to take home, I may add, this formula of the matter, that even the interesting facts of the School of the Soldier which have carried the name of the place about the world almost put on the shyness, the air of conscious evasion and escape, noted in the above allocution—scarce struck me as occupying the foreground of the picture. It was part of the play again, no doubt, of the grey water-colour brush : there was to be no consent of the elements, that day, to anything but a generalised elegance—in which effect, certainly, the clustered, the scattered Academy played, on its high green stage, its part. But, of all things in the world, it massed, to my vision, more mildly than I had somehow expected; and I take that for a feature, precisely, of the pure poetry of the impression. It lurked there with grace, it insisted without swagger—and I could have hailed it just for this reason indeed as a presence of the last distinction. It is doubtless too much to say, in fine, that the Institution, at West Point, "suffers" comparatively, for vulgar individual emphasis, from the overwhelming liberality of its setting—and I perhaps chanced to see it in the very conditions that most invest it with poetry. The fact remains that, both as to essence and as to quantity, its prose seemed washed away, and I shall recall it in the future much less as the sternest, the world over, of all the seats of Discipline, than as some great Corot-composition of young, vague, wandering figures in splendidly-classic shades.

## VI.

I make that point, for what it is worth, only to remind myself of another occasion on which the romantic note sounded for

me with the last intensity, and yet on which the picture swarmed with accents—as, absent or present, I must again call them—that contributed alike to its interest and to its dignity. The proof was complete, on this second Sunday, with the glow of early summer already in possession, that affirmed detail was not always affirmed infelicity—since the scene here bristled with detail (and detail of the importance that frankly *constitutes* accent) only to the enhancement of its charm. It was a matter once more of hanging over the Hudson on the side opposite West Point, but further down; the situation was founded, as at West Point, on the presence of the great feature and on the consequent general lift of foreground and distance alike, and yet infinitely sweet was it to gather that style, in such conditions and for the success of such effects, had not really to depend on mere kind vaguenesses, on any anxious deprecation of distinctness. There was no vagueness now; a wealth of distinctness, in the splendid light, met the eyes—but with the very result of showing them how happily it could play. What it came back to was that the accents, in the delightful old pillared and porticoed house that crowned the cliff and commanded the stream, were as right as they were numerous; so that there immediately followed again on this observation a lively recognition of the ground of the rightness. To wonder what this was could be but to see, straightway, that, though many reasons had worked together for them, mere time had done more than all; that beneficence of time enjoying in general, in the United States, so little even of the chance that so admirably justifies itself, for the most part, when interference happens to have spared it. Cases of this rare mercy yet exist, as I had had occasion to note, and their consequent appeal to the touched sense within us comes, as I have also hinted, with a force out of all proportion, comes with a kind of accepted insolence of authority. The things that have lasted, in short, whatever they may be, “succeed” as no newness, try as it will, succeeds, inasmuch as their success is a produced interest.

There we catch the golden truth which so much of the American world strikes us as positively organised to gainsay, the truth that production takes time, and that the production of interest, in particular, takes *most* time. Desperate again and again the ingenuity of the offered, the obtruded substitute, and pathetic in many an instance its confessed failure; this remark being meanwhile relevant to the fact that my charming old historic house of the golden Sunday put me off, among its great trees, its goodly gardens, its acquired signs and gathered memories, with no substitute whatever, even the most specious, but just paid cash down, so to speak, ripe ringing gold, over the counter, for all the atten-

tion it invited. It had character, as one might say, and character is scarce less precious on the part of the homes of men in a raw medium than on the part of responsible persons at a difficult crisis. This virtue was there within and without and on every face; but perhaps nowhere so present, I thought, as in the ideal refuge for summer days formed by the wide north porch, if porch that disposition may be called—happiest disposition of the old American country-house—which sets tall columns in a row, under a pediment suitably severe, to present them as the “making” of a high, deep gallery. I know not what dignity of old afternoons suffused with what languor seems to me always, under the murmur of American trees and by the lap of American streams, to abide in these mild shades; there are combinations with depths of congruity beyond the plummet, it would seem, even of the most restless of analysts, and rather than try to say why my whole impression here melted into the general iridescence of a past of Indian summers hanging about mild ghosts half asleep, in hammocks, over still milder novels, I would renounce altogether the art of refining. For the iridescence consists, in this connection, of a shimmer of association that still more refuses to be reduced to terms; some sense of legend, of aboriginal mystery, with a still earlier past for its dim background and the insistent idea of the River as above all romantic for its warrant. Helplessly analysed, perhaps, this amounts to no more than the very childish experience of a galleryed house or two round about which the views and the trees and the peaches and the pony seemed prodigious, and to the remembrance of which the wonder of Rip Van Winkle and that of the “Hudson River School” of landscape art were, a little later on, to contribute their glamour.

If Rip Van Winkle had been really at the bottom of it all, nothing could have furthered the whole case more, on the occasion I speak of, than the happy nearness of the home of Washington Irving, the impression of which I was thus able, in the course of an hour, to work in—with the effect of intensifying more than I can say the old-time charm and the general legendary fusion. These are beautiful, delicate, modest matters, and how can one touch them with a light enough hand? How can I give the comparatively coarse reasons for my finding at Sunnyside, which contrives, by some grace of its own, to be at once all ensconced and embowered in relation to the world, and all frank and uplifted in relation to the river, a perfect treasure of mild moralities? The highway, the old State road to Albany, bristling now with the cloud-compelling motor, passes at the head of a deep, long lane, winding, embanked, overarched, such an old-world lane as one scarce ever meets in America; but if you

embrace this chance to plunge away to the left you come out, for your reward, into the quite indefinable air of the little American literary past. The place is inevitably, to-day, but a qualified Sleepy Hollow—the Sleepy Hollow of the author's charming imagination was, as I take it, off somewhere in the hills, or in some dreamland of old autumns, happily unprofanable now; for "modernity," with its terrible power of working its will, of abounding in its sense, of gilding its toy—modernity, with its pockets full of money and its conscience full of virtue, its heart really full of tenderness, has seated itself there under pretext of guarding the shrine. What has happened, in a word, is very much what has happened in the case of other shy retreats of anchorites doomed to celebrity—the primitive cell has seen itself encompassed, in time, by a temple of many chambers, all dedicated to the history of the hermit. The cell is still there at Sunnyside, and there is even yet so much charm that one doesn't attempt to say where the parts of it, all kept together in a rich conciliatory way, begin or end—though indeed, I hasten to add, the identity of the original modest house, the shrine within the gilded shell, has been religiously preserved.

One has, in fact, I think, no quarrel whatever with the amplified state of the place, for it is the manner and the effect of this amplification that enable us to read into the scene its very most interesting message. The "little" American literary past, I just now said—using that word (whatever the real size of the subject) because the caressing diminutive, at Sunnyside, is what rises of itself to the lips; the small uncommodious study, the limited library, the "dear" old portrait-prints of the first half of the century—very dear to-day when properly signed and properly sallow—these things, with the beauty of the site, with the sense that the man of letters of the unimproved age, the age of processes still comparatively slow, could have wanted no deeper, softer dell for mulling material over, represent the conditions that encounter now on the spot the sharp reflection of our own increase of arrangement and loss of leisure. This is the admirable interest of the exhibition of which Wolfert's Roost had been, a hundred years before the date of Irving's purchase, the rudimentary principle—that it throws the facts of our earlier "intellectual activity" into a vague golden perspective, a haze as of some unbroken spell of the same Indian summer I a moment ago had occasion to help myself out with; a fond appearance than which nothing could minister more to envy. If we envy the spinners of prose and tellers of tales to whom our American air anciently either administered or refused sustenance, this is all, and quite the best thing, it would seem, that we need do for them: it exhausts, or rather

it forestalls, the futilities of discrimination. Strictly critical, mooning about Wolfert's Roost of a summer Sunday, I defy even the hungriest of analysts to be : his predecessors, the whole connected company, profit so there, to his rueful vision, by the splendour of their possession of better conditions than his. It has taken *our* ugly era to thrust in the railroad at the foot of the slope, among the masking trees ; the railroad that is part, exactly, of the pomp and circumstance, the quickened pace, the heightened fever, the narrowed margin expressed within the very frame of the present picture, as I say, and all in the perfect good faith of collateral piety. I had hoped not to have to name the railroad—it seems so to give away my case. There was no railroad, however, till long after Irving's settlement—he survived the railroad but by a few years, and my case is simply that, disengaging his Sunnyside from its beautiful extensions and arriving thus at the sense of his easy elements, easy for everything but rushing about and being rushed at, the sense of his "command" of the admirable river and the admirable country, his command of all the mildness of his life, of his pleasant powers and his ample hours, of his friends and his contemporaries and his fame and his honour and his temper and, above all, of his delightful fund of reminiscence and material, I seemed to hear, in the summer sounds and in the very urbanity of my entertainers, the last faint echo of a felicity forever gone. That is the true voice of such places, and not the imputed challenge to the chronicler or the critic.

HENRY JAMES.



## THE FOREIGN POLICY OF GERMANY.

WE cannot fully understand the foreign policy of Germany unless we previously cast a glance into Germany's past, and examine the genesis and the development of the State and the rise of its policy and of its political traditions. Germany, as known to the older generation, was a country peopled with philosophers, poets, composers, slow and sleepy officials, and backward peasants; it was an æsthetical, sentimental, day-dreaming land. Modern Germany is matter-of-fact, hard-headed, calculating, cunning, business-like, totally devoid of sentimentality, and sometimes even of sentiment, and very up-to-date. But modern Germany and old Germany are two different countries. New Germany is an enlarged Prussia. Old Germany continues to vegetate and to dream dreams under the name and under the banner of Austria; and it should not be forgotten that those Germans who used to be considered typical representatives of Germany, such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, Jean Paul, Schlegel, Uhland, Lenau, Hegel, Fichte, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, belonged to old Germany and were non-Prussians.

Six hundred years ago the country where the foundation of Prussia was laid was a wilderness, which was considered to lie outside the then German Empire, and it was inhabited by heathen savages. These were ruthlessly massacred and extirpated by the knights of the Teutonic Order, who were sent to Prussia to conquer and to colonise that country, and of the ancient Prussians nothing has remained excepting the name. The Teutonic knights won the country to Christianity, and replaced the massacred population with emigrants from all parts of Germany, but they created at the same time an intolerable feudal anarchy in the country. The land became divided among powerful robber-knights, such as the Quitzows, the Putlitzes, the Rochows, &c., and as these denied obedience to the Empire, Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, a reduced but warlike Suabian nobleman, who had some inconsiderable possessions in the south of Germany, was sent by the Emperor in 1415 to Prussia with the mission to create order in that savage and rebellious country, the government of which was vested in him and in his heirs for ever. With fire and sword the Hohenzollerns reduced the rebellious knights and the independent cities of Prussia to obedience, and created an absolutely centralised State ruled by the sword, which remained military in character partly because the population was

composed of lawless and reckless adventurers and criminals from everywhere, partly because the State was ever threatened by hordes of the neighbouring Slavs and by the armies of then powerful Poland. Thus, up to a comparatively recent time, savagery and arbitrary rule prevailed in Prussia, which occupied a position in Europe not unlike that held by the Balkan States at the present day. In 1650 London had 500,000 inhabitants, Paris had 400,000 inhabitants, Amsterdam had 300,000 inhabitants, whilst Berlin was a village of 10,000 inhabitants. Up to a very recent time Prussia was a semi-barbarous State.

Prussia, like Rome, was founded by a band of needy and warlike adventurers. Both States were artificial creations, both could maintain themselves only by force of arms and extend their frontiers only by wars of aggression, and the character of both States may be read in the records of their early history. By the force of events and by the will of her masterful rulers Prussia grew up, and ever since has been, a nation in arms, as may be seen at a glance from the following figures, which more clearly illustrate the history of Prussia than would a lengthy account.

		Square kilo- metres of Prussia.	Inhabitants of Prussia.	Number of soldiers in stand- ing army during peace time.	Percentage of soldiers to population.
1688	...	113,000	1,500,000	38,000	2.5%
1740	...	121,000	2,250,000	80,000	3.6%
1786	...	199,000	5,500,000	195,000	3.6%
1865	...	275,500	18,800,000	210,000	1.1%
1867	...	347,500	23,600,000	260,000	1.1%
1905	...	541,000	60,000,000	610,000	1.0%

(Germany.)

During the last two hundred and twenty years the population of Great Britain has grown fivefold. During the same period the territory ruled by the Hohenzollerns has grown fivefold in size and the population of their dominions has increased no less than fortyfold. In 1688 Great Britain had five times more inhabitants than had Prussia, but at present Germany has fifty per cent. more inhabitants than has this country. These few figures prove how successful has been the policy of the Hohenzollerns, and in view of their success it is only natural that modern Germany closely follows Prussia's political methods and traditions. The foregoing table shows also that the marvellous rapidity with which Prusso-Germany has grown was due to the strength of her army. *Machtpolitik*, the policy of force, the policy of the mailed fist, has always been Prussia's favoured policy; it has hitherto been exceedingly effective, and it has, therefore, not unnaturally, become Prusso-Germany's policy as well.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the little State of Prussia used to maintain a much larger army than Austria, France, and other great, densely populated, and wealthy States. Her army was, as a rule, exceedingly well drilled and absolutely ready for war, and by her army and by her not over-scrupulous diplomacy Prussia succeeded in aggrandising herself at the cost of her neighbours.

Up to the death of Frederick William I. Prussia's diplomacy was simple, crude, artless, and clumsy, though energetic. Frederick William's successor, Frederick the Great, opened a new era in Prussia's foreign policy, for that monarch gave to the diplomacy of his country a new character. The main principle of Frederick the Great's foreign policy was to act with startling rapidity against an unprepared and unsuspecting opponent. In his *Exposé du Gouvernement Prussien, des Principes sur lesquels il roule, avec quelques Réflexions Politiques*, which was written either in 1775 or 1776, he advises his successor as follows:— "Constant attention must be paid to hiding, as far as possible, one's plans and ambitions. . . . Secrecy is an indispensable virtue in politics as well as in the art of war."

During the year before he came to the throne, Frederick the Great wrote his celebrated book, the *Anti-Machiavel*, in order to confute Machiavelli's *Prince*, a book which, according to Frederick's preface, was one of the most monstrous and most poisonous compositions which had ever been penned. According to the concluding words of his book, Frederick dedicated the *Anti-Machiavel* to his brother sovereigns; at the end of chapter vi. Frederick emphatically proclaims, "Let Cæsar Borgia be the ideal of Machiavel's admirers, my ideal is Marcus Aurelius."

The *Anti-Machiavel*, which was published in 1740, the year in which Frederick ascended the throne, seemed to be a political pronouncement of the highest importance and the political programme of the King, and very likely was meant to appear as such in the eyes of the world and to impress foreign rulers with Frederick's love of peace. However, in December of the very year during which the *Anti-Machiavel* had appeared and had proclaimed that Frederick meant to be a prince of peace, the King, under the shallowest of pretexts and without a declaration of war, invaded Silesia and wrested it from Austria, "because," as he frankly confesses in his *Memoirs*, "that act brought prestige and added strength to Prussia."

Marcus Aurelius was Frederick's ideal only in his *Anti-Machiavel*, and in his military testament Frederick the Great shows himself an admirer and disciple of Machiavelli, for we read in that document: "A war is a good war when it is undertaken

for increasing the prestige of a State, for maintaining its security, for assisting one's allies, or for frustrating the ambitious plans of a monarch who is bent on conquests which may be harmful to your interests." In other words, every advantageous war is a good war.

In 1741 Sweden declared war against Russia. Frederick assured Russia on his word of honour that he had not instigated that war, but his assurances were unavailing, and Brakel, the Russian Ambassador in Berlin, warned his Government "not to believe the King, who was consumed with ambitious projects and who would not keep the peace as long as he was alive." It should be noted that it was Frederick's settled policy to foment wars among his powerful neighbours. This policy was formulated by Frederick the Great in his *Exposé du Gouvernement Prussien*, which was written for the guidance of his successors, as follows:—"If possible the Powers of Europe should be made envious against one another in order to give occasion for a *coup* when opportunity offers."

Frederick the Great's attitude towards Russia furnishes us with the key to Germany's historic and traditional policy towards her Eastern neighbour. In Frederick the Great's *Histoire de mon Temps* we read: "Of all neighbours of Prussia the Russian Empire is the most dangerous, both by its power and its geographical position, and those who will rule Prussia after me should cultivate the friendship of those barbarians, because they are able to ruin Prussia altogether through the immense number of their mounted troops, whilst one cannot repay them for the damage which they may do because of the poverty of that part of Russia which is nearest to Prussia and through which one has to pass in order to get into the Ukraine." Russia was dangerous to Prussia, and she possessed nothing worth having. A war with Russia, even if it should be victorious, was therefore bound to be very unprofitable to Prussia. Hence it was in Prussia's interest to make Russia harmless either by peaceful means or by involving her in wars with other countries.

The easiest way to neutralise a powerful country and a possible future enemy seemed to the King an alliance with that very State. Therefore we read in his *Exposé du Gouvernement Prussien*:—

One of the first political principles is to endeavour to become an ally of that one of one's neighbours who may become most dangerous to one's State. For that reason we have an alliance with Russia, and thus we have our back free as long as it lasts.

In another part of his writings Frederick advises his successors: "Before engaging in a war to the south or west of the kingdom

every Prussian prince should secure at any cost the neutrality of Russia if he be unable to obtain her active support."

According to Frederick's advice, alliances were to be formed by Prussia, not so much for the defence of Prussia's possessions as for the extension of them. Alliances were to be considered as engagements which were to serve rather for Prussia's benefit than for the mutual advantage of the allies, and were to be instruments which were to serve more for aggrandisement than for preservation.

Frederick's views as to the sanctity of a ruler's obligations under a treaty of alliance are exceedingly interesting. As the views of Frederick the Great and of Bismarck with regard to a nation's duties under a treaty of alliance coincide, and as these views considerably differ from the English conception as to the sanctity of treaty bonds, it is worth while quoting Frederick's views as to the binding force of treaties which he expressed in his *Memoirs* as follows :—

If the ruler is obliged to sacrifice his own person for the welfare of his subjects, he is all the more obliged to sacrifice engagements, the continuation of which would be harmful to his country. Examples of broken treaties are frequent. . . .

It is clear to me that a private person must scrupulously keep his word even if he has given it rashly. If he fails to do so, the law will be put into motion, and after all only an individual suffers. But to what tribunal can a sovereign appeal if another ruler breaks his engagements? The word of a private man involves but an individual; that of a sovereign may mean misery for whole nations. Therefore the problem may be summed up thus: Is it better that a nation should perish or that a sovereign should break his treaty? Who would be so imbecile as to hesitate how to decide?

The foregoing explanation recalls Bismarck's cynical remark recorded by Busch, "What are alliances? Alliances are when one has to."

On December 6th, 1772, Frederick the Great wrote to Voltaire, "The world is governed only by skill and trickery," and one is amazed at the skill and trickery with which, during years of laborious, most intricate and unceasing diplomatic negotiations, Frederick the Second endeavoured to involve Russia and Austria, his strongest neighbours, in war with one another. Sometimes Poland was the object which was to serve Frederick's policy, sometimes Turkey, and Frederick in countless letters never tired of pointing out that Russia's advance meant a frightful danger to Austria. On September 3rd, 1770, Frederick met Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian Prime Minister, at Neustadt, and impressed upon him that "Austria can on no account allow Russia to cross the Danube. . . . I am aware that if the Russians cross the

Danube you would be unable passively to look on. . . . Could you not persuade France to make a declaration to you that, if you were to break with Russia and to make war against her if the Russians should cross the Danube, France would send 100,000 men to help you? You would confide the news to me and I would make use of it."

In these attempts to commit Austria against Russia we have the model which served Bismarck in 1866. At the time of the Austro-Prussian war Napoleon the Third endeavoured to utilise the opportunity in order to obtain some territorial compensation for France on the left border of the Rhine. Bismarck, unwilling to let it come to a rupture between Prussia and France at that awkward moment, proposed to Napoleon that he should take Belgium, as he, Bismarck, had frequently advised the Emperor in former years. Napoleon fell into Bismarck's trap, and Benedetti handed at Bismarck's request a draft agreement to Bismarck which was to be placed before the King of Prussia. As soon as Benedetti had given to Bismarck that compromising document, it was sent to Russia to be shown to the Tsar, and Bismarck explained to Benedetti that the delay in deciding upon it was caused by the hesitation of the King of Prussia. By this trick Bismarck succeeded in convincing the Tsar that France was a disturber of the peace, and in securing Russia's support in the subsequent war against France.

Frederick's skill and trickery were not confined to his unceasing attempts to create war among his neighbours. The division of Poland was Frederick's work, but he knew how to put the odium of that transaction on the shoulders of Russia, who apparently took the initiative. Austria had intended to keep aloof from the partition of Poland, and a short-sighted Prussian statesman would have endeavoured to take advantage of Austria's disinclination to participate in that shameful transaction in order to secure a larger portion of Polish territory for Prussia. However, Frederick looked farther ahead, and therefore he wished to induce Austria to assist in the spoliation of Poland. On February 16th, 1772, Frederick wrote to Solms: "If Austria gets no part of Poland all the hatred of the Poles will be turned against us. They would then regard the Austrians as their sole protectors, and the latter would gain so much prestige and influence with them that they would have thousands of opportunities for intrigues of all kinds in that country." In these words we find Frederick's reasons which induced him to work upon Austria for years until he at last succeeded in persuading Austria against her will that it would be in her own interest if she took part in the division of Poland. By giving Austria a part of Poland Frederick made his own share

of the plunder more secure. At the same time he weakened Austria by furnishing her with a disaffected province and a cause of friction with Russia, for those parts of Poland which fell to Austria were coveted by the Russians. The partition of Poland bound the three confederates in that crime to one another, and thus Frederick succeeded in creating a situation which allowed Prussia to aggrandise herself easily at the cost of the minor German States and of France. Bismarck's political successes were founded on, and made possible by, the partition of Poland, and Bismarck imitated Frederick's policy when, at the Congress of Berlin, he secured Tunis, upon which Italy had the strongest claim, for France, and when he estranged Russia from Austria-Hungary by giving Bosnia and Herzegovina to Austria, while Russia returned from the Congress empty-handed. Owing to this arrangement Austria and Russia and France and Italy were set against one another; for their own safety Austria and Italy had to seek Germany's support, and thus the Triple Alliance was made a necessity.

Frederick the Great had said in his *Exposé*: "All far-off acquisitions are a burden to the State. A village on the frontier is worth more than a principality two hundred and fifty miles away." Bearing in mind the wisdom of Frederick's maxim, Bismarck refused to embark in risky but dazzling adventures which appealed to the imagination, and which were suggested to him by the representatives of old Germany, South German professors, and cosmopolitan philanthropists who, fifty years ago, agitated in favour of making Germany a sea Power. Not heeding their recommendations Bismarck kept in mind "the village on the frontier." Believing that he ought first to settle the business nearest at hand, he intended, before embarking on the sea, to make Prussia the strongest Power on the Continent of Europe. Nor was Bismarck willing to follow the policy recommended to him by the German Liberals, who, guided by the declamation and the rhetoric fireworks of Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and other distinguished Englishmen, preached disarmament, the weakening of the executive of government, the establishment of a universal brotherhood among nations in a universal commonwealth of commerce and the universal freedom of trade. Believing that the Millennium was not yet at hand, Bismarck refused to be guided by the somewhat hazy sentiments of unpractical though large-hearted enthusiasts, and resolved to rely in his policy on the old Prussian political traditions and methods, which he summed up in the two words "Blood and iron." Therefore he meant to raise Prussia to further greatness not by a sentimental policy of drift, but by action and by the sword.

Immediately on coming into power Bismarck doubled the Prussian army, and, bearing in mind Frederick's advice to ally Prussia with her most dangerous neighbour, her future antagonist, he induced Austria in 1864 to enter, in alliance with Prussia, upon a common campaign against Denmark, who was deprived of Schleswig-Holstein with the harbour of Kiel, and of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants. Thus Bismarck brought Prussia back to her traditional policy of conquest, and after fifty years of peace reopened the war-era in Europe. Two years later, after having secured Napoleon the Third's benevolent neutrality in return for vague promises that France should have Belgium, Bismarck attacked Austria, Prussia's ally in the Danish campaign of 1864, determined to humble Austria and thus to secure for Prussia the leading place among the German States.

Having secured Russia's support against France largely by the means which have previously been described in this article, Bismarck turned against France, who by her benevolent attitude towards Prussia during the Austro-Prussian war had assisted in Prussia's aggrandisement exactly as Austria had done in 1864. Through Bismarck's skilful management of the Spanish question, the alteration in the text of the Ems telegram was a minor incident, war broke out between France and Prussia in 1870, and after a victorious campaign, in which the South German States joined, the German Empire was erected on the ruins of France, and the South German States became amalgamated with Prussia. Thus Prussia became almost synonymous with the German Empire. The King of Prussia became Emperor of Germany which, as William the Third somewhat contemptuously though very truly said, was merely an enlarged Prussia.

Having raised Prussia to greatness, Bismarck, like Frederick the Great, endeavoured to weaken his most powerful neighbour, Russia, who, at the outbreak of the Franco-German war, had announced that she would assist Germany if another Power should assist France. Thus Russia had kept Austria, Italy, and Denmark at bay, who were willing to help France, and in this way had enabled Prussia to defeat France and to raise herself to further greatness. Encouraged, incited, and almost pushed by Bismarck, Russia made war upon Turkey in 1877. This war utterly crippled her strength and, thanks to Bismarck's manipulation at the Congress of Berlin, she was deprived of the fruits of her victory, which she had expected Germany would, in gratitude for her past services, assist in securing for her.

When Bismarck had thus established Germany's greatness and her paramountcy on the Continent of Europe by weakening all her neighbours and creating discord between all European



great Powers, he thought that now the time had come for Germany to seek further expansion in other continents, and he, not William the Second, originated Germany's world policy. Already in 1876 Bismarck contemplated acquiring a large part of South Africa with the help of the Boers. According to the very reliable Poschinger, Santa Lucia Bay was to be acquired by Germany, and German merchants were found ready to build a railway from that harbour to Pretoria, and to run a line of ships to Santa Lucia Bay, whereto, by specially cheap fares, a great stream of German emigrants was to be directed, and thus a German South Africa was to be founded. The sum of marks 100,000,000 was thought to be sufficient for financing that enterprise, and German business men were willing to find that sum, provided five per cent. on that amount was given to them by the State during ten years. At that time Germany was financially exhausted through a violent stock exchange crisis and through the consequences of Free Trade, which had crippled her manufacturing industries. Therefore this project had temporarily to be abandoned for lack of funds. In 1884 Bismarck made another and more determined attempt at acquiring Santa Lucia Bay, but this second attempt miscarried through the incapacity of his son, to whom the negotiations had been entrusted.

Since the time when Prussia and Germany were given Parliaments, Prusso-German policy is no longer exclusively shaped by the ruler and his trusted minister, but it is influenced to some considerable extent by the will and by the wishes of the people. Consequently, if we wish to understand the foreign policy of Germany, we must not only consider the attitude of the actual political leaders of the nation and weigh the influence of those political traditions of the country which, by their constant success, have become the leading political axioms of State, but we must also consider the views of the very influential German professors.

The German professors play a very important part in the foreign policy of Germany. There are twenty-two universities in Germany, in which more than three thousand professors teach more than forty thousand students. These three thousand university professors not only form the minds of the professional men and of the future high and low officials, and thus influence cultured public opinion in the making, but they also write much for the newspapers. The views of the German professors carry very great weight with the newspapers, and thus they profoundly influence not only the cultured circles but the whole nation.

None of the German professors has exercised a greater influence upon the shaping and the development of Germany's foreign policy than Professor von Treitschke, the great historian, who, during

about thirty years, enjoyed the greatest authority in the lecture room and with the Press in matters political. No German professor of his time had a greater weight and a more lasting influence with the German patriots. Therefore we must take note of his leading views and of the political doctrines which he inculcated.

Treitschke gazed ahead of Germany's unification towards the time when his dream of a greater Germany, a Germany whose dominions would extend beyond the seas, would be realised; when Germany would be able to enter upon a world-embracing policy, and when, after having acquired the harbours of Holland and built an enormous fleet, she would be able to measure her strength with that of the Anglo-Saxon countries. The claim of the Pan-German to the possession of the whole Rhine is not of recent origin. It is based on Treitschke's claim which he formulated in his book, *Politik*, as follows:—

Germany, whom Nature has treated in a stepmotherly manner, will be happy when she has received her due and possesses the Rhine in its entirety. . . . It is a resource of the utmost value. By our fault its most valuable part has come into the hands of strangers, and it is an indispensable task for German policy to regain the mouths of that river. A purely political union with Holland is unnecessary, because the Dutch have grown into an independent nation, but an economical union with them is indispensable. We are too modest if we fear to state that the entrance of Holland into our customs system is as necessary for us as is our daily bread, but apparently we are afraid to pronounce the most natural demands which a nation can formulate.

In view of the dearth of harbours in Germany the acquisition of the Netherlands was considered the first step towards entering upon a world-embracing policy, and for acquiring a predominant position not only in Europe but in the world across the ocean, which could be acquired only after England had been crushed and after the rule of the sea had been wrested from her. Then, and then only, would Germany find a free field for her energy in every quarter of the world. This was Treitschke's view, and he explained the nature of the future relations between Germany and this country with his usual candour on every occasion. The direction of his policy towards this country, and his opinion of this country, may be seen from the following characteristic extract from his paper, entitled *Die Türkei und die Grossmächte*, which was published on June 20th, 1876:—

Whatever one may think of British liberty, England of to-day is no doubt a Power for action in the society of nations, but her power is clearly an anachronism. It was created in the olden time when the world's wars were decided by naval battles and by hired mercenaries, and when it was considered good policy to rob well-situated fortresses and naval ports without any regard to their ownership and history. In this century

of national States and of armed nations such a cosmopolitan trading Power can no longer maintain itself for any length of time. The day will come and must come when Gibraltar will belong to the Spaniards, Malta to the Italians, Heligoland to the Germans, and the Mediterranean to the nations who live on the Mediterranean. . . . England is to-day the shameless representative of barbarism in international law. Hers is the blame if naval wars still bear the character of privileged piracy.

Treitschke detested this country, wished to see it crushed, and hoped to see a huge German World Empire arise on the ruins of Anglo-Saxondom. Decades would have to pass by until Germany would be strong enough to crush the Anglo-Saxons. Meanwhile the most pressing need of Germany seemed to Treitschke the acquisition of large colonies situated in a temperate zone whereto a stream of German emigrants might be directed. In *Deutsche Kämpfe* we read :—

In the South of Africa circumstances are decidedly favouring us. English colonial policy, which has been successful everywhere else, has not had a lucky hand at the Cape of Good Hope. The civilisation which exists there is Teutonic, is Dutch. The policy of England in South Africa, which vacillates between weakness and brutality, has created a deadly and unextinguishable hatred against her among the Dutch Boers. . . . If our Empire has the courage to follow an independent colonial policy with determination a collision of our interests and those of England is unavoidable. It was natural and logical that the new Great Power of Central Europe had to settle affairs with all Great Powers. We have settled our accounts with Austria Hungary, with France, and with Russia. The last settlement, the settlement with England, will probably be the lengthiest and the most difficult one.

Having taken note of the world-embracing political measures which Treitschke advocated, let us now consider the leading maxims of his political philosophy. Treitschke lectured not only on history but on policy as well, and the political theory which he taught has been of very great importance in developing the political mind and in creating the political conscience of Germany. It would lead too far to describe here Treitschke's system of policy. It must suffice to say that his system is but an elaboration of the political teaching of Machiavelli and the glorification of the political methods which have been adopted with such marvellous success by Frederick the Great and by Bismarck. Therefore we read in the beginning of his book *Politik* :—

“It will always redound to the glory of Machiavelli that he has placed the State on a solid foundation, and that he has freed the State and its morality from the moral precepts taught by the Church, but especially because he has been the first to teach : ‘The State is Power.’”

Starting from his fundamental conception that “The State is Power,” that it is not a moral agent, but merely power, Treitschke logically arrives at the following conclusion regarding

the sacredness of treaties: "Every State reserves to itself the right of judging as to the extent of its treaty obligations."

If we bear in mind Treitschke's teaching, can we wonder that Treitschke's pupils gave such a peculiar interpretation to that Anglo-German Treaty regarding the integrity of China which was explained away by German diplomacy immediately after it had been signed, which since has become known as the Yangtse Agreement, and which our Foreign Office might safely put into the fire? Seeing in the State not a moral representative of the nation, but merely power personified, Treitschke was the most determined opponent to international arbitration, for we read in his book *Politik* "the institution of international and permanent courts of arbitration is incompatible with the very nature of the State. Only in a question of secondary or tertiary importance would it be possible to obey the ruling of such a court. For vital questions there exists no impartial foreign power, and to the end of history arms will give the final decision. Herein lies the sacredness of war." Taking note of Treitschke's political philosophy, we cannot wonder that modern Germany is the strongest opponent to international arbitration, and that she was the most reluctant participant of the International Peace Conference at the Hague.

Treitschke died in 1896, but his work has survived him. The seed which he had sown broadcast in countless lectures, books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles has borne fruit, and thus Treitschke has opened an era of universal political unscrupulousness in Germany, and he has created a mighty popular movement towards expansion over sea, with the object of destroying the power of Anglo-Saxondom. Germany's determination to diminish the greatness of his country is largely due to Treitschke's influence, and Germany's resolve to possess herself of a fleet of overwhelming strength, regardless of cost, is perhaps not so much ascribable to the unceasing agitation of William II. as to the activity of Treitschke, of his followers, and of his professorial co-workers.

It must not be thought that the professors have created the world policy of Germany, for that policy was begun by Bismarck who, looking further ahead than Treitschke and his friends, saw rather in the United States than in England Germany's most formidable opponent. Great Britain was to him "a country which had seen better days." Many years ago Bismarck significantly said to Bucher:—

Up to the year 1866 we pursued a Prusso-German policy. From 1866 to 1870 we pursued a German-European policy. Since then we have pursued a world policy. In discounting future events we must also take note of the United States, who will become in matters economic, and

perhaps in matters political as well, a much greater danger than most people imagine. The war of the future will be the economic war, the struggle for life on the largest scale. May my successor always bear this in mind and always take care that Germany will be prepared when this battle has to be fought.

Bismarck left the preparation for that battle between Germany and the United States and England not merely to posterity, but he prepared his country for that struggle, and especially for the economic part of that struggle, by his wise economic policy. His protective tariff of 1879 was directed against Great Britain and the United States, though principally against Great Britain, and we see the success of his policy in the fact that Bismarck's policy has succeeded in crippling our industries and in transferring industrial success and industrial prosperity from Great Britain to Germany.

Bismarck's successors have continued Bismarck's policy, and have improved upon it. Not only has Germany more, and ever more, severely penalised our manufactures by protective tariffs, and impoverished and thrown out of work the masses employed in our manufactories, but she has besides in every way favoured and promoted the formation of gigantic trusts (Syndikate, Kartelle), which were chiefly designed to destroy our industries by persistent underselling us in foreign markets, and especially in our home market. Furthermore, Germany has, by the conclusion of commercial treaties with many Powers, secured for the German industries an immense outlet, almost the monopoly, in many countries on the Continent of Europe to the disadvantage of our own industries, and she is now assiduously working for a Central European Customs Union of States to which union she means to be the most favoured, and almost the sole, purveyor of manufactured articles. Thus Germany is striving to recreate in time of peace Napoleon's Continental system against this country whereby English goods were excluded from all Continental countries under his sway. Through Germany's action our markets on the Continent of Europe have been completely spoiled, and before long they may be almost closed against British manufactures unless Great Britain meets force with force and violence with violence instead of meeting it with polite and perfectly useless remonstrances.

Though Bismarck ostensibly was Russia's friend, he strengthened Turkey against Russia by providing her with arms, with money, with railways, and with officers. Bismarck's successors have continued that policy and have extended it towards this country as well. In Egypt and in China Germany's agents have striven and intrigued against Great Britain, and even during

the Tibet settlement we had to overcome Germany's opposition at Peking. Last, but not least, the South African war would probably never have arisen had Germany not deluded the Boers into the belief that, as the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs declared in writing, "the independence of the Transvaal Republic is a German interest," and had she not lavishly supplied the Boers with arms and ammunition.

Some years ago the German Emperor painted a symbolical picture of the "Yellow Peril," which he sent to the Tsar, and since then official and semi-official Germany has persistently urged Russia that it was her mission to civilise the Far East and to rule Asia. Germany hoped that Russia in civilising, which means conquering, Asia would come into collision with this country, but Providence willed it otherwise. Blindly advancing at Germany's bidding, the Russians rushed upon Japan's bayonets, and now Russia is crippled for many years to come. Only the lesser aim of Germany's foreign policy has been achieved. Russia is powerless, but Great Britain's force is unimpaired.

It should here be remarked that it is an axiom of German policy that the interests of Great Britain and Russia in Asia are, and will remain, irreconcilable, the wish being probably father to the thought. Therefore, in her attitude towards Great Britain and Russia, it is Germany's constant aim in every quarter of the world, and at every opportunity, to accentuate and to increase the differences between Russia and this country. Many examples of Germany's endeavours in this direction could be quoted.

Starting from the premise that the differences between Great Britain and Russia in Asia are, and will remain, or at least may be made to be, irreconcilable, German diplomacy has logically arrived at the following fundamental rule of conduct from which German foreign policy has determined not to swerve. This rule is that Germany never can, and never will, be the friend or the enemy of both Great Britain and Russia at the same time, because Great Britain and Russia must be made to act constantly as a counterpoise against one another and to quarrel with one another to Germany's benefit.

If we now abandon for a moment diplomatic theory, and look at Germany's fundamental rule of political conduct towards Russia and this country from the point of view of political and military practice, it will be seen that Germany's policy is an exceedingly wise one. If Germany has to fight Russia, Great Britain can effect a powerful diversion in the Baltic and in the Black Sea, especially if, as until lately was the case, the Russian fleet is numerically stronger than the German Navy. On the other hand, if Germany should be engaged in a war with Great Britain,

Russia's help would be invaluable to Germany, for Germany would endeavour to attack Great Britain in India over land, hand-in-hand with Russia. The happiest result of Germany's policy towards Russia and Great Britain would, of course, be if Russia and Great Britain should fight one another to exhaustion. By such an exhaustive Anglo-Russian war Germany would be freed of all restraint, and would, with her strong fleet and immense army, be able to act on land and sea according to her pleasure.

From the foregoing it follows that it is easy for British diplomats to understand Germany's real attitude towards this country. If Germany is actively friendly to Russia, as she lately has been, she is actually, though probably secretly, hostile to Great Britain; if she is on terms approaching hostility with Russia, Germany is friendly to this country. Furthermore, it is clear that all attempts on the part of Russia and Great Britain to settle their differences and to arrive at an understanding are viewed with the greatest and most serious alarm by Germany, for in a war between Germany and Great Britain Germany would be absolutely powerless against this country unless Russia would enable her to attack India. For these reasons the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian understanding is considered to be one of the greatest calamities by Germany.

During the last twenty years Germany has felt confident that she need not fear a Russian attack. Consequently she has been friendly to Russia to the disadvantage of this country.

Germany has always tried to create an effective counterpoise against this country. Bismarck set France and England against one another over Egypt, and encouraged France in her anti-British attitude, and his successors continued Bismarck's policy. Therefore Germany recently tried to frighten France away from Great Britain by raising the Morocco question.

Germany's Venezuela policy also aimed at creating a counterpoise, if not an enemy, against this country. When the United States took umbrage at the Anglo-German Venezuela expedition, Great Britain wished to withdraw, but Germany insisted that the Venezuela business should be carried through, arguing that some show of energy on the part of the strongest naval and of the strongest military Power would cause the United States to collapse, and would teach them to be modest for at least thirty years. Happily our diplomacy did not stumble into the trap, and saw the point of the argument, which was similar to that of Frederick the Great when he told the Austrians that they could not allow the Russians to cross the Danube, and that they should oppose their crossing in alliance with France.

A few years ago the vague and groping movement towards the unification of the British Empire began to take a more tangible shape. Canada offered preferential fiscal treatment to the Mother Country, other colonies were inclined to follow, and Mr. Chamberlain cordially responded to the advances made by the Colonies, and began to work for a British Imperial Fiscal Union. Treitschke and his followers had frequently declared that the British Empire was an empire only in name, that it would gradually fall to pieces; that the United States would have a similar fate, and that united Germany would eventually profit from these fatal and suicidal disintegrating tendencies among the Anglo-Saxon nations. Therefore Germany resolved, if possible, to kill the movement towards Imperial Unification, and declared commercial war against Canada. As the penalising of Canada's exports failed to have the desired effect, further measures to prevent the unification of the Empire were contemplated and threatened by Germany, and on June 29th, 1903, Lord Lansdowne made the following extraordinary statement in the House of Lords:—

The position between Germany and Canada with which we were threatened is not one which His Majesty's Government could regard as other than a serious position. It is not merely that we found that Canada was liable to be made to suffer in consequence of the preferential treatment which the Canadian Government had accorded to us, but it was actually adumbrated in an official document that if other colonies acted in the same manner as Canada, the result might be that we, the mother country, would find ourselves deprived of most-favoured-nation treatment.

Not satisfied with crippling our industries and our trade, and with hampering our commercial expansion, Germany tried to oppose the political unification of the Empire by threats. Germany's action was all the more astounding as she could not seriously expect to be consulted in the arrangement of a purely internal affair between the component parts of the British Empire, especially as the giving of fiscal preference between Motherland and Colonies is a purely domestic affair, and a right which, by the law of nature and of nations, all nations exercise, and which no third nation is entitled to question.

We have now taken note of the three main factors of German policy by having surveyed Germany's genesis and political history; by having acquainted ourselves with her political traditions and methods, and with those political principles of hers which have become the leading maxims of German statesmanship; and we have taken account of the political aspirations of the masses of the peoples. These three factors form the triple foundation of Germany's foreign policy, which is directed by the Emperor.



The father of William the Second, Frederick the Third, was a peaceful, liberal-minded man, who, through his English wife, had received many English ideas and many English ideals. With him the State was not merely "Power," but a power for good. With him generosity and humanity were not merely empty sounds and part of the diplomat's stock-in-trade of political counters. It was not his idea that might is right. He was imbued with the sense of political morality, a feeling which, it is true, Machiavelli treated with contempt. The views of the Emperor and the Empress Frederick were diametrically opposed to those of Prince Bismarck, who proved victorious in the lengthy struggle which he waged against what he called "English influences" and "petticoat influences." In these struggles Bismarck was energetically supported by the present Emperor, then Prince William, whom old Bismarck used in many ways to liken to Frederick the Great. The present Emperor, indeed, resembles in many ways his great ancestor. He has the same self-consciousness, the same many-sidedness, the same passionate desire to aggrandise his country, the same political methods, and the same love of a powerful army. How will the Emperor make use of his military forces and of his opportunities?

The present position of Germany is most favourable. She has defeated France and Austria, Russia lies exhausted, and thus Germany has her elbows free. On the Continent of Europe she is not only the strongest, but by far the strongest, Power. Now or never is her opportunity. Will she make use of it? Will she try to take Holland, or will she interfere in Austria-Hungary and try to save the dissolving German element in that country by incorporating with Germany, in some form or other, the western half of that monarchy? Or will she endeavour to take another slice of France and the French colonies? Or will Germany at present abstain from action, notwithstanding her opportunities, and continue in feverish haste to increase her enormous navy "for the protection of commerce" until an occasion for using it against a great naval and colonial Power arises?

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## THE NEXT COLONIAL CONFERENCE—A CANADIAN OPINION.

SOME day, no doubt, the philosophic historian will account for the reaction that has taken place of late in the attitude of Englishmen towards several important problems. In religion, there has been a return on the part of many to beliefs discarded at the Reformation; in political economy, to the idol of Protection, cast down sixty years ago; in national politics, to a type of Imperialism narrower and more aggressive than that in vogue in Palmerston's days; while in Colonial policy, the old notion that, in tariff matters and matters relating to military defence, the interests of the Colonies should be distinctly subordinated to those of the Mother Country, appears to be entertained by most Conservatives and by not a few Liberals.

So far as this last change of view is concerned, it must be ascribed, in part at least, to the teachings of Mr. Disraeli. The Lord Derby of 1854 proposed that Canada should be ruled by a King chosen from the Royal Family of England; as if there would be no risk in transplanting hothouse growths of the Old World to the very different environment of the New. Lord Derby took pains to assure us that the King at Ottawa would not interfere too much in behalf of Imperial interests with Canadian legislation. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, whilst approving of the grant of self-government to the larger Colonies, was of opinion that "it ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff; by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee; by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the Colonies should be defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves"; and lastly, by the institution of "some representative council in the Metropolis which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government."<sup>1</sup>

The Colonial land question had probably been impressed upon Mr. Disraeli's mind from his coming in contact with Lord Durham, Mr. Charles Buller, or Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, who, from a brief experience in Canada, argued that the Imperial Government should retain the administration of wild lands in

(1) *Lord Beaconsfield's Speeches*. T. E. Kebbel.

order to provide homes for the surplus population of the United Kingdom, as well as to prevent local politicians from squandering so great an estate. The truth is that in Canada, as in Australia and New Zealand, the greatest amount of waste occurred when the lands were at the disposal of the Imperial authorities, or of the colonisation companies which they favoured and in some instances subsidised. The other theory, that the lands could be filled with purely British settlers, who would keep the Colonies loyal, was a dream. For half a century the bulk of the emigrants from the British Islands have gone, not to the Colonies, but to the United States. The prospects are that the Canadian North-West will ultimately be filled by Americans rather than by Englishmen or Canadians. Without labouring the point, it is safe to assert that no measure of self-government denying them control of the Crown domain would have been acceptable to the Canadian people.

How to create a Chamber in London in which the Mother Country and the Colonies should each be fairly represented, puzzled the brains of Burke and Adam Smith, of Franklin, Otis and Samuel Adams, on the eve of the American Revolution; and from that time to this no one has hit upon a workable plan. Pownall assumed that it would be just as easy to give the American Colonies representation in the Imperial Parliament as, in a previous age, it was to bestow it upon Durham, Chester, and Wales—an imperfect analogy employed by some modern Imperialists. On the other side, Adams declared that the Americans could not be adequately represented there, and, if not adequately, "then in effect not at all"; whilst some around him pressed the objection that, even if they could obtain a just representation, they would be foolish to avail themselves of it, since it would end in their having to assume their quota of British debt and taxes. Those Canadians who have thought over the matter at all have reached similar conclusions, or, at best, are unable to get beyond Burke's confession of despair:—"As I meddle with no theory, I do not absolutely assert the impracticability of such a representation; but I do not see my way to it, and those who have been more confident have not been more successful."

As Mr. Disraeli's other conditions of Colonial self-government, namely, an Imperial tariff and Colonial aid to Imperial armaments, have been taken up by present-day Imperialists, and will be discussed in whole or in part at the approaching Colonial Conference, Englishmen may be interested in the opinion entertained by the Liberal rank and file in Canada, so far as one who mixes a good deal with Liberals is competent to express it. The Liberal Party has been in office at Ottawa for nearly ten years and is likely to remain there for some time to come.

First, Canada is asked to enter into some sort of pact whereby she shall bear a share of the military and naval expenditure of Britain, which has lately risen from £30,000,000 to over £60,000,000 per annum; and, in addition, shall provide men for those services and shoulder her proportion of such debts as may hereafter be contracted for the wars of the Empire.

The proposal is so remarkable from a Canadian point of view that our politicians hesitate to discuss it publicly. When Liberals discuss it amongst themselves, they usually treat it as an attempt on the part of British Imperialists, who have burdened their country with taxes, to shift a portion of the load to the backs of the Canadian farmer and artisan. Sir Charles Tupper, a former leader of the Conservative Party in Canada, wrote not long since that while the policy of levying taxes upon the Colonies for the support of the Army and Navy was "one of the principal attractions of Imperial Federation to many" in England, he believed it to be "founded on misapprehension and fraught with danger." Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal Premier, is of the same opinion. Canadian Orangemen are ultra-loyal, yet when an Orange leader was asked if he favoured our accepting this military servitude, he replied that he should as soon vote for transforming Canada into a Jesuit Reduction.

Imperialists seem to imagine that Canada is inhabited chiefly by Englishmen of their way of thinking, whereas the native Canadian, a very different type, is master here. If the native Canadian has any political ambition, it is that Canada shall some day become an independent nation. He has never been in England, but is greatly attached to her on sentimental grounds and would be glad to help her, within the bounds of reason, if she should stand in need of it; only he must be sole judge of the occasion as well as of the form and amount of the aid. He dislikes the Imperialist programme because, in his judgment, it would sink Canada to the level of a Roman Colony, paying tribute of its life-blood to a centralised fighting machine over which it had no control. We had to take up arms before we could persuade the Colonial Office to relieve us of military Governors and other irresponsible rulers, who did as they pleased with our money and administered affairs in general according to their own whims or those of the Colonial Secretary for the time being. When, therefore, the Canadian is dubbed a Little Englander by the latest arrival from the Old Country, he retorts that Imperialists are Little Canadians, inasmuch as they would put us back into long clothes by restoring "Downing Street Dictation," as if we were still the political babes of 1791. An illustrious Englishman has warned all such reactionaries that societies of men have their

law of growth, that "as their strength becomes greater, as their experience becomes more extensive, you can no longer confine them within the swaddling bands, or lull them in the cradles, or terrify them with the bugbears of their infancy." Unfortunately, our Imperialist brethren appear to belong to those people of whom it was said that, in pursuit of a hobby, they would run foul even of the geometrical axioms.

The Federal debt of Canada is four times greater per head than that of the United States and our Provincial debts are relatively far in excess of those of the individual States. We are just commencing a second Trans-continental railway, which will entail heavy Government borrowings, and are occupied with other works of development that will cost a great deal. If, as a leading Imperialist calculates, our cash contribution to the Army and Navy amounted to £5,000,000 a year, we simply could not pay it and keep our heads above water. Our crying want is population, but how many American settlers should we get, how many Englishmen would come, how many Canadians would remain, once we had deliberately saddled ourselves with Old World militarism? The standard of comfort by which Canada is judged at home and abroad is not that of European communities, but that of the United States. There are now 1,200,000 native Canadians in the States, besides tens of thousands of persons of European birth who sojourned in Canada for a while and then crossed the boundary. It is no exaggeration to say that the Exodus, the name we give to this fearful bleeding, would be converted into a regular stampede if we were to bind ourselves to participate in Imperial wars. Lord Roberts might as well select Yorkshire for an experiment with Conscription and look for it to retain its population despite the greater attractiveness of the rest of England.

When France possessed Canada, the French Canadians, who had also the Iroquois to reckon with, were summoned to fight the American Colonies whenever the Bourbons saw fit to quarrel with England or England with the Bourbons. The strain upon the little Colony was heartbreaking; to employ an old phrase, it was thought that Christ and the Saints slept, so great were the sufferings of this excellent people. Yet they were not asked to do more than fight on their own Continent—they were not ordered across the Atlantic to fight against enemies they had never before seen or heard of, or against their own flesh and blood. After the cession of Canada to Britain the Imperial Government strove to isolate the inhabitants from those of the revolted Colonies; and for this reason the French Canadians were allowed to maintain their French nationality. The upshot is seen in the cleavage

that now separates French- and English-speaking Canadians; we are not one people, as we might have been, but two peoples dwelling not without friction under the same political roof. The French Canadians, who numbered only 60,000 in 1759, now number 1,700,000 within Canada, and there are 500,000 of them by birth or descent in the United States. British subjects by the accident of war, but in every other aspect Canadians to the end of their nails, they would probably wreck Confederation rather than submit to so burdensome a yoke.

The American Colonies revolted rather than acknowledge the right of England to tax them for the cost of the Seven Years' War. The war had resulted in the expulsion of France from their northern frontier, but they objected, as we do, to taxation without representation. What has Canada gained by the numerous wars that England has waged in the last half century that we should hand £5,000,000 a year—one-third of all our present revenues—to the British War Office, to be spent thousands of miles beyond the jurisdiction of our Parliament, upon military objects about which, from first to last, we should not be consulted? With every regard for the Army and Navy, we believe that, having an empire of wild land to subdue, we could find better use for the money. Frederick the Great said of the Hessians sent against the Americans, that they ought to pay an export duty as cattle destined for a foreign shambles; and we should expect our young men, whose proper place is the Canadian factory or the Canadian harvest field, to suffer like contumely if they were to rove the world as swashbucklers of the British Jingo.<sup>1</sup>

As for "standing shoulder to shoulder" with our fellow Colonists in other parts of the Empire, Canadians have lost, or perhaps never possessed, the faculty of "thinking Imperially" in that sense. By an effort of the imagination one can fancy a Roman thinking Imperially, since the ordinary boundaries of the old Roman Empire embraced contiguous territories, a fairly compact region, surrounding the Mediterranean. The British Empire, on the contrary, is made up of islands and mainlands scattered all over the earth, with nothing in common but the flag. When we in Canada think of the brown men of India, the blacks of Africa, the yellow men of Hong Kong, the white men of Australia, and so on, we do not think of them Imperially.

(1) All told, 8,000 men were sent from Canada to the Boer War. Their expenses to the time of disembarkation in South Africa were defrayed by the Canadian Government; after that, by the Imperial Government. In the Civil War in the United States, 40,000 Canadians served in the Northern armies, attracted in part by love of adventure, in part by the bounties.

finding it impossible to do so, but commercially—What is the value of our trade, with So-and-So? And as it is demonstrable that, saying nothing of the rest of the United States, we could do more business in a month, if the tariff bars were down, with two or three American cities within telephone call of Ottawa than with all the British Colonies and Dependencies put together in a twelvemonth, no matter how elaborate and burdensome the preferential arrangement; we do not set much store upon the commercial side of Imperial Federation, in so far as it promises an artificially-created trade with our fellow Colonists. Nor, and do our best, can we imagine any set of circumstances under which we might feel disposed to shed our blood for them. We take no more interest in the events of India or Australia than they display in those of Canada. Mr. Chamberlain would have us fabricate an interest in one another, but the job is clean beyond us. As Burke said, *opposit natura*—we cannot remove the eternal barriers of the Creation.

But, it is urged, we ought at least to contribute to the Navy since it protects our ports and seagoing commerce. With all respect, this is begging the question. We must first determine who is likely to attack us and for what reason. During the Civil War in the United States, the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, was angry at the refusal of the Canadian Parliament to maintain a larger militia, and threatened to deprive it for a time of control of the force. Canadian Ministers replied, with some acerbity, that what his Grace would not dare to do in England would not be tolerated in Canada, and when he spoke of our being in danger from foreign enemies, he overlooked the important consideration that, if we ever were attacked by a foreign Power, it would not be from any fault of ours, but solely because of our political connection with England—which is as true now as it was then. The Imperialists who dun us so persistently for a contribution to the Navy, do not realise that they are forcing an unpleasant issue. A's relations with B expose A to danger. B thereupon requests A to pay for protection by B. Obviously, if pressed too hard, A will be apt to consider whether the connection is worth maintaining.

Suppose, however, that Canada were threatened, say, by Germany because of a squabble between her and Britain over the partition of Africa or China—fancy our being implicated in a war originating on those distant Continents in that or any other way!—it would hardly be necessary for the British Navy to come to the rescue. With the permission of Congress, we could place our ships under the American flag; and, as for our ports, are they not already protected by the Monroe Doctrine? American

policy, of which that doctrine is the expression, pledges itself not to meddle with the existing American Colonies of any European Power; but as it will not permit a European Power to acquire new territory, clearly it would not permit one European Power to steal, or attempt to steal, the territory of another. However that may be, it is tolerably certain that the Monroe Doctrine would be found sufficiently elastic in the hands of a President like Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Cleveland to shield Canada, both on land and sea, from any European assailant.

As a matter of fact, then, we have nothing to fear from any Power but the United States, and it is well-nigh inconceivable that they should attempt to annex Canada by force. If they did, they would not put us to the sword, for they are neither Goths nor Visigoths, but our own kith and kin, only ever so much more powerful; with a country, indeed, of incomparable wealth and strength. Would England go to war to save us from being taken into partnership with Rothschild? Imperialists assure us that she would fight for us as for Kent or Lancashire, but no one in Canada thinks so. From the close of the American Revolution down to the Alaska Boundary case the other day, she has been obliged to sacrifice territory belonging to us whenever it has been demanded by American diplomacy as a peace-offering; and while intelligent Canadians, knowing something of her world-wide liabilities, dislike to blame her, they cannot but perceive that she is bound, as time goes on, to be of less use than ever as our patron and bottle-holder; whilst the thankless position is certain to expose her to greater and greater danger. Assuming that we cannot remain as we are much longer, there are three roads open to us. We can become independent and trust to American honour, as displayed in the case of Cuba, and to the righteousness of our own conduct. Or, following the advice of Goldwin Smith and Andrew Carnegie, true friends of England, we can, with England's approval, cast in our lot with the Americans, thereby bringing about a lasting reconciliation of the race on this Continent and leaving her free to concentrate her energies upon the problems of her own hemisphere. Is this Little Englandism? If so, what do sensible Big Englanders think of the remaining course. the counter-policy of Imperialism, that would have us remain a Colony, but a Colony mortgaged to the War Office and bound by the Jingoistic creed to arm and fortify and "maffick" and be insolent to all and sundry, more especially to the United States. until, perhaps, we succeed in dragging England into war with that country, or, what is more probable, find ourselves disowned as an obstacle to her peace and happiness?

To sum up this branch of the subject, it is the conviction of Canadian Liberals as a body, and, I believe, of the majority of



the younger men in the Conservative Party, that British statesmen had better let well enough alone. Under existing arrangements, we maintain a respectable militia for home purposes, and are as loyal to England as she has any right to ask us to be. True, a national spirit is abroad, a desire to rise above the Colonial stage of existence and live the ampler life of independence. But, for all that, we are ready to send men, and, if necessary, money, to the aid of England—not, however, when she thinks, but when we think she needs them. Should Mr. Balfour, as some of his friends predict, bring before the Conference a scheme for putting us under bonds to co-operate with England in all her wars, he will regret it. The Canadian delegates would resent it and the Dominion Parliament condemn it out of hand.

This is not the language Englishmen are accustomed to hear. The Imperialist who has spent a holiday in Canada returns prophesying smooth things—that we are ready, if it be their wish, to bind ourselves by a constitutional amendment to spend our last shilling and our last man whenever they choose to call upon us, and so forth; in addition to which the Canadian who visits England in search of a title or to borrow money, is, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk, *capable de tout* in that line. Nevertheless they will do well to turn from such counsellors and read Burke—the one incontestable authority, yesterday, to-day, and for all time, on Colonial policy—especially the passage in which he admonishes them to govern the Colonies with a loose rein, if they would govern at all.

The other proposition is that we should agree to the restoration of the old Colonial trade system, at any rate in principle. Under that system the few commodities then exported by the Colonies received preferential treatment in the British market, and the Colonies, in return, gave like treatment in their markets to British goods. The Colonies now export to England a variety of articles which were at that time excluded by the British tariff, or which could not be exported in the ships of the period, or which were not produced for more than home consumption. These, or some of these, would have to be included in any new preferential system.

Mr. Balfour is averse to taxing foreign food and raw materials for the benefit of the Colonies; other Imperialists favour it. No one here quite knows, therefore, in what form the Imperial tariff project will be submitted to the Conference. I believe I am warranted in saying, however, that Canadian Ministers would not discuss any scheme from which British taxation of such foreign articles as wheat and flour, lumber, wood pulp, fish, fruit, lead and copper, peas and hay, eggs, cheese and bacon, live animals, &c., was omitted. These are our chief exports to Britain

and if we are not to be paid a higher price for them than we get now, it will be useless for her to ask us to give anything like a substantial preference to her wares in our market. For example, the taxation of American and other foreign wheat would not, by itself, be satisfactory; it would suit Manitoba, Albert, and Saskatchewan, which are exporters of wheat, but would be of no advantage to the five older Provinces and British Columbia, which are importers. In like manner, if foreign lumber alone was taxed, the North Western Provinces, which have to import from British Columbia and the United States, would rightly complain that their interests had been ignored. If, then, a preferential policy is to be discussed, it must be one based on the taxation by England of her principal articles of food, as well as of a number of raw materials; indeed, since the other Colonies are sure to demand the inclusion of their staples—tea and coffee, sugar, raw cotton, meats and butter, wool, dyes, &c.—we may conclude that it would involve the taxation of almost everything included in those two groups.

Swift said that mythical plots and treasons are sometimes discovered by men in high position "who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians," or "to stifle or divert general discontents," or "to restore new vigour to a crazy Administration." Canadians are not aware which of these ends Mr. Chamberlain had in mind when he announced that Canada and the other Colonies had demanded a British preference as the price of their remaining in the Empire. On the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill, certain members of the House of Lords issued a manifesto in which they predicted that the abolition of the preferential duty on Colonial wheat would destroy the "strongest bond of union" between the Colonies and the Mother Country, besides "sapping the foundation of that Colonial system to which, commercially and politically, this country owes much of its present greatness." It is for Englishmen to say whether the greatness of their country has been diminished by Free Trade. All I wish to observe is that Canadians are as sincerely attached to her as ever, the only danger to the connection, at present, lying in Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to resurrect the Colonial system and apply that wretched discard of a bygone age to the greatly altered conditions of Canada and the Empire at large.

We had an experience of that system covering a period of nearly two centuries, long enough to give us the right to speak with some authority. It was introduced while we were a young French Colony. As everyone knows, the Colonial policy of those times was based on the three M's—monopoly of supply, monopoly of produce, monopoly of manufacture. By the first and second the Colony was precluded from importing from or export-

ing direct to foreign countries, while by the third it was restricted to the cultivation of food and raw materials, leaving the Mother Country to furnish it with manufactures. The elder Mirabeau likened the Colonies to mice kept alive by an owl for her winter provision; the owl shelters and feeds and coddles them, first taking care, however, to break their legs in order to hinder them from going abroad and becoming the prey of some other owl. Soon after he took hold of Colonial affairs, Colbert resolved to make France and her Colonies self-supporting, or, as his pupil Talon, the Intendant at Quebec, had it, self-sufficient. By proclamation of 1669 Canadian fish and Acadian coal were admitted into France free, foreign coal or fish being taxed or prohibited; like treatment was afterwards extended to Canadian peltries, timber, wheat, wooden ships, &c., as well as to sugar, tobacco and spices, from the French West Indies; all of which were to be paid for with French goods, the goods of foreign countries being rigorously excluded from the Colonies.

I have not space in which to describe the full effects of this policy. Colbert was a master of detail and tried all the herbs of the Saint John, all the devices of Mercantilism, in his efforts to found a Western Empire for the greater glory of France. With him, of course, as with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Imperialism meant the "administrative organisation of the Colonies" for the ultimate benefit of the Mother Country. Bounties, gratuities, and monopolies were showered upon the agriculture, shipping, fishing, and lumbering industries of New France; but the salt-pits of Kamouraska were closed that the King's monopoly in France might gain a little more; while in the Antilles the distilling of rum from molasses was prohibited in the interest of French brandy. On the other hand, the King supplied the Colonies with prelates and churches, roads and bridges, grist mills and tanyards, horses and cattle, intrepid explorers and equally intrepid Jesuit missionaries—with everything, in short, but free institutions. He even gave a bounty to those who married early and to those who brought forth large families, refused fur licenses to bachelors and shipped young women of good character from France as wives. In reading the quaint records of the period one can almost hear the prayer of the Breton girl, *Patron de filles, Saint Nicolas, mariez nous—ne tardez pas!*

Altogether, it was a promising field for an experiment in empire-building, with Protection as the corner-stone, yet Colbert and his successors failed miserably. They overlooked the existence of the adjoining English Colonies, or rather placed too much reliance on the laws prohibiting intercourse with them, to which were attached penalties ranging from flogging the culprit and branding him with a red-hot *fleur-de-lis*, to putting him to death.

The high tariffs of France, directed against England and Holland, and the minute State regulation of manufactures, enhanced the price of the French goods sent to the Colony to such an extent that the fur trade, the principal industry, passed in great measure to the English buyers on the South. The white man was as keen as the Indian to deal in the most advantageous market, and before long the contraband traffic between Montreal and Albany, Quebec and New England, absorbed much of the energy of the people, to the demoralisation of all concerned, including many of the highest civil dignitaries. The derelictions of the officials in this respect led up to graver offences, until at length the Intendant Bigot betrayed the Colony to Wolfe, as was commonly supposed, in order to hide his enormous robberies.

It is generally agreed by historians that the collapse of French power in North America was due, primarily, to the inability of the French Navy to protect Quebec, Louisburg, and the Atlantic highway. Among secondary causes, an important place must be given to the Colonial system, which, together with the fur monopoly, broke down the fur trade, burdened the white settler, and filled the Colony with corruption, besides involving France in war with Holland, and thereby leaving her without an ally in the final struggle with England for the possession of Canada.

When Canada passed to Britain the preferential system was soon greatly developed. From beginning to end, however, the preference given in the Canadian market to British goods was, in the main, an imposture. In the first place, being cheaper as a rule than foreign goods, British goods would have sold equally well if there had been no preference; secondly, while the British tariff gave a very substantial preference to Canadian exports, from the burdens incident to which there was no escape for the British consumer, we in Canada obtained a considerable measure of relief from the effects of our preference to British goods by smuggling in American goods that were better adapted to our climatic and other conditions. To put it in another way, while the British people had to pay a higher price for such commodities as we sold them than they would have had to pay if like commodities from foreign countries had been admitted at the same rate, we tempered the British monopoly in manufactures within Canada by following the French Canadian example—Preferentialists by day, we became Free Traders at night. Then again we turned an honest penny by clandestinely importing American lumber, wheat, flour, furs, and potash, and shipping them to England as Canadian, that they might get the benefit of the British preferential: cases are recorded where wheat was brought from Archangel and timber from Memel and sent back across the Atlantic to Liverpool or Bristol with these false certificates of origin. Long before

Hume's Committee of 1840 had demonstrated it, it was apparent to observers on the spot that the preferential arrangement with Canada was nothing short of a gross imposition upon Britain.

The restraints of the Colonial system had much to do with the revolt of the American Colonies, and now the discrimination against the foreigner and in favour of the British colonist and the British landlord, was responsible to some extent for the lodgment of Protectionist doctrines in the United States. "England will not take our wheat, pork, or maize," was the cry, "we must therefore build up a home market to consume them." The Navigation Laws and Colonial trade regulations were at the bottom of the ill-feeling which arose between Great Britain and the United States shortly after the War of Independence had culminated, other causes aiding, in the war of 1812.

Without doubt Canada profited by the Colonial system, although not to the extent that might be supposed. Our tariff was framed by Downing Street, but the local legislatures were allowed to impose light duties for revenue. What was given with one hand was largely taken away with the other. Our people complained without ceasing of the stupidity of the Imperial authorities who constructed the tariff, of the Navigation Laws, of the severe fluctuations in the price of wheat in England under the operation of the sliding scale, of the official exclusion of the Provinces from the American market, both as buyers and sellers; in short, of the failure of the system to render the Colony prosperous. As early as 1816 they began to clamour for reciprocity with the United States. In 1836 the Upper Canada Legislature petitioned the King for it in a very able document. One of the gravest evils of the situation was the constant interference of Imperial Ministers on behalf of the British monopoly. All through the piece they treated us, in Lowell's words, as "inferior and deported Englishmen." The Canadian timber and shipping interests regarded the Colonial system as the cause of much of their prosperity, but everyone else in Canada rejoiced when the "old nightmare" was abolished between 1842 and 1849.

I have given this bare outline of the working of the preferential policy in Canada by way of suggesting how difficult it would be to restore it at this time of day, what meagre results England and the Colonies might expect from it, and to what risks, from the arousing of foreign and domestic enmities, it would expose them. It gave birth in Canada to a school which aimed at and finally succeeded in imposing heavy duties on British goods. It was argued that the admission of those goods at nominal rates hindered us from establishing home manufactures, drained us of money and swelled the Exodus. These advocates of localised Protection also dwelt, as they dwell now, on what it had done for the United

States; forgetting that the United States could probably make headway under a Turkish Pasha.

No one acquainted with the genuine opinions of the Canadian people believes that they could be induced, under any circumstances, to accept the Colonial system again, or any modification of it that threatened their home industries, in which \$500,000,000 is invested, or curtailed the tariff-making power they have enjoyed since 1843. Liberals and Conservatives alike support the present high tariff; and when they argue that a factory in Canada is as beneficial to the Empire as one in Leeds or Manchester, how are those Englishmen who are in the habit of "thinking Imperially" going to answer them? Those of us who still hold by Free Trade are now an insignificant minority; we should feel that we were gaining ground if we could count on a dozen members in a House of over 200. The latest proclamation from the Manufacturers' Association, which is a sort of *imperium in imperio*, is that Canadian industries must be protected as securely against British as against German or American competition; and, so far as one can see, the country is overwhelmingly with them.

We are somewhat puzzled by the accounts which English Imperialists give of the magic that is to be wrought by their Mumbo Jumbo. They assure us that it will not injure Canadian manufactures, yet tell the British artisan that it will immensely extend the Colonial market for his wares. They say it will not raise the price of food in England, yet will put more money in the pocket of the Colonial food-grower. It is to protect the British farmer and at the same time make the Canadian North-West the granary of the world, overwhelming him with its wheat. To us, the whole project appears to be a bundle of contradictions such as our Protectionists, who do not stick at trifles, would be ashamed to father. The North-West will be one of the chief granaries of the world before long, all the sooner if Congress should remove the duty on wheat for the benefit of American mills and of the American consumer of flour. Nothing that English Imperialists could do for us at the expense of the British people could equal the advantages we should derive from the abolition of the American tariff on our natural products. Curiously enough, they contend that it is un-British for us to talk of reciprocity with our neighbours, while it is eminently British for themselves to propose a policy that would compel England to feed her Colonies, as the fabled pelican her young, from her own entrails.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has given a preference to British goods. When it took effect in 1898 the preference was 25 per cent. of the regular duties; in 1900 it was increased to 33½ per cent. Sir Wilfrid desired to benefit the British exporter as well as the Canadian consumer. It cannot be said, however, that it has

worked wonders for Britain.<sup>1</sup> Our imports from Britain have certainly grown, but is the growth due altogether to the preference, seeing that our imports from the United States have increased much more? Anyone who peruses the Canadian trade returns in detail cannot help concluding that, not Britain, but the United States is our natural market. It may be allowable for England, as a matter of policy, to discourage Canada, Newfoundland, and the West Indies from entering into commercial union with the United States, on the ground that political union might follow. That may be right and proper from the Imperialist view. But, in speaking of the manner of treating Colonies, Burke laid down a higher principle:—"It is not what a lawyer tells me I *may* do, but what humanity, reason and justice tell me I *ought* to do."

There is a more considerable issue at stake, however, than the trade issue or the future of the Canadian Militia. To put it plainly, Imperialists are endeavouring to persuade Canada to return to forms of government she has long outgrown, in order, as they conceive, that she may become more useful, not to herself, but to the Mother Country. It would have been a lighter thing, we are told, to make the shadow on the dial of Ahaz go forward ten degrees than to make it go back ten; and surely when a change takes place in the relations between England and the larger Colonies, it will not be a retrograde movement but an advance on their part to complete political independence. Canada will shortly demand the treaty-making power, to be exercised under limitations. The subject has been discussed at public meetings by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and when we look back at the seaboard and vast inland regions of priceless value that we have lost through relying on British negotiators who had interests other than ours to serve, most of us hail the movement with satisfaction. By and by, there will be a demand for the right to elect the Governor-General. We are tired of the "prancing proconsuls" appointed

(1) The following brief table gives Canadian trade with Britain and the United States in the fiscal years 1897-8 and 1904-5:—

Imports from Britain, 1898.....	\$37,000,000
"    "    "    1905.....	\$60,000,000
Increase under Preference.....	\$23,000,000
Imports from U. S., 1898.....	\$93,000,000
"    "    "    1905.....	\$166,000,000
Increase without Preference.....	\$73,000,000
Exports to Britain, 1898.....	\$99,000,000
"    "    "    1905.....	\$102,000,000
Increase under No Tariff Tolls.....	\$3,000,000
Exports to U. S., 1898.....	\$45,000,000
"    "    "    1905.....	\$77,000,000
Increase despite Tariff Tolls .....	\$32,000,000

of late ; they pay no heed to the warning, *O rois soyez grands, car le peuple grandit*. When that is conceded we shall be six million New World citizens wholly free. But for this we are content to wait. For a young country Canada is tolerably safe from Utopian impatience.

Our Imperialist brethren have chosen this time for seeking to throw us back to the conditions of our infancy, when we had to submit to an endless amount of interference and dictation from well-meaning outsiders who really knew nothing about us. We had a hard fight for Responsible Government, which was for us *articulus libertatis aut servitutis*. Responsible Government brought us the liberty to frame our tariff in our own way, even to the infliction of injury on ourselves ; the control of expenditure and the choosing of Ministers, who, putting constitutional fictions aside, are more powerful than the Crown. This Bill of Rights would be mutilated out of recognition by the success of the Imperialist programme. The predominant partner would, of course, have a controlling voice in the construction and amendment of the joint or Imperial tariff. It is conceivable that this Imperial tariff might be better for Canada than any local tariff the Canadian Parliament could put together. That is not the point. The point is that, having won the tariff-making power through much effort, our best interests require that we should keep it intact and within our exclusive possession, though not the Empire only, but the heavens should fall. The whole programme, so far as it relates to Canada—not forgetting the plank that we should send the young Canadian to fight the Empire's battles, or, possibly, Mr. Chamberlain's battles, in Africa and Asia, filling his place with the sweepings of Europe—is as hopeless in its way as that of those Jacobite survivals who meet in London and Edinburgh and solemnly resolve that it is England's duty to bring back the Stuarts, together with all the old royal prerogatives. If Imperialists desire to retain Canada a while longer, let them cease striving for the "administrative organisation of the Colonies," for "uniformity within the Empire"—the same fighting men, the same fighting tariffs. The rage for uniformity has contributed as much as anything else to the barrenness of the Colonial enterprises of France, and could scarcely fail to bring a vast *omnium gatherum* like the British Empire to speedy destruction. The old building, it has been said, stands well enough with its composite architecture, but let an attempt be made to square it into uniformity and "it may come down on our heads altogether, in much uniformity of ruin." Rather let Englishmen prepare for the inevitable evolution of the Colonies into independent nations, bound to England by a filial affection stronger than any artificial ligament.

EDWARD FARRER.



## RENÉ BAZIN.

### THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER. THE NOVELIST.<sup>1</sup>

#### I.

THE modern mind knows no region of spirit which cannot be sensuous or material, no region of matter which cannot lose its earthiness or impurity. It is the characteristic trait which distinguishes it from the prosaic, matter-of-fact soul of the eighteenth century: the sense of the *expressiveness* of things. In literature we have a minute search after suitable words that will express the influence of nature on our minds; in painting a most subtle notation of the effects of sunshine playing upon a wall, a tree, or a human body, an orchestration, as it were, of the waves of atmosphere; in philosophy the pantheistic theory which animates material objects with an intelligent soul, and sees the whole universe pervaded by a common life. Thus our thoughts have been lifted into a world not only different in its vastness, but almost divine by the presence of one spirit of life.

Not that Nature has never been looked at, nor loved, as she is nowadays; indeed, many a brain-sick mystic of ancient times has worshipped her as the mother of all things.

But our ancestors never hungered, as we all seem to do, for this desire to lose ourselves in the great whole; nor had they the wish expressed in Goethe's Helena that every word should be a thing; nor had they this scrutinising and loving eye that penetrates and weighs every atom of a landscape.

Imagine for one moment the astonishment of Reynolds or of Gainsborough before the pictures of our modern impressionists, and the leonine wrath of Dr. Johnson on reading the lines of our young poets.

Of this new sense, or of this new belief—whatever name we may give it—the writings of Wordsworth are, and will be, the central and elementary expression. But although he remains the great patron saint at whose shrine all the devotees of Pan must

(1) *Stéphanette* (published 1883), *Ma tante Giron* (1886), *Une tache d'encre* (1888), *Les Noëllet* (1890), *À l'aventure* (1891), *La Sarcelle bleue* (1892), *Sicile* (1892), *Madame Corentine* (1893), *Les Italiens d'aujourd'hui* (1894), *Humble Amour* (1894), *Terre d'Espagne* (1895), *En Province* (1896), *De toute son âme* (1897), *Les Contes de Bonne Perrette* (1898), *Croquis de France et d'Orient* (1899), *La Terre qui meurt* (1899), *Les Oberlé* (1901), *Donatienne* (1903), *Récits de la plaine et de la montagne* (1903), *Le Guide de l'Empereur* (1904), *L'isolée* (1905).

pay reverential homage, he has been surpassed by a few of his unconscious disciples, and those, strange to say, are all French.

Such names as André Theuriet, Pouvillon, Ferdinand Fabre, occur at once; indeed, one may include all the writers known as "poètes de clocher," who, having chosen country life as their subject, have not, it is true, entered the bewildering region of such philosophical imaginings as are exposed in Tintern Abbey or in the Prelude, but have brought us into the delightful world of faultless style.

Philosophers have tried to ascribe this wonderful sensibility, this development of the external perceptions, to the power of the glorious sun of France, and to the quality of her atmosphere. Those who have gathered cherries or grapes in the sunshine, have then gone indoors and shut their eyes, have seen for some minutes cherries or grapes dangling in the bright light. Though they knew it not, the eye had retained the coloured impression. Now, what is true of a bunch of grapes is true of all natural objects; and so lies in our brain the whole series of pictures with which our life is surrounded; and cannot we say that the more intense the sunshine has been, the deeper outward images have sunk in this wonderful pool of the human mind?

Others like to suggest that the French mind being essentially of the earth earthy is by some secret correspondence connected with the actual lime or clay of the soil, and that, as each plant has its parasite and each created thing its lover, the French adore this mysterious earth which sooner or later receives us all into its bosom.

But far from feeling degraded by such an association, the French have felt ennobled by it, transmuting their power of seeing life in everything into a kind of religious sentiment. This wonderful susceptibility to the impressions of eye and ear has changed those materialists into poets. Their sensuousness has created a religion.

## II.

Je travaillais assez peu le *De Viris illustribus* (writes M. René Bazin, describing to us how he spent his childhood in the country, and what an excellent tonic nature was both to his body and to his imagination), mais j'apprenais ce qui ne s'enseigne pas : à voir le monde indéfini des choses et à l'écouter vivre. Au lieu d'avoir pour horizon les murs d'une classe ou d'une cour, j'avais les bois, les prés, le ciel qui change avec les heures, et l'eau d'une mince rivière qui changeait avec lui. Mes amis s'appelaient le brouillard, le soleil, le crépuscule où la peur vous suit dans votre ombre, les fleurs dont je savais les dynasties mieux que celles des rois d'Égypte; les oiseaux qui ont leur nom écrit dans le mouvement de leur vol; les gens de la terre qui sont des silencieux pleins de secrets. Je faisais ma moisson sans le savoir. Depuis j'ai reconnu que la richesse d'impressions amassée en ce temps-là est une provision qui dure.

M. René Bazin does not understand English, and has never read Wordsworth, but if we compare the French passage to the following lines :

Then sometimes in that silence while he hung  
Listening—a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind,  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake. . . .

we see that both the Westmorland poet and the Angevin novelist realised that there is, as it were, in the material universe an eternal soul, having a life beyond ours, and suggesting, to our boyhood, thoughts which will sleep within, like seeds in the spring of our youth, and bear blossom in the autumn of our maturity. And of the two men, Wordsworth would have been the more pleased at this identity of views, as he would have recognised in it a common spirit at work in man.

Thus M. René Bazin, instead of declining "rosa, the rose," on the benches of a town school, received another teaching from nature, not consciously sought for, but the better for this very reason. This love of nature which we admire in his novels and sketches came to him then, in such flashes of pleasure, in such hushed surprises, as make all of us stop in the solitude of the fields, when we almost think we feel Nature coming with silent footsteps, a breath caressing us, a light entering our soul.

But M. Bazin's imagination, poetical as it is, cannot catch at clouds. Wordsworth's hazy pantheism which robs the Lake poet's verses of the heightened charm of reality finds no fixed abode in the Angevin's well-regulated mind. A man who cleaves to nature, lays hold of every single object in a landscape and dwells on it with the eye of a lover, will hate metaphysics. His will be the painter's attitude; and this quality, which we call mystery in a picture, is one which M. Bazin is never weary of attempting to reproduce in his books.

C'était l'heure où les bêtes de proie, les loups, les renards, les martres rôdeuses se levant des fourrés, le cou tendu, flairent la nuit, et tout-à-coup secouant leurs pattes, commencent à trotter par les sentiers menus, à découvrir.

C'était le temps où les petits soufflent dans les chalumeaux faits d'un tuyau de blé.

C'était l'âge où les petits qui seront toucheurs de bœufs commencent à prendre l'aiguillon, portent la soupe aux hommes qui fauchent, et reviennent si fiers le soir dans le silence des brumes tombantes, à califourchon sur la vieille jument blanche qui a l'air de les bercer.

There must be thousands of persons living at this moment,  
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who, if they could but give expression to those feelings with which they are moved in the presence of nature, would be greater poets than the greatest writers; but they cannot transfer to paper the glamour of reality. This art of presenting ecstatic frames of mind or of describing the strangeness to the senses of nature's appearances, and the thrilling echo which they awaken in our minds, has been granted only to a happy few, and granted in full to M. Bazin.

Who, even after Keats and Wordsworth, has described better than he the mysterious effects of moonlight?

Le lever de la lune est un événement. Elle apparaît à la vanne de l'étang, au dessus de la colline, entre les basses branches des chênes. Elle est monstrueuse, et toute rouge. Elle n'éclaire point, et elle fait peur à tout ce qui vit. . . . Un quart d'heure encore, le temps pour la lune de dépasser les pointes d'arbres, de sortir des brumes, de redevenir blanche. petite et libre dans le ciel bleu; et la nuit est commencée, la nuit confiante jusqu'au matin. Une autre lumière s'est levée, si nouvelle, si étrange. Avez-vous observé? C'est une lumière qui ne fouille pas, qui se pose comme une cendre d'argent sur les lointains et comme une neige bleutée sur les objets proches. Comme la cendre, et comme la neige, il semble qu'elle ait une épaisseur et que les surfaces saillantes, les feuilles, les branches, les pierres, les buissons reçoivent d'elle un accroissement, une enveloppe ouatée où s'enfonce le regard. Elle est légère quand même; elle se repose; elle laisse beaucoup de choses dans l'ombre, mais elle suffit à guider la marche, et j'ai souvent pensé, en la voyant se lever, à des mains qui ne pèsent pas davantage et qui guident aussi très sûrement dans la nuit.

It is one thing to describe a moonlit scene; it is quite another to embody the thought or the emotion in some attitude that will strike the mind's eye. The first is literature; the second is divine poetry. Now that the student of Bazin has absorbed this suggestive image "of hands leading him in the night," surely the moon will henceforth be to him a friendly angel.

M. Bazin's faculties are of a piece with this moral delicacy. He is said to be the most sensitive of men. His eyes are very bright, impressing all who approach him with a sense of their keenness; and where an unobservant friend walking with him notices little or nothing, *he* points out the form of a hare, nests of ants, a spider at work, all the wonders of insect life.

Indeed to such sensitiveness must be ascribed these long descriptions which, according to some critics, have marred his books. He cannot help writing them. In his *Une Tache d'Encre*, M. Bazin has attempted to do what no other moralist had endeavoured to write before him; lying at full length on the soil, he has described a square foot of the maternal earth. Nay, in his book *En Province*, there is a still more accurate and fascinating picture of all that can grow and move on a few inches of the soil. The

discoveries M. Bazin makes are simply wonderful. Everything becomes fresh under his wand, and though trifles are recorded with an over-minute conscientiousness of detail, they become beads of the purest crystal in the hands of the magician.

Il y a un mystère de prodigalité dans toutes ces couleurs, ces parfums, ces merveilles d'architecture. Cela me confond de penser à tant de millions de fleurs écloses dans les haies, les bois, près d'ici, plus loin, dans le monde entier, et qui se flétrissent sans jamais avoir été vues. N'est-il pas vrai que cela ressemble au meilleur de nous-mêmes, au trésor de l'humanité, à ces dévouements de mères, de femmes, d'enfants, d'apôtres que personne ne voit parmi les hommes, pas même ceux qui devraient les voir?

The last lines are quite characteristic of the novelist's best manner. We find in them the symbolism which, arising not only from the depth of his perception, but from the intensity of his feeling, instinctively finds uniformity of law throughout nature.

So many millions of flowers withered without having been admired! So many acts of devotion, of heroism, lost without being perceived by the very beings who ought to admire them!

So, according to Wordsworth,

Meek nature's evening comment on the shows  
And all the fuming vanities of earth

is the secret moral whispered to the mind by a *sunset*, the true keynote of the sentiment belonging to nature's great pageants.

Such is the world of meditation that we enter in the Angevin novelist's company; and this is why the only writer to whom he can be compared is neither Georges Sand nor Fierre Loti, but the greatest of the Lake poets.

To both every natural object seems to possess a moral or spiritual life, to be capable of a companionship with man, nay, to be capable of moulding minds; and so, when M. Bazin thinks of man, it is not of man in the abstract, but of man under the influence of nature and linked to her by many associations. Above his fellow-writers, he has a sense of the subtle influences which qualify a man's personality; he feels that human life is not only an accidental embellishment to a landscape, but is required by the nature of things.

And since the soil and the climate act on our soul, he will point out those inexplicable affinities, those delicacies of intercourse between nature and man; he will remark that the difference is great between the peasants of the valley of the Loire and the inhabitants of the hills which run along the two banks of the river.

When you walk by the side of the mighty stream, you do not hear the "Bonjour, m'sieu," of little curly-headed boys playing truant, or leading to the meadow, before going to school, the speckled cow. The passing stranger is not saluted. The only sign of respect to which those have a right who have remained long enough in the district, consists in a gesture of the hand which touches the hat but does not lift it. Such equality does not come from the Revolution of 1789; it has other causes. In other words, M. Bazin would make us believe that the Loire is essentially a Republican river.

What moral power the river yields over those whose cottages dip almost into her waters! What proud soul she gave to Maitre Houlyer, the owner of those barges which, gliding gently down the river, clothe and adorn *her* with their white sails and tri-colour streamers!

Etienne Loutrel, the fisherman, is a true child of the Loire; he sees in it eternal peace, and feels at the same time, when his heart is torn by love, that she obtains her quietude from *her* own nature, and so resolves, when Henriette Madiot refuses to marry him, to live on those soothing waters that his sorrow might be lulled by them.

To read *Les Oberlé* is to realise how Alsace has united herself to Jean Oberlé. The interest of this book is that it allows us to watch the action of this mysterious influence of a country on the soul of a young man, as it discovers, rouses, and concentrates to the leaping point, in the strong nature of Jean, the elements of a temperament akin to her own.

Again, in *Donatienne*, the reason why husband and wife are at variance with each other comes from the fact that, though both are Bretons, *he* is a *terrien*, a stubborn son of peasants, *she* is the sensitive and fickle daughter of sailors. And, lastly, this delightful image, "la servante du curé, sèche, proprette et sans âge, comme *une noisette*," is the surest indication that our writer has always present to his mind the secret bonds that unite together all God's creatures. Naturally the enemies of M. Bazin have tried to ridicule such philosophy by saying that it is the human element which the writer projects into nature, and that the trees, the river, nature itself, are nothing but our own personality.

But M. Bazin knows better. Well might he say with Matthew Arnold:—

Race after race, man after man  
 Have thought that my secret was theirs,  
 Have dreamed that I lived but for them,  
 That they were my glory and joy.  
 They are dust, they are changed, they are gone—  
 I remain. . . .

## III.

There are writers who have selected rural life as their subject on account of its passionless repose, or because it afforded them a matter for endless descriptions. Others, evidently thinking that the mission of art is a mission of hatred and not of love, have depicted the sufferings of the poor with the intention of exciting envy towards the wealthy classes. It is neither for their passionless calm that M. Bazin prefers the scenes of pastoral life, nor because they are an easy theme to masterful variations that he chose such subjects as *La Terre qui meurt*, *Les Noëllet*, *Donatienne*, *Les Oberlé*, *De toute son âme*.

Still less is he a socialist "full of fury and sound," and joining in the up-to-date crusade against the rich. That he sees man as a part of nature, elevated and solemnised in proportion as his daily life brings him into companionship with permanent natural objects, has already been shown. But if he chooses to depict people in humble life it is also because they are nearer to nature, more sincere, more impassioned, more direct in their expression of passion than other men.

They are good lovers (he writes) and good haters. Their sense of solidarity amounts to heroism, and though one may condemn it when it brings about a strike, one must needs admire it when it makes a poor workman adopt the children of a still poorer man.

And in much that M. Bazin says in praise of these workmen and peasants he is but pleading indirectly for that sincerity, that perfect fidelity to the features of the sentiment within, which is his main characteristic. Such literary honesty must needs come from the inner consciousness of a man, and denotes—whatever creed he may believe—an intensely religious life.

M. René Bazin is an Angevin, and by this I mean that some fifty years ago he was born in a land of grave thinking men, of peasants with a natural dignity of manners, deeply attached to their valleys where one generation after another maintained the same abiding-place.

"The Vendean clings more strongly than any other man to the native soil." Such are the words to be found in an official document sent by the deputies of the West of France to the Convention at the end of 1794.

Add to this that one of M. Bazin's grandfathers fought by the side of Stofflet in that Vendean war which Napoleon I., a good judge in such matters, called "a struggle of giants." Indeed, M. Bazin's own family is a fine instance of that reserve of moral strength which exists among the French people.

Strong attachment to the land, intense religious faith, moral and bodily health, M. Bazin's ancestors had in common with their neighbours, and he himself is a true offshoot of this Angevin type of aristocratic peasantry, of religious farmers who count as gentlefolk.

No prating optimist, he is intensely Vendean in dreading anarchy, in setting high value upon customariness, upon all that is habitual, loyal, rooted in the ground, old hedgerows and crumbling moss-grown walls, in devoutly accepting traditional beliefs.

Will he not remind the reader of a legion of English writers, representatives of high moral life and conservatism? Like them, he is one of the votaries of that grand old-world sentiment which unfortunately tends to disappear, and expressions of which we find in the immortal works of Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Dr. Johnson, and Burke. Such writers do not profess to be theologians; they call themselves plain writers who take common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and deal with religion on its practical side, as a consolation to mankind.

For such men who cling to the past, religion is a high way of feeling more than of thinking—a sentiment which, if it lives in a system of received beliefs, is at least no more questioned than life itself, so much linked has it become, in a thousand complex ways, to the conditions of human existence.

To M. Bazin and his heroes—old Lumineau, old Noëllet—and his heroines—Odile Bastian, Henriette Madiot—such form of religion is a solemn background on which all the incidents of life stand out in relief, borrowing from it a biblical solemnity.

And this, more than his talent perhaps, assures M. Bazin a special place among the French artists of the last fifty years. Almost the only exception is the great painter, Millet; and it is not interesting to note that the Barbizon artist and the Angevin novelist depict nature and peasant-life?

In the artistic *milieu* of Paris the representation of feminine beauty has been regarded for almost a century as the true object of the highest art. The consequence is that, being above all Parisian dexterity, it is not linked by anything to the main body of the nation.

M. Bazin's methods and philosophy are the very opposite to such insubstantial art. The university lecturer who has to spend his mornings with law students, the member of St. Vincent of Paul's fraternity who has to visit the poor and knows their manner of life, the father of a numerous family who has to face the world and to do a man's work, finds it difficult to believe in the doctrine of "art for art."



If we examine his four great novels, *De toute son âme*, *La Terre qui meurt*, *Les Oberlé*, *Donatienne*, we find that, underlying each of these books, the writer has one deliberate design—a consciously ethical purpose.

The moral end the author has in view in the conception of *De toute son âme* is to describe the situation of a milliner in a great establishment.

The knowledge I acquired about these establishments (M. Bazin writes), from numerous conversations and from letters, made me see clearly—among other things—that their situation prevents young milliners from thinking of marriage, how it raises them above their class, how they belong to one world by their birth and to another by their dreams, placed as they are between the luxury of the rich and the mediocrity of their home, to-day in affluence because at work, to-morrow in poverty because out of work, equally powerless to forget the grandeur which they approach, and the condition from which they spring.

In *Les Noëllet* and *La Terre qui meurt* M. Bazin is fighting against that tendency of the peasants to flee from their village and their plough. It is the old story so constantly illustrated in every country, of the rush for money, the mad desire to abandon the dear old penates and find new gods—so often a dreadful disappointment, and worse.

M. Bazin takes typical Vendean cases, and describes this struggle between the fathers who want their children to settle on the old farm and the sons who wish to shake off their feet this ancestral dust.

*Donatienne* is the story of the poor nurse, whether she come from the west or from the south, who has been attracted by Paris as the skylark is attracted by the looking-glass. That M. Bazin should be accused of being another *Berquin* is amazing when you read *Donatienne*, the true story of a Breton young wife who leaves her poor home to become a wet-nurse in Paris, who blushes in the evening amidst the flunkies for having tilled the soil, and for having a peasant for a husband; who becomes one day the mistress of a footman who sets up for himself in a *crèmerie*, while the husband slaves away at the farm. To be able to understand the misery of both husband and wife you must needs read the book, and then you appreciate at its value M. Bazin's delicate work. The husband hears by-and-by that *Donatienne* has betrayed him, and he sinks so low as to introduce to his miserable home another woman who is willing to share its poverty. The wife never ceases to hunger for a sight of the children she has abandoned, and drags out a horrible life with the man she has given herself up to. But the eldest of her children hears of her mother from a travelling workman, and

writes to her one day, when her father is dying, crushed by a rock in the quarry where he worked; and poor Donatienne comes back at this appeal of a daughter. She sits by the bedside of the wounded man, and when evening falls:

"Noémi," she said, "il est l'heure de préparer la soupe."

"Oui, maman."

Donatienne s'arrêta un instant, comme si les mots qu'elle avait à ajouter étaient difficiles à dire.

"Donne-moi les sabots de celle qui est partie."

"Oui, maman."

"J'irai tirer de l'eau et je ferai la soupe pour vous tous quatre."

Et ayant mis les sabots de l'autre, elle commença de travailler.

So ends this novel of *Donatienne*, and truly M. Brunetière is right to exclaim—

I do not think that the instinctive and divine philosophy of forgiveness has ever been better expressed in more simple and stronger terms in any novel by Dickens or Guy de Maupassant.

*Les Oberlé* is a truly tragic novel, describing the love of father-land, either disappearing before the passion of love or of money, or by being inured to persecution, stronger than death.

But such books as these cannot be confused with the novel with a purpose, so familiar to the English reader, in which, as a rule, the moral is clumsily spread over the whole story. M. Bazin's novels are full of life and light and love!

After *De toute son âme* has been put on the shelves—on the shelf nearest to us—of our library, who can forget such characters as those of old uncle Eloi, the old trooper, loving a bottle of wine, patriotic and careless, with a golden heart, always grumbling though; his nephew, Antoine Madiot, the pretentious, penniless, immoral workman, a Don Juan of the gutter, a future leader of socialists, because of his glib tongue; M. Lemarié, the selfish manufacturer, heart and soul in his work, whose death is the consequence of the burning of the factory; his wife, who no sooner finds herself rich on the death of her husband than she at once wishes to give her money to the poor; her son, a kind of bladder, who will talk to the last; Etienne Loutrel, the poor fisherman, whose hopeless love is truly touching; and all the little milliners whose small talk is so wonderfully depicted?

These are a few instances of the many well-worked-out characters to whom M. Bazin introduces us. With half a dozen touches of his admirable pencil he portrays them for the endless delight of his reader.

Dickens, to whom M. Bazin has been compared—though the greater of the two—is inferior to the Angevin novelist from an artistic point of view; he is so romantic that he oversteps the

mark, and sacrifices truth to refinement. Think for a moment of Lizzie Hexam, the heroine of *Our Mutual Friend*, of Alice Marlow in *Dombey and Son*: one, the child of a Thames-side loafer, brought up amidst the coarsest surroundings, expresses such sentiments as would befit a lady in any position; the other is really impossible, for base origin and squalid life have developed in her striking mental faculties!

Though M. Bazin sometimes takes his heroines from the same category of persons, his artistic nature prevents him from sinning to such a degree. True that Henriette Madiot, the *shop-girl*, whose natural taste raises her to the enviable position of *première modiste* in the best firm in Nantes, only to become later on a nun, is an example of the finest delicacy of heart and of the most sensitive moral susceptibility. But her character is not beyond the bounds of possibility. Among the poorer folk such women are observed in France more than in any other country. Indeed, from what class do all these Sisters of the Poor and Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul—who are the salt of the earth—spring, if it is not from the enormous host of French workmen and workwomen? See, also, how Henriette Madiot's character develops naturally through ordinary circumstances, how her heart, which at one time would have clung to the "Grand Étienne," cares gradually for the poor, for humanity, and how her instinctive unselfishness is turned into Christian charity.

#### IV.

A humanity obeying superior laws, lovers bidding each other an eternal farewell, bent upon doing their duty at all cost, religious natures valuing everything at its eternal worth, such are the souls M. Bazin finds it pleasant to dream of.

Zola and his school have of late accustomed our palates to such highly seasoned dishes that M. Bazin has been accused of being over-refined. Purity, generosity, tenderness—can such things exist?

"In this life we want nothing but facts, sir, nothing but facts," says Thomas Gradgrind-Zola. But after all what are those "facts" of which we hear so much? Do facts really exist? Does not the world we see and touch depend for its actuality upon being perceived? Is not the universe to us what we perceive it to be?

And if such is the case, the sunrise is as *real* as a dunghill, and purity as prostitution.

The true artist does nothing but give us pictures which represent his own favourite way of looking at things. We gaze in his novels—as in a crystal—at the world, as he prefers it; and

his conception of the human drama must be accepted as the keystone, without which his work could not stand. Surely M. Bazin has as much right to his religious optimism as Zola to his bitter sneer at the cosmos.

A humorist M. Bazin will be above all. Since life is in the eye of the observer, what is comedy to one man may be tragedy to another; what is death to one is play to another; and the writer who knows the dual aspect of existence must necessarily notify it when writing. His Berkeleyan attitude towards life will help him to make us laugh and weep at the same time.

It is because humour is inseparable from charity, and because our novelist is overflowing with the milk of human kindness, that his genius plays like a warm light on the homely aspects of provincial France.

This Janus-faced position of M. Bazin shines in those brief compositions such as *Les Enfants*, *Le Poulain*, *La Demoiselle*, *La Maison*, *Quinze Billets bleus*, &c., &c.

They all reveal at a glance, like a minute intaglio held up to the light, his marvellous faculty of design and proportion in the treatment of his work, in which there is not a touch but counts.

His style is truly admirable. Gifted as he is with what we call soul in literature, M. Bazin is full of those half-lights, suggestions, colourings, which necessitate varieties of style. Here he is the most impassioned writer, and there as simple as a child. Here his style has the polish of a dagger, the beauty that comes of mere adaptation to purpose, and there it is iridescent, *chatoyant*, as in this passage on the Loire:—

La Loire avait fleuri. Oui, l'eau elle-même a sa saison d'amour. Des lueurs la traversaient en tous sens : il y avait le long des berges des bandes d'un mauve ardent qui n'étaient le reflet de rien et qu'on aurait pu prendre pour des trainées d'iris noyés dans les courants. Autour des pointes de sable, c'était un rire léger qu'on entendait, de loin, et une succession de flots dorés, évanouis, reformés, émergeant du lit profond comme des couronnes de jonquilles. De larges nappes blanches pareilles à des champs de neige passaient d'un seul mouvement. Ailleurs les remous enfonçaient jusqu'au limon des creux leurs tiges d'argent tordu. L'ombre n'arrêtait pas la lumière. Toutes les splendeurs confondues s'étaient fait un chemin et roulaient vers la mer.

Such is the figure of this delicate and original writer, the friend of the poor, and also "a fine gentleman," as Thackeray would say, a realist much bolder than might at first be supposed, lying hidden under a garment of refined sentiments, a wonderful landscape-painter, as clear a delineator of human life, aiming always at an absolute sincerity of feeling and diction, an idealist in the best sense of the word, always true to himself—in short, an Angevin Wordsworth, with the added sense of deep humour.

ANDRÉ TURQUET.

## THE DIFFICULTIES OF DEVOLUTION.

A PHILOSOPHIC deity, gazing down upon Ireland from some remote sphere, would find in the present state of affairs in that country much to interest him, much to amuse him, not a little to amaze him, and not a little also to cause him grief. If he were compelled to take up his abode in the island itself, the latter feeling would probably predominate. In a multitude of counsellors we are assured there is wisdom; but from a multiplicity of advisers Ireland has as yet derived neither peace nor prosperity. Both would, in fact, appear to be becoming more rare in the land with each year that passes. Yet there is no lack of movements, all outwardly designed to make both plentiful. There are the Home Rule movement, the language movement, and the labourers' movement; the land agitation, the town tenants' agitation, and the grazing agitation; the industrial revival, the national schools question, and the much-vexed problem of university education. Around all these, permeating them all, colouring and usually distorting them all, is the religious question. In the controversies which rage upon these subjects there are sharply divergent views, and the point worth noting in most cases is the sharpness of the divergence. It is literally an example of the Biblical phrase, "He that is not with me is against me." In Ireland the average man is either bitterly opposed to or vehemently in favour of certain schemes. The moderate man, the man who sees good and bad in most mundane affairs, is so seldom in evidence that his non-existence, at least in the light of a voting power, appears to be taken for granted in certain quarters. And not without reason; for the fate of moderate men in Ireland has never been a happy one. The treatment accorded to Sir Horace Plunkett and his much-abused book furnished a recent example of this; while the reception given to the Devolution proposals may be quoted as a still later one. Nevertheless, the moderate man may not be so scarce as is thought. He may lack voice, or a desire to use it; for moderation does not lead to enthusiasm. But it is quite possible that some day it may be found that he is not lacking either in numbers or in power.

There are few questions in life which have not two sides to them, and the general tendency on the part of Irish politicians to paint their own side all white and their opponents' all black is contrary to common experience and common-sense. The same

tendency is, perhaps, a failing with all who play the game of politics; but in Ireland it does real harm, because, it being admittedly a backward country, the people there take their politicians very seriously. Irish political leaders have some excellent qualities; they are always enthusiastic, and often sincere; but the joys of calm reasoning are not those in which they most revel. Their training has been, for the most part, that of men accustomed to please the crowd, for with them that means success, its absence failure. But all those who strive for this, be it in the novel, on the stage, or on the platform, must of necessity employ purple patches. And moderation is never melodramatic; it does not appeal to the gallery.

The lack of sweet reasonableness was clearly shown in the storm over the Devolution proposals. Broadly viewed, these were designed to let the voice of moderation be heard in the land. I do not intend here to refer to them in detail. The significant thing about Devolution lies not in its details but in its conception; just as the noteworthy point in the opposition it provoked is, not its criticisms, but the ideas and the passions which inspire them. The proposals were such as tolerant men, anxious to benefit their country, but less anxious to benefit their party—if they had one—might have been expected to draw up. The basis of the plan was, that a part—a large part—of the government of Ireland should devolve upon Irishmen; and the union of all parties, necessitated by this work, implied the existence of moderation on all sides, and of toleration for all. Every man in Ireland is—nominally—anxious to establish the reign of toleration. Its absence is universally deplored. The Belfast navy, playfully demonstrating on the twelfth of July—and at other seasons—the faith that is in him, believes that every bolt he hurls is hurled in the cause of true tolerance. The Limerick labourer, hounding Jews or medical missionaries out of the town, also claims to be working in the same good cause. Unfortunately, toleration with these people appears to mean that when they have their opponent on the ground, with a firm grip on his throat, they may tolerate his continued existence—provided that this condition of things remains unchanged. In the glory of victory the not unimportant fact that the position is an uncomfortable one, even for the topmost dog, is apparently forgotten. Of greater effect is the fact which the stern logic of events is making more evident every year, that this condition of things is not tending to increase the temporal prosperity of either contestant, however much it may add to their spiritual enjoyment.

If one were to judge the state of affairs in Ireland from a surface point of view—a very unsafe thing to do—the Devolution scheme

might be thought to be in a moribund condition. In some quarters its obsequies have already been celebrated—with relief and rejoicing, be it added. In others its early decease is looked upon as inevitable. Such a view is, I venture to think, a very deceptive one. Devolution is what the Americans would call “a live thing.” It is alive, and will continue to live, because it has in it one unquenchable germ of vitality, and that is cool, practical common-sense. It advocates a principle that every thinking man in Ireland knows to be a salutary and even a necessary one, but which, for various reasons, many will not have in this or that particular form. Sooner or later this vital force will work its way out; it cannot be killed, unless the country itself dies. The unwisdom of endeavouring to stifle it in its present safe form is that such action may cause it later on to burst forth in the shape of Home Rule, a substitution which would be fraught with the gravest dangers to Ireland under its present conditions. Devolution embodies ideas which sensible men of both parties, smoking round their fireside in the evening, admit to be sound; though if fate call them in the morning to address a popular audience from a political platform, they are quite ready, from a party standpoint, to denounce them. The real strength of the movement lies in what has been called its weakness; in the fact that it goes too far for one party, and not far enough for the other. Where both parties are extreme, this blemish becomes a virtue.

The difficulties of Devolution are not to be underrated. They may all be labelled as either political, economic, or religious. Of these the first have up to the present attracted the most attention; but they are the least important, and they are not likely to be permanent. Nothing in politics is permanent, and the difficulties of one Government become the opportunities of the next. It is in Ireland itself, in the character, the temperament, the environment of the Irish people, that the real difficulties of Devolution are to be found. It is in those factors of Irish life, for the most part either economic or religious, which keep the country disunited and divided into two opposing camps, that the true obstacles lie. There will be little advantage gained in setting up a central body to control a considerable part of Irish government, if this central body, in so far as it is representative, will merely represent incurably hostile elements. That would indeed be to cry peace when a state of war really existed. What are the possibilities of a state of peace being substituted for this unarmed warfare? The most remarkable thing about the problem is that most of the differences that split up the Irish people in their own land are founded upon nothing stronger than mutual misunderstanding and mutual unfairness. This is one bright fact in the

situation, for *tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*; and intolerance is more often due to lack of knowledge than to lack of charity. Ireland is like a tree that has been striving to grow while tied to another tree bigger than itself. As one result her branches are warped, and in all directions her efforts at healthy development have been thwarted; as another, one branch sees the warping of its neighbour, but sees not its own ugliness. The chief evil remaining from this bondage is that past traditions and present prejudices live on in a most unhealthy state of vigour. No individual who allows himself to brood much over past injuries, be they real or imaginary, can hope to prosper; and it is quite as useless for a nation to do so if it has the same fault. Ireland in this respect needs a more philosophic mood. Unfortunately, philosophers are rare in the land; for they have many incitements to leave it, and few inducements to return.

Let us first of all consider the economic side of the problem. A political economist, when surveying Ireland, is at once struck by the condition of things prevailing in the north-east, and by the difference which that portion of the country presents to most of the remainder. He will see in one region material prosperity in plenty, while he will find elsewhere evidences of poverty and decay. If he rashly confound, as so many English writers do, wealth with happiness and the absence of it with misery, he will at once jump to the conclusion that all the merriment and gaiety of heart for which the Irish people are even still celebrated must be found in the north-east. Probably the exact opposite of this statement would be nearer the truth. Be that as it may, the contrast has been used to point innumerable morals, political, religious, and economic. The history and misgovernment of the past have been appealed to as explanations; racial temperament has been quoted; while religion, which must have its say in all matters Irish, is continually dragged into the question. The smugness of worldly success points to Belfast and boasts; the contemplative quietude of the cloister points to it and shudders. But this difference of prosperity and decay is really not due to any circumstances peculiar to Ireland or to its people. It is a problem by no means confined to one small northern island: phases of it are to be found all over the world. It represents the conflict between two ideals, two diverse views of life, two great and opposing trends of thought. To some extent at least these have existed in the world since mankind first began to herd together into industrial communities.

One is the ideal steadily pursued by those who make material prosperity the chief end and aim of life; who worship devotedly at the shrine of success, and see in the acquisition of wealth the



best—too often the only—proof of that success. It is an ideal by no means inconsistent with the possession of strong religious principles; but these principles must not unduly handicap the man who wants to lay up for himself treasures upon earth. In short, they must be modern religious principles, adapted to the requirements of modern social conditions. The other ideal is pursued by those who are fond of dwelling upon such maxims as "*Carpe diem*," "Gather ye roses while ye may," "Take no thought for the morrow," and so forth. It is not inconsistent with worldly prosperity, but those who follow it strive less strenuously for its acquisition, and are more readily tempted to linger in the pleasant places that present themselves by the roadside of life. Thus more hardened travellers pass them by. Many also who follow this ideal have a tendency to attach less importance to the affairs of this world than to those of one to come after it, and are thereby out of touch with the modern religious spirit. As the worshippers are, so will the divinities be. Thus it is that in Ireland we find these two attitudes towards life coincide to a great extent with the lines separating Roman Catholicism from Protestantism. Whether here religion be mainly a cause or an effect has often been disputed; but the fact itself will hardly be questioned.

Broadly speaking, these two philosophies divide the Ireland of to-day, as they divide—though not perhaps as sharply—many other countries. They must of necessity produce very different results in the moulding of character, and hence on the fortunes of men. In the modern struggle for existence strenuous, persevering, and continuous effort becomes of the highest importance; ground once lost can seldom be regained, and never without greatly increased toil. It is but natural, therefore, where we find these two systems working closely together, that the followers of one will show more material prosperity than those of the other. This is the situation in Ireland. It is a natural result arising from the operation of natural causes. Yet it is one which does much to divide the inhabitants of the country in sympathy, especially since it coincides with the great religious separation between them. The antipathy and disunion resulting therefrom must be a great obstacle to the success of any plan of mutual toleration such as is necessary for the safe working of Devolution. Yet it should not be an insuperable one; for each party has something to learn from and not a little to teach to the other.

The two philosophies colour life with different colours, and to view it sanely and as a whole we must refer to both resulting pictures and appreciate the teaching of each. Put one philosophy, standing alone, in contradistinction to the other, and in

many ways it will be entirely opposed to it. Acts of legislation which would appear admirable to one would be detestable to the other. Nothing can bring this out more clearly than their respective views of monasteries and convents. To one side monks and nuns are noble-minded people, who spurn the pleasures and temptations of this world, and devote their lives, with an enviable singleness of purpose, to the worship of God and the practice of good works. To the other they are lazy and slothful burdens upon the community, living idle lives upon the results of the toil of others, and representing, with every increase in their numbers, an increasing cause of decay in the community at large. Each view, from the standpoint of its own philosophy, is right, and when two disputants are right their reconciliation is more difficult to effect than when they are both wrong, and much more difficult than when one is right and the other wrong.

If we put individuals representing these two opposing philosophies into a common legislative chamber, and leave them untempered by mutual toleration and mutual respect, it is easy to foresee that we are likely to have nothing but confused and embittered quarrelling as the result. There are many who believe that the contending sections can never coalesce, even to the extent of joining in much less responsible tasks than that of partial self-government. In many other countries these issues have been fought out by the sword—the nominal causes of conflict often differing. Where this has happened, one side or the other, beaten in the fight, has bowed to the inevitable, and acquiesced, with a good or bad grace, in what it could not alter. A difference between men is often most peaceably and most permanently settled by a fair fight; the better man once acknowledged, prudence on the one side and magnanimity on the other act in restraint of further quarrelling. This process has never, I had almost said unfortunately, been gone through in Ireland; for the domination of England over both parties rendered a fair fight between them impossible, and thus the bad blood lingers on in the community, having never found an outlet. Probably it is too late, and certainly it is too repellent, to contemplate such a mode of settlement now; although it is no impossibility that if England were to stand to one side both parties in Ireland might in the long run resort to it. But the existence of that greatest of Ireland's needs, a strong moderate party, would render this confingency not only impossible but unnecessary. Such a party would train each side to understand the other, and to see that if each is right each is also wrong. For neither party can claim perfection for its own philosophy. Whether we wish it or not, we must engage in the industrial competition of the world as we

find it now, and once in the struggle we must carry it on strenuously. We cannot go back to the world of two or three hundred years ago; even if it were a better world, which is much to be doubted. On the other hand, industrial success is dearly bought at the price which many peoples have now to pay for it. Slum life, sweated trades, the centralisation of masses in large towns, the grinding of monopolies, the apparently increasing difficulty in securing regularity of employment—these are none of them pleasing features of our modern civilisation. They suggest that the last word has not yet been said as to the wisdom of this strenuous industrial warfare; and hint at the possibility of that last word being one day spoken by the workers, and it may be in no gentle tones. No thoughtful man can deny that the world has need of both philosophies, if only to interact upon each other. One is necessary to soften the hardness of the strong; the other to brace the apathy of the weak. All that is wanting to ensure a mutual respect between their followers is a mutual understanding of the standpoint of each. Once that is gained each will be found to have something of the eternal verities, and be regarded in its true light as the complement and not the opposite of the other.

The religious difficulties in the path of Devolution are, as we have seen, to some extent related to the economic ones. Religion in Ireland to-day, however, presents many peculiar and interesting features. In most other countries which acknowledge the sway of Christianity, and are at the same time in the van of civilisation, we hear much of the decay of religious ardour, the loosening of dogmatic ties, the decline of faith, and the advance of that vague spirit which insists on proving all things, and which people call rationalism or infidelity, as their temper or their training dictates. Christianity all the world over appears to be compelled to make desperate efforts to retain its hold upon educated minds, shedding dogma after dogma and miracle after miracle in the process. There is, of course, nothing new in these phenomena, in a world which has seen many religions rise and fall. But some might imagine that in Ireland these influences would have their fullest effect, because there the sharp antagonism of two great Churches might be expected to result in the exposure of the weaknesses of both. This is not the case. The facts are the very reverse of this. Religion in Ireland still preaches confidently the doctrines and the dogmas that fifty years ago were weakening in England, in France, and in America. There has been little, if any, shifting of ground on either side; little, if any, attempt to reconcile ancient ideas with modern practice. The fact is that in matters religious disunion is strength. Opposi-

tion may—or may not—be the life of trade, but it is assuredly the mainstay of faith. Thus we find that the modern religious spirit, which has done so much to kill sectarianism in other countries, has left Ireland almost untouched. In England it no longer excites surprise to hear of migrants from the Roman Catholic to the Protestant form of Christianity, or *vice versa*; nor does the change carry with it any personal stigma. There the situation is not inaccurately described by Browning's cynical bishop:—

You disbelieve! Who wonders and who cares?  
 Lord So-and-so—his coat bedropped with wax,  
 All Peter's chains about his waist, his back  
 Brave with the needlework of Noodledom—  
 Believes! Again, who wonders and who cares?

No such atmosphere exists in Ireland. There the sea of faith, if not quite at the full, shows few signs of the ebb. Whether this be regarded as matter for rejoicing or for regret, much of the sectarian bitterness undoubtedly existing in the country is due to it. The indifference which inculcates tolerance is looked upon with a suspicious eye; and the will-power of the man who is daring enough to acknowledge a change of creed must face great trials indeed. For in Ireland of all turncoats the religious turncoat is the most reprobated; of all traitors the traitor to his faith the most despised. Spurned by the old companions and distrusted by the new, the lot of the man who changes his creed is truly unhappy, and it is but natural that few secessions from either side take place.

It is, I think, admitted by all parties that sectarianism is one of the greatest obstacles to Ireland's happiness and prosperity. It must form one of the chief difficulties in the way of any scheme of compromise such as Devolution, and its overthrow, or at least its amelioration, is one of the tasks which must be faced if such a scheme can hope to do any work of real usefulness. It therefore becomes of the first importance to ascertain correctly what are the causes of the survival in Ireland of this somewhat belated struggle. They do not lie in dogmatic differences. In these days men break no heads for dogma. That difference between transubstantiation and consubstantiation, which Professor Huxley refused to see, is seen by no man in Ireland, or if seen is heeded by none save those professionally interested. One man may laugh at the idea of the infallibility of the Pope, in which his neighbour implicitly believes. But they will not quarrel over differences of this nature. The real points at issue are more material and closer to life.

A powerful reason for the survival of sectarianism in Ireland is that there both religions tend to be seen at their worst. The

Roman Catholic body, owing to the lack of facilities for university education, is wanting in an influential laity of a high standard of culture and refinement, such as that education provides. There are, of course, many such members of that Church, but in proportion to the rest they are not numerically strong enough. There is little public opinion, therefore, within its own ranks, to repress those exhibitions of zeal or superstition in which all creeds indulge at times. Criticisms against such ebullitions come as a rule from the outside, and thus they generally do more harm than good. They defeat their own object, and create a quite unnecessary amount of bitterness. For outside criticism of this nature must always savour of impertinence, and must often be tinged with a colouring of that Pecksniffian superiority which has ever been particularly odious. On the other hand, the entire Protestant community is heavily handicapped by the presence of such an institution as Orangeism in its midst. One has but to read a Belfast paper on the day after a twelfth-of-July festival to realise to what a low level religious controversy can be brought down even in this twentieth century. And much above that level it is difficult for even the best elements in the Protestant body permanently to soar, so many and so varied are the factors which strive to drag them down again. Many, if not most, Roman Catholics regard the Orange Society as typifying the tolerance which they may expect to find on the other side; and it is not unnatural that they should so regard it. More important still is the fact that Orangeism can always be dangled before their eyes as a kind of awful object-lesson, especially if any of their body betray a disposition to examine too closely some of the admitted abuses in their own Church.

Another powerful cause of division is to be found in the fact that one religion is identified with what has been called the Ascendancy class. Its followers are in possession of most of the good things in the land; the others have to manage as best they can with the crumbs that remain. It is needless to say that the reasons assigned for this state of things vary much with the point of view of the reasoner, and whether he looks at it from the side of those who have or those who have not. Needless also it is to say that reasons innumerable have been given—some of them sane. A few of the main considerations are worthy of careful attention. As far as this supremacy is concerned with commercial life it cannot, I think, be justly attributed either to events in past history or present government. From a trading point of view Presbyterianism suffered quite as much as Roman Catholicism at the hands of the English Government, yet the chief hive of manufacturing industry in the country is now to be found

in the Presbyterian North. Long years have passed since the law took any note of religious differences in matters of trade. It appears far more probable that superiority in this direction has been due to that trading spirit of Protestantism, which leads more directly than the less hard Catholic atmosphere to success in modern business. There is no lack of success on the other side; but in proportion to numbers Protestantism undoubtedly holds more than its due share of the business of the country in its hands. This appears to be an ascendancy based on superior fitness for success in the particular pursuit aimed at, and if so it must be for the general health of the community. It is better for all that some should thrive than none. The field is open, and has been open for years past, and if there is any handicap it is against the Protestant; for the followers of the creed of the majority are as a rule inclined, not unnaturally, to deal with their co-religionists, where possible without sacrifice on their own part.

In the professional world matters are more evenly divided both as regards numbers and success. But there is another sphere where inequality prevails. Positions which are in the gift of the Government are to a great extent in the possession of members of one creed, many of whom have obtained them not by their own merits, but by the merits—or influence—of their friends. This has two evil results: one that it does not tend directly towards efficiency, and the other that it is an injustice. It has often been said that it is difficult, owing to the absence of the higher forms of education, to find suitable members, among the Church of the majority, to fill many of these positions. There can be no doubt that this difficulty has often been encountered; and this defence of the present state of affairs is a perfectly sincere one. But it is the reverse of being a satisfactory one to the majority. To them it appears a glaring example of a special form of injustice, described in popular phraseology as knocking a man down and then kicking him for falling. Rightly or wrongly the absence of suitable university education for Roman Catholics is ascribed by them to the English Government. To utilise that absence, therefore, as a reason for the existence of the present system of filling these positions is to add insult to injury. It creates a feeling which rankles throughout the community, and tends to fester like an unhealed wound. The direct injustice is not of any very great importance. The positions are not so numerous, and the duties attached to them are as a rule not of a kind that give opportunities for bias, religious or otherwise. But it is unfortunate that in the past the Orange drums have been most frequently thumped in support of this particular form of

ascendancy. When Sir Horace Plunkett, in a broad-minded spirit, appointed as one of his chief lieutenants a Catholic and a Nationalist, he committed in Orange eyes an unpardonable offence. The instincts of the party told them unerringly that this way the downfall of ascendancy lay. When the opportunity presented itself they rallied their forces and gave battle; with the result of handing a Unionist seat in Parliament over to their foes. But that mattered little; the power of Orangeism was asserted, for Sir Horace Plunkett was beaten. It was a warning to all comers that whatever they may do with their politics they must give their places to the proper side. Love of country is a good thing, but love of place a better.

This clinging to place and power by a small class, which has hitherto relied, and never relied in vain, upon the support of England whenever its pretensions were challenged, is a very real factor in the Irish situation. It explains the howl with which the Devolution proposals were received in the North. It is, of course, a perfectly natural feeling; no party, and few men, having held the enjoyment of power and monopoly for long, will be ready to give them up without a struggle, even when their retention is obviously unjust. If its position is assailed the Orange party knows no more sure or more convenient method of defence than an appeal to sectarianism, both in England and Ireland. That appeal has been made only too often and with too much success in the past; if a moderate party is ever to be established it must first weaken the forces which render this cry effective, and must weaken them in both countries. In England a wider knowledge and a truer appreciation of the subtleties of Irish politics will be the most powerful weapons in the fray. But in Ireland the task will be much harder. There are many who would describe it as impossible. The Devolutionist who would abandon it in despair, and assert that his scheme must go on in spite of religious differences, has the story of past centuries to support him in his pessimism. Nevertheless, while practically the chances of success may seem small, theoretically the factors which make for animosity are weak.

There is nothing, as every educated man knows, in the Roman Catholic or the Protestant position, rightly understood, which deprives either of the respect of the other. Opposition there may be, differences there must be; but there is no reason for these degenerating from the high standpoint of honourable differences to the low level which carries with it contempt, hardest of all feelings to cure. When men respect each other the road to friendship is always open, even where that respect is joined with hatred. But contempt is another and a harder thing to conquer.

It is much to be feared that in Ireland the rank and file of the partisans of both sides are imbued with this feeling. For, if we leave aside the lesser points of difference between them, what do we find are the great and insurmountable barriers? Let us discard for the moment the traditions of the past, and view the conditions of the actual present. What then do we find is the obstacle hindering the Orangeman from extending to the Roman Catholic those friendly feelings of mutual toleration and mutual respect which should exist between fellow-countrymen and fellow-Christians? We find always and everywhere that there is one thing the former can never overlook, can never condone, can never—in his own strong phraseology—stomach, and that is the attitude of the Roman Catholic towards his priests. And what is the corresponding barrier, the unpardonable thing, on the other side? Simply the attitude of the Protestant towards his country. These are the two pictures which stand out, clear and unmistakable, before both parties. One sees a soulless and degrading lack of patriotism; the other a servile and abject submission to priestly domination. These are the object-lessons: they are the significant points; the facts which appear to be irrefutable; which cling to the memory; which wing the arguments and poison the barbs flung between the opposing ranks. It becomes necessary to examine how far these charges may be justified, if justified at all.

The Protestant clergyman is, in the eyes of his flock, but a man like one of themselves; better educated, in some cases; more learned in certain ways, for it is his business to be so; but still merely a man. Should he endeavour to exercise undue authority, should he go outside the limits of his own domain, there are plenty ready at once to take him to task, and remind him of his true position. They would meet him man to man, with the dignity which perfect independence alone can give. But the Roman Catholic priest occupies an entirely different position. He has far greater power both for good and for evil, and his authority is supported by the voice of his Church. The Orangeman disregards this. Boasting, as he can do with much justice, of his own sturdy independence and self-reliance, he accuses his countrymen of servility and a lack of manliness. The taunts are often marked by injustice and parvanimity, but they cannot be described as unnatural. The strong man idealised by Tennyson, who, erect and square-shouldered, faces the world, knows no object more distasteful than an appearance of fawning humility in a fellow-creature. There are many things in Ireland which to the Protestant eye, often not seeing either imaginatively or charitably, bear this construction. Priests interfering in elections, dominating rural councils, dictating to poor-law guardians.



arranging the affairs of tenants, drawing up wills—all these from one point of view denote an abject laity. The very doffing of his hat as he passes his churches is sufficient in some eyes to mark the Catholic's subjection. What is to one man a simple act of reverence becomes to another an act of idolatry or of servility, or of both combined. It is difficult to induce the latter to see that there can be another side to the question. Yet there is, and one which, I venture to think, shows that the position of the militant Protestant, if in one way natural, is both unjust and ungenerous.

Let us, waiving the question of their truth or falsehood, assume for the sake of the argument that many of the charges advanced by the Orangemen are true. Let us assume that Irish Roman Catholics as a body are abject, grovelling, servile; dominated by their priests; echoing only the opinions of their clergy; inert; dependent. Let us take it for granted that their clergy are exploiting them; that the churches and monasteries spread over the land, and increasing in number from year to year, are so many proofs, not of the religious zeal of the people, but of their degradation. Let us picture the priests as despots and the people as slaves, as has been recently done in some widely-read books written by a member of the Roman Catholic Church itself. What follows from this? The situation is not unknown in the past history of the world, and in the past history of many churches and of varied creeds. All churches claim a certain amount of temporal power, and these claims increase with monotonous uniformity the more they are allowed. The history of the Roman Catholic Church can show many instances of this, and many where the laity has trimmed down its pretensions to a limit healthful both for the country and the Church. France is the latest example. If, as we have assumed, the power of the Church in Ireland has exceeded reasonable bounds, has the Irish laity had a fair chance of restricting and curbing that power? It has not; and under the present conditions of government it never will have.

Many will doubt this statement. Its explanation does not lie upon the surface; but it is not hidden far beneath it. More than one strong anti-clerical movement has raged in Ireland during the past century, and many more than one have smouldered sullenly, but none has ever succeeded, and none is ever likely to succeed as long as the present condition of affairs in governing remains unchanged. The struggle to overthrow clerical domination is always one of the most arduous in which either an individual or a nation can engage. The man who faces it has often, in Olive Schreiner's vivid phrase, to tread upon pieces of his own heart. The spiritual powers, when allied with the many

temporal interests a clergy can summon to its aid, make a most formidable combination. There is one powerful force to bring against it; and where that can be invoked to do battle on the other side the clerical influence has often been overthrown. That force is love of country—patriotism. But in Ireland that can ever be found harnessed to the ecclesiastical chariot. “Faith and fatherland”—that is the war cry; attack the one and you attack the other; attack the clergy and you attack the faith; assail the faith and you assail the fatherland. The union between the two appears complete and almost unassailable. But upon what does it depend? Upon the fact that the power of the government of the country lies outside the hands of the people of the country. No conceivable form of anti-clerical agitation can succeed where the people cannot grasp in its own hands a large share at least of its own government. Without that the struggle would be an absolutely hopeless one. If the power of the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland be really excessive, it is the task of the laity of that Church to curb it. The interference of any outside community can be described as an impertinence, and be rightly so described. But to tie the hands of that laity, to leave them powerless to strike and then reproach them with pusillanimity, is worse than unjust—it is stupid. And this is what, in fact though not in theory, the Orange Society does.

Much of the pathos of life lies in the fact that the thing we most ardently desire and for which we most energetically strive is often lost to us through those very efforts of our own. This is in a sense the fate of the Orange Society. The one thing most dear to its heart, the end and aim of its existence, is the crushing of what it regards as the awful influence of the priest. Yet it is much to be doubted if the priest has in all Ireland a better friend than the Orangeman. The Church which centuries of persecution only served to make more vigorous and more united is not going to suffer now from the puny assaults of any outside communion. If in a religious body the clerical element become oppressive, resistance to the oppression, to be successful, must come from within, not from without. The assault from without always strengthens the priestly power; and so well is this known that where there is no enemy the clergy have often found it useful to invent one. When the reformers came to be known as a body outside the Catholic Church, an enemy outside the gates, their power was gone; the progress of the Reformation ceased. So it is in Ireland. The Orangeman ceaselessly assails the Roman Catholic priest, and the priest contentedly smiles, knowing full well that while these assaults continue his power over his own flock is safe.

Looking at the other side, in Roman Catholic eyes the great blot upon their Protestant fellow-countrymen is their attitude towards their country. The past history of Ireland is studded with the names of Protestants who fought, and in many cases died, in their country's cause. But these are now looked upon, at least by the rank and file, as having been exceptions to a general rule of the opposite kind. Roman Catholics look towards the North, and think that there they see the true breed. They fancy that all Protestants have twelfth-of-July ideas; but that some do not express them, either through fear or through policy. This is an entirely false estimate; but the course of political events during the past thirty years has made it an entirely natural one. The survival of this idea must ever keep the people divided. For it must be remembered that to the Irishman who is proud of his country the Orangeman stands for one who is opposed to everything Irish; who gives a blank *non possumus* to every attempt to advance; whose ideal government has always been an enormous police force and plenty of coercion; who has no patriotism and no country. His policy is represented by a mere negation; an eternal "No" to every Irish demand. Looked at in this light the Orangeman cuts but a mean figure. Lack of patriotism is as great a blemish as lack of honour—both preclude respect.

The remedy for this evil also is a strong central party, recruited from the intelligence and moderation of both sides; a party which, secure in its knowledge of its own reasonableness and its own common-sense, can from its higher level look down upon and condemn the excesses of all extremists. It cannot be too strongly driven home that it is the extremists in the Ireland of to-day that themselves create most of the evils they so loudly proclaim their desire to remedy. Not injustice without, but intolerance within, is now the curse of Ireland. It is because Devolution, apart from any technical details, is an appeal to the moderate men of both sides, that it deserves the careful consideration of all who wish Ireland well. At present moderate men see their country dominated by two parties, with neither of which they can have any sympathy. One ostentatiously proclaims its hatred of England; the other, less ostentatiously but not less really, its hatred of Ireland. One party acts as if it had no country; the other as if it had no sense. But there are thousands of Irishmen who frankly admire the great part which England has played in the history of the world, and are proud of the fact that Ireland has had no mean share in that part. They can see in anything that injures England nothing that can benefit Ireland; nor can they imagine the continued decay and dwindling away of Irish population and prosperity as being anything other

than a loss to England—and not impossibly an irreparable loss. As Irishmen they are loyal to the Union with England; but as Irishmen they are prepared to insist upon the redressing of every legitimate grievance, and, above all, upon the governing of Ireland within the Union according to Irish ideas and by Irishmen. This, to be safe, must come slowly, and Devolution points out the safest road to follow.

The time is passing, and may soon be past, within which remedies can be applied with any hope of permanent success. The present condition of affairs benefits no section or no class—save a very small and a not very worthy one. It can only be prolonged at the cost of Ireland's very existence. Her vitality has now sunk to so low an ebb that urgent and immediate measures for recovery are necessary. As Lord Dunraven said at Manchester, the best brains of the country are leaving it. Not only the brains, but the muscles and sinews, are going. The emigrants are largely composed of the sons of the small farmers and the most efficient of the labourers. The continued drain, which has now lasted half a century, tending ever to take the most and to leave the least energetic of the population, is having disastrous effects upon the physical and mental health of the people. Irish life shows signs of becoming bitter; the mellowness, the gaiety, the good-humour of it become less and less in evidence as the census returns fall. Emigration has long since exceeded the limits of health, and become not only a disease in itself, but the cause of other diseases. And the people are still going, in spite of the efforts of Land Acts, Rural Councils, Gaelic Leagues, and various other agencies supposed to be working to retain them.

For the present form of government in Ireland long to survive appears highly improbable; all the political signs of the times point to a speedy change. It may be a wise thing for the intelligence, the wealth, and the moderation of the country seriously to ask whither they are drifting. Will they continue to stand aside and allow the noisy elements to rule? Will they continue silent while the din of wrangling parties and warring creeds steadily goes on, to die down at last in the peace of desolation—the quietude of decay? Or will they, realising at once the impossibility of the present stagnation and the possibilities of future Home Rule, strive, by the *via media* of Devolution, to regain their proper position as leaders of the people in their own land?

ROBERT JAY.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS SOLUTION.

THE hardest of hardy annuals is the question of the unemployed. Winter by winter it arises with unfailing regularity, our feelings are harrowed by newspaper accounts of distressing cases of destitution, and there is much talk of the necessity of something being done. During the winter public interest is kept on the alert, but, like Jonah's gourd, it withers in the heat of the sun. As soon as spring returns and immediate pressure is relaxed, the subject drops and is thankfully allowed to slumber until autumn brings it to life again. It is to be hoped that the effect of the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905, may prove to be of great benefit to the unemployed classes, and that a beginning, at all events, may be made towards preventing a continuance of the existing state of affairs. A very large number of the unemployed are, however, shut out from the benefits of the Act by the requirement of a twelve months' residential qualification, and by the disability incurred by the receipt of Poor-law relief, so that there is still a large field open for private beneficence.

Neither money nor personal service is grudged for the benefit of those whom we call the unemployed, and the pity of it is that in the past money and personal service have been wasted for the most part. The charitable public have contributed freely to relief funds, yet for all the permanent good that has been done, most of these funds might as well have been thrown into the sea. Public sympathy, which might be harnessed and made a most valuable factor in grappling with the situation, has been expended in vain. A number of individuals, small compared with the total sum of suffering, have been temporarily relieved every year, but even they have not been benefited permanently, and on the mass no impression whatever has been made.

The problem, hard enough already, is made more difficult by inexact nomenclature. The name of "unemployed" is attached to a heterogeneous mass of men, having in common one thing only, that they are out of work. In all other respects they are of infinite varieties and shades of virtue and desert. Under one and the same name are included the honest artisan, thrown out of work through slackness in his own particular trade, and only too anxious to be at work again; the casual labourer, who is master of no trade, and in the best of times does no more than hang to the skirts of labour by occasional chance jobs, yet who is industrious and willing to work if he can get the opportunity; the idle loafer,

who never works when he can help it; the drunkard; the petty criminal; the tramp; the sturdy beggar; the whole tribe of those that neither toil nor spin, and to whom the cry of "unemployed" is a godsend, because it stimulates the flow of misguided and indiscriminate charity to which they mostly look for a living. All these classes, and many others, are included in the one classification of "unemployed." They shade into each other by infinite gradations, and it is beyond the skill of man to indicate the proportion of any one class to the whole; but it is quite clear that a very large proportion consists of men who have no wish to work, and that the existence of such men as these, and the uselessness for them of the ordinary methods of relief must be recognised.

One main object pursued by the Church Army during the past fifteen years has been the reclamation of individuals belonging to the criminal class, and of idlers and loafers, the most difficult of all to deal with; and my experience gained as Honorary Chief Secretary of that Society leads me to venture to make a few suggestions as a contribution towards the healing of this social sore.

I wish to make it perfectly clear that I am not condemning the whole number of unemployed as belonging to the dangerous class of parasites on the body politic. That there are thousands of perfectly honest, hard-working men now out of employment, both in London and the provinces, no one knows better than the Church Army. I am bold enough even to add that no one has better met their needs than the Church Army; and it is precisely our sympathy with them that makes one wish that the idle loafers and "work-shy" could be cast out from among them. I know much of the patient, long-enduring courage shown by the honest poor, and no words are too strong to express the admiration which is rightly called forth by their brave struggles with opposing circumstances.

It is with the habitual unemployed, what I may call the wilful unemployed, that I purpose to deal; those who are the very first to raise the cry of "no work," and to take advantage of relief agencies, provided that relief can be obtained without bodily labour. Some of these men are, in a sense, workers, because they do occasionally work when work is plentiful and wages good, but their work is at best spasmodic and perfunctory, and in slack times the employer very gladly discharges them. They do not look upon work as the normal condition of subsistence, and if they can batten on the public they much prefer to do so. They have never learnt the lesson of the blessedness of labour, and they are very far from having the remotest conception of any mutual obligation between Citizen and State, or man and man. They are creatures of heredity and environment; but, none the less.

they are responsible beings, and in each one of them there still remains something, some shred or tatter of manhood, which even in the most besotted and degraded affords, to one who knows them well, some small ground of hope for a better future. Perhaps not one of them is utterly beyond hope; perhaps not on one of them is patient effort utterly thrown away. We have dealt with many thousands of the worst and vilest of mankind, and if we have learnt no other lesson, we have learnt this, that there is in the innermost heart of each one some remaining image of God which may expand until it fills the man's whole being.

This also we have learnt, that each one of them is a man of like passions with ourselves, not an abnormal monster; and he is accordingly to be dealt with as an individual man, not as part of a mass. If a man be treated as one of a herd, he will behave as such; but if he be treated as one single reasonable responsible being his manhood will respond. To enter into any question of religion would be quite out of place here; but I cannot refrain from adding that from our point of view it is impossible to forget that for each one of these men the awful Sacrifice was offered up without the walls of Jerusalem, and that it is laid upon us never to forget that this must be the root of our hope and the main-spring of our action in seeking to save these men, Christ's lost sheep. This by way of explanation only; our methods will not, I hope, be thought less deserving the attention of social reformers, because we believe that all social reform must have a basis of religion if it is to have any hope of bearing fruit.

Our system of reclamation is carried out by a network of Labour Homes, scattered throughout the United Kingdom. The name "Labour Home" well describes the nature of these institutions; for work and personal influence, the influence of a well-ordered home, are the two main factors in carrying out our method. By "work" must be understood work at regular wages. To be of use, work must be properly paid for. If work were of itself a curative agency, our eyes would be gladdened by the spectacle of gaols and casual wards pouring forth a continuous and beneficent stream of useful citizens.

Each one of our Labour Homes (with two or three exceptions, to be noted presently) is small, being designed to house no more than five-and-twenty men. Experience shows that this is the greatest number which can be controlled by one man; controlled, that is to say, in the sense that the chief officer of the Home is not to be a taskmaster only, but the friend and guide of each man who comes under his charge. He must study each man's disposition and character, and gain his confidence. The officer in charge of each Home is called its "Father," as standing *in loco parentis* for the

time being towards the inmates ; and he is expected, according to his ability, to justify his title in his relations with those who are his guests.

It is on this point of personal influence and sympathy that we lay the greatest stress. Consider for a moment that probably not one of the men who comes to us has ever before had any conception that anyone could possibly take an interest in him and his welfare in this world, to say nothing of another ; or of the existence of any tie between man and man save that of self-interest. What a revelation it must be to such a man, what a world of new thought and emotion it must open to him when he comes to know that another man, and he a stranger, does really honestly care for him and desire to be his friend and to help him. For numbers of these men are quite conscious of their degradation, though they may have lost the power and even the desire to escape from it. If then the " Father " can justify his name, and can gain the confidence, perhaps the affection of the wastrel entrusted to his charge, a first and most important step will have been taken towards his social reclamation. Cash payments do not constitute the only nexus, and brotherly love is still a moving force in the world.

There is no lack of raw material to fill our Homes, nor would there be if they were ten times as numerous. Speaking for the moment of London alone, there is at our headquarters in Bryanston Street, W., a continuous daily stream of applicants for help, and those who are suitable are sent forward, as there may be room, to a Labour Home. They come from all parts ; in innumerable cases the applicants have been sleeping out for several nights before they come to us, and from prisons and casual wards we receive endless supplies. Many are in rags and filth, many are suffering from the effects of too much drink, and all are hungry. All tell the same tale, they have tried to get work and cannot ; but in a great many cases it is evident that if they have sought for work at all their search has been of the most slovenly and perfunctory description. Here I must again guard myself by saying that I am only referring to one class of men. Plenty of honest, hard-working men come to us as well, and we are usually able to help them much to their advantage.

Suppose a man has arrived at the Labour Home, clearly the first thing to be done is to give him a hot bath, and to fumigate, if not destroy, his clothing. After that he receives a good meal, and he is then set to work. Of course we can apply no compulsion beyond moral suasion, and if a man wants to leave us again, we cannot, even if we would, detain him. For form's sake more than anything else we make each man who is regularly received



into a home sign a short agreement, undertaking to stay for not less than two months, and to conform to the rules of the institution. It is remarkable that although probably every man knows quite well that the document has no legal force, so far as it restrains his freedom, the great majority consider themselves morally bound by it and abide by its provisions.

The work done in the Labour Homes is naturally such as does not require the exercise of skilled labour. Some little cabinet-making is done in certain of the Homes, and any minor repairs that may be required are effected by the inmates; but apart from these the work consists of wood-chopping, paper-sorting, folding and addressing circulars and the like, and certain of the men are sent out to do window-cleaning, gardening, and odd-jobbing generally. Whatever a man is put to he must do it, and not play at doing it; and we find that men very soon learn this lesson, and but few grumble at the requirement. Proper wages are paid at the market value of the man's services, the amount being reckoned by piece-work; and of the amount earned, the weekly sum of 6s. is deducted for board and lodging, 1s. a week is paid over as pocket-money, and the balance is banked, to be paid to the man on leaving. Many of the men have thus saved up quite a substantial sum before they leave us, and it is found that nothing so encourages them to persevere as the knowledge that they are saving money and in a humble way acquiring a stake in the country. A balance at the bank is a great civiliser, whether it be at the Bank of England or a Savings Bank. There is usually over £500 at the Post Office Savings' Bank belonging to the inmates of our Homes.

The surroundings are, of course, kept scrupulously clean, and we aim, as part of the process of reclamation, to make the Home something better and more homelike than anything to which most of the men have been previously accustomed. With few exceptions each man has a separate cubicle, which, though small, is still a place which he can call his own; and in every case each man has a proper iron bedstead with comfortable bedding and sheets. The feeding arrangements are made locally, and to some extent depend on local requirements and prices: but in the main all the Homes are alike in supplying four meals a day, with meat always at one and sometimes at two of them. By means of strict economy it is found that the cost per man does not average more than 6d. per day, although within reasonable limits no man is stinted. Most of the inmates are suffering from insufficient feeding; and it is wonderful what a difference a course of regular meals, approached with a healthy appetite, unjaded by drink, makes in a man's outlook on the world.

The rules of the Homes are few and not grievous to be borne. Hard work and total abstinence from alcoholic liquor are the two main requirements; and if a man finds these too heavy for him, he is requested to leave after due trial. Every man is expected to attend a short, simple service in the Chapel attached to the Home every morning and evening, and to go to a place of worship once every Sunday; and further than this there are no religious observances. The whole question of religion is a difficult one, for we know only too well that many men of this class are ready to profess any form of religion which they think may bring them advantage. The officers of the Homes are therefore forbidden to press the subject of religion on the men's attention; but at the same time they are given to understand, by example more than by precept, that it is for the sake of Christ that a helping hand is held out to them. Many a poor battered sinner has by this means been brought to see that there is something in religion after all, and that there are things better worth living for than even drink and tobacco. The whole atmosphere is one of unobtrusive religion; and to those who think as we do there is nothing strange in the thought that the influence of that Life lived nineteen centuries ago is still a living and a moving force to shape the being of our poor friends and brothers to-day.

Work, wages, personal sympathy and friendship, these are the main factors in our system. We find that they are effective.

There is no hard and fast line as to the period during which a man may remain in a Home. Four months we regard as the limit of any one man's visit, but some are fitted to leave us earlier, and to go forth with manhood and moral strength renewed, and others must stay longer before we can trust them. But none who go forth from us, except perhaps a certain number whose good intentions fail within a few days, and who leave us prematurely, leave us quite the same as they came to us; and probably it would be safe to say, although I have no precise information to warrant me in saying it, that few or none of them rejoin the ranks of the professional unemployed. For they have gained new views of life, new hopes and fears, and they have learned to know something of the blessedness of labour and the happiness of a well-ordered life.

Our aim is to find employment for every man who leaves us, so that he may have something to go to immediately and not be cast unprovided on the world; and although it is impossible to do this in every case, very large numbers go straight from us to permanent employment. In a great majority of cases they justify our training by continuing steady and giving satisfaction to their employers.

The method here described constitutes the usual plan of dealing with the men who come to us, and on it we place our chief reliance for producing permanent results. We have, however, means of dealing with the unemployed on a larger scale, as, for example, the *Morning Post* Thames Embankment Home in Millbank Street (about to be removed to the New Kent Road), which was provided by the liberality of readers of the *Morning Post*, and confided by them to our administration; and the Houseless Poor Asylum in Banner Street, E.C. At each of these, and at one or two similar ones, we deal with large numbers of men every week, and the system is naturally somewhat modified. There is not the same element of permanence, or of personal influence, for the rule is that no man may stay for more than three nights at a time. But the rule of wages for work is strictly observed there, with good results. We have also, during seasons of winter distress, several Labour Yards in operation where the unemployed can always obtain work and pay, either in money or in board and lodging. At the "King's Labour Tents," in Kingsway, we are able in this way to provide for the elementary needs of food and bed for 800 unemployed and homeless men every day; the tents being open day and night.

For unemployed married men, with dependent families, we provide work at the "Queen's Labour Dépôt" in Canning Town, the "Marlborough Labour Dépôt" in Marylebone, and other special dépôts in London and the provinces, where a man can earn 2s. 6d. or 3s. a day.

All these are in the nature of temporary expedients for the relief of pressing need. Whatever the particular agency may be, we rigidly avoid any system of free gifts. Every man must earn what he receives, and we maintain the relation of employer and workman, not that of almsgiver and pauper. It is not only by attracting the destitute from other localities that free food and free shelter do harm; they injure the recipient himself, by sapping his remaining manhood and making him more than ever dependent for his living on the exertions of others rather than his own. True charity raises the man, doles assist him in his course downward.

Figures may proverbially be made to prove anything, and it is not on statistics that we rely for proof of the usefulness of our efforts. Those which I am about to quote are therefore put forward more as a means of showing the scale of our operations than their success. In one way and another we dealt individually with 215,000 cases of distress of various kinds during 1904, by far the greatest number being received at the various temporary relief agencies.

The following figures refer to those received in our permanent small Labour Homes. During the twelve months ended December 31st, 1904, we received into our London and provincial Homes, excluding some hundreds of persons who stayed less than three days, a total of 5,682 men, who stayed an average period of 67 days, and whose ages as stated by them, and including lads, averaged 28 years. Of the total number, 3,206 stated that they had never been in prison, workhouse, or casual ward, 2,116 confessed to having been in prison, and 2,478 in workhouses or casual wards. 4,779 said that they were single men, 554 married, and 349 widowers. A large number had served in the Army, but very few in the Royal Navy. Among them were professed representatives of almost every conceivable trade, and as might be anticipated, the greatest number in any one walk of life recorded themselves as labourers.

For the sake of completeness I must add that there were also a multitude of cases dealt with and put in the way of employment at our headquarters, without entering a Home, and also that several thousand women were assisted by a separate department.

In 1904, 43 per cent. of the inmates of our Labour Homes left us to go to permanent situations, in some cases to friends who promised to employ them; 45 per cent. left of their own accord with every prospect of obtaining employment, after working with us satisfactorily for ten weeks or over, and only 12 per cent. were dismissed as unsatisfactory. Considering the classes from which most of our inmates spring, and how little used they are to discipline or control from without, this record speaks well for our belief that every man has in him some root of good. Of their subsequent history we have precise information in comparatively few cases, yet a certain number correspond regularly with us. Naturally the regular correspondents are among those who are doing well. Repeatedly we hear years afterwards from prosperous men who owe their first steps up the ladder to the help of the Church Army. On the whole, it is a moderate estimate to say that of the men who pass through our Labour Homes as many as 50 per cent. are reclaimed from among the outcasts and wastrels, and given a good start on the road to better things, and that a great number of others receive permanent benefit to a greater or less degree.

Emigration, as a remedy for the evil of "Unemployment," we use carefully. Given a proper subject and a proper sphere, nothing could be better in well-chosen cases, than to let a man seek a new life in the boundless West, with its infinite possibilities for the future; but as a panacea for the economic ills of the old country, emigration is impracticable, and if practicable

would be useless, for a number of reasons which do not come within my present scope. For the training of individual men as emigrants, the Church Army possess farms in Surrey and Cambridgeshire, which are carried on upon the same lines as the Labour Homes, and which furnish a means whereby men can be given some elementary acquaintance with farming methods, so that they may be able to take employment at once on landing in Canada. None who do not satisfy rigorous tests of fitness, moral and physical, for colonial life are sent out; and from those whom we have sent we hear, in a great majority of cases, nothing but what is good. We hope in the near future to make a beginning towards settling selected families from towns upon small holdings of their own in connection with these farms.

I have, perhaps, said enough to show that in the Church Army, if we cannot claim to have found out a complete remedy for the continual and pressing evil of the unemployed, we are at all events making an honest and earnest effort to attack it in the right quarter, and to apply what is, and in the nature of things must be, the only radical and lasting cure, a reformation in the individual man. If we could cut away idleness, drunkenness, want of social responsibility, from our countrymen, the problem would not be very far from its solution, and what remained of it could be solved without heroic or gigantic efforts. Meanwhile, I cannot but think that if there were less talk and more action, action sustained and constant, not spasmodic and designed merely to satisfy the immediate need, or the outcry that "something must be done," much might be effected to bring the continually recurring distress to a natural and peaceful end, or at the least to bring it within such compass that it would no longer be, as it is at present, a national reproach and a national danger.

WILSON CARLILE.

## OSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA.

1842—1905.

### THE EVOLUTION OF THE SONNET.

SONNET influence, which was diffused so powerfully from the soil of France in the sixteenth century through the medium of Ronsard, Desportes, and Du Bellay, has been irradiated hardly less powerfully in recent times, mainly through the agency of Leconte de Lisle and his continuator and perfecter in sonnet technique, the late J. M. de Heredia. Consciously or unconsciously, the type of sonnet elaborated by de Heredia has for the last twelve years at least been that which the great variety of sonneteers has, the whole world over, with every variety of equipment, with greater or less success, endeavoured to reproduce. It is nearly twelve years ago that de Heredia was virtually introduced to the English-speaking world (our humble selves included) in a delightful paper in the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, from the pen of Mr. Edmund Gosse. De Heredia is not one of the *die majores* of poetry, and little has appeared in his name since 1894 to call for a revision of Mr. Gosse's estimate. Nevertheless, the point of view is always changing. Circumscribed though de Heredia's influence may be, it is a very potent one within its own sphere, which we shall attempt here to delimit. Nor is it unfitting that as one of his earliest sponsors in a foreign land, the FORTNIGHTLY should hail an opportunity of laying a wreath of laurel upon the poet's tomb.

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A few lines will suffice for the biographer of de Heredia. He was born in Cuba, on a coffee plantation called La Fortuna, in the mountains of the Sierra Maestra, at the foot of which lies Santiago de Cuba; there, in the south of the island, a French tradition has lingered, and not a few families still speak the French tongue. His ancestry may be traced back on the male side to Don Pedro de Heredia, who, in 1532 or 1533, founded a prosperous city on the mainland to become capital of Bolivar, Cartagena de las Indias. Of this progenitor he has spoken in terms of a kindling piety in the two sonnets addressed to a "fondateur de ville":—

Assise sur son île où l'Océan déferle  
Malgré les siècles, l'homme et la foudre et les vents.

Ta cité dresse au ciel ses forts et ses couvents ;  
 Aussi tes derniers fils, sans trèfle, ache ni perle,  
 Timbrent-ils leur écu d'un palmier ombrageant  
 De son panache d'or une Ville d'argent.

And some of his most sonorous and most magnificent verses are those in which he has sung the city, erstwhile Queen of the Oceans, now slumbering peacefully under her palm-trees to the long requiem of her palms. But the pearl of the Antilles was to him scarcely more than a recollection of childhood, for he came to France when he was barely eight years of age, and entered the College of St. Vincent at Senlis, where he made a favourable impression and excelled in classics and in history. For a short while indeed he returned to Cuba, and having entered the University of Havana, had Spanish to learn afresh ; but, in 1862, now twenty years old, he was entered as *élève étranger* at the *École des Chartes*. Among his masters at the *École* one of the most eminent was Jules Quicherat. Quicherat instructed him in archæology, and from this master he derived the qualities of precision and the taste for history which were to prove governing characteristics. No system of training could probably have suited him better than that pursued at the *École*, where the study of history as an art is approached gradually by a severe course in the auxiliary sciences pertaining to the subject ; and where the professors aim, above all, at developing in each student the most personal and individual qualities he is capable of bringing to bear upon the ultimate object in view—historical truth. He was well *classé* at "collections," but when it came to the final ordeal, which consists in an original thesis upon some *sujet inédit*, de Heredia evaded the test. He was in command of that agreeable but somewhat dangerous commodity, a modest competency, and he proceeded without more ado to throw over the dignified muse of Clio, for the tricky sprite of the Alexandrine sonnet. In 1862 he contributed his first verses to the *Revue de Paris*. He wrote in succession for *La Revue Française*, *La Renaissance*, *La Revue des Lettres et des Arts*, *La République des Lettres*, and *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A few years later he undertook the translation into French of a gracefully archaic propensity which won for its inventor the avowed admiration of the great Littré, the work of Bernal Diaz del Castillo, written about 1550, under the title of *La Véridique histoire de la conquête de la Nouvelle-Espagne*. This version appeared in four volumes between 1877 and 1887, and was preceded by an introduction exhibiting in prose of a fascinating elegance (of which he carefully preserved the recipe) the feverish

state of excitement that prevailed in Spain in the days which witnessed the "augmentation of the Indies" and the enrichment of the Spanish Empire by the discoveries of Columbus. Another version into Valois prose was consecrated to the curious adventures of Doña Catalina de Erauso, la Nonne Alférez, from a Spanish "Relacion" of 1625. Putting aside a few opuscles, a preface or two, the *discours* he delivered as an Academician, and an occasional magazine article, there remains just a single work, and but one only, to complete the bibliography of de Heredia. This was a volume of poetry to which he gave the name *Les Trophées*. Twelve editions of these "Trophies," contained in a slender volume of 217 pages, were exhausted between May and December, 1893. Just one year after the appearance of this *livre en partie inachevé*, as he called it, realising but a fraction of the "noble ordonnance" of which he had dreamed, the fortunate author left the massive figure of Émile Zola on the cold doorstep, and was admitted with open arms into the Academy. Seven years later he became Director of the Arsenal Library, where he succeeded in office another poet, the well-nigh forgotten Henri de Bornier, author of *La Fille de Roland* and of *Le Fils de l'Arétin*, and where the associates of his later years included Bonnefon, Henri Martin, and Funck-Brentano.

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De Heredia was a single-book author—nay, more than that, he was one of those very rare poets to whom publication is no more than the ratification of an already existent renown. As was presumably the case with Shakespeare's "sugred sonnets among his private friends," the sonnets of de Heredia had for some years been the prey of collectors, pale young men with long hair and expansive neckties, who pasted him in albums, before they were given to the world in their entirety in the spring of 1893. Rumours had long been current of the interest taken in the young sonneteer by Théophile Gautier, and of Gautier's undeserved gibe "So young, and yet a maker of libertine sonnets!" The newcomer acknowledged discipleship to Leconte de Lisle (whose literary executor he subsequently was, and whose *Derniers Poèmes* he brought out in conjunction with the Vicomte de Guerne in 1899), and to some extent to Catulle Mendès, at whose reunions in the Rue de Douai he was a regular visitor, along with "ce pauvre diable de Glatigny," M. Coppée, Armand Silvestre, "M. Mérat et M. Valade qui ont marqué parmi les *mineurs*; et un certain Verlaine qui n'était pas obligé, comme depuis M. Rollinat de feindre la névrose et l'hallucination, car il avait avec un talent



extraordinaire, la tête peu sûre et le cauchemar facile. C'était un des préférés de M. Mendès."<sup>1</sup>

"Among the youthful Parnassians," wrote Mr. Gosse in April, 1894, "were almost all the men who have since that day come prominently to the front in poetical literature—Sully Prudhomme and François Coppée, Paul Verlaine, and Catulle Mendès, Stéphane Mallarmé and Léon Dierx. Among them from the first the young Heredia distinguished himself by the severe ideal of his art, and by his disdain for the common tricks by which men rise. He remembered the blood of the companion of Cortès [whose *jeunesse* he had sketched with so much animation in the prolegomena to his version of Bernal Diaz]." Anatole France has a vignette of each of these old comrades of the Parnasse, and this is what he says of the sonnet-adept: "Alone or almost alone in our *cénacle*, M. José-Maria de Heredia, although defrauded of a great part of the treasure of his ancestors, the conquistadores, affected the young gentleman of fashion and smoked excellent cigars. His neckties were as splendid as his sonnets. But it was of the sonnets alone that we were jealous; for we all disdained the gifts of fortune. We loved nothing but fame, and we wished that if we were famous it might be in a discreet and almost secret way." Already, in the 'sixties, the precision of Heredia's sonnets attracted the attention of the *gros bonnets*, and Gautier, benevolent Olympian that he could be, exclaimed, on putting down the *Parnasse Contemporain*, "Heredia, I love you, because the name you bear is exotic and sonorous, and because you make verses that curl up at the ends like heraldic scallops."

Of all this band of "lyric boys," who started what corresponds in some ways to the *Germ* of our Pre-Raphaelites—a new start in Romanticism, at any rate, with a new standard of thoroughness—Heredia was perhaps the most impersonal, the most fastidious, and the most reluctant to print. When he did make the plunge in 1893, a large proportion of his sonnets were, by those to whom sonnets matter, already known by heart. The rock against which a sonnet sequence inevitably dashes itself owing to its unavoidable monotony was thus avoided, thanks to the pleasure which those who had known and eulogised his craftsmanship in advance took in identifying and reciting aloud one after another of their special favourites. In forty-eight hours towards the close of May, 1893, literary France learnt that it had naturalised a new poet, whose work was compounded of talent, of patience, of erudition, of hard work, and of a most scrupulous precision, rather than of the "air and fire" of pure poesy. Simultaneously it was realised that one of the most brilliant

(1) Robert de Bonnières, *Mémoires d'Aujourd'hui*, 1885.

silhouettists that had ever blackened paper had done Paris the compliment of unburdening himself of his hoard, or, in other words, had just published his portfolio, *chez* Alphonse Lemerre. Lutetia responded to this mark of confidence in her appreciation by expressing an almost unbounded admiration for the *chef d'œuvre* of this master of tercets and of quatrains.

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In England the sonnet declined earlier and also revived a good deal earlier than in France. In the last decade of the sixteenth century the sonnet was introduced by Watson and Sidney in the guise of a small hand-mirror in an Italian or French frame. Sonneteers of the Lodge, Constable, and Drayton order gazed fondly in the glass, but were careful generally to express their raptures in forms which had stood the test of exhaustive experiment upon the Continent. With Drummond and Milton the fashion died out almost as abruptly as the practice of euphuism. It was revived during the last third of the eighteenth century by such men as Warton, Russell, and Bowles, who regarded it along with old ballads, the stanza of Spenser, and a diffused feeling for "Gothic architecture" as a weapon against the scorn of Chesterfield, the satire of Dr. Johnson, and the indifference of the world at large to anything which transcended the trim boundaries of the late Mr. Pope. George Steevens and even Henry Hallam deplored that Shakespeare should have ever wasted his time over such trivial toys as mere sonnets; and it was not until the nineteenth century was in its teens that Wordsworth recovered the sonnet from Milton and restored it to credit in these realms, leaving it to Mr. Watts-Dunton at a later day to lay down the conditions of the restoration, and, with the aid of the name and influence of Rossetti, to revive the strict rule of St. Petrarch in all that pertains to the "Ten Commandments of the Sonnet." In France the restoration was due in the first place mainly to Ste. Beuve (*circa* 1829), and it may be doubted whether the sonnet has ever found a more Draconic legislator than M. de Heredia. But let us first very briefly retrace the career of the sonnet in France.

The sonnet, first imitated from Petrarch by Marot and used also by Melin de Saint Gelais, assumed great importance in the sixteenth century. The different poets of the Pleiad made it the vehicle of love poetry, and Du Bellay of more varied sentiments; in Du Bellay's *Regrets* and *Antiquités de Rome*, we find sonnets laden with melancholy, in company with others in which he lashes the politics and morals of his time. Not alone was this form of poetry practised by poets, but also by certain prose writers in their occasional verse. La Boétie used it to sing of the love

he felt for his betrothed, Marguerite de Carle. He tells us of his fears when she was ill, sings her many virtues, her name, her fine wit, her taste in letters, her beauty, his despair when far away. In the seventeenth century the Hôtel de Rambouillet indulged in the sonnet to an alarming extent. The worth of a sonnet became a matter of State importance, and two distinct quarrels for a long time caused party dissension to run high. There were the quarrels known as that of the "Sonnets de la Belle Matineuse," and "La Querelle des Jobelins et des Uranistes." The former was due to a lively discussion among the *beaux esprits* with reference to the literary value of two translations by French sonneteers of a sonnet by the Italian Hannibal Caro, who wrote in the sixteenth century. Some declared for Maleville's translation, the others for Voiture's. The second quarrel was even more wide-reaching in its results than the first, for it was owing to its means that the venomous rivalry between the two great French families of Condé and Longueville was brought about. Benserade had sent a sonnet on the sufferings of Job to a lady of quality; Voiture volleyed a rival sonnet to a lady yecept Uranie. The Prince of Conti avowed his admiration for Benserade, and became the leader of the Jobelins; the Duchesse de Longueville declared her preference for Voiture, and was installed leader of the Uranistes. The wits took different sides, and it was commonly said that almost as much ink was spilt over this *poetomachia* as blood during the Wars of the Roses.<sup>1</sup> Corneille was constrained to write a sonnet upon the situation, and preserved his life by maintaining an attitude of rigid impartiality. After this the sonnet declined, and eventually fell into a slumber of a hundred years' duration, like the sleeping beauty. Ste. Beuve finally restored it to a place in the sun of popular favour. The great Romanticists took it up, but it owed a more sedulous cultivation to the lesser Romanticists and to the Parnassians. Baudelaire employed the sonnet, albeit a sonnet, prosodically speaking, of an extremely licentious character, and Sully-Prudhomme has found it an admirable vehicle for his refined pessimism; but the two recent authors who have done most to give the sonnet a definitive place in modern French poetry have been de Heredia and Joséphin Soulayr.

Ste. Beuve in a preface to Soulayr's sonnets written in 1859 fully realised their unique charm. This comparatively obscure Lyonnais excels in his rustic pictures of fourteen lines, such as his "Jeanne la Laitière," a figure which seems to have stepped straight out of Teniers.

(1) In which, according to contemporary historians, forty thousand men were killed in one battle (Towton) alone.

Jeanne, ce fruit des bois, plein d'un suc abondant,  
 Dont les âpres tissus font jaillir sous la dent  
 De parfums inconnus et des saveurs étranges.

But he used the sonnet in all weathers as a confessional to which he confides his philosophy of life, his impressions of its ironies, his sadness, and his longings of every day. Soulayr's favourite flower is one expressly appropriate to a sonneteer—the pansy. He is indeed full of thoughts, pensive or not infrequently dark and melancholy thoughts. In concentration and refinement of form he approaches de Heredia, but he differs from him in his tendency to symbolism, in his highly developed faculty of thought, and in the variety and outspokenness of his personal emotion.

It was the aim of de Heredia as an apprentice to the school of Théophile Gautier and Leconte de Lisle to be as objective as possible. In his capacity of poetic historian his design seems to be to condense one of Hugo's vast panels in the *Legende des Siècles* into a miniature, in photogravure, of which the detail has to be observed through a microscope. There is obviously no room here for personality. The impression is produced upon the reader by quite other means—perfection of form, magnificence of rhythm, brilliance of colour, harmony of musical sound.

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*Les Trophées*, of which the very title is borrowed from one of the most grandiloquent poets of the Pleiad, Guillaume, Saluste du Bartas,<sup>1</sup> is divided into five sections: Greece and Sicily, Rome and the Barbarians, the Middle Ages and Renaissance, the East and the Tropics, Nature and Dreamland, comprising in all 118 sonnets. The titles suffice to indicate the founts of legend and history at whose well-heads Heredia sought inspiration. Picture a succession of *poses plastiques*, selected, studied, imagined, and elaborated with an almost superhuman deliberation: Hercules and the Centaurs, Artemis and her Nymphs, Perseus and Andromeda, Hannibal, Antony and Cleopatra, the Conquistadors; given fourteen lines of verse and the effects obtained resemble in succession Greek vases, Latin mosaics, Gothic windows, Japanese netsukes, and the pastels of Bretagne. One recognises the influence of Hugo and Gautier, of Leconte de Lisle, but, above all, of André Chénier, for whom de Heredia's admiration was of the most far-reaching kind. One feels at the same time the curious scholar, the man of research, the delicate literary adept, who reads assiduously, who studies minor poetry as well as major, who can select with un-

(1) Familiar to English readers through the voluminous translation of his *Divine Week* by Josua Sylvester.

erring tact through the long vista of the ages both that which is most characteristic and that which is pre-eminently sonnetesque.

It is manifestly by force of sheer research and hard reading to a very large extent that de Heredia succeeded in establishing that close contact with each of the periods he studied which enabled him to recover successively the soul of antiquity, the soul of the Moyen Age, the soul of the Far East. Similarly it is by force of talent, a talent which in his case approached very near to genius, that he has made us feel the past with a kind of seventh sense, and has exercised over us an almost physical power of transport. This plastic energy and almost palpable thought transference is the artist's secret, but we ourselves have heard the poet go some way in an endeavour to explain it in the seclusion of the Arsenal Library in the year 1903. "J'ai essayé tour à tour," he explained, "de me faire l'âme d'Hercule, de me mettre dans la peau d'Hercule, de sentir comme une Nymphé, de devenir le berger de Grèce qui 'attache à ce vieux tronc moussu là brebis pleine,' l'esclave de Syracuse, né libre et songeant à revoir les yeux de sombre violette de celle qu'il aime, de voir ces yeux si purs sourire au ciel natal qui s'y reflète, sous l'arc victorieux qui tend un sourcil noir." The most historical of English poets had this same gift developed in the highest perfection.

his eyes

Were with his heart and that was far away;  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
 All this rush'd with his blood.

Had only the author of *Childe Harold* taken half the pains to acquire technical perfection—well, he would have made a far greater sonnet-master even than M. de Heredia!

Yet Heredia goes far in these sonnets, richly deserving Ste. Beuve's commendation of his *fibre héroïque et mâle*, in which he creates for us the conqueror of the conquerors of the world.

Et là-bas, sous le pont, adossé contre une arche  
 Hannibal écoutait, pensif et triomphant,  
 Le piétinement sourd des légions en marche.

Daring, too, but justified by his complete mastery of his medium, is the line previous to those cited: "On entendait au loin barrir un éléphant," or that marvellous tableau of Antony and Cleopatra:—

Tournant sa tête pâle entre ses cheveux bruns  
 Vers celui qu'enivraient d'invincibles parfums,

Elle tendit sa bouche et ses prunelles claires ;  
 Et sur elle courbé, l'ardent Imperator  
 Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or  
 Toute une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

The student has felt so intensely and the poet seen so clearly that explanatory comment is superfluous. Similarly one apprehends that the poet himself must have manipulated "tour à tour le rabot, le bédane, et la râpe grinçante ou le dur polissoir," to depict to us his "huchier de Nazereth," who works relentlessly in the burning atmosphere in which not so much as a leaf is stirring, while in the background "l'Apprenti divin"

Fait toujours, dans le fond obscur de l'atelier,  
 Voler des copeaux d'or au fil de sa varlope.

Or can we fail to detect that in his mind had sojourned for a space that of Maître Antonio Perez de las Cellas, who "forgea le bâton pour le premier Borja," that of the "vieux maître relieur," or of the *vieil orfèvre* who

A serti le rubis, la perle et le beryl,  
 Tordu l'anse d'un vase et martelé sa frise.

or of the master enameller whose thoughts have been haunted by dreams of "émail au réduit sombre où roufle l'athanor." With the conquistadors again his spirit is intoxicated by epical dreams of new continents, unfurrowed oceans, or is thrilled with pride at the thought of that ancestral founder of Cartagena; or his intellectual curiosity is aroused and he retraces in an Oriental fantasy the trail of a Samurai upon whose shoulder shines conspicuous—

Le blazon de Hizen ou de Tokugawa.

Ce beau guerrier vêtu de lames et de plaques,  
 Sous le bronze, la soie et les brillantes laques,  
 Semble un crustacé noir, gigantesque et vermeil,  
 Il l'a vue. Il sourit dans la barbe de masque,  
 Et son pas plus hâtif fait reluire au soleil  
 Les deux antennes d'or qui tremblent à son casque.

Hugo can generalise a remote period for us, Browning can recall and expound a state of mind or a recondite point of view. Their work is inimitable, but it is upon an enormous scale. De Heredia confines himself to fourteen lines and produces a small bronze medallion; but there is something beyond the force of mere plastic

art about it. It seems to appeal to a more poignant sense, like the perfume in a sandalwood carving.

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The poetic faculty of de Heredia is complete, his art is of a highly refined and delicate complexion, yet it is at the same time far less narrow than some of his detractors, who deplore the emptiness of thought in much of his work, have maintained. These critics have committed the blunder of confusing thought with individualism, and limiting poetry to the purely subjective and lyrical department. The personal bias or idiosyncrasy of the poet is indistinguishable, it is perfectly true, in any individual sonnet. But the collection, as a whole, brings into prominence two pervading and essential ideas of a profoundly subjective kind. The first is the sentiment of a compelling desire to live, an ardour and even an enthusiasm for human activity. The second is the sentiment that all this activity is futile, and that of all the human activity which has had scope since the world began there remains merely a trace here and there, a bunch of trophies just large enough to bring into relief the insignificance of the results of so many efforts.

The "Trophies" as a whole, therefore, can hardly be described as unexpressive of a personal mood, for we can detect plainly in Heredia a mood of semi-ironic melancholy which is sincere enough as far as it goes, and as familiar, one might almost say, as it is sincere. The distinction it conveys is due to *mise en scène* and method of expression; so far, it is hardly rash to say that it is the manner rather than the matter of de Heredia's ideas that posterity will be most likely to cherish. Their form and not their *fond* will furnish the attraction to the poetic student.

The form in de Heredia, however, is of the first order of importance. He never allows himself to perpetrate what it is the fashion to call irregular sonnets, or, as Gautier put it, "sonnets libertins." His sonnets are composed according to the formula *abba, abba, cc, dede, or deed*; it would be difficult to find a dozen in which the form of the sestet exceeds these two variations. Moreover, de Heredia strictly observes the so-called rules which are added expressly to render the sonnet more difficult, though their infringement is deemed at once to stamp a sonnet as imperfect. The rules are as follows:—

(1) To avoid awkward consonances at the hemistich and the end of the line.

(2) Never to repeat the same word in one and the same sonnet.

(3) To keep the rhyme always as rich as possible both for eye and ear.

(4) To end the sonnet by a line pregnant with meaning, even

more sonorous than the preceding lines, and opening up to the imagination a vast horizon of dreamland or of thought if the sonnet be serious, or stimulating the mind by some brisk flash of wit if the poem be in a lighter vein. De Heredia has excelled all others in the observance of this last rule, which has an intense charm for the intellect and the emotions. His final lines are particularly well wrought, and often illumine the whole sonnet with a lightning flash of dazzling brilliancy. Examples of the truth of this may be found above; below will be found some fresh specimens, most of them highly picturesque, of de Heredia's sonnet-endings.

Car il a vu la lune éblouissante et pleine  
Allonger derrière eux, suprême épouvantail,  
*La gigantesque horreur de l'ombre herculéenne.*

FUITE DE CENTAURES.

Mais Pégase irrité par le fouet de la lame,  
A l'appel du Héros s'enlevant d'un seul bond,  
*Bat le ciel ébloui de ses ailes de flamme.*

PERSÉE ET ANDROMÈDE.

Mes yeux se sont fermés à la lumière heureuse  
Et maintenant j'habite hélas! et pour jamais  
*L'inexorable Èrèbe et la Nuit ténébreuse.*

LA JEUNE MORTE.

Aussi, voyant mon âge incliner vers le soir,  
Je veux, ainsi que fit Fray Juan de Ségovie,  
*Mourir en ciselant dans l'or un ostensor.*

LE VIEIL ORFÈVRE.

Ou, penchés à l'avant des blanches caravelles,  
Ils regardaient monter en un ciel ignoré  
*Du fond de l'océan des étoiles nouvelles.*

LES CONQUÉRANTS.

*Et la lune, éclatant au pavé froid des salles  
Prolonge étrangement des ombres colossales.*

LA VISION DE KHEM, III.

Heureux qui pour la gloire ou pour la Liberté,  
Dans l'orgueil de la Gorce et l'ivresse du rêve.  
*Meurt ainsi d'une mort éblouissante et brève!*

LA MORT DE L'AIGLE.

To rhyme, also, he gave a minute attention, and most of his rhymes are rich without being too far-sought. A good deal of pleasantry has been expended on the research for a "rich rhyme," and an excellent humorist, the late Alphonse Allais, gave as a model of the rhyme affected by the Parnassian school these two verses:—

Par le bois du Djinn, où s'entasse de l'effroi  
Parle, bois du gin ou cent tasses de lait froid.

After all, he was only pushing to extremities the system of



Théodore de Banville, who had given in one of his *Odes funambulesques*, entitled "*Ancien Pierrot*," an amazing example of word-jugglery—

*L'art dans ces locaux motive  
Les éclairs du Progrès, cette locomotive.*

It is needless to say that de Heredia, with his habitual tact, avoided all extravagance, rhyming richly without ever sacrificing reason, yet taking care to ensure the best effects of which rhyme is capable. Whether by instinct or design, he arranges groups of different vowels in rhyme in accordance with the different sensations he wishes to create in the mind of the reader. He employs alliteration, too, with marvellous effect. From him, in fact, the alexandrine had no secrets. As an example of his methods, observe the sensation of lightness conveyed by the l's, the s's, and the z-sounds in these verses :—

D'un vol silencieux, le grand Cheval ailé  
Soufflant de ses naseaux élargis l'air qui fume  
Les emporte avec un frémissement de plume  
À travers la nuit bleue et l'éther étoilé.

In the following verses, again, by means of the repetition of the *t* and in part by the succession of *t's*, *l's*, *br's*, and open vowels, cannot the reader almost hear the sound of the grasshoppers' flight.

Ici git, Étranger, la verte sauterelle  
Que durant deux saisons nourrit la jeune Hellé  
Et dont l'aile vibrant sous le pied dentelé  
Bruissait dans le pin, le cytise ou l'airelle.

By means of verses composed exclusively almost of monosyllables he gives us the rapid rhythm of the runner :—

Vers la palme et le but il va fuir dans l'arène.

The way in which he manœuvres the pause or caesura in his verse recalls strongly the methods of his favourite Chénier, whose rhythm he reproduces now and again with an extraordinary fidelity.

Et brusquement, | d'un coup de sa nageoire en feu  
Il fait, | par le cristal morne, immobile et bleu  
Courir un frisson d'or, de nacre et d'émeraude.

Like the proverbial serpent, Heredia's alexandrine seems sometimes to unwind its length and develop itself :—

Une Nymphé s'égare et s'arrête. | Elle écoute  
 Les larmes du matin qui pleuvent goutte à goutte.  
 Sur la mousse. | L'ivresse emplit son jeune cœur.  
 Mais, d'un seul bond, | le Dieu du noir taillis s'élançe.  
 La saisit, | frappe l'air de son rire moqueur,  
 Disparaît . . . | Et les bois retombent au silence.

De Heredia was fully conscious himself of the value that the alexandrine was capable of assuming in the hands of a good craftsman. He left nothing to chance or to future recension. His effects were deliberately sought, and the plastic beauty of his work is manifestly due to the most patient, minute, and conscientious artistry. The alexandrine, he said himself, in an interview with a journalist, is pre-eminently a polymorphous verse. The poet who knows his craft can vary the forms of it to infinity by the aid of the "brisure," the *caesura*, and the *enjambement*. With this admirable instrument the poet can do anything—everything. Everything depends upon his knowing how to use it.

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It is a little premature to speak of de Heredia's influence. The area of it, there can be little doubt, will have been greatly extended by the sympathy which he showed and the good counsel that he gave so generously to all young poets. Like Leconte de Lisle, he had his Saturdays, when the younger tribe went to his rooms to learn the art of verse-making. Outside these assemblies he welcomed freely such pilgrims of Parnassus as went to visit him at the Arsenal, and in all work which had for its object the elucidation of French poetry he exhibited a genuine and an active interest. That grand master of the circuitous. Thomas De Quincey, once wrote of his mother as "a lady with whose family I maintained a very intimate acquaintancé." We shall employ the same figure to describe a visit paid to de Heredia by "a gentleman in whose affairs we take an undisguised interest," in order to ask his opinion on a point in relation to the theory of the modern French sonnet. Upon the presentation of our friend as "archiviste paléographe," he addressed him at once as *cher confrère*, unfolded his sonnet theory, confirmed the story of Thèophile Gautier shaking his head at his "sonnets libertins," and enlarged upon the profound and ever-deepening admiration which he entertained for the work of André Chénier, of whose *Poésies* he was engaged upon an edition, which now, it is to be feared, will never see the light. He repeated some lines by Chénier, and dwelt upon their artistic perfection. How gladly would I have given one of my best sonnets to have written that line—surely one of the most beautiful in the whole of French literature:—

Et l'essaim, conduit dans les rameaux  
Qu'un olivier voisin présente à son passage,  
*Pend en grappe bruyante à son amer feuillage.*"

And with his sonorous and beautifully modulated voice he repeated the line several times, rolling the r's patriotically but with a delicate, musical tone, and producing a magnificent effect of sound.

The time had come to take leave of him, when he turned to our friend rather pointedly and observed: "Assurément vous avez déjà fait des vers quand ce ne serait qu' à votre cousine." And then, without waiting for an answer, he added: "Bring them to me, bring them here some day: I will correct them for you." The offer came too late, alas!—it was only a few months ago; and the verses in question will never be corrected—in this world at any rate—by José-Maria de Heredia.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.  
LOUIS BRANDIN.

## IMPERIAL ORGANISATION FROM A BUSINESS POINT OF VIEW.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

FOR the last three years a number of persons, many of them holding high positions, and many of them holding widely different views on political and economic questions, have been at work under the chairmanship of Sir Frederick Pollock, elaborating a plan of Imperial organisation.

This year it was decided that Sir F. Pollock, Mr. Pitt Kennedy, the Honorary Secretary, and myself should proceed to Canada with the object of learning the views of Canadians on the subject. Our work was divided, and the part specially undertaken by me was the branch of the inquiry referred to in the title of this paper, namely, the collection of information on the permanent objects of common utility to the whole Empire with which the proposed new Imperial institutions could successfully deal.

The following paper is a brief summary of the results gleaned by me both from the journey and also from a correspondence I had been requested to conduct, during the preceding twelve months, with leading men in Canada, Australasia, South Africa, India, and the other Dominions of his Majesty beyond the seas.

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Imperial organisation is no new idea. The term itself was in use as long as sixty years ago, and is the heading given in his biography to a speech made by the Hon. Joseph Howe in the Parliament of Nova Scotia, on March 11th, 1855, in which the following words occur :—

“I do not hesitate to say that room must be made on the floor of Parliament and within the departmental offices of England for the aspiring and energetic spirits of this Continent.” And again, “They” (the English) “can only rule and retain such provinces as are to be found in North America by drawing their sympathies round a common centre, by giving them an interest in the Army, the Navy, the diplomacy, the administration and legislation of the Empire.”

It will be interesting for some future historian to trace the different ways in which similar views were advocated in the different British Dominions beyond the seas, as well as at home, during the last half of the nineteenth century. A great space in such a story will no doubt be occupied by the somewhat ambi-

tious project of closer union of the Empire, which went by the name of Imperial Federation. That movement and others which embodied a more vague aspiration after Imperial unity have one and all failed to bear fruit because there were no definite practical objects of general utility to the whole Empire to be attained, no constitutional or administrative organ with which to work, and no great Imperial impulse to quicken the aspiration.

Now the impulse was given quite undoubtedly by the South African war, and the first fruits of the war are now manifest in the Imperial Defence Committee with its secretariat. There had been, it is true, for some years a council with a similar title, but owing, amongst other things, to the lack of a secretariat to keep a record of its proceedings, no practical results were obtained. It may be added that there was little idea amongst the highest political and permanent officials of the importance of the things which were being left undone till Sir George Clarke got to work as secretary.

The Committee over which Sir F. Pollock presides has now, as a result of three years' labour, come forward with an appeal for a similar secretariat, which will in effect be an intelligence department for the civil affairs of the Empire, and an Imperial Advisory Committee. There are those who think that the former can be appointed by the Imperial Government without more ado, but that it may be advisable to place the latter before the next Colonial Conference as a subject for discussion, whenever that Conference is to be held. However that may be, and no opinion is pronounced on the matter here, there is no doubt that a great deal of what Lord Rosebery calls spade work remains to be done. The public at home has to be convinced that there is no idea of any encroachment on the privileges and prerogatives of the Imperial Parliament. The public in the great partner States of Canada and Australasia, and in the other British Dominions beyond the seas, has to be convinced that there will be no limitation on their existing or nascent autonomy; in other words, on their liberty to do for their people at all times and in all respects what is, in the judgment of their responsible leaders, the best for them. Some progress has already been made in this direction. Mr. Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, in a speech delivered on June 14th, 1905, has adopted in all essentials the whole of the proposals made in a tentative manner by the Committee over which Sir F. Pollock presides. Others of our fellow-subjects occupying positions hardly less eminent in his Majesty's Dominions beyond the seas have expressed themselves quite as strongly. In fact, the question is well on its way towards a satisfactory solution, and the anxiety of the warmest friends

of Imperial unity can best be expressed in the words *Festina lente*. If the Government goes too fast or gets the wrong men to work (and there are heaps and heaps of the right men to choose from) the last state of the Empire will be worse than the first. In the words of a letter from Mr. Walton, Treasurer of Cape Colony, "we all want a practical start."

Meanwhile, it is my task to set forth in brief outline the practical advantages which will result if we obtain only the Intelligence Department, together with a replica of the existing Defence Committee, with civil instead of naval and military affairs for its province. As I said in a letter addressed to the *Times* last June: "The value of the practical results must be shown first, and then there will probably be no such great difficulty about the machinery."

The first object of such an institution would be to receive ideas and co-ordinate opinions on matters of high Imperial policy. There is at present no organ by which Colonial statesmen and leading colonists, who are not only busy, but also business men, can, "without incurring the blame of impertinent intrusion," make communications which might be of great value on matters which under the present system only come to the knowledge of the Government by accident, if at all. "My own experience," says Sir Samuel Griffith, G.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Australia, writing on this very subject, "suggests many such instances."

There are indeed instances to hand in every corner of the Empire. Take our policy in connection with the islands in the Pacific or New Guinea. Take an instance from another hemisphere. In the case of the Alaskan boundary, if it had been possible to obtain the opinion of the other Colonies, it is probable that it would have been unfavourable to the extreme Canadian claims, and Canadians who supported these claims, which few now do, would have been less inclined to attribute the action of the Mother Country to want of energy and inability to appreciate the Canadian position.

There are other questions now pending, such as the relations of Canada with the West Indies, which are of importance to others than the parties immediately concerned. A movement is on foot for a closer union between the Dominion, the islands of the West Indies, and British Guiana, and such a union has been advocated in Canada, at any rate, for many years past. It is recognised, both in the Dominion and the West Indies, to use the words of a writer in the *Times*, that Canada has as great a future before her as the United States, and that, as the latter are now acquiring tropical possessions to supply their people with the tropical products which now enter so largely into their daily diet, so Canada

must obtain a tropical annexe in order to safeguard her own position and complete her existence as a nation. The West Indies have recently benefited from the friendly attitude of Canada in trade matters, and are anxious that the relation should become even more close. But a union of these two Colonial systems is a matter in which the whole Empire is interested from a naval and military, as well as from a commercial, point of view, and no Imperial Cabinet, whether Conservative or Liberal, would undertake to consider such a plan without consulting all the States and parties interested. There is at present no committee or body which could give adequate consideration to such a question.

This is but an instance of a whole new class of Imperial questions which are springing up and calling for solution. At this moment the relations between the two great partner States of Canada and Australia are not too cordial, and are perhaps causing some anxiety to his Majesty's Government at home in London. The publication in West Australia of a blue-book unfriendly in tone to Canada may be a small matter, but a straw shows which way the wind blows; and there are other questions connected with the line of steamers between Vancouver and Sydney which show the need of a body, I will not say a tribunal, before which such matters could be calmly and systematically discussed on neutral ground on the basis of a careful collection of all the necessary facts, and not as a matter of uninformed comment, more or less dignified, by the Press of the countries concerned.

Sir F. Pollock's Committee contains eminent Free Traders as well as eminent Protectionists, and therefore can emit no opinions as to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals; but it is quite safe to say that before any final, or indeed adequate, discussion of those or any similar proposals can take place from the point of view of the Empire as a whole, some such new body as that suggested will have to be called into existence.

The Empire stands in need not only of the collection, but also of the dissemination of authoritative information on Imperial questions. In England we have a leisured class which, by education, as well as tradition and a sense of duty, looks to public affairs as the proper outlet for its energies. Such a class generally gives time and labour to the acquisition of the necessary knowledge; but in the King's Dominions beyond the seas such men are rarer. Even among those who occupy seats in Parliament at home there is a very widespread ignorance on many topics of Imperial interest. Lord Randolph Churchill is credited with the remark that the British public can only think of one question at a time. The result is that there are many topics on which the public is ill-informed. Now on matters like the relations of the

Empire with Russia, it is most desirable that the leaders of public opinion in the Colonies as well as at home should be in possession of the outlines of the policy which it is proposed to follow. These might be matters for confidential communication, but there are other matters about which information is desirable for a wider circle. Our interests conflict with those of Russia not only in the Far East and Middle East, where they are now under the ægis of the new Anglo-Japanese Treaty, but also in the Near East and in the North of Europe. We have in each case guaranteed the integrity of territory on which Russia has in times past, and will again in the future, cast a longing eye. It is not too much to say that the Colonial public has no idea of these guarantees or of the responsibility they may entail.

Even in the case of the Boer War the task of explaining to the Colonial public the real causes of the war was undertaken by a private body, the Imperial South African Association. This work would have been to a great extent unnecessary had there been an Imperial Advisory Council in existence.

It is much to be hoped that the days of sudden changes of Colonial and foreign policy resulting from changes of Government at home are things of the past. But there is no doubt that the existence of an Advisory Council would tend to establish a continuity of policy which is from every point of view desirable. The question of the maintenance of our commercial rights under treaties, for instance, in China would be an important item under this head.

Apart from matters of foreign policy between the Imperial Government and other Powers, there are Colonial questions like the commercial relations between Venezuela and Trinidad which are a discredit to the Colonial Secretaries of both parties, including the most energetic of them, and which it is no one's business to take up.

There is another object we might attain under the proposed new *régime*, and that is greater unity of legislation. It would seem incredible that in an Empire which lives by trade there should be innumerable systems of commercial legislation side by side, and that even such elementary matters as naturalisation should be regulated in the most unsatisfactory manner.

At the present moment there is a great influx, which I studied on the spot, of colonists from the United States into the North-Western Provinces of Canada. In many cases, no doubt, the immigrants have been Canadians returning to their native land; but in the vast majority of cases now these are aliens who are anxious to be naturalised, and who are taking out naturalisation papers as fast as they can. Now the laws as to naturalisation in Great



Britain and the Colonies vary; the main difference is, that in the United Kingdom a residence of five years is required, while in Canada all that is required is a residence of three years; but the result is that a person naturalised in Canada is not a British citizen if he goes to London or Australia. The same is true of Colonial naturalisation in some other places.

Take another question. To secure an invention throughout the King's Dominions it is necessary to take out not one but twenty-eight patents, and this in an Empire dependent of all others on the inventive capacity of its citizens. There are some branches of commercial law, such as those relating to insolvency and marine insurance, about which there would be comparatively little difficulty. At the present time not only is the law as to insolvency different in Great Britain and Canada, but in the Dominion itself the law is different on two banks of the same river. It is different at Hull to what it is at Ottawa. Business men will understand what that means in business.

English legislation as to partnership and bills of exchange has been widely adopted in the Colonies, and it would not be difficult to begin with these branches. As a rule the procedure would be simple enough. The matter would be submitted to a strong Committee of the Imperial Council, and on their advice the legislation might be passed as non-contentious by the Imperial Parliament, and such of the Colonial Parliaments as wished to do so. The Society for Comparative Legislation has done admirable pioneer work in this direction.

Then there is the question of copyright. The principal Imperial statute (that of 1842) which regulates the question and professes to legislate for the whole Empire, is generally admitted to be one of the "worst penned" on the Statute Book, and local legislatures (*e.g.*, that of Quebec) have compiled other statutes which are *ultra vires*, as well as badly drawn. There are other matters of general interest to the Empire, like the establishment of a uniform currency and a uniform system of weights and measures, reforms against which there are no valid arguments but the *vis inertiae* of our legislation.

There are smaller grievances in local legislation, like the tax on commercial travellers in the Province of Quebec,<sup>1</sup> and there are questions in which the partner States have a substantial grievance against the Home Government, like the question of Light Dues, so often agitated in the Imperial Parliament. As is well known, it is claimed by British shipowners that the duty of lighting and marking the coast is a high Imperial duty of the Government, and

(1) Similar legislation exists in Prince Edward Island, in British Columbia, and in the Transvaal Colony.

one performed by all great Powers, except Great Britain and Turkey, at the public expense. It is claimed that the Light Dues legislation not only places an unfair burden on the shipping industry, but also places it at a disadvantage in foreign countries. Canada has a special grievance, because Canada maintains a free light service, and yet Canadian ships are charged Light Dues in the United States because of the legislation of the Imperial Government.

Turning to labour legislation an entirely new series of questions is raised by the Canadian Alien Law, and what is known as the Père Marquette case, questions of a character which may of themselves necessitate the formation of a new Imperial body. On June 16th, 1905, Mr. Justice Anglin pronounced a judgment in the Père Marquette case, in which he held that the Act of the Dominion Parliament (60 and 61 Vict., c. 11, as amended by I. Edward VII. c. 13) to restrict the importation and employment of aliens, was beyond the power of the Dominion Parliament to pass, for the reason that in compelling the return of such aliens to the United States it had authorised certain acts to be done beyond the territorial limits of Canada, this being an exercise of jurisdiction which could only be, but had not been, conferred on the Dominion Parliament by the Parliament of Great Britain.

There is, in addition to this, the whole series of labour and social enactments, the codification or consolidation of which would be of great advantage to both employers and employed throughout the Empire. All classes would gain by any attempt to bring the conditions of labour in backward parts of the Empire to the same level as in the foremost, just as all classes would gain by the promotion through legislation of a system of voluntary arbitration and conciliation, perhaps even in countries which believe in compulsory methods.

The consolidation and codification of our legislation at home has been a hobby of mine since 1884. The close, some years ago, of the Government second edition of the revised Statutes with 1886, combined with the new reign and the new century, made me think of an appeal in 1901, in a letter to the *Times*, but nothing came of it. The Government was too busy. Consolidation stopped suddenly short about 1897 (the Friendly Societies Act of 1896 was our last consolidating Act), in consequence of the objection raised to a Post Office Consolidation Bill for introducing too many amendments; of course amendment should precede consolidation, and not be mixed up with it. Parliament might, as then suggested, be induced at the instance of an Imperial Council to pass compendious, intelligible resolutions and to commit the transformation of them to legal experts; but nothing short of a recommendation from

such a body would induce the House of Commons to abandon so much of a power of which it has made in recent years so faulty and so inadequate a use.

The work, then, which can be usefully done in the field of legislation in the direction of unity of the Empire is enormous, but the work that could be done in the field of administration is equally large.

Take the question of a Supreme Court of Appeal. Sir Cecil Clementi Smith, G.C.M.G., ex-Governor of the Straits Settlements, writes :—

It is not only a matter of importance, but of the very greatest importance. It is the one thing within the range of practical politics to strengthen the unity of the Empire.

Sir F. Fryer, K.C.S.I., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Burma writes :—

It would be a great addition to the visible dignity and substantial unity of the Empire.

New Zealanders are not all in agreement about this, but Mr. Justice Williams writes :—

On the importance of the establishment of a single Final Court of Appeal I quite agree. I differ altogether from those who advocate the abolition or extinction of the right of appeal from the Colonies to Great Britain. But if the right of appeal is to be preserved, every endeavour must be directed to make the Court of Final Appeal in every sense the most efficient court in the world.

Sir Samuel Griffith, G.C.M.G., Chief Justice of Australia, writes :—

I hope the project will not be given up. I believe it would, almost more than anything else, be an outward and visible sign (of the unity of the Empire).

Sir John Forrest, G.C.M.G., Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Australia, writes :—

One supreme court as a Final Court of Appeal for the Empire is in accord with the feeling and sentiments of Empire, and I have always advocated it.

Similar opinions were generally expressed in Canada, with the desire to see the procedure reformed and the unnecessary expenses of such appeals reduced.

But apart from the administration of justice there are many points in which the great Departments at home overlap, to the

great detriment of the public service. As Secretary to the Royal Commission on Labour it fell to my lot to draw up a memorandum on the overlapping of the Departments with regard to the labour laws. Those who are familiar with recent negotiations in which the Colonial and Foreign Offices have been engaged will be ready to testify to the overlapping there. Indeed, a competent authority writes that—

Imperial problems outranging the scope of any one particular Government office are not confined to the Colonial sphere. They arise on all sides. Under existing circumstances such problems may theoretically be dealt with either by correspondence between departments, an admittedly slow, clumsy, and otherwise unsatisfactory procedure, or by reference to the Prime Minister and the Cabinet.

In practice this probably goes, as a rule, to the Cabinet, when discussion and explanation take place, after the circulation of papers by the several Ministers whose departments are concerned. It is easy to see how much would be gained if such matters had already been discussed from a higher Imperial standpoint at an Imperial council.

Be that as it may, both at home and in the Colonies much has to be done in the direction of reform, and that, too, in matters of immediate and vital political importance to the whole Empire. Take the question of commercial statistics.

A committee of the British Association have recently pointed out in a report, (1) the desirability of a common statistical practice within the British Empire and the interchange of views with the object of reaching a common method of classification, estimation of value, and record of the origin and destination of goods; (2) the desirability of publishing an annual report on the trade of the Empire on a scale sufficiently large to present in considerable detail the trade of the King's dominions beyond the seas; (3) the desirability of extending the uniformity attained in Australia by the publication of the year-book of the trade of the Australian Commonwealth. In Canada there is the statistical year-book of Canada and the report of the Canadian department of trade and commerce, but there is still lacking a year-book on the trade of the South African Customs Union. In the West Indies there is need of closer customs relations, and the issue of a joint annual report. A common system should obtain in India, the Straits Settlements, and the other Asiatic possessions of Great Britain. It should be added that the information as to the Crown Colonies is very imperfect and lacking in uniformity; (4) the importance of a prefatory note being prefixed to the statistical returns of each Colony, explaining the system of valuation, of registration, of

origin, and destination, inclusion and exclusion of transshipment and transit trade, bullion and specie, bunker coal, &c., and affording other comments to assist the proper interpretation of statistics; (5) the importance that both for obtaining a more reliable criterion of trade and production of each Colony, and for the establishment of satisfactory comparisons as to the productive power of the several States of the Empire, import and export statistics should be supplemented by a system of statistics showing the internal trade and production of each Colony; (6) the importance of establishing a common statistical year.

In fact, it would seem open to doubt whether we have yet got adequate figures or facts to decide on some, at any rate, of the issues raised by the fiscal question. A new institution will be necessary to obtain some of this important intelligence.

In this connection a word may be added as to the reforms which are, urgently needed from an Imperial point of view in the Consular service and the commercial agencies of the Board of Trade, on which Colonial advice might be of use.

With regard to the Consular service, it is only fair to say that personally I have always found his Majesty's Consuls of the utmost service when I have been collecting information either for the Labour Commission or for use in the House of Commons or for scientific work. They have appeared to me to be not only very courteous but also very competent public servants. But the fact remains that they do not always appear to impress business men so favourably. It is probable that the central Government is much to blame. The Board of Trade, the Foreign Office, and the Commercial Intelligence Department overlap, and it entirely depends which of these departments possesses, at a given moment, the most competent and energetic officers, as to which does or tries to do the work. It would be invidious to say how this stands at present. It is quite obvious, however, to the most casual observer that the system is wrong, and not only at headquarters. The Consuls themselves have often diplomatic as well as consular duties, and are often not clear as to which duties have the first call on their time. Often, too, they are asked to make bricks without straw; often to do the work of ten men without any assistance, clerical or otherwise.

In addition to this, in spite of the recommendations of committees and the supervision of the Imperial Parliament, the best posts in the Consular service are given to outsiders, who are not only not in touch with the trading centres in England and the Colonies, and their needs, but are apt, according to the traders, to look down on the trade which it is their duty to guard and foster. Furthermore, they are sometimes not British subjects,

but Americans and Germans, and likely to favour their own countrymen.

But it is not only in foreign countries that we suffer from neglect. Would it be believed that there are in Canada at this moment something like one hundred commercial agents of the United States Government and not one commercial agent of the British Government! The Canadian Government not only maintains commercial agents in Australasia, France, Great Britain, Japan, Mexico, Norway and Sweden, South Africa, and the United States, but it publishes their reports as soon as they come in. It circulates them broadcast among those interested, and puts Canadians anxious to do business into touch with foreigners, and *vice versa*, in the most systematic way. It is needless to say that this is a matter of the most urgent importance. We want not only to set new men but also a new spirit to work.

There are many other subjects on which one could touch, but I will confine myself to two which are likely to come within the sphere of, and be adequately treated by, the new institution, namely, first, the promotion of a system of organised communications within the Empire; and secondly, the promotion of an Imperial system for the training of British seamen for the Mercantile Marine. Whatever may be said of the importance of previous questions, these are vital matters.

As to organised communications, there is no doubt to my mind that cheap postal and telegraphic communication will do more to bring the Empire together than anything else. Cheap telegraphs will ensure that in every morning paper in the Colonies and dependencies there will be full accounts of what is interesting people at home, and *vice versa*. Cheap postal rates mean not only the maintenance of communication between Colonists, however poor, and their people at home, but also what is specially important in Canada, the introduction of good English newspapers and magazines which cannot now compete with American publications. It is, I am well aware, a matter of revenue, but it is one which will have to be considered whatever burden it may impose on the Imperial Budget. Loud complaints are made from one end of the Dominion to the other that owing to the rates of the Imperial Post Office the Canadian public is only able to see current questions through American spectacles, and the few English magazines that get through are, to the annoyance of Canadian business men, filled with American advertisements.

There is also the question of passenger and goods service between different portions of the Empire. Canada is trying to establish communication with South Africa and Australia, and when one thinks that at the present time the rate of freight from London

to the Cape, Australia, or New Zealand, is about double what it is from New York viâ Liverpool, or from Hamburg, one can only feel certain that on this an Imperial Council would have some advice to give. It should be added that in so far as this question is affected by subsidies, Sir Robert Giffen, in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, goes so far as to advocate a partial revival of the Navigation Laws to meet the action of foreign Governments, but in such a question concerted action on the part of the whole Empire is necessary.

Lastly, with regard to the training of seamen. I write as the chairman of a large English training-ship, which has put, in round numbers, 3,000 boys into the Royal Navy, and more than 3,000 into the Mercantile Marine, and as one who has studied the question in Germany as well as in the Colonies. The British seaman is disappearing from British merchant ships. We have abundance of good material at home and in the Colonies. We have abundance in the maritime provinces of Canada. Those provinces have produced also, by the way, very many great Canadian statesmen, on whose help we can rely in the solution of the question. It is a bitter satire on the English public at home, and on the public in the King's Dominions beyond the seas, that in these days, when primary and secondary and technical education have been carried so far, no attempt should have been made to organise an Imperial system of education for the one great industry on which the fabric of the Empire depends.

For this, if for no other reason, fresh blood is wanted in the councils of the Empire. It is not that the old spirit does not live at home. A generation which is carrying on the work that our country has done in the last twenty-five years in Egypt and the rest of Africa, in India, Burma, and elsewhere, need fear no comparison when history comes to deal with the Victorian era. What is wanted in the councils of the Empire is more of the genuine insight and sympathy of great Imperial administrators like Lord Cromer if we are going to make good in the future the lines written by Mr. Joseph Howe, on "Our Fathers."

Honour for ever to the true and brave,  
 Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,  
 Bearing the red cross flag their fathers gave.  
 Long as the billows flout the arching sky,  
 They'll bear it seaward still, to venture or to die.

GEOFFREY DRAGE.

## MR. MALLOCK ON KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF.

WHEN *The New Republic* appeared, a generation ago, it amused me hugely; and though I was told by Oxford men that it was flippant and misleading in its mingled representation and misrepresentation, my acquaintance with the personages to whom the characters were popularly supposed approximately to correspond was so superficial that it was easy to be tickled by the cleverness, without being perturbed by either the closeness or the remoteness, of the parody.

Mr. Mallock evidently retains the art of parody, though he uses it with commendable reticence and courtesy when criticising people by name; and accordingly, if I fail at all points to recognise my own position in the presentation of it with which he has favoured us in the November number of the FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, I feel sure that readers of experience will not think it necessary for me to indicate flaws in the likeness, or to waste time by contesting it in detail. I will content myself with a few counter-statements wherever they may seem likely to be useful.

On page 847 Mr. Mallock attributes to me the doctrine that "the human personality and the human organism are inseparable." It is largely a question of words: he might more appropriately have omitted the first syllable from the last word in this sentence. I have not objected to a distinction between abstract and concrete, between spirit and body, in general, though I have perceived the futility of a distinction between a vehicle and a manifestation. Whatever is manifested to us here and now must be manifested through the medium of some kind of body or material vehicle, and is inseparable from it, in the sense that when a body is quitted by the in-dwelling spirit its manifestation ceases, and terrestrially therefore, to all appearance, comes to an end. A thing which interacts in no way whatever with the matter of our brains is necessarily completely unknown to us; though this is not equivalent to the assertion that it is non-existent.

On this question of manifestation, by the way, we can remember that our bodies are not like "jerry-built houses" (page 848), but are like self-built dwellings; and that makes a great deal of difference, if they constitute our only accessible information concerning the idiosyncrasies of a tenant. The carapace of a lobster



does give some idea of his shape; the shell occupied by a hermit-crab gives none. So, in the instance referred to by him, if a Divine spirit were to manifest itself in a mortal body it is not to be supposed that we could appreciate more of it than that body was capable of revealing; consequently, to make a distinction between the vehicle and the manifestation, and to say that one was human while the other was Divine, is, I believe, a recognised heresy. But this is not a subject which need enter into the present discussion, nor am I anxious to trespass on the field of the professed theologian.

I pass to another supposed quotation:—"Anything which is differentiated from another thing must thereby become discontinuous with it." So says Mr. Mallock, on page 849, in a sentence attributed to me. Visions of *The New Republic* float before my mind. Where can I have enunciated that fine-sounding proposition? I do not quite know what it means. And further down the same page he says "individual minds . . . being atomic are dissoluble and follow the great law." *Mind atomic!*—he quotes the phrase approvingly from some one—and he thinks that science!

As to the parody at foot of page 850 I must protest that I have never accused the Deity, apart from the free beings which He is bringing into existence, of either "mistakes" or of "atrocious cruelty." I think that cruelty and sin are peculiarly human attributes—the result of conscious choice and power of control acquired by a being in a low state of moral development, as a necessary stage in his evolution. If Mr. Mallock considers that the volcanic destruction of an island is analogous to the crucifixion of slaves by Nero, I cannot agree with him. Moving people on to another state, by main force, independently of their will—as on a chessboard—is perhaps not cruel at all: even the moving of a pawn to its eighth square lacks something of the element of cruelty, though it is a bourne from which he never can return.

Harshness and discipline exist, however; the Universe does not coddle us; we are not like the pampered valetted animals in the upper galleries of a dog show; we have to stand the racket and face the stress of weather with the shepherd, or with the monks of St. Bernard. Nature may be very hard on a man, but I deny that Nature coerces man to sin—to sin viciously, cruelly, damnably. Social conditions may, but social conditions it is in the power of mankind to alter—to amend them, to see to it that no soul, so to speak, is turned out worse than it came, is indeed one of the most pressing of duties. How ghastly often this unprofitable return is made now, those who watch the young children of the slums must know. Nature may send us into the world with a deformed body—and the result, under

favourable conditions, may be a saint; Nature may debar us from both sight and hearing—and the result, blossoming almost miraculously under the kindly influence of wise education, may be the beautiful optimism of Helen Keller.

One other point: I have never imagined it our lofty function to "chastise and exterminate sinners"; but, so far as we can manage it, and by the indirect method of enlightened social arrangements, it is our business to attack, and if possible exterminate, the favouring causes of sin.

But there is always something to learn from the scientific views of an able literary man, and therefore I will leave skirmishing with detail and try to get at Mr. Mallock's main position. In order to see how far I understand what he has to say, I will briefly summarise what I conceive to be his own position as picked out from this article and from portions of his recent large book, *The Reconstruction of Belief*.

(1) He inclines to hold certain theological doctrines as probably true.

(2) He inclines to hold certain scientific dogmas as certainly true.

(3) He perceives a distinct antinomy between the scientific and the theological positions.

(4) He rejoices at this antinomy and seeks to use it as a basis for faith.

(5) He resents any premature or unscientific or pretended reconciliation—a crying of peace when there is no peace.

(6) He urges that I, and with me my friend Mr. Whetham, have committed this very fault.

He further implies that I have arrived at my present view on unscientific grounds, and have only attained my present convictions by the process of making a fog of words and climbing in the mist up a non-existent staircase—some rotten-runged, rattiddled ladder which is not really there.

Now, omitting all reference to this implication, with several of these contentions I sympathise: notably with Nos. 1, 2, and 5. Of No. 2 in especial, that physical science rests on a sound foundation of established fact and law, I feel very sure; for No. 1, that some of the spiritual teachings by prophets and seers of all time contain an element of truth, I profoundly hope; and with the moral attitude of No. 5, that there should be no pretence at consistency or harmony unless it be really in some sort attained, I cordially agree. Such an attempt as that of the "Reconcilers," for instance, to find perfect agreement between Geology and Genesis, I have in the past strongly disapproved. It is difficult to think of a more serious disservice to any specific truth than

to bolster it up in a plausible manner with insecure and rotten props; and the weightier the truth thus supported, the sounder and securer should be the stays.

So far, then, I am with Mr. Mallock; but I dissent from the attitude represented by No. 4. I rejoice at no contradictions, and do not think them a useful or reasonable basis either for faith or for philosophy; and, moreover, I fail to appreciate his thesis No. 3, that there is a permanent and irreconcilable clash between the laws of physics and the truths of the spiritual, the mental, and the vital world.

My failure to appreciate this, which to him is so clear, and my attempt to teach, to the best of my power, the contrary—namely that we shall detect a harmony when we properly understand, and that we already begin to catch some of the opening chords of that symphony—is, of course, the gravamen of the charge, No. 6, which he brings against me—to wit, that I am trying to delude the public into thinking that the issue is plainer than it really is.

I hardly think that Mr. Mallock fully understands my position: he cannot have gathered it, even with his ability, from a few stray letters in the *Times*. It is expressed more fully and clearly in a small book, on the point of appearing, called *Life and Matter*; which, being in the press at the time of the publication of Mr. Mallock's recent treatise, has not been able either to benefit by the criticisms therein contained or to affect those criticisms favourably.

Mr. Mallock has brought in a reference to Professor Ray Lankester, meaning probably to suggest that, though he himself may not be a good judge of scientific processes, others, such as Professor Ray Lankester, are, and that they do not agree with me. By all means: it is certainly true that men of science are not at one in their conclusions and speculations; it would be rather strange if we all, physicists and biologists, thought alike. I do not know that Theologians or even Philosophers do that.

It appears to be well known, moreover, that Professor Ray Lankester rather resents my acceptance of telepathy, or any form of clairvoyance, as a fact of experience, and that he himself utterly denies that it is proved. But I admit this freely, and when I say, as I frequently do, that telepathy and kindred phenomena are not among the facts yet recognised by orthodox science, I have biologists, or perhaps morphologists, chiefly in mind, and I am willing to take Professor Ray Lankester as a sort of Head Centre—an Official Representative or Impersonation—of Orthodox science with a big O. He and his colleagues do not accept our assertions as representing facts. I have no dispute with him or with any

of them on that score; they are busy men, and have not looked fully into the evidence. When any of them do think it worth while to examine into these matters at first hand—and it is quite out of the question for everybody to investigate everything—I know that their trained minds will appreciate the circumstantial evidence, quite apart from the fallibility of human testimony, and I have no doubt of the result: they will find that we are opening up a new avenue towards recognition of the dominance of law and order, and the continuity of all existence. Presumably they do not consider that as yet we have made out a *prima facie* case. Very well, we will persevere; there is no sort of hurry; we may be—I think we are—pioneers, but we certainly are not missionaries: or if occasionally we exhibit a spark of missionary zeal, we do not, I hope, expend energy in shouting to the congenitally deaf. Exploration is our business, not conversion, though certainly we are glad to welcome fresh and highly-equipped explorers to aid in the clearing and annexation of the jungle territory.

Before taking leave of Mr. Mallock for the present, which I wish to do in a friendly manner, I wonder if I expressed myself quite clearly about various modes of arriving at a given proposition.

I have agreed with him that to use manifestly unsound and insecure props is both illegitimate and unwise, but buttresses which are only weak and slender may yet contribute their due quota of support; and few edifices can be built on pillars of granite throughout. Moreover, to arrive at a theorem in several independent ways is a common method of proof in mathematics; it is always attempted when the theory is difficult, and it is universally recognised as satisfactory whenever it can be accomplished. Indeed, one frequently employed test of truth is the convergence of various paths to one goal. On no one proof alone can absolute dependence be placed, however strong it may seem, because there is always a possibility of oversight and neglect of something essential. Even before a thing is rigorously established we begin to feel a sense of assurance and hope when we detect signs of converging testimony; and it surely must be encouraging in all kinds of effort when various minds, with different training and by different paths and different methods of climbing, show signs of approaching the same mountain summit, even though its peak is still enveloped in clouds.

That I have not invented for the occasion this comparison between the relative importance of proof and thing proved Mr. Mallock will find if he refers to my recent little book on *Easy Mathematics*, where, on page 286, and doubtless elsewhere also,

the statement occurs that "a proposition is far more important than any single proof of it"; and on page 176 the further dictum :—

The real test of truth is that it shall turn out to be consistent with everything else which we know to be true. No one chain of reasoning, however apparently cogent, is to be absolutely trusted—for there is always the danger of oversight due to defective knowledge. Complete consistency is the ultimate test of truth; and convergence of a number of definite lines of reasoning is an admirable practical test.

Finally, if Mr. Mallock's philosophy is, not what I have supposed it to be, but merely this : that where we fail to reconcile apparently clashing facts of experience or apparently contradictory views of the universe, we need not necessarily abandon either of them offhand, but may still cling to both and wait for a reconciliation in the future—if this is his philosophy I am not his opponent. It is sometimes a necessary scientific attitude thus to labour and to wait : it is stupid to deny a fact of experience merely because we do not understand it ; and the man of science is not unhappy because he finds himself unable to attend to every aspect of the universe, simultaneously, with equal clearness—unable to resolve all the superficial difficulties which daily he encounters. Such difficulties neither assist nor daunt his faith, nor do they strengthen his scepticism : they are simply confessions of present ignorance and incompetence, and he would never dream of erecting these negligences and ignorances into a system of philosophy, nor of using them as a basis for faith.

In conclusion, one further explanatory observation :—I appear to have said (according to Mr. Mallock, page 841) that I began to realise "an evolutionary distinction between matter and mind." The phrase alone, without the context, is evidently open to misconception. Let me explain what I mean. My meaning was, and is, that on the one hand the process of evolution in the material world seems to be cyclical or returning into itself, effecting the formation of atoms and of solar systems, their rise and decay, their destruction, and then their re-formation ; while, on the other hand, the process of evolution in the mental and spiritual world seems to be linear or progressive, not periodic or cyclical, trending always forward to an outcome which may be new—to a result which never in the whole infinitude of the past had existed before. Perhaps *Hamlet* is such a product, perhaps the Ninth Symphony is one, the New Testament perhaps another ; I do not know, but that was my meaning. Some readers will doubtless quote the Age of Pericles in disproof of this surmise, but that, evolutionally regarded, was but yesterday ; and, moreover, I never

suppose the linear progress to be uniform and steady without temporary rebuffs. I may liken it to the lapping of waves up a rock : they climb and climb again, and occasionally one surmounts it, but only to fall back. Yet all the while the tide is rising—and in the end even the ripples can touch a level that the billows could not touch before. Such is the process of evolution always ; but whereas in the material world there appears to be both ebb and flow, in the spiritual world I conjecture that though individuals, generations, and peoples rise and fall, there is no ebb of the tide.

OLIVER LODGE.

## THE "REVIVAL OF PHRENOLOGY."

It was well said by Mme. de Stäel, *L'esprit humain fait progrès toujours, mais c'est progrès en spirale*. But the world had to wait many years before it saw the perfect illustration of her words. We see it now, once and for all, in the ascent of the St. Gotthard railway. There, at Wassen, the line is coiled and looped on and in the rock: snow above, and stream below, are now on the right hand, now on the left; the little church, as in a dream, comes down from the heights to the valley; you pass Wassen, and are withdrawn into an interminable tunnel, and behold you are back at Wassen, but at a higher level; you make progress always, but it is progress in spiral; the train swings upward and hangs circling and hovering over the village; and you come to Göschenen, and there, oh happy traveller, happy past all telling, Italy welcomes you. So, on the lines of thought, the spirit of man in its onward course leaves this or that problem below it, but not behind it; and, to rise above its Wassen, must return and contemplate the roofs of Wassen. And here the simile breaks down; for the spirit neither stops at Göschenen nor attains Italy. But Mme. de Stäel's wise saying holds good; and gives a text for a short discourse touching the advance of thought along one of its many lines.

This particular Wassen, that was once over the heads of thinking men, and is now contemplated by them from a far higher level, is Phrenology. And the reason why it is reasonable even now to glance back at Phrenology lies in the publication of Dr. Bernard Holländer's books on this subject. He has written two; we do not know that we are bound to take them together, and the first of them will suffice us here. It is entitled *The Mental Functions of the Brain: An Investigation into their Localisation and their Manifestation in Health and Disease*; and it has this forbidding sub-title, "The Revival of Phrenology." In matters of style, and of self-criticism, it is well-nigh everything that such a book ought not to be; and if its doctrines are to get a hearing from men of science, he must re-write it after a very different fashion. But it has this merit, that it suggests more than it knows; and its one fundamental question is worth half-a-dozen of its superficial answers. In this respect, Dr. Holländer's book is like the ordinary phrenological bust. We stand outside the shop-window, and look idly at the smug little head, labelled all over after the manner of a well-used portmanteau; and then, as we

turn away, the old question descends on us—Is there not, after all, something in Phrenology?

One thing is certain, that we are all phrenologists nowadays; not with any care for busts and bumps, but with a growing conviction that we are beginning to see, in faint outline, some facts that hang together and will some day go to make a good working theory of the life of the brain. We are all for localisation; the more centres that we hear of, the better we are pleased; and we are ready to be persuaded that Milton, when he bade Melancholy "seek out some uncouth cell," was foreshadowing Dr. Holländer's teaching that melancholia is especially associated with injury or disease of the supra-marginal and angular convolutions. And this familiarity with the notion of the brain as a departmental organ is nothing new; we have come to it by degrees; it is an honest induction from a hundred years' observations at the bedside, in the *post mortem* room, and in the physiological laboratory. Indeed, to find the first hint of it, we must go back not one century but eighteen, back to Galen. But Galen's use of the experimental method was neglected by those who came after him; and men, age after age, were content to believe of the brain what Frascatorius said of the heart, that its movements were known to God alone. Therefore the study of the central nervous system was hardly advanced by all the work of the anatomists of the Renaissance; and, about a hundred years ago, men woke to the sense that even the brain was not altogether above and beyond investigation.

Physiology has proceeded from the simpler problems of the nervous system to the more complex. First, the spinal cord, and the nerve-roots connected with it; then, the medulla oblongata, the uppermost level of the cord, nearest the brain; then, the cerebellum, the lowermost portion or dependence of the brain; finally, the brain itself, its motor areas and special sense centres. It would, in one sense of the word, be only one step further, if physiology should be able to define on the surface of the brain areas associated with certain primal habits or passions of mankind. And here comes in the hope of the higher phrenology, that it may be able at this point to cut into the procession, and have a share of the honour and glory.

The work of localisation—for we may omit those isolated observations that were not made current coin—began with the two great discoveries, that the spinal cord contains store-houses or generating-stations of nervous force, and that the anterior nerve-roots are motor, and the posterior are sensory. The classical references to these facts are in the writings of Prochaska (1800) and Sir Charles Bell (1811):—



1. *Prochaska*.—"These movements of animals after decapitation must needs be by consent and commerce betwixt the spinal nerves. For a decapitated frog, if it be pricked, not only draws away the part that is pricked, but also creeps and jumps. And this reflection of sensory impressions into motor impressions is not accomplished in obedience to physical laws alone—wherein the angle of reflexion is equal to the angle of incidence, and reaction to action—but it follows special laws written as it were by Nature on the spinal cord."

2. *Sir Charles Bell*.—"On laying bare the roots of the spinal nerves, I found that I could cut across the posterior fasciculus of nerves, which took its origin from the posterior portion of the spinal marrow, without convulsing the muscles of the back; but that on touching the anterior fasciculus with the point of the knife, the muscles of the back were immediately convulsed. Such were my reasons for concluding that the cerebrum and cerebellum were parts distinct in function, and that every nerve possessing a double function obtained that by having a double root. I now saw the meaning of the double connection of the nerves with the spinal marrow."

Then came the work of Marshall Hall (1832-1837), the accurate localisation of the ganglionic centres in the cord, and the whole discovery of its segmental working; men saw that it was not only a trunk-line for messages to and from the brain, but also a sort of elongated brute brain; it had its own impulses and habits. Then came the study of the medulla oblongata, the base of the brain, and the cerebellum, by Flourens, Claude Bernard, and others; the discovery of the centres concerned in respiration and in the movements of the heart, the *nœud vital*, and the vaso-motor and thermal centres. The whole history of this part of physiology is a history of differentiation and localisation of centres, here a little and there a little. Finally, in the strength of the clinical and pathological observations which led to the discovery of the speech-centres, physiology rose to the experimental study of the brain itself, and found and mapped out on the cerebral hemispheres areas corresponding to certain special senses and to certain complicated and purposeful movements of the body. Is it absurd to imagine that men of science will advance to the localisation of faculties that we prize more highly than the smelling of our food, or the stretching out of our hands, after the fashion of the Homeric heroes, to the victuals lying ready in front of us? Even while we talk of this advance, they are achieving it; they state the physical aspects of thought in higher terms, they group in mutual dependence and co-operation cerebral centres that had seemed to be independent; and, to put the matter in plain English, the

language of present-day physiologists is almost as hard as organic chemistry.

And it is just here that phrenology would like to join the procession; or, at least, to catch the eye of physiology. Phrenology is waiting in the gutter, as Falstaff, old, shaky, half-pride, half-shame, waits for recognition from the King—"I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me"; and we know what answer Falstaff got—so, in the same spirit, the phrenologists will go on shouting till physiology sees them. "Did we not tell you so?" they say to the physiologists—"You ought to have begun where we did, at the top of the tree, not at the roots. We, by deduction, found the speech-centres half-a-century earlier than you, who follow the inductive method. Are you still looking for the centre of the sense of colours? Here is the skull of Dr. Dalton, who was colour-blind; observe how its inner surface is unusually prominent in two places; where the inner table of the skull is raised, there the brain is flat or sunk; the colour-sense must be there, where Dr. Dalton had more skull than brain. Are you looking for the centre of music? Study this selected series of busts of musicians, and you will see where Gall found it; but we are more inclined now to put it in the small anterior folds of the convolutions within the fissure of Sylvius, which unhappily are not shown in a bust":—

Just here the bump appears  
Of Innocent Hilarity;  
And just behind the ears  
Are Faith, and Hope, and Charity—

Phrenology, so long as it talks in this style, can receive but one answer from science; and it is the answer that the King, on the day of his coronation, flings at Falstaff—"I know thee not." But, if this be phrenology, what is "the revival of phrenology," and what is the fresh starting-point attained by Dr. Holländer? In what relation does he stand to Gall, and to modern physiology?

To get at the heart of his book, we must clear out of the way those portions of it that are not vital. Especially, we must put aside all that he would call psychology. Whether psychology be or be not science, it is certain that Dr. Holländer is not a psychologist. One hardly knows which way to look, when one meets this sentence, "Many psychologists speak of the will as if it were a separate entity. The will is not a separate entity." No thoughtful man would like to be seen arm-in-arm with such a sentence. Let us leave him alone with that blessed word "entity"; perhaps he will find more meaning in it if he runs the words together,

thus—"The will is not a separatentity." There is a well-sounding phrase; and we humbly offer it to the school of the experimental psychologists, who have all of them gone off at a gallop without any first principles, that they may have no difficulty in arriving at ultimate conclusions.

Next, we must set aside all that he says in praise of Gall as a great anatomist. It is all true, and worth reading; but it has no direct bearing on phrenology. Nobody denies that Gall was well ahead of the men of his time in the skill with which he made dissections of the brain, and in his knowledge of its development, structure, and arrangement, so far as these are visible to the naked eye. His dexterity in dissecting and tracing the internal anatomy of the brain was wonderful. He knew nothing, of course, of its microscopic structure; but he knew all that could be learned by consummate neatness and patience of dissecting; and men were amazed at the excellence of his demonstrations. As an anatomist, he stands up in the company of Vesalius and the Hunters. But he was fated to be the victim of a fixed idea; and his phrenology has no more to do with his anatomy than with the colour of his coat. Let us admit that phrenology "has something in it"; that Gall did, by clinical observation, localise the speech-centres long before the discovery of them by Broca; that he proclaimed to a hostile world some facts, not to be disregarded—let us admit all this, and then note the amazing weakness of his deductions, and the hopeless instability of the inverted pyramid of his system; and the admixture in him of absolute honesty with absolute self-credulity.

What was the beginning of Gall's phrenology? It was his belief, early in life, that certain of his schoolfellows, who were good at learning and remembering their lessons, had all of them large and prominent eyes, *yeux de bœuf*. Regardless of all other possible causes, as the orbital fat, the size of the eyeballs, and the width of space between the eyelids, he persuaded himself that the prominence of the eyes was due to the quantity of brain above the orbits; and forthwith he assigned this region of the brain to memory for its kingdom. It is doubtful whether any young man ever made a worse start. From that time onward, Gall was enslaved by his own imagination; and his great book in four volumes is a monument of the errors of deduction. He stands, and will stand for ever, as the type of all men who run an idea to death. Take, almost at random, the pictures that he gives of himself:—

"La forme de la tête de quelques bigots m'avoit donné la première idée d'un organe qui dispose l'homme à la croyance en Dieu et à un culte religieux. . . . J'ai remarqué que dans la plupart des têtes de femmes, la partie supérieure de l'occipital recule davantage que dans les têtes ou les crânes

d'hommes. . . . Je remarquai enfin que les crânes de singes ont, sous le rapport de cette proéminence, une singulière analogie avec les crânes de femmes. . . . Je fis passer plus d'une fois en revue les qualités et les facultés que je connoissois aux singes : enfin dans un moment de disposition d'esprit favorable, je fus frappé, tout en faisant ma leçon, de l'amour extrême que ces animaux ont pour leurs petits. . . . Je rassemblai dans ma maison un certain nombre d'individus, pris dans les plus basses classes—des cochers de fiacre, des commissionnaires, etc. Je rangeai d'un côté tous les querelleurs, et de l'autre tous les pacifiques, et j'examinai soigneusement les têtes des uns et des autres. Je trouvai que tous les querelleurs avoient la tête, immédiatement derrière et au niveau des oreilles, beaucoup plus large que les poltrons. . . .

"Les commissionnaires et autres garçons du peuple, dont j'avois fait venir chez moi un très-grand nombre, s'accusoient souvent de larcin, ou comme ils l'appelloient, de 'chiperies.' . . . En examinant leurs têtes, je fus très-étonné de trouver que les 'chipeurs' les plus passionnés avoient une proéminence allongée s'étendant depuis l'organe de la ruse, jusqu'au bord externe de l'arcade supérieure de l'orbite; je trouvai au contraire cette région plane chez eux qui manifestoient une horreur du vol. . . ."

It is certain that Gall was honest; for no deliberate quack would have taken so much trouble. He had the makings of a great man; he was a splendid anatomist, a successful physician with a grand practice in Paris, a fine gentleman; but he was cursed with unbounded self-confidence, he went the wrong way to work, and never retraced his steps; he was the slave of one idea, the victim of the deductive method. In a word, he was not a man of science. The life of Darwin, the life of Pasteur—their infinite self-distrust, their racking of their own theories to extort any possible fallacy from them, their incessant experiments, their bitter hatred of slipshod conjecture—what trace of these signs of science do we find in Gall? He had not the spirit of science, he would not follow the way of science: his whole stock in trade, when he started, was the one wild guess that he would find man's instincts, faculties, and passions limited to distinct regional areas on the surface of man's brain—areas big enough to be marked by corresponding bumps on the surface of man's skull—and, of course, he found them. He was dominated and hag-ridden by this fixed idea, till he dropped. It is well-nigh incredible how far his fancy took him. His localisation of the bump of pride was founded on the examination of three heads; one belonged to a beggar who had seen better days, another to a conceited little boy seven years old, and the third to a Viennese nobleman who was always boasting of his ancestry. Then, examining the head of an insane person who believed that she was Queen of France, he found, to his surprise, that the bump of pride was conspicuous by its absence; but he consoled himself by discovering, in the immediate neighbourhood, a bump of vanity (we all feel the difference

between vanity and proper pride)—and he satisfied himself, by the examination of two insane persons and several apes, that the bump of vanity was indeed what Dr. Holländer would call a "separate entity." The instinct of reproduction, the desire for blood, the tendency to cunning (*ruse, finesse, savoir-faire*), the virtue of circumspection, were all assigned by Gall to separate convolutions; he mapped out music and languages; and the pity is that he did not include calisthenics and the use of the globes. Half-a-dozen skulls were enough to set him off, and even one would do it; and, once off, he would find in Vienna or Paris skulls enough to fit any notion that had flashed across him, *dans un moment de disposition d'esprit favorable*, while he was giving a lecture. He became so fanciful in his ideas, that he identified the *organe des hauteurs* in animals with the *organe de l'orgueil* in man; that is to say, one and the same portion of the brain, in animals, subservient to the love of high places and high air, and, in man, to the love of high thoughts and a high opinion of himself. What can we hope to find worth saving out of the wreckage of this sort of nonsense, which went to pieces when Gall died?

For, even if we could explain away the anatomical facts that are against him—the existence of air-spaces in the frontal bone, the variable thickness of the skull, the fact that skulls and brains, like hands and feet, and internal organs, have features of their own, just as every man has a face of his own, and are not kept in stock—still, we have to ask ourselves, What notion, after all, does Gall give us of the brain?

He assigns to one virtue or one vice a vast area of the surface of the brain, a colossal part of its precious substance. Let phrenology go to the ant, and consider her ways, and be wise. In that speck of tissue, the ant's brain, that pin-point which Darwin called the most wonderful bit of living matter in the world, there are circumspection, courage, philoprogenitiveness, the instinct of self-preservation, the sense of property—all these, or something very like them. Is it reasonable or decent that our brains should give half their substance to habits that, for all we know, could all be bounded in a nutshell? He takes away with one hand what he offers with the other. For, though the brain be divided into thrones, principalities, dominations, and powers, yet the higher rules the lower, and the Government is everywhere at once; the brain, thank Heaven, is not run on party lines, or administered by Parliamentary representation; and nobody knows what the Government is going to do next. Gall, of course, felt the instability of his system. When he identifies the *organe des hauteurs* in the chamois with the *organe de l'orgueil* in man, he says,

that in man it is *modifiée différemment, et influencée par l'activité simultanée d'autres organes*. Where do these modifying influences end, and what limit does he set to them? If the bump of high places can become the bump of high thoughts, why should it not by-and-by become the bump of something else? What assurance have we that we cannot so alter the use of our convolutions, that what stood for a murderous tendency, when we were young and foolish, may in our old age stand for religious belief, or for a cheerful and benevolent optimism?

He lived before the cell-theory, before Darwin, before the revival of philosophy in Germany; he knew nothing of the microscopic structure of the brain, and next to nothing of its physiology; his psychology, like most psychology, is mere Locke-and-water; and he never realised that there are motor-centres in the brain. Therefore his extravagant fancy was free to go, unchallenged and solitary, from one illusion to the next; but now every inch of the way is occupied, built-over, and guarded and patrolled by the inductive sciences. In anatomy, Gall won for himself a great name; his phrenology, as we see it now, is like the simple play and make-believe of a child. Dr. Holländer bids us look at it again. We are back at Wassen; but science, in her spiral ascent, has lifted us so high that we look down on a toy village, little brown roofs and little green trees taken out of a box and set up to amuse a baby.

Nevertheless, if a man will give all his life to one set of doctrines, he is bound to collect many facts that are of more value than his doctrinal system. From the wreck of Gall's work, Dr. Holländer has saved many well-recorded cases of localised injury or disease of the brain with exaggeration or diminution of this or that one function; cases such as led to the discovery of the speech-centres. And he has added to them, by patient collecting, the published records of many hundred similar cases. Some of these cases carry conviction with them; for instance, those of voracious appetite, and those of kleptomania, after injury or disease limited to one part of the brain. And he scores a point, by drawing attention to the correspondence of certain psychical states after injury with certain complex muscular movements with which the injured part is known to be concerned. He deals in the same way with cases of melancholia, and of violent mania, and of mania with delusions of persecution; but these cases require careful sifting, and the criticism of experts, who will be able to produce rebutting evidence. Other cases, concerned with certain special memories, as of words, music, numbers, colours, and the like, are convincing, and of an importance recognised not by Dr. Holländer alone.

This is true phrenology, in the Greek sense of the word ; it has nothing to do with bumps. Dr. Holländer does not put kleptomania where Gall put the love of *chiperies*, and he puts mania with suspicion far from the place where Gall put circumspection ; he would like to ignore the cranial side of things, he has no admiration of the shilling bust ; and the sooner he throws over popular phrenology, the better for him and for everybody. He must weed his cases, for some of them are worthless ; he must have less faith in himself, and in dull machine-made psychology, and in "fireside pathology." There is in his book abundant material for a good clinical essay ; let him write that, and submit it to men who are judges of the subject. He has contributed to the study of the mental changes in certain cases of localised injury or disease of the brain ; let him forswear psychology, and craniology, and all rodomontade, and spare us his assurance that his book "may possibly have an important bearing upon the entire development of mental science, on the study and treatment of lunacy, on the education of the young, the precocious alike, and the feeble-minded, on moral reform, the diminution of crime, and many other problems affecting the well-being of the community."

For there is but one way of studying the brain, and it is the way of science. Swinging and circling up, science ever returns to that study at a higher level ; it cannot get away from it, but every time it contemplates it from a clearer air. Only, there is no stop at any Göschenen ; for the pass is of infinite height. And there is no run-down into fields and vineyards of Italy ; no solution, for science, of the everlasting problem that the brain offers to thought. Far away, miles below, Wassen dwindles and fades ; clouds and mist come and go, blurring the valley and the mountains ; always, above the clouds, the unfathomable sky.

STEPHEN PAGET.

## THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN SCHOOLS OF COMPOSERS.

### I.

A faint far horn was blown—  
I listened—and the hollow North  
Grew thunderous and sweet with sound.

Two tendencies propel the modern movement in Art—Nationalism and Cosmopolitanism. To discuss which is the superior of these would assuredly be futile. The one is indeed the outcome of the other, for the greatest works of art, the highest products of human genius, have always been first of all individual and national, and unswervingly true to the soil of their birth, whilst the crucial test of their greatness has been the fact that they have become cosmopolitan and universal. As the oak is virtually contained in the acorn, so the universal importance of a noble feeling and thought is contained in the national significance. Nowhere is the striving after nationalism more apparent in our day than in music. The student finds himself confronted by an English school, a Russian school, a Bohemian school, a Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish school, all as widely differing in their character as do their respective nationalities. The last three mentioned schools might, however, be conveniently grouped under the heading Scandinavian.

Amongst Scandinavian musicians, nationalism strikes us as distinctly predominating over individuality. These composers reveal not so much their own personalities, but rather the physical and geographical aspects of their countries. Their chief worth and charm, in fact, lie in the unconscious spontaneity and the simple sincerity with which they express the beauties and realities of nature, exactly as these come within their range of vision. Their own individual longings and aspirations seem held in abeyance, and their music comes to us permeated and enveloped in the spirit and atmosphere of their countries' landscape and scenery.

It is this geographic, climatic element which can render Scandinavian music so wonderfully graphic and picturesque. It imparts to its tones a bracing, open-air breeziness of expression, a pungency recalling the mingled scents of pine and beechwood, of fir and balsam-willow, which greet the traveller as he nears the fjords, fjelds, or hafens of the Scandinavian coasts. A certain impetuous freedom is moreover to be observed in most Scandinavian music which betokens the struggles of generations, not



against human oppression, but rather against the rigours of climate. There is nothing languorous about the Scandinavian composers; at times they evince what one can only term a frugality and reserve of emotion. Their style is wanting in the lavishly embroidered themes and arabesques which characterise the great Russian school of composers, for instance, and they remind us of the hardy sons of a soil that requires careful tillage and husbandry before it will yield so much even as the bare bread of existence.

Such "nature" music as theirs, too, is worthy of a race descendant from the old Vikings and fierce seafaring Northmen, whose rude appreciations of the beauties of storm, sea, mist, sunshine, or rainbow gave birth to one of the grandest and most imaginative mythologies the world has ever known. A mythology which is based much more upon nature itself than upon humanity, and which first represented man as an elm, woman as an ash; the two growing side by side upon a green earth rising out of a vast ocean spanned by a glittering rainbow; and yet a mythology claiming, in direct opposition to all this poesy of nature, a prosaic and materialistic paradise consisting of a Valhalla where fighting and feasting constituted the highest forms of enjoyment. Thus the musicians of the three representative branches of the Scandinavian race are at one in their worship, nay, their idolatry of nature, and at one also in their manifestations of nature in their art. But each of them seeks, above all, to express himself in his own native tongue, and inasmuch as the natural features of the three countries which comprise Scandinavia have their essential differences, so also the works of the exponents of these three schools of music have their radical distinctions.

## II.

Denmark is, geographically speaking, the nearest to Germany of the Scandinavian group of countries; and physically it has much affinity with its Teutonic neighbour, and also, it might be added, with England. The Danish landscape is less wild, less romantic than that of either Norway or Sweden, but it possesses nevertheless its own quiet characteristic charm. It is a land of undulating cornfields and rich pasture lands, alternated with fruitful orchards or dark beech forests sloping in shady stillness down to the sea's edge. The inhabitants are a pleasant, homely people, industrious, intelligent, cheerful, and eminently hospitable. Of the gloomy fatalism and restless self-communing epitomised by Shakespeare in *Hamlet* as the keynote of the national character, there is but little trace in the contemporary Dane. Neither is there any ring of sadness in the national songs. These are

simple, gay little ditties, with a smooth, well-balanced rhythm, and plain, dominant-tonic harmonies. They are more often major than minor, and their words are usually reminiscences of the delights of the chase, of war, or of seafaring.

The two musicians who first thought of introducing these melodies into their compositions were the Germans Weyse and Kuhlau (of sonatina fame), who settled in Copenhagen in the early part of the nineteenth century. They were both of them industrious music manufacturers, chiefly of opera, and they used the national song merely in a *pot-pourri* style, without ever catching its true inspiration. Their prolific effusions are probably long since eliminated from Danish opera-houses. It was only with the advent of Niels Gade (1817-1890), and the still more important J. P. E. Hartmann (1805-1900), that two definitely Danish composers may be said to have arisen. They appeared at a time when Leipsic was the musical "Mecca" of the whole of Europe—Russia excepted. Mendelssohn's fame was then at its zenith, and his influence for the moment threatened to swallow up and engulf any individual strivings elsewhere. Schumann, ever ready to welcome new talent, has a fanciful passage somewhere in his delightful *Musik und Musiker*, where he greets the newcomers, and is quick to note the new national element in their work. Of Gade, however, it cannot be gainsaid that he always remained to a great extent under German, and more especially Mendelssohnian, influence; he is national, though in so far that his music has the naïve freshness and delicate touch which captivate us in the writings of his compatriot Hans Andersen, certain passages in some of his symphonies or overtures, together with many of his bewitching little "aquarellen" for the piano, might well have been inspired by Andersen's "Märchen." Niels Gade had a brilliant career, and his compositions had already won him popularity long before his death.

Turning from Gade to Hartmann, we find music of an altogether more original, bolder stamp. Hartmann began composing as a child, and remained active in production almost up to the day of his death at the ripe age of nearly ninety-five. His early efforts were in nowise remarkable for their distinctive nationality, and it was not until about 1840 that he clearly betrayed his Danish blood in a delightful little two-act opera, *Liden Kirsten* ("Little Christian"). The fine overture to Oelenschlager's tragedy *Hakon Jarl* and his funeral march in memory of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen were produced about the same time, and all three works may be said to be impregnated with the spirit of the Danish people. Their tone is simple, yet noble and dignified and absolutely sincere. From the date of the appearance of *Liden*

*Kirsten*, Hartmann never hesitated in pursuing his independent national course. He repudiated once and for all the classic traditions to which a Leipsic training might have caused him to adhere, and avowed himself to be a national romanticist. His ideas were mostly cast in the large and expansive direction which demands an orchestra and chorus for their fulfilment.

His chief work is his *Wölwen's Prophecy*, for male chorus and orchestra, the text being a fragment from one of the most famous Eddas. In the beginning, the "Wölwen," a mysterious female conception, broods over the destiny of the gods, with a questioning, tender melancholy. The dawn of Christianity dimly rising dooms their supremacy, and the action of the music alternates between chorus and orchestra, depicting with an extraordinary dash and vigour of rhythm and harmonic effect the contending elements of evil and hatred rife amongst gods and men. Gradually, however, a beneficent prophecy of the "Wölwen" triumphs, all is once more gentleness and peace. "He comes, who shall judge all and end all strife and bitterness, and He shall declare what is holy and good to the whole world." Hartmann's *Wölwen's Prophecy* is perhaps the most important musical embodiment of the spirit of the Viking race which has yet been heard. He had not Wagner's epoch-making, scientific genius; but for all that he approaches far nearer to the primitive rugged simplicity of these semi-divine, semi-human heroes than Wagner succeeded in doing in his *Nibelungen Trilogy*. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear *Wölwen's Prophecy* well rendered by native performers easily grasp the significance of the phrase, "dark and true and tender is the North."

Hartmann wrote some chamber music and some very charming and characteristic ballet music. Also, *The Golden Horn*, a melodrama in the original sense of the term, i.e., words spoken to music, as remodelled from the Greek by the Frenchman Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of which interesting modern examples exist in Schumann's *Manfred*, Grieg's *Bergliot*, Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, and the *Enoch Arden* of Richard Strauss.

A Danish composer who has, if we may so express it, hybridised the art-song from the folk-song with exquisite charm is Lange-Müller. A whole list of gems might be quoted from this musician's ballads, contained in several volumes, not unworthy of a place beside the lyrics of Schubert and Robert Franz; two may be specially cited: *The Youth*, and a setting of Ibsen's *Einar and Agnes*.

To the names of Niels Gade, Lange-Müller, and J. P. E. Hartmann may be added those of the latter's son Emil Hartmann, August Enna, Otto Malling, Paul Heise, and L. Schytte. The

last-mentioned is fairly well known amongst English amateurs, but very little if anything by the others has as yet been heard in England; nor are their names so much as included in any musical dictionary. They are all comparatively young men, enjoying the full plenitude of their mental and emotional prime. They have so far distinguished themselves chiefly in chamber music, in opera, and in some beautiful songs. They represent a complete little Danish school, as narrow in its numbers as are the limits of the country which gave them birth, but nevertheless truly meriting to be reckoned as a "school" on account of the independence of thought and the single-hearted straightforwardness exhibited by its members.

### III.

Sweden is especially a land of song, its people being mostly endowed with good voices; and it is a country which has frequently given to the world distinguished singers, of whom Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson are two memorable examples. The Swedish folk-songs are amongst the most beautiful known. The influence of geography and climate is evident; the Swedish tune breathes the spirit of scenery neither so heroic, nor so dramatic, nor so mysterious as that of Norway, but with a vein of true poetry made visible now in its rushing streams, or anon in the calm of its silvery lakes, blue and glittering in the summer sunshine, icebound and grey in winter when the rhythmic whirr of the skater's blade is heard on every side. In some of the Swedish melodies we now and then catch a strain of melancholy, but for the most part they are merry and arch, full of happy little shakes and trills very similar to the folk-songs heard in the Tyrol; of this latter type are the melodies of Dalecarlia, the Swedish province so well described by George Sand in her *L'Homme de Neige*.

There are many fine choirs and choruses established not only in the principal Swedish towns, but also in the outlying country districts. Two of the best associations of this kind are the "Orfen Drängar" (Lads of Orpheus) at Upsala, and "Bellmann's Chorus" at Stockholm. The folk-song is a cherished and important item in the repertory of every choir, and, possibly as an outcome of the attention devoted to vocal music in Sweden, the most prominent characteristic of the modern Swedish composers is their lyricism. They have all written numbers of very beautiful and essentially vocal songs, and most of them have turned to lyric drama. Sweden, like Denmark, has during the last few years become possessed of a national subsidised opera, and Swedish composers therefore have ample encouragement for the furtherance and development of an operatic school. The impetus thus given is

apparent in Wallström's operas, *The Mountain King*, *The Gnome's Bride*, and *The Voyage of the Vikings*, which have become favourites during the last decade. Hallén is another composer who has won himself recognition by his *Harald the Viking* and his *Waldemars Katten*; and yet another powerful opera is Stenhammer's *Tirfing*. The titles of these works sufficiently indicate their national subjects and the local colour with which the music is always in close sympathy.

Amongst Swedish composers of an earlier date are A. Lindblad (1801-1878), a song composer, who wrote many of his songs expressly for Jenny Lind, who was for a time his pupil. Lindblad's style is very original, and at the same time he knew exactly how to *faire valoir* the voice, if we may borrow an untranslatable French term. "Near and Far," "A Young Girl's Morning Mood," "The Song of a Dalecarlian Maid," "She Sings No More," "The Little Chimney Sweep," or "A Wedding March," are all fine examples of his art, which though small in scope is yet quite perfect of its kind. Equally national but more versatile than Lindblad was Auguste Södermann (1832-1876). His vocal quartette, "Elt Bond Bröllup" (a peasant's wedding), a spirited work full of sparkling themes and melodies, is constantly performed throughout all Scandinavia. Södermann wrote operettas, masses, and a quantity of incidental and vocal music; it was in the latter that he particularly excelled.

Following the national trend of these, there is at present a select *coterie* of Swedish musicians, all in the full vigour of musical activity and creativeness. Amongst them may be quoted August Körling, Wilhelm Peterson Berger, Ludwig Norman, Lennart Lundberg, Lindström, Gustav Geijer, Ballmann, Dannström, and Sjögren. Of this group the only one whose works are familiar to the generality of English concert-goers is doubtless the last-mentioned, whose interesting chamber-music as well as his symphonies and songs appear from time to time upon London concert programmes.

#### IV.

The Norwegian is of the three schools the most prolific in composers. The works of these are, as a whole, far more difficult of analysis than the compositions of their neighbours. The Norwegian music is more complex than that of the Danes, and infinitely more melancholy than the generality of Swedish utterances. In the Norwegian folk-songs we at once perceive certain germs which could help produce the musical genius of a Grieg. The most important collection of these popular melodies is that of Lindemann, which consists of over 500 examples. After study-

ing these continuously for some weeks there lingers in one's memory a curious mingling of impressions; the mind retains a strange, mixed sense of turbulence, dreariness, fierceness, resignation. The Norwegian tune is absolutely primitive in structure, but of extraordinary complexity of spirit. Here, again, the environment of geography and climate seems to have dived deep into the very soul of the Norwegian people. Their songs are a faithful reflex of a land of abrupt physical contrasts. They depict the intensified radiance of a brief Norwegian summer, the pitiless severity of a winter in a snow-clad Norwegian valley. They suggest the swirls and eddies of a Norwegian stream or the jagged contour of a Norwegian mountain peak. Their rhythms have neither the even balance of the German *Volkslied* nor the undulations and curves of the Swedish songs; they are wayward and free, yet without those broad recitative cadences peculiar to many of the Russian folk-songs—cadences which never fail to remind the listener of the monotonous stillness and limitless space of a Russian steppe. No, the freedom of the Norwegian rhythm is contained in its quirkish skips and twirls, where we assuredly catch the echo of the Norwegian peasant's agile step as he hops in his hob-nailed boots through his favourite "Sprung-tanz" or "Halling"—a performance more conspicuous for its energy than for its grace. The Norwegian peasant, too, is highly imaginative. In default of human companionship, he peoples his lonely, sparsely-inhabited valleys with strange conversing animals or trolls; it is the texture which superstition has assumed in Norway, that lends to its popular music much of its drollery and elfishness.

One persistent feature in the Norwegian folk-song is its tendency to end sharply with, as it were, a note of interrogation. This is but another geographic phase in its construction. It obviously reveals a mountaineering people, who eagerly climb their hills longing to see what is on the other side, but who only reach higher and higher peaks, till at length, when they do attain the final summit, it is but to find themselves confronted with an expanse of horizon—a horizon which merely tells of the proximity of that restless ocean which has never yet answered a single questioning of man. There is something unfulfilled, unsatisfied, almost verging on rebelliousness in this abrupt cadence. How well Grieg has caught its spirit is familiar to all who have studied his music; it is one of his main characteristics, and it greets us, moreover, continually in other phases of Norwegian art—in some of the best dramas of Ibsen, for example, in which a final climax is avoided as if untrue to the lessons taught by life or by nature.

We have said that nationalism is decidedly more prominent

amongst Scandinavian musicians than is individuality. Grieg is, however, a conspicuous exception. Sincerely national, he is at the same time so distinct in his individuality that his compositions are absolutely unmistakable. He remains the central figure upon the arena of Scandinavian music. He was born in 1843, and, like Gade and Hartmann, he received a musical drilling at Leipsic, but belonging to a younger generation than either of these he was able to profit by their national bent. The starting-point in his career of nationality, though, was not so much their influence as the result of a chance meeting with Rikard Nordraak, a Norwegian musician who may be termed the father of the Norwegian school of music. Nordraak, unfortunately, died too young to see the results of the impetus which he gave to Norwegian compositions, but not before he had inspired Grieg with an enthusiasm equal to his own. "The scales fell from my eyes," remarked the latter; "through Nordraak I first learned to know the feelings of the people and my own nature. We conspired against any effeminate Scandinavianism mixed with Mendelssohnianism which still lingered in Gade's tones, and with joy we entered the new path along which the Northern school is now travelling."

Grieg's compositions, viewed as an entirety, may be said to be grafted upon the national songs of Norway. Nothing would have been more remote from his methods than anything savouring of *pot-pourri* variations; but he presents to us in his music a picture of the Norwegian landscape, and assimilates the spirit of the Norwegian people as only a simple son of Norwegian nature could do. His fancy has led him towards smaller forms than the grandiose types which attracted Hartmann. Thus opera, oratorio, symphony have never allured Grieg; it is in the suite, the song, or in chamber-music that he chiefly delights and is at his best. He is elfish, freakish, rugged, abrupt in his style, but always sincere and genial. He has been frequently styled the "Chopin of the North," but the essence of the genius of the two composers is so utterly apart that the title is scarcely a happy one. It is true that the music of both composers is equally small and perfect in *genre* and finish. Both, too, have used the native folk-tones and dance-rhythms of their respective countries, but if the national melodies of Poland are at the root of Chopin's music, it is nevertheless undeniable that this same music blossomed and reached its full perfection in the midst of Parisian *salons*, and it is when heard in a polished, cultured *entourage* that Chopin's compositions always seem in their right element. As Schumann put it: "Only princesses and countesses ought to take a part in Chopin's dances." Grieg, on the contrary, one would best like to hear in some remote Norwegian village. A crowded concert-hall

always strikes us as forming an incongruous background to such rustic strains. Chopin, it must also be granted, was pessimistic to the point of being morbid; Grieg, on the other hand, though often melancholy, has too much healthy vitality and freshness about his tones for them ever to become pessimistic, much less morbid. He is in close sympathy with contemporary leaders of Norwegian literature, especially with Bjørnsen and Ibsen. The naïve simplicity of the former, and the strange blending of realism and mysticism in the latter, are all traits which apparently find vibrating echoes of kindred feeling in Grieg. His wealth of harmonic invention almost defies analysis; an excellent type of his style in miniature is his song "A Swan"—a setting of words by Ibsen. Its form and structure are of the simplest. Throughout its thirty-one bars one single modulation for the voice occurs; the accompaniment, whilst it has a basis of plain, dominant-tonic harmony, modulates—and mostly chromatically—at every bar, nay, even at every beat. The effect, albeit harsh and rugged, is at the same time singularly fascinating and alluring. To future generations of students, Grieg's music will probably become a valuable product in the science of harmonic progressions: no living composer surpasses him in fertility and grip of harmonic technique; and he is only equalled, perhaps, by the German Richard Strauss and the Russian Rimski-Korssakov.

Three years Grieg's senior is Johann Svendsen, an eminent Norwegian violinist and conductor, who has written several excellent symphonies and other orchestral works, also some good chamber-music and songs. Svendsen has a smooth, flowing style, and, without equalling Grieg in boldness and originality of harmony, he has still a true poetic fantasy and inspiration. He has been much in Iceland and the Faroë Isles, and has made frequent and deft use of Icelandic themes and melodies. His best known work here is probably his romance in G for violin and orchestra. It is to the credit of Norway to possess a very remarkable woman composer, Agatha Backer-Grøndahl, whose merits are, with the general consent of her countrymen, placed upon a level with those of Grieg. Without being in any way an imitator, she has much the same quiet humour and drollery as Grieg. But the highest praise that one can bestow upon Agatha Backer-Grøndahl is, perhaps, that her music is undoubtedly written by a woman. In this respect her genius may be justly compared with that of Mrs. Browning or of Madame Lebrun. Her compositions are chiefly for the voice or piano. She has succeeded in defining the line which separates the effeminate from the feminine, and her compositions are instinct with those feminine qualities of grace, sweetness, and charm with which women, strangely enough, rarely can



or will imbue their art creations; and, moreover, the national note echoes and re-echoes through her work. But she catches the dreaminess and stillness of certain phases of Norwegian nature rather than their more robust and boisterous effects.

Did space permit, one would like to dwell upon the exquisite songs by Kjerulf; the brilliant dances of the Norwegian "Strauss," Per Lasson; or the chamber-music of Sinding; as well as the works of Halvorsen, Selmer, Elling, Haarklon, Ole Olsen, or Holter, names familiar upon every Scandinavian programme. The music of native composers is much in vogue in Scandinavia, and the praise and encouragement vouchsafed them by their immediate public appear to be the only guerdon they seek; few of them looking for notoriety further afield.

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If, as has been already suggested, the crucial test of excellence in the greatest works of art lies in the fact of their becoming cosmopolitan and universal, then is Grieg the solitary one amongst this Scandinavian group of composers who has as yet reached this summit of fulfilment. But it must be remembered that the so-called national movement in art is of recent growth, and even in these rapid times of telegraphs and telephones the progress of art-appreciation moves slowly and in comparatively small circles. To really grasp the significance of the musical movement in Scandinavia we must not merely have hurried through the country by rail and boat, but have sojourned for some time in its midst, and pierced the outer shell that environs the thought and passion of its peoples. Then assuredly the message of Scandinavian music comes to us with all the force of an unexpected revelation. And its under-current of healthy energy and vigour supplies, so to speak, the same tonic to our ears and minds that the Scandinavian scenery and air afford to our eyes and bodies.

A. E. KEETON.

## THE LAST GIFT.

Terrible  
Are common things, dreadful and strange  
Beyond all else are Man and Woman,  
Death and Birth and Time and Change  
And that which is unchanged.

So when at last the Great Inventor  
Marvellous Man had consummated,  
Man, the ingenious toy,  
He found after all He had ill created,  
" Nothing I give may Man enjoy,"  
He said—and was vexed—" With Pain at the root,  
Life the blossom and Death the fruit,  
This work of mine is flawed at the centre.  
I made it and will destroy."  
" Why?" asked the Spirit who contemplates.  
" Because on his perilous Good there waits—  
And Man must perceive—as a shadow Ill?  
I know a remedy. Grant him still  
Another gift after many given—  
The body its Earth and the mind her Heaven.  
Give him a power which is mighty above  
Wisdom and Beauty, Courage and Love,  
A gift from the gods forever hid,  
A charm to baffle the hounding Fates,  
Yea from himself to set him free—  
Give him, O Maker, Stupidity!"  
This the Maker did.

And Man complete went forth to climb  
Bravely the giddy stair of Time.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

# NOSTALGIA.

BY

GRAZIA DELEDDA,

*Author of "Cenere," &c.*

*Translated by HELEN HESTER COLVILL.*

PART III. (*continued*).

## CHAPTER VI.

ONE evening, however, they were walking alone together towards Acqua Acetosa. Making a short cut to the Viale della Regina, they crossed certain narrow lanes beyond Porta Salaria, and Regina suddenly stopped before an *Osteria* (tavern).

A bright interior was visible through an open doorway. At the far end of the room was a glass window coloured by the declining sun, and against this luminous background passed and repassed, light-footed and black, a couple of dancers, dancing to the strains of a husky concertina. A girl, pale and thin, but bright-eyed, was seated by the door, her arm on the corner of a table, her fair hair mixing in with the shining background. She was something like Gabriele, and dressed like her in a pink blouse. For a moment Regina thought it was she.

"Why, look! there's Gabriele!"

"So it is," replied Antonio.

They drew nearer. The girl got up, thinking them customers. She was half a foot taller than Gabriele. The couple went on dancing, black and light against the orange brilliance of the window, and Regina and Antonio passed on. They were speaking of Gabriele. From that instant Regina felt a vague perturbation; but she had no idea of beginning a hateful discussion. She said, almost involuntarily:—

"One of these days I mean to bring that poor girl with us. I hardly ever see her, but I do so pity her. She coughs incessantly."

"She is a poor thing; consumptive, I fancy," said Antonio. "You shouldn't let her kiss Caterina. But why is it you don't see her?"

"Because she's ill-natured. She does nothing but observe people and take away their characters."

By force of old habit, Antonio held Regina's hand in his as they walked. Before them spread the *Viale*. Visions of depths of the

Campagna, vivid in its pure spring green, appeared in the distance to right and left through the motionless plane trees, against a pearl-grey sky shot with colours from the sinking sun. The gardens were overrun with roses and lilies, whose fragrance mingled with the scent of herbs and of strawberries. Now and then a carriage went by and vanished into the distance of the deserted *Viale*.

"Who was it told me the same thing of Gabriele?" asked Antonio.

"Marianna, perhaps?" suggested Regina, sharply.

"I believe it was."

"She's just the same herself. One's no better than the other; that's what makes them friends."

"Oh, there's no one like Marianna," said Antonio, and looked away into the distance.

Then, in one second, flashing and following each other like lightning, a succession of ideas started up in Regina's mind. She would have snatched her hand from Antonio, but fancied he might guess her thoughts from the action, and she stiffened herself to endure the contact. She stiffened in appearance, but her heart was beating violently, two, three, ten, many strokes;—the hour had come!

It seemed to her that someone, some mysterious being, black in the sunset brilliance, had passed by smiting her heart with a hammer. And her heart awaked from the evil stupor of the long oppression. Now she could arise, shake herself, walk; walk, breathe, cry aloud; live, and make a supreme effort to rid herself of the shadow, of the weight of the incubus. Or else she must fall again under that weight, under that black shadow, and must die.

From day to day Regina had expected this hour of conflict, yet from day to day she had put it from her like a bitter cup.

Now it had come, and she felt a mysterious fear. Again she would have wished to put it off; but a strange impulse, what seemed an instinct of self-preservation superior to her will, clutched her and forced her to speak.

She remembered none of the words prepared for weeks and months; only Antonio's sentence about Marianna gave her a thread to which she clung desperately, as to a thread which would guide her out of the dark labyrinth.

She had turned and turned in the maze of the evil dream, but she had come back to the precise point where she had stood on the day of catastrophe.

"No," she began, in a toneless voice; "you cannot guess how malignant Gabriele is. Oh, much more than Marianna! Marianna sees, and sometimes at least says nothing. But Gabriele—— If you can bear it, I will tell you something, Antonio."

He turned round and looked at her. She looked at him. It seemed as if for that moment they understood each other without more words. However, she went on.

"You will be patient?"

He looked straight before him, indifferent, too indifferent.

"Go on."

"Gabrie says you are Madame Makuline's lover."

He reddened. Anger deformed his face. He dropped Regina's hand and flung it from him, opening his lips with gestures of astonishment and wrath.

"She said that to you?" he cried.

His voice resounded in the silence of the road.

"She told me, yes."

He stood still. Regina stood still. Her heart beat. His hands, hanging down, groped as if trying to lay hold of something. The gesture is customary with actors at the dramatic moments of their part. Regina feared that Antonio acted his part too well. Then she thought, forcing herself to be just:—

"If he is innocent, it's natural he should be upset."

"And you, you——" he burst out, "did not strike her? You actually thought of bringing her with us to-day!"

"Antonio," exclaimed Regina, looking at him with feigned surprise, "you promised to be patient!"

"But it's abominable!" he said, lifting his hands. "How do you suppose I can be patient? If you are joking, let me tell you it's a hideous joke. If what you tell me is serious, I am astounded at your calm."

His face paled rapidly as if with rising rage, but it paled too much; it became almost grey.

Regina did not move an eyelash, so narrowly she was watching him. She saw that his agitation was real, but she did not know, could not find out, its precise cause. For some moments, however, the strong desire that Antonio should not belie his indignation induced in her a wave of joy. She abandoned herself to it. It was not mere desire, it was certainty of having been deceived! Yet—an inexplicable thing happened; the hope of having been deceived did not restore her kindness. She became cynical—cruel.

"Come!" she said, with bitter gaiety, "why should I be angry? why should I strike Gabriele? Suppose she had told me the truth? Let's walk on," she added, trying to take his arm again.

But he repulsed her, and remained standing.

"Let me alone! What do you mean by the truth?"

"The fact that everyone believes it, without daring to tell me, as she dared——"

"Everyone believes it? But—Regina, do you believe it?"

"I also!"

"Listen to me," he said, indignant again, but with an indignation different from the first—deeper, more scornful—"listen to me! Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Walk on," she said, moving, but not trying to take his arm this time; "don't let us make a scene in the middle of the street."

And she walked on, blind, all involved again in the fearful shadow from which she had thought herself freed. The momentary hope

was over. Why? She did not know. Can one know why the sky becomes suddenly covered with cloud?

Antonio's attitude was that of a man who is offended. He followed her, scarcely a step behind, and repeated, mechanically:—

"You ought to be ashamed——"

She was no longer able to abandon herself to her ardent desire of believing him innocent. She could not! Could not!

"Everyone believes it?" repeated Antonio, walking by her side, but not touching her. "And you tell me in this way, in the street, suddenly, as if it were a joke! And you, you believe it yourself! And you speak of it like this!"

"How would you have me speak of it?"

"At least you should have spoken sooner."

"Perhaps I heard it to-day, a little while ago, for the first time."

"That's impossible! You were too calm a little while ago!"

"One can pretend," she said, with a forced smile, which furrowed her cheek like a sign of pain.

"A little while ago?" he repeated, closing his hand and shaking it on a level with her face. "Then why do you say everyone believes it? Have you just learned that too? Did you hear it from that—that—I don't know what to call her—there is no word!—And you—you aren't ashamed to demean yourself to such scandalmongering with a creature like that, a degenerate—— You——" he continued, forcing himself to scorn, "you, the superior woman, the exceptional fastidious woman, the great lady—the great lady!" he repeated, raising and coarsening his voice.

Then Regina fired up. Sombre redness made her face from forehead to chin a circle of fire; in their turn her hands were agitated in tragic gesticulation.

"Antonio, hush!" she said, not looking at him. "What do you expect? Life is like that—stupid and vulgar. The most horrible things are revealed by the gossip of silly women, and whole dramas are played on the high road in the course of an evening walk. It wouldn't do if that happened in a novel! The author would be accused of vulgarity, if not of nonsense. In real life, on the contrary, see what happens. The grand lady goes to a garret in Via San Lorenzo to discover the cause of her unhappiness; the superior woman comes out into the street to——"

"Regina, have done! have done!" cried Antonio. "You reason too much and too coldly for you to believe what you are saying. No, it is not true! You do not believe it! Tell me you don't believe it!"

And he tried to take her arm, but this time it was she who repulsed him.

"Let me alone! That is what you men are! If I had been another woman, another sort of wife, I should have lain in wait for you at home, like a tigress in her lair. I should have made a scene,

one of those scenes called *strong*, which are so pleasing at the theatre or in a novel. Whereas, I have spoken to you quite quietly. I repeat a thing which everyone is saying, and I ask nothing better than that we should laugh at it together. But you—you begin with noisy words, '*aren't you ashamed,*' and '*scandalmongering,*' and '*the great lady.*' Yes, certainly, I am a lady; more of a lady than those other women. It is just that I don't value conventionalities; that is the calamity."

"Then would you prefer me to be silent? Is that it? Don't torment me like this, Regina! In my opinion it would have been better to have this scene at home. Well, your jealousy is the last straw——"

Regina laughed. Her laugh was genuine but strident, hoarse, as if proceeding out of rusty iron.

"My dear, you are raving! Jealousy! Come, not that!"

"Why did you say you believed it?"

"Did I say so? Surely not."

"I tell you, you did say it."

"I said I believed people believed it."

"I don't think so," he protested. "Well, 'people' are always malicious."

"That at any rate is true. People are malicious. You see, our position has changed; we are living comfortably in spite of our slender income, so at once people hatch a scandal. The very excuse you make that you have become a speculator just now, when you might have been one all along——"

"That is absurd!" interrupted Antonio. "I was a bachelor before, and had more money than I knew what to do with. Besides, you are supposed to have money of your own. No one knows that I began speculating by a mere chance——"

"What has all this to do with it? The world has no need to know our affairs. Chance!" she repeated, her face darkening as she remembered the "*chance*" in which she had so childishly believed, while instinct had warned her of fiction, fiction clever but thin, like the invention in a novelette.

"What do you mean?" she went on, reassailed by a stifling wave of rage and suspicion. "The world is malicious just because every day, every hour these strange chances are happening. You know the background of life better than I do. Shame upon shame! How often have you not yourself pointed out to me smart young men who are living on their mistresses?"

Antonio made no answer, and she continued:

"So I said to myself, 'The appearance itself that we are not living merely on our fixed income, the excuse that you play, and have capital at your disposal in result of a game where, as at every game, one sometimes wins but sometimes loses, or the excuse that you are *that woman's* agent—confidential servant—all that has given rise to suspicion.' What do you expect?" she repeated for the third time. "The world is malicious. We—you—are seen for

ever going to that house. Everything is seen, commented on, suspected. Your own relations—do you think your own relations have no doubts, make no allusions? Why, a few days ago Claretta——”

Having reached this point, Regina became alarmed and silent. She felt herself saying things untrue, giving form to the phantasms of her suspicions. She had no wish to deceive. She wanted the truth. Was she to seek it with lies? No; the truth must be sought with truth. This was her desire, but she was unequal to achieving it. As during their nocturnal walk along the Po, that evening of Antonio's arrival, so now she felt a veil suspended between them. They saw, but could not touch each other—so near were they, yet so far, separated by the black veil of lies. Why continue this conversation woven of deceptions? Words, words! Cold, vain, vulgar words! The truth was in silence, or at least in those words which the lying lips were unable to shape. Regina reflected:—

“If I dare not speak my real thought, I who have nothing shameful to conceal, how can he speak his? It is useless to insist. He will not confess. None the less, we may come to an understanding. I will say to him, ‘Let us go back to living modestly as we did at first. Let us break off all relation with *that woman*, and it will shut people's mouths.’ He will understand. He will return to me purified by my silent pardon, by my delicacy. And it will be all over. How is it I never had this happy thought before?”

But she had no sooner formulated the “happy thought” than it seemed to her just one of her usual romantic ideas—a phantasy on a pleasant walk at sundown, along the paths of a spring landscape. Life was a different matter! Reality, naked and ugly, but at least sincere, was a different matter!—like an ugly woman who makes no effort to deceive anyone. Away, away with every veil! away with each stained garment! They must listen to each other; they must rend every disguise, even if it were generous and of the ideal.

While she was hurriedly weighing these thoughts in her mind, Antonio interrupted.

“And you knew all this and said nothing? Why did you say nothing? I can't make it out. Certain things have become clear—your ill-humour, your hints and insinuations, your obstinacy in not coming to Albano. But I cannot comprehend your silence. Ah! how hideous all this is! Hideous! Hideous! Certainly the world is malicious; its malice would be monstrous if it weren't ridiculous! We needn't pay attention to it! You are right; in a city like Rome, where anything seems possible, and nobody believes what is said——”

“No, we must pay attention to it,” said Regina; “just because in a city like Rome anything seems possible. It mayn't matter so much to me, but suppose the calumny should reach the ears of my mother, down there in that corner of a province, where the smallest things seem gigantic! My mother has had great sorrows, but none of them could equal this.”



"And do you suppose my mother wouldn't care just as much?" interrupted Antonio, piqued.

"No doubt she would. But it's for you to consider your mother, I mine! However, it shows you that even at Rome one must heed the clatter of tongues. If it were only you and I in face of that clawing animal, the world, I'd laugh at it. But, my dear, we aren't alone! Caterina will grow up. And if she were to know——"

At this he gave a cry almost wild.

"If she were to know! But has it been *my* fault?"

Again Regina felt as if a stone had struck her full in the face. Yes; if there was fault, it came home to herself! *She* was the mother of the evil which was stifling them. Antonio's cry was one not of defence, but of accusation.

She rebelled against it.

"I admit," she said, "the fault is not entirely yours. But neither is it all mine."

"Who's saying the fault is yours?"

"I have said it to myself a thousand times. Antonio, there is no reproach that I have not made to myself. How often have I not groaned, 'If I had not been guilty of that lightness of which I was guilty, Antonio would not have forced himself to change our position. He would not have become that woman's servant, not——'"

"You said it to yourself a thousand times?" he interrupted. "Do you mean you've been thinking of this for a long while? Why did you not first speak to me? Why? Why? That's what I require to know!"

"Oh, don't get angry again!" prayed Regina. "Why didn't I tell you? Because I didn't believe it."

"Do you mean you do believe it now? And that you waited to tell me till exactly now, to-day, at this moment?"

"I waited for an opportunity——"

"Nonsense! There was no lack of opportunities—worse ones even than this!

"I repeat I don't study conventionality. Another woman would have made a scene, conjured you sentimentally to swear the truth on the head of our child. I don't do such things. Once only I was betrayed into a piece of dramatic nonsense. Once was enough!"

"What has this to do with it?" he said, angrily. "You could have spoken just as you are speaking now. Well, speak on. Say again what you said a minute ago. You said that you reproached yourself a thousand times as having been the cause of this—calumny. What did you mean?"

"You aren't listening. I reproached myself for having involuntarily given birth to this calumny, by constraining you to become that woman's slave. It was natural people should be suspicious. They are suspicious also of men much richer and much less attractive than you. Madame got rid of the others, Cavaliere R—— and Signor S——, to make a place for you. Naturally, those men spoke

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ill of you. Probably they started it. However," she continued, returning to her first point, "remember, Antonio, that I repented of my caprice. Remember well. I gave up all my pretensions and follies and came home to you because I had at last understood that your love was all I required for happiness."

"You said so, I know. But I didn't believe you. You said it because you pitied me. I didn't want your pity, Regina!" he went on, drawing a deep breath, as if struggling with a sob. "Now it is I who am playing the sentimental part, saying that you had humiliated me over-much because I—had not tried to content you. Shall I follow your lead and say I am not like other men? Better or worse—who knows? I don't set up to be *superior*, as you do" (his voice shook with angry grief). "I'll call myself inferior, yes—a little *bourgeois*! How often have you not thrown that in my teeth! But for that very reason— What was I saying?"

Regina, overwhelmed herself by a strange mingling of grief and contempt, replied ironically:—

"You were saying that we are two beings unlike the rest of the world, a hero and heroine of romance, in fact. Perhaps some day Gabriele will pick us up, as one picks mushrooms!"

"At this moment, with your scornful superiority, you are a poisonous mushroom!"

Regina had been staring straight before her, with eyes lost in the luminous distance. Now she turned to look at him, ready to make a bitter reply. But she saw his face so grey and miserable she did not venture to speak. What, moreover, could she say? Why continue vainly to beat about the bush, talking of the edifice of their error, without daring to penetrate within it?

Antonio went on.

"Yes, you had humiliated me over-much! I must say it to you once straight out. After reading your letter I would have committed any crime only to free myself from the insulting weight of your reproaches. It was driving me mad. It was a degrading accusation which you had brought against me! And I wanted to get you back—as much out of pride as passion! To get you back, not by force, not by love, but by money. That was my obsession. Money—money at all costs! So I went and gambled. And I took the post which I did not particularly admire. I offered myself to Madame. That was my crime, because now I recognise that Cavaliere R— was only doing precisely what I did myself a little later."

Regina listened and was silent, but she shook her head. He was lying, still lying. He was accusing himself of venial errors to make her believe him innocent of his real sin. Lies—always lies; and yet—"

"I thought you had perhaps repented and would come home; but by this time I knew you! Your letter, your manner had revealed your character. You would come home to live with me, perhaps

resigned, perhaps not, but certainly unhappy. And I was ready to give my blood to prevent that! I wanted you happy. I loved you, Regina, just for your pretensions, which proved you the delicate, fastidious creature, above me by birth and by breeding. Who, you say, can know the dark secrets of his own heart? In a few days I had become another man. I dared to improve my position. I succeeded. And now you blame me for what I have done for you—only for you!”

Regina made no answer. He also kept silence, perhaps thinking her convinced. They went on a little way. A light-haired man, dressed like a Protestant minister, had come up with them, and walked by their side. Carts, laden with bottles, passed, and carriages going to Acqua Acetosa.

Regina thought:—

“He doesn’t want my pity. He was driven mad by humiliation! I see. Perhaps he thought I should come home only to torment him, and that presently I should desert him again. And I am still trying to persuade myself he is innocent! while he doesn’t even know how to keep up the lie! Yet he has been lying for two years, every day, every hour, every minute. How, how has he been able to do it? Well, and wasn’t I brooding over my project of flight secretly for days and for months? Was not that also treason? And are we not both lying now? Why all these vain words, these *sous-entendus*, if we are not each in turn trying to deceive the other? What is he thinking at this moment? What do I know of his soul, or he of mine? We have always mistaken each other, and we mistake more than ever at this moment. No, we do not know each other. We are more of strangers to one another than to that man passing along at our side. We have shared our bed and our board, we have a child, part of ourselves, and yet we are strangers! We are enemies—we offend each other; each in our turn, we hide that we may wound deeper!”

“Shall we go back by Ponte Molle, or by the way we went the last day?” asked Antonio.

“There might be a carriage down there, perhaps?” said Regina.

“To go back!” she thought, in profound desolation. “To take up our life of deception and shame! No, I will not! I will not! It must not go on!”

And at last she felt the courage to bring in the end that very day.

Her resolution calmed her. She seemed to lift her head, to open her eyes, to see again round her the beauties of Nature, the purifier. Just here the road broadened out. Never had she seen the Campagna so beautiful, so splendidly and magically coloured. It seemed a picture by a luminist painter—a green landscape with detached pines waving against the dazzling background of crimson and gold, an exaggeration of light, in whose intensity the figures of the passers-by, the half-naked vendors of the spa water, the mounted

soldiers, the beggars lying in wait at the cross roads, stood out like bronze statues.

Regina had taken her resolution, but at the cross roads it sufficed her to note the angry movement with which Antonio flung a coin to the beggars to understand that her husband was still offended, and to revive her forlorn hope of his innocence.

They took the short cut. Up and down, up and down by a little path, dark, fragrant, part warm grass, part sand. The Protestant pastor, who seemed uncertain of the way, followed them.

The sun was sinking, silver on the gold horizon, over the flushed grass; the shadows of the pines grew long; the eastern sky took opaque tones—the ashy violet of a pastel. For a moment Regina could have believed herself in the mountains. She could see no more than the path mounting through grass to the low summit, all green against the luminous void. Up and up! The free breath of spring restored the natural colour to Antonio's face. Spring is intolerant of ugly people. The countenance of the fair young minister became like a pink peony, scarcely opened.

But here they were at the low summit, and from it appeared the azure vision of the real mountains.

That day the picture of the Acqua Acetosa had a character almost biblical. Men were sleeping on the grass beside their carts, in which the load of flasks sparkled in the sun; women, children, many dogs, a little black donkey, were all so still as to seem painted on the green background of the Tiber; a line of scarce distinguishable sheep were coming down to the river to drink; boats rocked softly among the bushes of the bank. A soft breeze diffused the perfume of the flowering elders.

While Antonio and Regina were descending the steps cut out on the hillside, a carriage arrived laden with five foreign ladies wearing the usual impossible little hats made of one ear of corn, a poppy, and a bunch of gauze. The lady who got out last began a dispute with the driver.

"Everywhere these horrible foreigners!" said Regina, nervously, and let Antonio go down to the fountain by himself.

She made her way to the river-bank, far up beyond the excise official's hut. He was walking about before the tavern, and the point to which Regina advanced remained completely solitary. Low noises reached her, overpowered by the song of the larks and the music of a streamlet gurgling at the bottom of a cleft near by. In the hedge leaves rustled like the *frou-frou* of silk, and the elder-flowers, already over-blown but still sweet and rosy in the sun, leaned forward as if to listen to the gurgle of the water. Beyond the cleft a mass of greyish flowers covered the declivity; below, the Tiber rolled on, clear, calm, imperial. The reflection of the setting sun crossed an angle of the river, making an enormous, trembling, fiery serpent across the water, which seemed brought to a halt on its incandescent back. Sparkles of gold caught fire, went out, and

lighted up again, swiftly, irrepressibly, where the reflection of the sun terminated. Everything suggested the illusion of a fight between the water and the raging fire in the river's depths. Far off, where the sky grew pale, the water had conquered and was already spreading the solemn sadness of its ashy calm.

Of course, Regina thought of her own distant river. She sat on the rough grass of the declivity and waited.

Never had she felt quieter and stronger than at that hour. As over the river so over her soul, ashy calm was advancing, subduing the vain fire of passion. An old thought started afresh into her mind.

"Every hour will come. This one has come, and others, and others are on their way, and at last the hour of death. Why do we torment ourselves? My life and Antonio's from henceforth will be like a faded garment; yes, like this——!" she said, drawing round her feet the edge of her white but soiled dress. "Well? that means that we shall wear it more contemptuously, but also more comfortably, without considering it so much—thus!" she cried aloud, casting her skirt's hem away from her, over the rough, sand-covered grass.

She looked if Antonio were coming. For some moments he had been speaking with the owners of the five little hats. Then Regina saw him take them down, down, as far as to one of the boats moored at the bank. The boatman ran up, spoke with Antonio, and presently the boat laden with the five little hats was on her way to Ponte Molle.

Then Antonio looked round for his wife and came to her with his swift, light step.

"I put them in the boat partly that we might get their carriage," he said, throwing himself on the grass at her side. "I hope I haven't made you jealous, Regina, now you've begun at it!"

His voice was gay; too gay.

"On the contrary, I hope I have done with it," she said, coldly.

"If you have no objection, we will speak further and end the matter."

"Oh, I knew we'd have to go on! Well, speak!" he said, kicking at a branch of elder. "To begin with, tell me what were the allusions, the insinuations made by my cousin—by my relations—by everyone in fact—as a treat——"

Regina watched the nervous movement of Antonio's hand. Her eyes had again become sweet, soft, child-like, but with the sweetness of childish eyes when they are sad.

"Listen, dear," she began, and her voice also was sweet but sad; "don't let us fall into scandalmongering. If the thing isn't true, what does it matter? If it is true——"

"If it were true——" he interrupted, raising his head, while his hand still shook. Regina was silent, not looking up. "What would you do? Would you leave me again?"

She shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"*If it is true.* Then you are still supposing it! Ah, that's what I cannot endure, Regina! It means you don't believe me. It means the malicious words of some stranger have more value for you than mine!"

She was tempted to reply, "And are not you a stranger to me?" but dared not yet.

"Yes, yes! I see that's what it is!" he went on, despairingly. "Now this suspicion has got into your head, now, now you believe me no longer! But I hope to cure you, see! I *hope*. Begin by telling me everything. You ought to tell me, you ought, do you hear? It concerns your honour—everybody's honour. Tell me! tell me!"

She shook her head.

"What is the use?"

"Tell me all," he commanded. "There's a limit to my patience also!"

"Don't raise your voice, Antonio! The excise officer is there. Don't be so *small!*"

"Have done with your own smallness! I am small; yes, I'm small, and that's just the reason why I want to know! You see, you are driving me mad! Tell me! I insist!"

Regina turned and looked at him. Her eyes, large and melancholy, sparkled in the reflection of the sunset. Never had Antonio seen them more beautiful, sweeter, deeper. At that moment he was overpowered by some sort of fascination, and could not turn away from those eyes, burning and sad like the dying sun. Regina said:—

"And when I shall have told you everything you want to know, what will *you* do? How will you know, how do I know, if the things I have heard are or are not real allusions, evil surmises? or whether the doubt has not come of my own instinct?"

"But a few minutes ago you said you didn't believe it! I don't understand you, Regina!"

"And I, do I understand you? Can we understand each other? Think, Antonio, think. Have we ever understood each other? How do I know you speak the truth? How do you know I speak the truth? Look," she said, stretching her hand towards the Tiber: "we seem near to each other, while, on the contrary, we are distant as the banks of this river, which for ever gaze at each other, but will never come into touch!"

"For pity's sake, finish it!" he said, bitterly, but supplicatingly and humbly. "Be merciful, my dear, and don't torment me. Don't say these horrible things. It's very possible I don't understand you, but you, you *ought* to understand me. Let us discuss, let us see together what is to be done. I—I will do whatever you wish. Haven't I always done so? Am I not good to you? Do you say I am not good to you? Tell me what I am to do, but don't



doubt me! It's the last straw. If we lose our peace, our concord, what is there left for us?"

He spoke softly, humbly, almost sweetly, but with that sweetness one employs towards a sick and fractious child. He took her hand and laid it on his knee, and on it he laid his own. Regina felt his hand pulsing and vibrating, but its fondness no longer had power to stir her blood.

Yes, it was undeniable. He had always done her will. He was the weak one, and this was at once his crime and his defence. Yes, he was kind, too kind. He had given her in sacrifice not his spirit only, but his body; this miserable mortal flesh he had sold for her. He had given her all; he would still give her all. In a moment, if she demanded it of him, he would confess his shame. How could she have doubted it? Then she told him the whole story.

"Listen. One day I went to see Gabriele, who had been ill——"

## CHAPTER VII.

SHE told him all with brief, quiet words. She spoke softly, her eyes, her fingers resting on the embroidery of her dress. She seemed the guilty one, but dignified in her error, ready to be punished. She told of her doubts, how they had swelled and flamed. She repeated the reproaches she had made to herself, described her visions, her delirious cruelty, her suspicions, the dream, the presentiment, her intention of pardon.

Meanwhile the sun went down. The golden serpent withdrew to the shore, following the sparkling veil of victorious water. The river was divided into two zones—one of tender violet under the pale heaven of the east, the other blood-stained beneath the burning west.

But in water and sky the conflict was ended between the colours and the lights. All was unified and confounded into one supreme harmony of peace. The light had re-entered into the shadow; the shadow still sought the light. The pale water floated into the luminous zone, and the glowing waves retreated slowly towards a mysterious distance, beyond the horizon, whither the human gaze could not follow.

The crowd of grey flowers slept on, motionless on the declivity. The leaves were silent; everything had become drowsy, lulled by the simple song of the trickle in the depth of the miniature abyss.

And in all this harmonious silence, Regina, as she ended her tale, felt the solemn indifference of nature for man and for his paltry fortunes.

"We are alone," she concluded, taking suggestion from this impression of solitude and abandonment; "alone in the world of our sins, if there is really such a thing as sin. Let us pity, each in our turn, and renew our existence. If we are at war, who will help us? Our relations, our friends might die for us without their death bring-

ing our suffering one moment of relief. I once read of a husband who wished to kill his wife. At the moment he tried to wound her she—bewildered—flung herself on his breast, instinctively seeking his protection against the assassin. How often have not I, in those days of doubt, while—to my shame—I was spying upon you, while I was wrestling with the idea of turning to strangers that I might know—*know*—how often have I not felt the impulse to come to you, to pray you to speak, to save, to protect me! See! Nature herself is indifferent to us at this moment, while, perhaps, our whole future is being decided. Every atom, every sparkle, every wave runs to its own destiny without attending to us. We are alone; alone and lost. If we separate, where shall we go? and, moreover, if we did wrong, was it not precisely that we might not be separated?"

"But," said Antonio, with one last attempt at defence, "you once wished——"

And Regina felt a final touch of impatience. She was speaking as he ought to have spoken, and was he still resisting? What did he want?

"There's no good in beginning all over again!" she cried. "This is enough. It seems to me that already I am reasoning too much for you to understand that between you and me there is no longer room for reproaches."

"Yes, Regina," he sighed; "you reason too much, and that is what terrifies me!"

His eyes sank. He looked at his hand, raised it, and let it fall heavily on Regina's, which he had retained all this while on his knee.

"Why do I reason too much? Why are you terrified?"

"Because if you really believed in my guilt you would not speak as you are speaking. You speak like this because you do not believe it—yet——"

She felt her heart beat. He was right! But she summoned her forces and overcame herself.

"Look at me!" she commanded.

Antonio looked at her. His eyes were veiled in tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then it was true.

Regina had never seen her husband weep, nor had she ever imagined he could weep.

At that moment, when everything darkened within her, not in swift passing eclipse, but in unending twilight, a confused recollection came to her of something far-off—so far-off that for years and years it had not returned to her mind. She saw again a man seated before a burning hearth. This man crouched, his elbows on his knees, his face on his hands, and he wept; while a woman bent over him, her hand laid on his bald head.

The man was her father, the spendthrift; the woman her patient mother.

Was it a dream? or a reality of her unconscious infancy, far away,

forgotten? She did not know; but at that moment in the shadow of her soul a light appeared, rose-red like the reflection of the burning hearth in that distant picture of human error and of human pity.

She did not think of laying her hand on her husband's head as her mother had laid hers on the head of that father who, perhaps, had been more guilty than Antonio; but she remembered the serene and beautiful life of that woman who had fulfilled her cycle as all good women must fulfil theirs, 'mid the love of her children and for their sake. Never had the widow made those sad memories to weigh upon her children. If they suffered, as by law of nature all born of woman must suffer, the memory of her did not add to their grief, but softened it.

"And I, too," thought Regina, "must fulfil my cycle. Our child must never know that we have suffered and have erred."

So she must pardon; more than ever she must pardon! Like the waters of the river, she must pass silently towards the light of a horizon beyond the earth, towards the sea of infinite charity, where the greatest of human errors is no more than the remembrance of an extinguished spark.

They came home in the carriage left by the five foreigners. A tender and transparent twilight had fallen around and within them. Resigned to the Nostalgia of a light lost for ever, not joyous nor very sad, like husband and wife reunited after a long separation, they clasped each other by the hand, silently promising to help each other as one helps the blind. Thus they returned into the circle of the city and of the past.

\* \* \* \* \*

It seemed to Regina that a long time, a whole period of life had passed since she and her husband had stopped before the wayside tavern. But, returning, as their driver pulled up at the same place to light his lamps, she saw the girl in the pink blouse still sitting by the inside door, and the couple, light-footed and black against the background of golden glass, were at their dancing still.

THE END.

\* \* *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts ; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

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## Literary Supplement.

### SISTER BENVENUTA AND THE CHRIST CHILD.

#### AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LEGEND.

SOME sixty years ago, and shortly before its total extinction, the illustrious Venetian family of Loredan began taking steps towards the beatification of one of its members, a nun, who had died at Cividale in the year 1740.

The inhabitants of Cividale had indeed waited for no official confirmation of the blessedness of Sister Benvenuta Loredan, and a regular cultus, as well as an appropriate legend, were well known to exist in connection with her. Indeed, it would appear that the beatification of this young lady (who, during her worldly life, had been the third daughter of Almorò IV. Loredan Count of Teolo and Soave, and Fiordispina Badoer, his wife) had become advisable not only in recognition of her saintliness and miracles, but also to direct popular piety into authorised channels, and to prune away sundry fanciful beliefs and practices which had grown up unnoticed. For tactfully conducted ecclesiastical inquiries established that the Beata Benvenuta, as she was prematurely designated, had become the chief object of devotion to young children and their fond mothers in the town of Cividale.

In this capacity she had usurped the credit, and even part of the legend, of some of the oldest and best accredited saints in the Calendar. Thus it was proved beyond all doubt that the children of Cividale had ceased considering the three holy kings—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—as the purveyors of their yearly gifts, and laid out their shoes and stockings for the Beata Benvenuta to fill.

What was even graver, there had come to be attributed to her some of those venerable familiarities with the Infant Christ which are known for a certainty of St. Catherine, St. Anthony of Padua, and (according to certain worshipful hagiographers) of the seraphic St. Francis himself. While, on the other hand, she was credited with personal encounters with the Great Enemy of Mankind, such as are authoritatively ascertained only of St. Anthony, St. Nicholas of Bari, St. Dunstan, St. Theodora, St. Anaximander, St. Rodwald, St. Nilus, and a small number of well-known celestial champions flourishing in more remote periods of history. To this manifest disorder must be added that the yearly procession in honour of the Beata Benvenuta, so called, was conducted by children, mainly little girls, without any ecclesiastical guidance, and consisted in parading the town in wreaths and fanciful dresses of tinsel and variegated bits of stuff, singing childish songs and, it is even rumoured, taking hands and

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dancing, and eating certain small dough nuts made for the occasion. A similar kind of hard cake, stuck with toasted almonds, was sold throughout the streets of Cividale on May 15th, the anniversary of the so-called Beata Benvenuta's birth; which cakes were supposed to have the shape of the Infant Saviour in the arms of the young nun above-mentioned. And this day was also celebrated by an unusual display of puppet shows, whose owners claimed the Beata Benvenuta as their heavenly advocate, a statement requiring to be taken with the very greatest circumspection. But the circumstance most characteristic of the whole questionable business, and surely sufficient to warrant the introduction of supreme ecclesiastical authority, was that (as no one in Cividale could deny) the children were wont to employ in their games a rhyme for the purpose of counting, of which the first line contained the name of Beata Benvenuta Loredan, and the last that of the Devil.

Such were some of the reasons, besides the uncontested holiness of her life, and a respectable number of well-ascertained miraculous cures and deliverances, which rendered it urgent that steps should be taken towards the beatification of Sister Benvenuta Loredan of Cividale.

His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. lent a favourable ear to these reasons and to the commendable desires both of the noble house of Loredan (who defrayed all expenses) and of the few remaining nuns of the Convent of St. Mary of the Rosebush, both legitimately proud of so glorious a member respectively of their temporal and spiritual families.

But after some years of diligent inquiry, and much research into public and private archives, the matter of the beatification of Sister Benvenuta Loredan was allowed to drop, nor ever taken up subsequently. The perusal of the diary of Sister Benvenuta Loredan, contained amongst the documents of the case, may perhaps shed some light both on her real claims to beatification and on the reason why these claims were not officially admitted.

#### CONVENT OF ST. MARY OF THE ROSEBUSH OF CIVIDALE IN FRIULI.

*January 15th, 1740.*

I have been thinking and thinking how dreadfully dull it must be for our dear little Child Christ, always locked up in that Sacristy cupboard, which smells so of old wood and stale incense whenever it is opened. Except from Christmas Eve till Epiphany, when He lies in the manger under the High Altar, between the Ox and the Ass, and one or two great feasts when He is carried in procession, He is always in that press between the bits of saints' bones in cotton-wool, the spare vestments and the packets of waxlights; and the Sister Sacristan is always so careful to close everything! Once, soon after last Corpus Christi, she had omitted to lock the press, and I seized the opportunity to put a big bunch of damask roses in for the dear Bambino; I watched her take it out some weeks later.

hold it at arm's length with a sniff, and throw it into the dust-pan. And then I was glad I had not also put in one of those little round cakes, of fine flour and *vinsanto*, which Sister Rosalba, who is so proud of her uncle the Doge, baked for that holiday, according to a recipe of his Serenity's household.

If only I could get appointed Sacristan! But I am too young, and being lame prevents my getting on to the step-ladders. For all these reasons I have resolved that, being unable to talk freely to the dear Great Little One, I would write down the things which may divert Him, and put the sheets in the big hollow silver arm containing a finger-bone of St. Pantaleo, Bishop of Baalbek, whenever I have an opportunity of getting to that cupboard.

*January 20th.*

I have considered very earnestly, dear little Child Christ, whether it may not be carnal pride to suppose that I can amuse you at all, and whether I ought not to confess it. But our Confessor is a learned man; he has written a big treatise on the language spoken in Paradise before Adam's Disobedience (it seems it was a dialect of Turkish), and makes fine sonnets whenever there is a new nun, all printed on yellow silk, and handed round with the ices; our Confessor already thinks me such a silly person, and would only take snuff impatiently and cry, "Tut, tut! pray for a little wisdom, Sister Benvenuta." And then it is not vaingloriousness, nor a sin, for I do not in the least think I shall tell these things amusingly, with nobility of style, as the Mother Abbess would, or wittily, like old Sister Grimana Emo, who always makes me blush. It is simply that, however dull I am (and I was always a dunce) it will be less dull for the dear Little Great One than living always alone in that cupboard, with no company but the worms in the wood and those holy bits of bone in cotton-wool under glass bells

*January 31st.*

It cannot really be sinful vaingloriousness; for heaven would not have sent me so very soon something quite wonderfully interesting to tell my dear Great Little One. Oh, it's really wonderfully exciting! There is going to be a great entertainment on Shrove Tuesday. All the nobility of the town are invited, and there is to be a puppet show in the Parlour! We have to pretend not to know it until the Mother Superior tells us in Chapter. But we are all talking of nothing else. And so I must tell the Great Little Child Christ.

*February 4th.*

The showman had a long audience from the Mother Abbess the day before yesterday. They say he asked an extortionate price because this convent is so famous, and the sisters all required to have sixteen quarterings and at least a thousand ducats of dowry. But the Mother Abbess, who is a widow of the house of Morosini, beat him down with great dignity. I caught a glimpse of the showman:

he is an ill-favoured person, with a Bolognese accent, a cast in his eye, a red wig, and his stockings badly drawn. But Sister Rosalba, who has much worldly wisdom, says he is not ex-communicate, though he looks as if he were. We discussed whether the puppets of an ex-communicated person would therefore be ex-communicated puppets, and might or not be introduced into a convent. Sister Rosalba said a noble convent had privileges. The Sister Sacristan said that, at any rate, the Mother Superior had treated him with consummate dignity, and had warned him to try no tricks upon her.

*February 5th.*

Oh, dearest Bambino, if only I could show you the puppets! The man has brought them, against the performance next week, in order to give time for any changes, in case the Mother Abbess or our reverend Father Confessor should discover something sinful about any of them. The Mother Superior had them all in her private parlour to examine through a magnifying glass. Sister Grimana says our Confessor took exception to some of the ladies showing so much of their bosom; but our Superior, who is a woman of the world, answered that she was astonished that his reverence did not know that a Venetian lady is allowed by the laws of the Serene Republic to show exactly one-half of her bosom and no more, there being no immodesty in this proceeding. I do not understand much about such things; but it appears the Mother Abbess pointed out that it would be an unwarrantable criticism on the wisdom of the Republic and also on the noble ladies invited to the representation, if the puppets representing the parts of queens, princesses, and heroines had pieces of tissue paper arranged round their shoulders as the Reverend Father had suggested. I do not know about the bodices of the ladies; I only know how beautiful they are, and how I should like to show them to my dear Little Great One. For, after the examination in the Abbess's private parlour, the puppets were all brought back and hung on sorts of towel-horses in the corridor of St. Mary Magdalen, and all we sisters were allowed to look at them. Oh, dearest Bambino, if only I could bring you one or two! They have wires through their heads and strings to their hands and feet, ending in a big bobbin by which they are hung up. And when you pull the strings their little wooden hands move like forks, and their chins go down and their mouths open; and their arms and legs fling out and they clatter. That is not the proper way of using them, of course, but I can't do anything else. Sister Rosalba and old Sister Grimana hold them in the right way, with their heels, which are leaded (and some have lovely shoes with rosettes and some embroidered slippers like Turks) firmly against the floor, so that they are erect, and move along hitting the ground, and making wonderful movements with their arms, sometimes even across their back, which cannot be quite right, but, of course, I do not know. Some of them, a terrible Sclavonian, with a sash full of knives, big horsehair whiskers, and



a servant wench, particularly, got their strings entangled, and always would spin round and turn their backs to each other. But there was a Shepherdess and a hero with a blonde wig and a Roman dress, who were quite easy to manage, and the two sisters made them dance a minuet, Sister Grimana singing in a cracked voice until Atalanta Badoer, a novice, and my cousin, fetched a lute which had remained over from Sunday's musical Mass, and began to play a *furlana* beautifully. I thought, "Does my Bambino hear the music in His cupboard?" But some of the elder sisters reprimanded her and took the lute away. How I should like to bring the Shepherdess to show my dear Great Little One! I do not really like the puppets representing ladies, though they have lovely skirts of flowered cloth of silver and *andriennes* making their hips stick out, and bodices full of seed pearl, and patches on their cheeks and red paint, just like the real ladies who used to come and drink chocolate with my mother and my aunts. And some of them have light cloaks and big hats tied with black kerchiefs, and white masks like snouts, just like the ladies I used to see during carnival on the big staircase at Venice, with their servant cavaliers; and those white snouts and black kerchiefs, and the way they swayed in their great hoops covered with dominoes used to frighten me and make me cry. I would not show you any of those, dearest Little Great One; nor the wicked Sclavonians and Turks, nor the Ogre, nor the horrid old Doctor with the long red nose, nor the Harlequin striped like a villainous snake, nor even the Spaniard, Don Matamoros, in black slashed clothes and boots, with whiskers on end and a mouth that would swallow you. But I would show you the kind, gentle Black-amoor King, and the beautiful hero in Roman costume and a blonde wig, who looks as if he were singing "Mio Ben!" and "Amor Mio," like the famous soprano I was carried to hear at the opera just before I took the veil. But above all, I would show my Bambino that lovely, modest Shepherdess, and try to make her dance for him! Oh, I shall commit a sin some day, and steal the cupboard key, and creep out to show that Shepherdess to my Bambino!

February 10th.

I am a great simpleton. When we were looking again at the puppets to-day (for we contrive, at least a few of us, to look at them on their towel-horses every day) there was one which made me burst out laughing, till I nearly cried; and it was very foolish and wrong, as Sister Grimana told me, for I knew the whole time that puppet represented the Devil. I have never been afraid of the Devil, I who am afraid of so many things (for instance, of those people in dominoes and hats tied with black kerchiefs and white snout masks, who used to come and play cards and drink Samos wine at my father's house). I know it is wrong, and I have often prayed that I might learn to fear the Evil One, but I never could, and all the pictures of him, and the things they tell (and which we read in the *Spicilegium Sancto-*

rum) have always made me laugh. And so from foolishness and a bad heart, I burst out laughing at this Puppet-Devil, and it was very wicked. But oh, dear Bambino, you would have laughed also!

The Mother Abbess said there must be less fooling about with puppets in the Convent of St. Mary of the Rosebush; so we have all become very busy, and I have barely time to write to my dearest Bambino. This convent is so noble, only patricians of the Serene Republic and Princes and Counts of the Holy Roman Empire being able to propose their daughters, that we are allowed to do no useful work, there being lay sisters for that purpose. I am often sorry (for I have not a noble mind befitting my birth, as my nurses often complained) it should be so. I should like to shell peas and wash rice and slice tomatoes in the kitchen. I have often envied the lay sisters turning up the garden mould, which smells so good, and pruning and planting while we walk round the cloisters, and I feel that my unskilful fingers would be happier sewing woollen shifts during winters for the poor women and children, than embroidering, which I do so badly! But I suppose this is all mere wicked spirit of indiscipline and grumbling (the sin of *Accidia* which our Confessor talks about), and I pray hard to have a more humble and thankful heart. Be this as it may, we sisters have all been very busy; some making candied peel and rosolios in the Mother Abbess's silver saucepans; others sewing altar cloths, embroidering, making lace, and making all manner of ingenious and pious ornaments and devices out of plaited straws, strips of coloured and gilt paper and variegated beads. I have been among those who have the honour of manufacturing the pleated and crinkled and gauffed linen for his Eminence the Patriarch's surplices. Here, again, I have committed a little sin of arrogance, thinking that his Eminence had quite surplices enough and to spare, and wishing I could give some of this folded lawn, looking like sea foam or the blossoms on our almond trees, to my dear Little Great One, so chilly in that Sacristy cupboard, with only a hard purple and gold sash tickling His poor little middle.

February 11th.

I really must tell you, dear Little Great One, about the puppet representing the Devil, because if I can make you smile I shall feel it is not mere wickedness always to want to laugh whenever I see or even think of that puppet. He is labelled *Beelzebubb Satanasso, Prince of all Devils*, and is hung up, by the hook in the bobbin above his head, on the clothes-horse in the Corridor of St. Eusebius, under a picture by Sebastian Ricci, representing the martyrdom of St. Agatha; the puppets on either side of him are labelled "Pulcinella" and "Sophonisba." But actually next to him, so as to look as if they were all of one piece, is a very terrible monster labelled "Basilisk." This Devil wears a black dressing-gown fastened with a pale blue scarf; he has an ebony wand in his hand, and his legs, where the robe ends, are of ebony also, like those of a horse, with

beautiful carved hoofs. He has also got long ears and little scarlet horns. He seems to have the other hand on the Basilisk, and ought to be very frightening—or, rather, I ought to be very frightened by him! For it is dreadful to have hoofs and horns like that, and a hand on a dragon, and be labelled “Beelzebubb Satanasso, Prince of all Devils.” But he makes me laugh, dearest Bambino, laugh, and only laugh; and I am sure you would laugh also, although you are the Verb Incarnate and all the great things we learned in the Catechism. How I wish you could see him, or I could tell you! He has a wide face, bearded like a Capuchin, with black goggle eyes; and the eyes seem starting out to understand something he can't; and the mouth with the beard round it is gaping also to understand what he can't, and his whole face is puckered trying to make out what's wanted. He reminds me of my brother's tutor, into whose bed (he was a priest of the Oratory) the bad boys used to put hedgehogs, and he would prick himself, and cry out all in Latin. Only I was sorry for the tutor; and I am not a bit sorry for the Devil, but only amused at his being all stiff and goggle and agape with his responsibilities—his responsibilities of being the Devil. Oh, dearest Bambino, what fun it would be if you and I could only play him a thorough good trick. It wouldn't be unkind like the hedgehogs in the Reverendo's bed, because you see he has hoofs and horns, and he *is* the Devil. How I wish I had a better memory and were less of a dunce! I should like to remember some of the tricks which the Holy Fathers in the Desert, and the other glorious ones in the Golden Legend, played upon him—not on the puppet, of course, I mean.

*Ash Wednesday, 1740.*

The performance is over. It was the story of Judith; how she slew Holophernes and delivered her people, written in Alexandrine verses by our Reverend Father Confessor, called Corydon Melpomeneus among the Acadian shepherds. The head of Holophernes really came off, and quantities of red Berlin wool out of it, most naturally and terribly. There was a Triumph of Judith, dressed like the Parisian fashion doll near the Clock Tower in Venice; with a gold car, a transparency, and Time appearing with his scythe and Religion out of clouds, to sing a compliment to our Reverend Mother Abbess and the illustrious house of Morosini (including Morosini Peloponnesiacus of undying memory), and there was a dance of Turks, very elegant, and a most diverting scene after Holophernes's death between the servant wench of Judith and Harlequin his valet. The puppets were like alive, hitting the floor with their feet, snapping through the middle when they bowed, and striking out their arms and letting down their jaws with a click in the most life-like way, and talking in wonderful voices like bagpipes and Jews'-harp. And there was an immense company of noble ladies and cavaliers, and prelates and monks, and officers, and his Excellency the Proveditor of the Republic, and the Head Spy, and ices and sherbet and choco-

late, and card-tables set out later for the nobility, and at least one thousand waxlights in the Murano chandeliers, usually kept for the sepulchres on Maundy Thursday. And when it was over there was a free fight between the chair-carriers of the Patriarch's niece and the Bravoës of his Excellency the Count of Gradisca, and a man was left for dead, and the police put a cobbler on the rack next day in order to obtain information and do justice.

We sisters were all behind a gilded grating, and, as the youngest, I sat with the novices, and was unable to constrain them to a religious demeanour or to prevent their pelting their brothers and cousins with maccaroons. I ought to have enjoyed it, and I did nothing but reproach myself bitterly for my ingratitude towards Providence and our Mother Superior, who allowed me to be present at so noble and delicious an entertainment; whereas I was filled only with bitterness and a wish to put a jug of water on the top of the Sister Sacristan's door, so that she should be cruelly soused and frightened, and made to shriek ridiculously when she went back to her cell. For I had laid a plot, which was certainly no sin (nor shall I confess it on any account) to steal the key of that cupboard and take out my dear little Child Christ, and hide Him in a cardboard vase with artificial roses just opposite the stage, so that He might enjoy the performance. And the Sister Sacristan double-locked the cupboard after Matins, and counted the keys, and hung the bunch at her waist with a most defiant look at me. And I hate her, and feel sure she will never go to Heaven, because of her arrogance and her unkindness to my dear Holy Bambino.

*June 3rd.*

I fear I am letting myself go to the deadly sin of hatred and uncharitableness; but how is it possible not to hate the Sister Sacristan and think she looks like a cock, when she loses no opportunity of being unkind to my dear little Child Christ, who, after all, is the King of Heaven, and deserving of consideration even from a Venetian noble. The way of it is this: Our Mother Abbess, fearing that the novices and younger sisters should have become a little worldly over that puppet show and all the ladies and cavaliers who were present, has ordered that the entire convent should give four hours daily, between Matins and Vespers, to pious work, fit to nourish religious thoughts and conversation full of compunction. All the reliquaries are to be furnished with plate powder and the holy relics to have their cotton-wool and little ribbons renewed before Christmas. It is a long piece of work, for the bits of bone are brittle and so small that they get lost among the heaps of wadding and the bobbins of ribbon on the work-table. Also, such sisters as are skilful work-women are to mend the dresses of the various sacred images and put aside such of their lace and embroidery as will take careful repairs. All the various Madonnas have been taken down and their wardrobes examined; the Mother Abbess has been very angry at

finding so much moth; moreover, the numbers of shoes and stockings and lace pocket-handkerchiefs were found by no means complete, and some of the men who work in the garden gravely suspected and handed over to the Holy Office. My cousin Badoer, the most unruly of the novices, says that it's the continuation of the puppet show in the Mother Abbess; whereupon I have exhorted her to greater piety of thought, but could not, like the sinful dunce I am, refrain from laughing. Of course my thought leapt at once to my dear Great Little One, in that damp, musty cupboard, with nothing but a prickly crimson and gold sash round his middle. Knowing our Mother Abbess favourably inclined to me (partly on account of my lameness, and partly on account of our family reaching to the beginnings of the Serene Republic, and issuing originally from Lars Parsenna, King of Rome), I ventured to suggest the fittingness of preparing for Him a little coat of soft silk over fine linen against the moment of His exposure at Christmas in that draughty manger. Our Mother Abbess looked at me long, smiled, and even pinched my cheek, saying, "Truly our Sister Benvenuta Loredan was made to be the nursery-maid of Heaven." But at that moment, just as she was going to give permission, who should come in but (oh, hatred is sinful, but I do hate her!) the Sister Sacristan, who immediately poured cold water on my proposal; said that it would be taking time and money from re-dressing the skeleton of St. Prodiscimus, which was a most creditable relic, with real diamond loops in his eye-holes, and ought really to be made fit to exhibit to pious veneration. And added that the Bambino never had had any clothes on, that the sash even was a concession to modesty, but that no one had ever heard of His wanting to be dressed; the proposal being new-fangled and (did it not come from a sister notoriously prayed for as a simpleton) almost such as to suggest dangerous heresies. So the Abbess turned to me, wagging her ringed finger and saying, "Fie, fie, Sister Benvenuta, the Sacred Bambino is not your *Cavalier Servant* that you should wish to cover Him with velvet and gold lace"; and turned to inquire how many fat carp had been taken to the kitchen for the dinner offered to Monsignor the Eleemosynary of Saint Patrick.

October 4th, 1740.

But my dearest Bambino *shall* have His little coat; and one softer, warmer, and more gallant than any which the Sister Sacristan can stick upon the skeleton, with the diamond hoops for eyes, of her St. Prodiscimus! I have been sorely assailed by bitterness and despair these last weeks. I have bribed the lay sister to buy me silk and gold thread, and fine lawn; and every night have sat upon my bed in my little white cell, and tried to make my dear Little Great One's coat. But whenever I begin, the horrid eyes, the look of a cock of the Sister Sacristan, seem to be upon me. The scissors tremble in my hand; I cut and chip at random into the stuff; the

back and front never, never have anything to say to one another, and as to the sleeves—! Then I borrowed a little shift of one of the gardener's children, and cut against that. No matter how awkward the shape. My Bambino will forgive that, even if it look more fit for a little bear than Him. For it shall be covered with scrolleries and devices like the Saints' dresses in the old pictures on gold ground in our chapel, all telling the glory of the Bambino in verse and in symbols—fishes and suns and moons, and little daisies and rabbits running, and birds pecking. And every fold will be stitched with a little throb of my loving heart.

*November 15th.*

Oh foolish and vainglorious little Sister Benvenuta! How is thy pride fallen! My fingers, in these chilly autumn nights, are numb. The needle goes into the stuff crooked and comes out where least expected; the stitches are sometimes wide, like matting, and sometimes all climbing over each other. And the thread gets into knots; and then the needle unthreads, and I crane over my candle, holding the stiffened thread against the eye; and it is in the eye, and I push; and behold it runs alongside the needle and will have nothing to do with it. And why did people ever invent thimbles? Oh Holy Martha, patroness of all good housewives, why was I taught to dance minuets, and curtsy, and sing madrigals to the spinet, and say, "Oui, Monsieur," "Votre servante, Madame," and never, never taught to sew?

*November 24th.*

I shall not put these sheets into the silver arm in the Sacristy cupboard. My dearest Little One shall read them, but only later, when He shall have got His coat, that He may rejoice at it and at the price I have paid for it. Yes, beloved Bambino, a greater price than the silver florins and gold ducats, the sequins and doubloons which have ever paid for the silk and satin, and lace and embroidery of any Madonna or Saint in Christendom. The only price worthy of being paid to please Him; the price of a soul, very foolish and simple no doubt, but full as a grape is of sweetness, or a rose of perfume, of unmixed love and devotion.

*November 25th.*

They must have mislaid that one after the puppet show, and it has remained behind, forgotten in some corner. Or else . . . I was forgetting that there are words always heard, at whatsoever distance, and which the Evil One answers almost before they are spoken. Anyhow, I felt a sudden draught, there was an odd little noise against the flags of my cell, a clatter, and a series of short, sharp thumps, as when the Mother Abbess crosses the cloisters leaning on her Malacca cane: something that made my heart leap and stop, and my forehead become moist and cold. And when I turned from my praying stool, there he was, in the mixed light, bright and yet sickly.

of my taper and of the full moon. He seemed, somehow, bigger—as big as myself; but otherwise just the same. The same black dressing-gown, girt round with a pale blue scarf, with the thin, straight horse's legs and neat ebony hoofs where it ended; the same Capuchin's beard, and long ears and little red horns, and just the same expression, rigid, goggle, agape, and very anxious to understand what it was all about and do whatever was expected. He bent his body in two with a bow, touching the floor with his hand like a fork (the other on his breast); he let his articulated underjaw down with an uncertain jerk, leaving a great round mouth with a tongue in it, and prepared to speak. I remember noticing the time that passed between the dropping of the jaw and his speech; also saying to myself, "I would have arranged his eyes to roll from side to side," but I cannot tell whether or not he had any wires and strings about him. I laughed; but as I did so I felt my breath quite cold, and my cut hair, under my cap, prick and grow stiff. It seemed endless till he spoke, and when he did, with a Jews'-harp voice like a mask's, and called me by my name, I felt suddenly relieved, my heart released and quite calm. He asked me whether I knew who he was, and pointed to a label over his shoulder, with written on it: "Beelzebub Satanasso, Prince of all Devils." He seemed rather hard of understanding and given to unnecessary explanations and provisos, but uncommon civil spoken, and used a number of very long words, of which he declared the meaning as he went along. He wanted to know the exact measurements, according to the new principles, of cutting out mentioned in the *Lady's Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*; and was very particular whether the saint in the picture who had on the model of the coat was the second or third saint on the right-hand corner counting from the middle, although I had said he was red-haired and wore green boots (which he wouldn't take heed of), and then whether the picture was on the left of the altar, although I repeated it represented the Magi. Also fumbled a long time to find the place where I was to sign my name on the parchment, and worried lest I should begin it too large and cramp the last syllable; he apologised for making me prick my finger, as if one had never pricked one's finger before; and said, when it was done, "My dear young lady," and forgot the rest. He pulled up his jaw with a snap, bent his body again in two, clattered his arms, and as he vanished with a series of little knocks, there was again a cold draught. This morning Sister Rosalba, coming to my cell, asked why I had dropped sulphur into my hand brazier, whether against moth?

I never crossed myself nor ejaculated any form of exorcism, because, you see, I had told him to come, and it was a piece of business.

December 23rd, 1740.

For the first time so far as I can recollect, I have been thinking about my own life, living through bits of it all at once, as the old lay sister says she did when she fell into the river Natisone and

thought to be drowned. And since I have not written for so long to my dear Great Little One (though I scarce know why) I will tell Him what manner of little girl I was, and how I came to love Him more than everything.

Of course I was going to be a nun from the first, because our family possesses a benefice in this noble convent; and of us three sisters I was the youngest, and a little lame. Our parents were very wise and virtuous, and ordered it so, just as they settled that one of my brothers was to marry and carry on our illustrious name, and the others to be a Monsignor and a Knight of Malta. When we were taken to the big villa by the Brenta, I was put to lie by myself in a big room, all hung round with coloured prints of nuns of various orders, and with an alcove representing the grotto of a holy anchorite, full of owls, and death's heads, and allegorical figures, most beautifully made of cardboard among plaster rocks. When I was little it used sometimes to frighten me to see those pious figures at dawn, and to know that behind my bed was a window, with a curtain one could draw, looking down into the chapel where many of my ancestors lie buried. I often cried and sobbed from fear, but the servant wenches said it would give me a vocation. And no doubt they were right, for I was an uncommon worldly little girl, greatly addicted to playing about in the gardens, and rolling in the grass, and smelling flowers; and loved to see the barges sailing in front of the terrace, and peacocks strutting and pigeons cooing; and my mother's beautiful dresses, and the paint and patches on her face, when her maid led two or three of us to her of a forenoon, while she was having her hair powdered and curled, with a black page bringing her chocolate, and her serving cavalier taking snuff alongside of her mirror; and merchants and Jews bringing her embroideries and jewels to buy; and a monkey perched on her shoulder, which frightened me, for it screamed and snatched at me.

And when I was three or four years old, I was consecrated to the Mother of God; and I had a little dress like a nun's, black and white, with a rosary and cap to my size; and there was one for every day and one for Sundays, and a new one for every Ascension Feast and every Christmas to do honour to our illustrious family. But my sisters wore ragged lace night-clothes of my mother's, cut to their size, except when they were shown to company, and then they had beautiful embroidered bodices and farthingales over hoops, and pearls and artificial flowers. I used to see my father once a week, and was much frightened of him, because he was so noble and just. And when he received me he had a handkerchief like a turban round his head, and horn spectacles on his nose, and a black chin, and he was usually making gold with an astrologer, and putting devils in retorts, though I do not now believe that was true. For when he went out in his gondola he had a black domino and a half mask like everyone else; and when there was gala in our palace at Venice, he stood at the head of the stairs in silk robes like a peony, and a big white peruke, and he smiled.



I was taught with my sisters to dance and play the spinet a little, and talk French; and I taught myself to read—beyond mere spelling like the others—because I wanted to read the beautiful legends and prayers on the back of the pictures of saints which the wandering Capuchins, and the priest who said Mass in our chapel, used to give to us children. And there were blue hills beyond the tree-tops by the Brenta, and a strip of sea shining with yellow sails moving between towers and cupolas, from the place where they dried the linen on our roof at Venice. And I was a very happy little girl, and thanked heaven for such wise, good parents. But what made me happiest was the picture over the altar of our chapel; and whenever my serving wench wanted to talk to the gondoliers (which our housekeeper had forbidden) she used to take me into the chapel, help me to climb on to the altar, and leave me there for hours, knowing I should be quite quiet and want no dinner. The picture was the most beautiful picture in the world. It was divided by columns, with garlands of fruit about them, and in the middle, on a ground of gold, all divided into rows and all variegated with russet and orange, like the sunset, was the Madonna's throne, with the Madonna on it, a beautiful lady, though not so beautifully dressed as my mother, and with no paint on her face, and not showing her teeth in a smile. And on the steps of her throne were little angels crowned with flowers, some playing pipes and lutes, some bringing fruit and flowers, and a little bullfinch with red feathers, just like those my brothers snared with lime. And on the Virgin's knee who should be lying, asleep, fast asleep, but You—You, my dearest Great Little One—quite small and naked, with fat little limbs and red little mouth, drowsy from sucking. The Virgin bent over you, praying; the angels brought You apples and sang You lullabies; the little bird held a cherry in its beak ready to carry to You when You opened Your eye-peeps. The whole of Paradise waited for You to awake and smile; and I sat and waited also, perched on the altar, till it was too dark to see anything save the glimmering gold.

I did not know what I waited for; nor did I know when I was in the convent, a novice, nor even after I had taken the veil. I did not know what I waited for, for years and years, and yet the waiting made me as happy as the angels and the little bird. I did not know what it was I was waiting for till that terrible last week. But now I know; and am happy once more in my waiting. I am waiting for You to awake, my Little Great One, and stretch out Your arms, and step upon my knees, and put Your little mouth to my cheek, and fill my embrace and my soul with unspeakable glory.

POSTSCRIPT BY SISTER ATALANTA BADOER, OF THE CONVENT OF  
ST. MARY OF THE ROSEBUSH AT CIVIDALE IN FRIULI.

*May 15th, 1785.*

It was I who saved from destruction the diary of my cousin and dear sister in Christ, Sister Benvenuta Loredan. I had watched her putting papers into the silver reliquary, shaped like an arm, and

removed them from that place and hid them in my cell, lest they should fall into the hands of the Sister Sacristan. In accordance with my vow of obedience I showed some of these papers to the Mother Abbess, who, after a few glances, bade me take and destroy them, as showing (what indeed she had always thought) that Sister Benvenuta had been half-witted, and no credit either to our illustrious convent or to the noble family of Loredan, although there was no denying that she had died in seeming odour of sanctity. But finding myself unable to share the view of our mother, although only a novice and fifteen years of age, I kept the aforesaid papers, feeling sure that they would one day redound to the glory of God and of that blessed one my cousin. And as this expectation has indeed come true, and the holiness and miracles of Sister Benvenuta have filled the city of Cividale and the world with pious wonder even in this our impious century, I have carefully put together those papers of her writing, and desire, before following her into happier realms, to add a few words of what I witnessed now forty-five years ago, at the demise of Sister Benvenuta Loredan, on Christmas Eve of the year of grace seventeen hundred and forty, the noble Giustina Morosini Valmarana being Abbess of our convent.

I was at the time fifteen years of age, and in the first year of my novitiate. My cousin was five years my elder, and had been four years a nun. Despite her illustrious birth and her many virtues, she was but little esteemed in our convent, being accounted a simpleton and little better than a child. But among us novices there prevailed a different opinion, owing to her great gentleness and loving kindness towards us in moments of home-sickness and youthful melancholy; and her pleasant humours and fancies, in which indeed she resembled a child, greatly loving music and such tales as nurses repeat, and flowers and small animals, even to the point of taming lizards and mice. And particularly did we love her for her especial devotion to the Child Christ, although she spoke but little thereof, being persuaded that she was a simpleton, and having no inkling of her own grace and holiness. It so happened that my vocation was but tardy in showing itself, and that being but fifteen years old I was often unhappy at the thought of abandoning the world, and very lonely in the sense of my rebellion and unworthiness. Then it was that my cousin, the Blessed Benvenuta, would take and console me with loving kindness and discourses of the love of God, and hers were the only consolations my rebellious heart could endure. And a familiarity grew up between us, or, at least, on my part, for my cousin never spoke of herself, and gave rather than took kindness.

This being the case, it so happened that on Christmas Eve of the year of grace 1740, when we had all descended into the chapter room to proceed to the Mass of Midnight, the Mother Abbess, perceiving that Sister Benvenuta Loredan was missing from amongst the sisters, dispatched me, as her cousin and the youngest novice, to seek her in her cell, lest any sudden ailment should have overcome her. For it

had been a matter of common talk that, for the last weeks, this sister had grown thin, pale, and her eyes taken a very strange look, whereupon it was supposed (and our Abbess had even remonstrated with her) that she had undertaken some special penance, although she always denied it. While, therefore, the whole convent, headed by our Abbess in *Pontificalibus* (for she was mitred and a Princess of the Empire), proceeded in solemn procession to the illuminated chapel, I ran upstairs to the cell of Sister Benvenuta Loredan. It was at the end of a long corridor; and as I advanced, I noticed a very brilliant light streaming from under the door. It seemed to me also that I heard voices and sounds, which filled me with astonishment. I stopped and knocked, calling on Sister Benvenuta, but getting no answer. Meanwhile, those sounds were quite clear and unmistakable, and were, in fact, such as mothers and nurses make while rocking and embracing young children, and broken with loving exclamations and kissings. I bethought me that our Mother Abbess had always said that Sister Benvenuta was a simpleton and mad; but somehow these sounds did not move me to ridicule or anger, but, on the contrary, filled me with a loving awe such as I have never felt and find no words to describe, so that with difficulty I resisted the impulse to prostrate myself before that door, streaming in every chink with light as before some holy mystery. Then, bethinking myself of my duty, I knocked again and in vain, and then very gently lifted the latch and opened the door. But I fell immediately on my knees on the threshold, unable to stir or even to utter a sound for the wonder and glory of what met my poor sinner's eyes. The cell was streaming with light, as of hundreds of tapers; and in the midst of it, and of this fountain of radiance, was seated Sister Benvenuta, and on her knees, erect, stood no other but the Child Christ. He had a little naked foot on each of her knees, and was craning His little bare body to reach her face, and seeking to throw His little arms round her neck, and to raise His little mouth to hers. And the Blessed Benvenuta clasped Him most gently, as if fearing to crush His small limbs, and they kissed and uttered sounds which were not human words, but like those of doves, and full of divine significance. Now when I saw this sight and heard these sounds, my knees were loosened; I dropped silently on the ground, my eyes blinded by glory, my lips vainly trying to pray; time seemed come to a standstill. Then suddenly I felt myself touched and made to rise, and understood that the Mother Abbess had sent some other sisters to inquire after Sister Benvenuta and me.

The great light had faded, and the cell was lit only by a candle on the praying desk; but there seemed to me (and to those sisters whom I inquired of) as if there lingered a faint radiance in the air, together with strange sounds as of distant lutes and viol d'amors, and a marvellous fragrance as of damask roses and big white lilies in the sun. Sister Benvenuta was seated as I had seen her, holding clasped to her the waxen image of the Little Saviour from out of the

Sacristy, and a beautiful garment, of threads of gold and silver interwoven, had slipped to her feet and lay there. And Sister Benvenuta's mouth and eyes were open with rapture; and she was stone dead and already cold. What no one could understand was that near the cell's window, on the floor, lay one of the puppets of a puppet show that had performed in our convent some months before, a bearded and horned figure, with hoofs, labelled "Beelzebubb Satanasso." And its wires were wrenched and twisted, its articulated jaw crushed to bits, and its garments singed all round it.

*[End of the postscript by Sister Atalanta Badoer, at that time a novice in the Convent of St. Mary of the Rosebush, and cousin of the Blessed Benvenuta Lorcdan.]*

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## LAST MONTH'S FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

### CONTENTS OF THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

- THE EQUIPOISE OF EUROPE. By PERSEUS.  
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—NEWCASTLE WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"A useful synopsis is given by Mr. Benjamin Taylor of the evidence before the Housing Commission which recently sat in Glasgow; Mr. William Archer writes on George Farquhar, the dramatist of the Restoration period; the article on recent literary tendencies in France, by Mr. W. Lawler-Wilson, is informing, and there are some very interesting personal reminiscences of the late Sir Henry Irving, by Mr. T. H. S. Escott."

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(continued).

"The article of most immediate interest which appears in the November number of 'The Fortnightly,' which, by the way, is unusually prolific in interesting contributions, is from the pen of Mr. J. A. Spender, who deals with critical sagacity with the 'war of words' between Great Britain and Germany."—WESTERN MERCURY.

"The Marchese Raffaele Cappelli, President of the Society of Italian Agriculturists, and late Minister of Foreign Affairs, has done a public service in explaining the object of the Institute in a brief article published in the 'Fortnightly Review.'"—WESTERN MORNING NEWS.

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Bright-eyed Thalia sadly gave  
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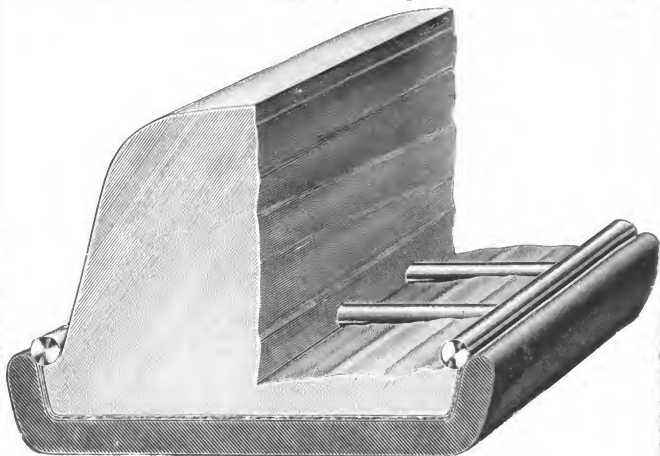
"In 'The Fortnightly' Mr. William Archer undertakes the rehabilitation of George Farquhar, whom, in regard of moral sense, he places much above those Restoration dramatists with whom, by the whim or exigencies of a bookseller, he has been specially associated. The editor has a short poetical tribute to Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. T. H. S. Escott tells some very interesting stories concerning the deceased actor and Tennyson. 'Life and Literature in France' is excellent in all respects."—NOTES AND QUERIES.

"The chief article in the current issue of the 'Fortnightly Review,' dealing with 'France and the Equipoise of Europe,' is of such importance that it has already been dealt with in our leading columns. For the rest, the Review maintains its high character for political and literary excellence. Among articles relating to foreign relations may be cited Mr. J. A. Spender's 'Great Britain and Germany,' which is a plea for a better understanding; Mr. Archibald Hurd's 'The Anglo-Japanese Fleets in Alliance,' which asserts that the maintenance of the British naval supremacy in European waters is essential to the success of this instrument of peace; and Mr. R. A. Scott-James's 'The Austrian Occupation of Macedonia.' Mr. Benjamin Taylor discourses upon 'The Housing of the Poor,' and Lord Dunraven upon 'The Irish Land Purchase Deadlock.' There are a poem and a little personal sketch upon Sir Henry Irving; and Grazia Deledda's fine story of Roman life and an impossible Italian wife, 'Nostalgia,' is brought within one stage of completion. All over, the November number of the 'Fortnightly' is a model in value and variety."—SCOTSMAN.

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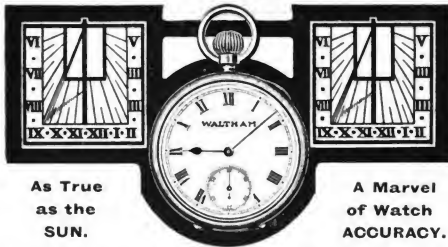
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